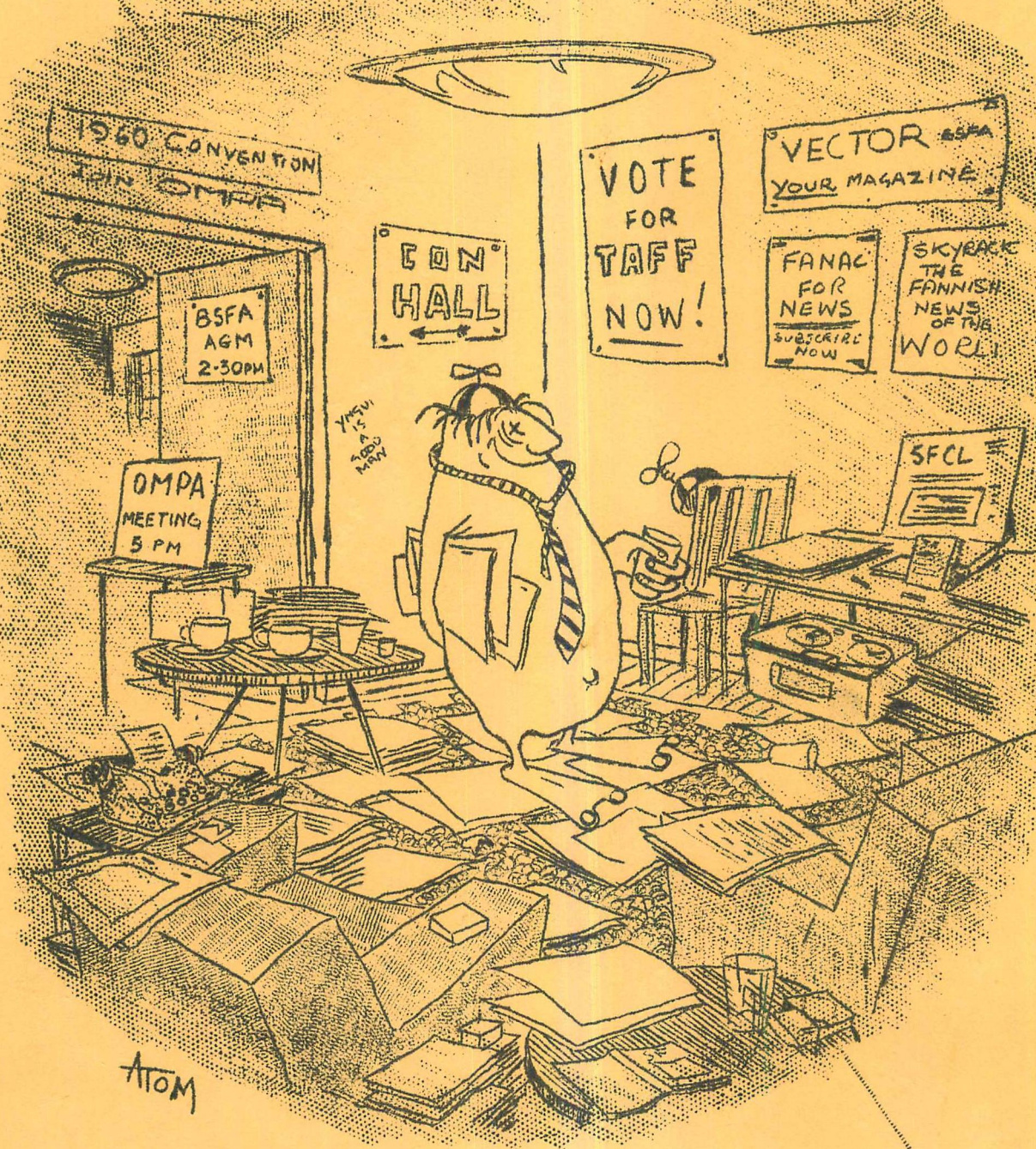


Schultz

# ORION

25







# ORION 25

## CONTENTS

### PAGE

4	Editorial	Me.
12	TAFF Tales.	H.Ken Bulmer.
16	Faan Fiction	George Locke. (You a Field Marshall yet?)
19	Just talk.	Rory Faulkner.
21	Fanlights	Arthur Thomson.
24	Brother-in-law.	Paul Enever.
28	Free Adverts.	YOU.
29	Sergeant's Day	John Berry.(who else?)
34	Bloodbank.	Joe P(han) Patrizio.
38	The Parent Problem	Len Moffat.
40	I Psi.	Terry Jeeves.
43	Y.S.I. Letters.	YOU and Me.
54	Fmz received.	Me.
57	Oddments.	Me. (Again!)

### Names and addresses of TAFF Administrators.

Bob Madle,  
4500, Aspen Hill Road,  
Rockville,  
Maryland. U.S.A.

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

## CREDITS

Illoed headings by the one and only  
ATom with the exception of the supplementary heading for the adverts on  
page 33, which was done by Ted Forsyth, as was the filler illo on page 42.

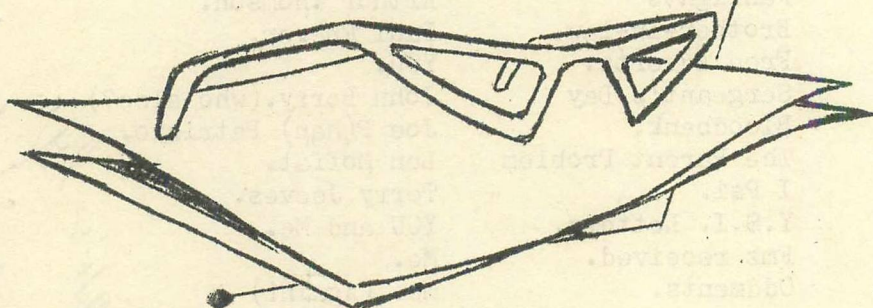
Adverts on page 28 were cut onto stencil by Mr. Gene Kujawa (bless his old  
heart).

ORION can be obtained for a loong letter of comment, trade for your  
'zine or, if you insist on being lazy, for 1/- 15 p per issue. We have a  
quarterly publishing schedule which we try to maintain with a conspicuous  
lack of success.

*Sonny Dick no 24's left.  
Thanks for sub. received via  
John. Hope you like  
this. Best.  
F.*



# SPeCS



ELLA  
PARKER

• ORION is late.....again! O.K. I'll stand by for blasting. I've got so much to talk about this time I don't really know where to start. I think I'll take heed of my advisers and begin at the beginning.

Having admitted the lateness of O I'd better try and justify my tardiness. Prior to our EasterCon I thought I'd save some money on postage and have O ready in time to hand it out to those of my readers who'd be there. The Science Fiction Club of London had decided to put out a Combozine for the Con and had appointed me its editor. There I was bashing away like a blue streak out of hell cutting stencils for both the Combo and O. At times I was in danger of putting the club items in the O box! The firm from which I get my paper took it upon themselves to be difficult about delivery round about then, which meant I could put out either one or 't'other but not both. Naturally, I elected to do the clubzine as it was intended for circulation at the Con, and it wasn't imperative I save on postage, anyway. At least some of the stencils were cut ready for later.

On the Friday - one week from the Convention - I had the dubious honour of entertaining Brian Jordan in my home - I call it 'Parker's Penitentiary,' now you know why - How I entertained him will be made clear to you if you'll stick around. I had also agreed to do the bookings for the hotel. I had arranged with the hotel manager at which the Convention was to be held, that I would take the bookings from the fen and give them to him in a block. I'd told him to expect around 50 to sleep(!) with about the same number visiting the lounge we would be using for a Conhall. The hotel didn't have a licence for selling drinks but I was assured there were no objections to our bringing our own in provided they were kept to the bedrooms and our lounge; the hotel would even provide us with glasses! I figured it was best to be honest and told him that in all probability there would be very little actual sleeping



done over the weekend as we only had this one chance, annually, to meet up and exchange talk and the like. To this he was also agreeable. I suppose I should have been suspicious, because every demand I made on behalf of the Convention was met with the bland promise: "If we haven't got it we'll get it for you." Things looked fine from where I was sitting.

I phoned the hotel on Friday to let them know I'd be down that day with the bookings I had. A woman's voice said: "I'm the owner, the man you saw was my brother who was standing in for me for a couple of days." I thought no more about it than that the least the brother could have done was to tell me it wasn't his hotel. He had assured me he'd be there himself over the holiday in order to help things run smoothly. As it turned out, he'd lied in his teeth.

When I arrived and had a cigarette well alight we got down to business. How many would we be? When was it for? For how long would we be there? What exactly were we? (alright chum, you try and answer that one!). It transpired that the hotel owner hadn't been advised on any of the detailed arrangements made on her and the hotel's behalf by her brother. This meant that every time I told her about something else her brother had promised would be done or obtained for us she dashed over to the phone and called him to query it. From the expostulations at our end I gathered the brother was unrepentantly telling her: "Yes, that's right, I did say that." When the girl

-she wasn't really much more than that - realised how far he'd gone in her name she did the honourable thing and agreed to accept the bookings. We had to make certain adjustments, such as some things she knew or couldn't afford to get in for us. She was anxious for the good name of her hotel to do her best for us and I was only too willing to compromise with her on what I thought the gang would stand for; reminding myself all the time that there was only a week to go before the Convention and we had to have this hotel, there just wasn't time to find another. My pride took an awful beating that day.

Meanwhile, in order to entertain Brian Jordan right royally as was fitting, I had purchased at enormous expense a gigantic ELECTRIC GESTETNER. He was fascinated by the gleaming monster so I kindly but condescendingly showed him how it worked. After having put half a ream of crud sheets thru I remarked: "It seems a pity to waste ink needlessly (did I tell you I'm a Scot?), the clubzihe is ready and waiting to be run off, we might as well make a start on it." So we did. While putting on the stencil and making margin adjustments I could see his fingers twitching in his eagerness to try it for himself. Perish the thought that I'd be the one to ignore or dampen such enthusiasm. Casually, I asked him if he'd like to have a try at it and, just in time, nipped smartish out of the way as he leapt at it. He was hooked, but good! After making sure he'd got the hang of things and that what was coming out would ensure plenty of egoboo for me in the fannish press, I left him to it and sat me down to putting some more stencils for O and getting some letters written.

This went on right through the Friday and Saturday. On Sunday I allowed him a day off. I was going to see Ethel Lindsay and had promised him that if he got at least 10 stencils run off by then I'd take him with me. He slaved. Ted Forsyth, who was living here came with us too and a slap-up tea Ethel gave us when we got there. Having come out so far we decided to make a day of it and we finished up at Inchmery. Much chatter there, as usual and a warm welcome. But, all too soon we had to leave. I remember, too, this was one of the coldest days we'd had this year, so far. The wind was blowing at what must have been pretty near gale force and when we finally got home we were, all of us, frozen.

Monday followed the pattern of Saturday. Brian at the duper, me at the typer, ending up with an evenings chatter when Ted got in from work (I wouldn't all Brian to talk while he was at the duper). On Monday night when he went to



bed, Brian professed himself very tired, I can't think why. He hadn't been anywhere but had stood by the duplicator all day since about 9a.m. until 9 that evening. Anyway he announced his intention of having a lie-in the next morning. I had an appointment with the hotel that day to give them the last of the bookings and to make sure all was as it should be. I decided it wouldn't do him any harm if I left him to sleep while I was out, I'd wake him on my return.

When I got to the hotel the owner introduced me to her mother who looked as if she was on the point of leaving, she was putting on her hat. Instead of going out she pinned me with a hard look and remarked: "Miss Parker, I don't like the sound of this party you have arranged for Easter. I don't like it at all. If my daughter takes my advice she'll cancel the whole thing." To say I was dismayed would be to understate the case. I was aghast. I'd already done diplomatic battle with the daughter and we'd reached some sort of working agreement but I could see this old battle-axe wasn't going to be easily persuaded; indeed, she wasn't going to be persuaded in any way if she could help it. I don't know if my face showed that I recognised defeat even before I'd begun fighting, but in spite of all my pleas she stuck to her guns. I must be fair and say that the daughter was on the verge of a right battle royal with her mother, in order to honour her word that she would have us there. The old woman over-rode her on every point. I wondered if perhaps Bobbie Gray could effect some sort of compromise with the old haybag so I asked permission to use the phone and called her. As I wasn't on the BSFA committee I had to let her know what had happened anyway.

It was no go. We were out!

48 hours to the Convention and nowhere to go! That a hotel was found you all know by now and I'd like to take this opportunity of apologising to all those who were put to the bother of turning up at the Sandringham only to find us not there.

I got back home around 7-30 in the evening wondering how much of the clubzine Brian had run off or if he was still in bed as there had been no-one to waken him. Ted was home from work and he and Brian met me at the door of my room. They were very subdued and I thought my face must have warned them of bad news, but it wasn't that. Brian had been working on the duper and my bell rang. He'd gone down to the door and it was a salesman from Gestetners. While Brian was talking to him a fugitive breeze sneaked in round his back and slammed the door shut. Brian, of course, had no key. This had happened fairly early in the day so he spent the day until Ted got home in the shop run by a friend of mine reading thru her library.

I broke the news to them about the hotel and that we'd have to get a couple of stencils cut, run off, addressed and mailed, immediately, if not sooner. This cheered them up, tremendously. We got the job done in short time by all three mucking in together. After it was done we decided it was time we had something to eat. We were sitting there, minding our own business, enjoying the glow of self-satisfaction induced by a job well and quickly done when the bell rang. I looked at Brian enquiringly, he in turn looked at Ted; we sat there looking at each other, afraid to move, wondering what fresh disaster was impending. Ted bravely volunteered to go down and see who it was. Brian and I didn't think it fair to leave him to face whatever it might be alone, so we all trooped down. I opened the door, screamed, and shut it, quickly. I stood in the hall trembling, my face ashen from the shock I'd received. "What is it?" They both demanded. I gibbered incoherently...it's ....it's....Ted couldn't stand any more of this so he advanced stealthily and damn near whipped the door off its hinges he opened it so quickly. I still don't know how he recognised who stood there because I knew they'd never met. It was dark, and the face of the figure at the door was practically hidden



under the most raffish peaked cap it has ever been my lot to see. He yelled, "BENNETT!" He was right, too. Ron, our man from Harrogate, it was; only 24 hours earlier than he'd been expected!

We hustled him upstairs quickly, before the folks who lived in the flat (apt.) below mine could see him - they being very respectable people, and sensitive to boot - . We plonked him into the most comfortable chair in the place - let's be honest and admit it's the only chair in the place - and before he could take his hat and coat off we presented him with a copy of the circular we'd run off giving the details of the change in Con hotels. Perhaps the fact that this was the third such change accounted for his lack of emotion on reading it, he wasn't so much stunned as numbed.

There's a standing joke around the house now about 'the Parker early nights.' This came about because every night for the full week before the Convention I would say: "We're all having an early night, tonight." All, being Jordan, Forsyth and me. We invariably got to bed early in the a.m. which wasn't what I meant at all. Tuesday had to be an early night as the rest of the week was booked to be late. I'd already made my pronouncement before Ron came.

The brag session didn't break up until Ted came down at 7-30 in the morning. He tells me we looked a ghodawful dissipated trio.

Wednesday was to be my Big Day. It would bring my first meeting with that genial giant, Don Ford. I can't help it if I sound goshwow when talking about him and I'm damned if I'm going to apologise for it, it's how I feel. I'd written to Don as soon as I knew he'd won TAFF and invited him to a party I wanted to throw for him. I knew I was comparatively unknown in fandom and that I could be called a Johnny-come-lately, also as TAFF delegate his time would be pretty well taken up, so my delight knew no bounds when he wrote back accepting. This predisposed me in his favour before he even arrived in the country.

Brian had finished duplicating the Combozine on the Tuesday night before Ron had arrived, and all it needed was collating. The pages were stacked away neatly, to be done sometime on the Thursday before we went to the Globe. Wednesday was my day for tidying up and cleaning thru. Thanks be, everyone had made plans that took them out of the house, thus enabling me to get on with the chores.....in the middle of which Alan Rispin arrived. I put him to work doing some odd jobs and if you were to ask him he'd tell you, some of 'em were really odd.

Time now was around 4-30 p.m. and I hadn't even washed and changed. The deadline for the gang coming back with Don was creeping up on me and I began wondering what impression he would gain if I were to greet him with a smut on my nose and in my shabbiest house clothes. Not to panic. I actually got cleaned up and had time to make and drink a cup of tea before the bell rang. I knew that my crowd were meeting Don and Bobbie Gray at the offices of Ted Carnell and were then going on a tour of the City of London including the Tower. I didn't think this would be them, and besides, I was expecting someone else as well. I opened the door and greeted two fens I'd never met before, Sture Sedolin and Alan Dodd! I had no preconceived ideas of what Sture would look like, apart from the fact that he was young I didn't quite know what to expect. He's of average height, slender, pale of face and very quiet. He was here for a week and in all that time I don't think he once initiated a conversation. He answered when spoken to, otherwise he sat with his nose in a fanzine. Alan on the other hand, I knew exactly how he'd look. He would be fairly short, very slim, with dark hair and a rosy complexion, also quite young and exuberant. I was wrong on every count. Instead, this was someone almost as tall as Don proved to be, well built, round, chubby face and hair that borders on the brown but doesn't quite make it. Quietly spoken and slightly nervous in manner. I was in the process of making tea and coffee for these recent arrivals when the



gang trooped in. I looked round just as Don came in the door and I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw him stoop to get through it. I'd heard he was tall, but this was ridiculous. The top of that door was miles high, or so I thought 'til then.

My room is large. With the two Alans and Sture it had looked empty. This can only be accounted for by the mere fact that it was tidy for the first time in weeks. I'd become so accustomed to seeing it with crud sheets littering the floor, fmz strewn on any and all flat surfaces, and type writer and the necessary adjuncts to an actifanning life lying on the table. This tidiness was painful. Now, Suddenly, the place was crowded and most of it was Ford; Man Mountain, hisself! He had his beloved camera case, without which he never went far, draped round his shoulders, it was the size of a small suit case and must have weighed quite a bit, if the gadgets he had in it were anything by which to judge, but he carried it with an ease that was impressive. Hats and coats were discarded and taken upstairs by Ted Forsyth. Don came over to where I sttod guard by the tea-pot with his hand out-stretched. All he said was: "Ella," but in that one word he managed to convey his pleasure in the meeting at at being here, in England. I looked at him with a medley of thoughts going through my head. I was terrifically bucked he'd made it over here, I was grateful to him for finding the time to make this visit to me and my friends but above all I was proud, not only because I had him as a guest but of all those fen in the States and the rest of the fannish world who had helped in making it possible for him to be here. This for me was TAFF. Something alive and tangible. Who says fandom can't do anything worth-while?

This was a party that began staidly; tea and coffee were the drinks most in demand. Those who hadn't eaten were directed to the kitchen where a large pot of steak and kidney simmered on the stove and told off to help them elves.

Some time during the kerfuffle of greetings and tea-drinking, W.F.(Bill) Temple had put in an unobstrusive appearance and the bottles were broached. Camera bulbs seemed to be popping off all over the place as I stood back surveying the scene to etch it on my memory. Ron Bennett and Alan Rispin had settled themselves in the middle of the room and had a heavy brag session in progress (I wonder, does Ron take a pack of cards to bed with him?), Sture and Alan Dodd had their heads together over my mail received/written chart which hung on the wall, Brian Jordan and Bobbie Gray were having what appeared to be a very intense conversation, sufficiently so for Bobbie to have put down the copy of MAD she'd been reading. Bill Temple, Don and my non-fan brother, Fred were deep in talk. I'd forgotten to relieve Bill of the tin of pea-nuts I'd asked him to open for me and he was absent-mindedly nibbling at them while he talked. Ted Forsyth was having a high old time grabbing off pictures as opportunity afforded. The party was now 'on' and I could relax and have a drink myself. I took my glass and went to sit near Don (where else?), and listened to him talking about Stateside fen and his home. Don has the gift of bringing people to life so they actually seem to walk through his conversational anecdotes about them.

Later in the evening he wanted to go out and phone the Conhotel to book a room for that night. I would have liked to put him up, but as it was, both my spare beds were doubling up and the overflow was sleeping on a mattress on the floor. Bill said he'd go out with Don to make sure he didn't get lost. It was hilarious when they got back to hear Bill (who's no shrimp) describe the problems attendant on trying to fit Don and himself into the small space available in one of our London telephone boxes. It transpired that Don also wanted to call Ted Carnell. Bill dialed the number, got Ted on the line, and they went into one of their loong conversations; this was Don's call, remember. Bill managed to cut across the flow of talk long enough to say: "I'd like to introduce you to Don Ford, he's here with me and would



like to speak to you." He nearly fell out of the box, and would have done if they hadn't been so tightly wedged, when Ted told him he knew Don well and in fact Don had been staying with him since he arrived in the country last week. Bill was quite indignant.

Around 11-30 fare-wells were said by those who had to leave, and Don, with his camera case still round his neck, took off for his hotel. Sture had long since disappeared up to bed, but Rispin, Jordan, Bennett, Forsyth and myself sat around talking in a desultory way until about 2 a.m. Having had no sleep at all the previous night we thought that perhaps it would be a good idea to get some now.

Thursday Ron was intent on going to see Cinerama and most of the crowd said they would go with him. They weren't coming back home but would meet me in the Globe. Ron first had himself a lot of fun riding the bike he'd bought from George Locke to the station to deposit it in the left luggage office. He's thinking of suing George, for misrepresentation or something, as he says the thing is mis-called a bike. The clubzine was collated and the debris from the previous nights party cleared away. This makes it sound as if hardly anything was done all day, but in fact Brian and I hardly stopped work until time to go to the Globe.

When we got there the place seemed almost empty and yet, on checking up there were quite a lot of us there: Bobbie Gray, Ivor Mayne, Arthur Thomson, Ted Tubb, who had coaxed Irid into making an all too rare and very welcome appearance, Harry Clements, Brian Burgess, Jimmy Groves, back from his field trip on geology, I believe. Mike Moorcock and Don, Sandra Hall and Uncle Tom Cogley etc. I'd retained the circulars we'd done for those I knew I'd be seeing there and handed them out to the accompaniment of groans and facetious remarks like: "Who split on us to make them throw us out before we arrive?" The evening was well on when the door opened and in came the Potters with two people I'd never seen before. I knew they had the Ashworths staying with them and therefore, this had to be them (brilliant, aint I?). Mal *enclosed him* self to me immediately by insulting me. Grrrh to you, Ashworth, Burgess for TAFF! Spirits were high and flowing freely, it seemed a pity to break things up at this stage so a crowd of them came back to my place for an impromptu party after the Globe had refused to let us stay there any longer; some petty excuse like it was against the law, I ask you! We tried to get Don to come along too but he cried off and went off to look for some night shots of London for his beloved camera.

When we got home, out came the bottles and glasses and whatever I could find in the way of food, which wasn't much. I seemed to have gone back 24 hrs. in time. Here was the place littered with fannish bods as it had been yesterday. Only the faces in some cases were different, and, oddly enough, the names too. This time on checking noses we had: Jimmy Groves, Mal and Sheila Ashworth, Ken and Irene Potter, and of course, the bunch who were staying here. Things were pretty animated for a while and then I did the unforgiveable. I just couldn't stay on my feet and keep my eyes open a moment longer. I tried, but I was ready to pass out cold, so I delegated my duties to Ted and disappeared for at least 4 hours deep and curative sleep.

I staggered back among the company at some unghodly hour feeling all the better for the rest and announced breakfast for those who were interested. I looked round and you've never seen a doss-hose such as this in your lives. In my room there's a single bed and on it - hang on a minute, I've got a photo here, I'll check - there's Ron Bennett, Irene Potter, Jimmy Groves, Ken Potter and Brian Jordan! All of 'em fast asleep. They woke gradually and reluctantly while I went upstairs and got breakfast ready. There's never been a breakfast like it in this house before. Neither my brother or I eat the meal but he broke his rule and joined them that day. They were all back on form and the talk



flew from one end of the table to the other. We sat for a while over the cups, smoking and talking before the girls and I got stuck into the washing up. Thanks, Irene and Sheila, it was a relief to get it out of the way.

Things began breaking up about then. A hectic week had come to its end. Ted Forsyth and Alan Rispin set out on safari to find Arthur Thomson's place and were going on to the hotel from there with him. The Potters and Ashworths kindly loaded themselves with the auction material that I'd had sent here and with the help of Jimmy took it to the hotel for me. It seemed so quiet after they'd all gone. Jordan had gone to bed in my brother's room and was sound asleep. I knew he had earned his rest and did my best not to disturb him. If it hadn't been for him there wouldn't have been a clubzine at the Convention; he was a brick. When I did finally decide it was time to get him out of bed I found it was a harder job than I'd anticipated. I managed it by the simple expedient of dragging the bed-clothes off him and leaving him to lie there and freeze. He got up.

I made myself a pot of tea and a sandwich and loafed on the bed for half-an-hour. Brian sat in the big chair drinking MILK and we quietly talked over the events of the past week. It must have been about 4-30 p.m. when we got to the Conhotel.

For those of you who think I'm going to give a Conreport here; I'm sorry to disappoint you. Not only haven't I the space, but I'm ashamed to admit I spent most of the time in my room, resting, and entertaining those who tracked me to my lair. I am heartily ashamed too that I didn't support either of the Auctions, and I really mean that I'm ashamed. I'm always shooting off my mouth about supporting both those fine organisations, TAFF and the BSFA and I feel I let both them and myself down, badly. I have no excuse.

The highlight of the Con I did see was the showing by Don of the slides he'd brought with him. In the various Conreports that will be written you will probably see many references made to them, and believe me, they deserve all the praise lavished on them. The sheer beauty of the night shots was breathtaking. Don himself was a raging social success and if he ever allows himself to be nominated for TAFF again, I for one would vote for him. Bless you Don, it was truly wonderful having you among us. Time went all too quickly.

Dave Kyle was another visitor from the States, an unexpected one. He professed himself mightily impressed with the ingenuity we had shown in attempting to prevent him attending the Con by moving the whole shebang, not only to a new hotel, that was clever enough, but to a different district. He hoped we didn't mind too much that he'd foiled us by some clever detective work.

You just haven't lived until you've seen Don chasing a London bus up Oxford Street. We: Ted Carnell, ATom, Jordan, Dave and myself were on our way to eat. Don had a sticker in his hand which read; "I BACK IKE." The only logical place for it was, according to him, the rear-end of a bus. I told him that his only chance of getting it there would be if he stood by a set of traffic lights and when a bus stopped at the red he could nip round smartly and put it on. Of course, none of us, not even Don, had a camera with us so this scene is lost to posterity. A bus drew up. Don got behind it and I could see the conductor - who was standing on the platform - craning his neck to see what he was up to. There was a car immediately behind the bus and the driver of it looked really worried because Don was right in his path. Carefully, almost lovingly, he put the sticker on the bus. He was just smoothing it out when the lights changed and the bus took off. Don was determined that this thing was going on to stay and it still wasn't firm enough to suit him, so he ran up the road behind the bus with one arm round it trying for a grip and the other all the time stroking, smoothing the label. The car driver looked fit to burst. He was trying to drive and avoid Don



while at the same time leaning forward until he almost came through his wind-screen, trying to see what that mad clot in front of him was doing. I laughed so much I got a stitch in my side. Now, if anyone mentions the name Don Ford to me, I see him running up Oxford Street with his arms clasped, affectionately round the back-end of a bus. It was just right for size, too!

The British Science Fiction Association was responsible for putting on the Convention again, this year. I hope those of you who attended and enjoyed yourselves won't forget the hard work done behind the scenes on your behalf. Archie, Bobbie and Sandra really worked at it and if you can drop them a line showing your appreciation it would be small enough reward for all they did. I wouldn't have been in their shoes this past year for a fortune. It was most encouraging to see so many new faces there this year, I hope you found so much to interest and amuse you that you won't want to miss out on future Conventions. Next year it's Kettering and I hope you have all made a start on saving now so it will be possible for you to be there. I'm looking forward to it already. I shall go to bed and stay there for the week beforehand, tho'!

Whew! I should think that's enough nattering from me to satisfy even Vic Ryan and Jordan, both of whom complain I don't say enough in O. This'll larn 'em. I've still got lots left I wanted to talk about, but if I keep on at this rate the word might get around that 'Parker has taken over ORION', so it will have to lie over til next time round. Talking of which: the next O is due out in July. In order to keep to schedule I will be publishing then. Those of you living in Britain and intending to comment on this, PLEASE get your letters in early. When I publish //27, which will be in Oct. I'll run a letter-supplement carrying the Stateside letters of comment on O//25 that didn't arrive in time to see daylight in //26. No British letters will be printed in the supplement.

I'm still undecided whether to address the Kujawa copy of O to Betty or Gene. He, after all did cut the stencil for page 28 which entitles him to a contributors copy. When Betty started writing me letters on that drool-worthy type-writer of hers I straight way asked her if she'd cut a stencil for me. I wanted to see how it would reproduce. She agreed to do it and then got Gene to do the dirty work. Thanks anyway, to both of them for their co-operation. I hope it turns out well.

I've done something slightly different in the lettercol this time. Against the names of fan editors I've put the title of the fanzine they publish. It is intended to help the new readers who might find it confusing to wade through a whole list of them.

This for my sins, is Sunday the 22nd of May and the duper starts churning as soon as I sign off here. I'm really sorry I've kept you all waiting. I hate being late, but it can't always be avoided. Still, two late out of five issued is bad. To the duplicator.

'Bye for now.

Fella.



# TAFF TALES ~

TALKING

TOPICS

~H. K. BULMER

Before going on with the decrepit saga of the Bulmer family's erratic wanderings over some of the Eastern, Midwestern and Southern States of the U.S. and A. I want to clear up an interesting knotty-problem brought up by a BNF. No names as they say and no pack drill. Have you ever seen pack drill? I have - I, thank ghu never experienced it - it looks awful, and I'm not talking about the faked-up bully-yelling that most recruits get to hear behind a wall - that's Army psychology that probably goes back to longbows and beyond.

Well, now, you remember that when Doc Barrett was taking Pamela and myself down to Savannah, we stopped off at a wayside store where 'Cider' had been advertised. I mentioned that this cider turned out to be pressed apple juice. Now, to me, this was a simple contrast remark, like when you buy suspenders here you get suspenders and when you buy them in the States you get braces. And there is the tie-up with cider, too, which you all know about. Also there were many remarks about the old Kentucky rifleman with his jar of applejack twitched up onto his shoulder - all these things sort of blended. Now if this well-respected BNF gets out of these remarks that I was knocking the US and A - well, he's abysmally wrong, of course; but the mere fact that he does receive this impression is disturbing. Here we were, in a tremendous country, meeting many people for the first time, being feted, put-up, fed, amused, looked-after and generally being given the impression that we were important people. And so we turn right round and write unpleasant things? No, however much psychology of the gift-horse and the reverse-reaction you care to read into all this, the facts still remain that Pamela and I like and admire Americans and their country far too much to indulge in cheap wisecracks. Certainly, we found much we didn't like. We also find a lot we don't like here, and in other countries of the world. But as a guest you have to trim your criticism to suit the requirements of the moment - for instance, we refrained from pointing out that the Americans drive on the wrong side of the road and at the beginning almost every car drive was a nightmarish experience. See FEZ. for other details about that.

One other little interesting note on this contrast thing; in NY the girls call their handbags 'purses'. For some reason this always threw me. One sweet young neofanne at a party asked me to give her her purse and I went pawing over



the table littered with empty bottles, ashtrays overflowing etc. There was this black and gilt handbag - but no purse and my heart failed me at opening the thing to take the purse out. I was told, firmly and forcibly, that that was a purse. Oh! Sorry.

At this same party, the little camera-screen in my mind lights up in three-D, colour and sound, Randy Garrett and Harlan Ellison came in singing G&S about an Englishman. Now I have read Habakkuk Chap.1. Verse 3. My mind, as they say, boggled. The impression I have is that Randy was singing with one arm draped round Harlan's shoulders, and Harlan was doing his damndest in the Ellison way to get his arm up over Randy's shoulder so they could sing on equality. Now, the great idea dawns. Suppose it was Randy, manfully trying to get his arm up over Bill's shoulder?

My memory is a tricky joker. I can recall faithfully many points that appear to be unimportant; and totally forget what shopping to buy and whether I've sent in my Income Tax return and if I've answered good-old so-and-so's welcome letter. As a f'rinstance, Pamela pointed out to me that I'd claimed Doc Barrett kept his 21st Century laundry arrangements in the basement. It now appears that the chalet at Indian Lake doesn't have a basement. Umm. Equally, if Bill Donaho says it was he and Randy who sang their version of "For he's an Englishman" then I accept that implicitly.

You just don't argue with Bill Donaho.

As the gentleman with the gun described by Ron Bennett found out.

Bill claims that I said I've never heard the song before. I did say that. It was a pure defense mechanism. Now that Bill has explained that it was he and Randy, I can understand my cringeing away; these two men are big; and there they were, yelling full in my sensitive fannish face. I'd never heard it sung that way, is all. As for disliking G&S - I don't. Some is just tinkle-tinkle, but William Schwenk was a first class wordsmith, and Sir Arthur turned out material that hasn't been touched. Some, that is. I heard about poor old Groucho, too.....

Thing here is, mucho apologies to Bill.

Hark'ing back to those days spent in NY - I believe everyone knows of the reputation that Central Park has. You just don't go near there after dark. If you do - the chances are that you'll be mugged, beat-up, robbed, and, if a girl, invited to lie back and enjoy it, like a good Chinese lady. However, my saying this may again bring down the wrath of the BNF who accused me of denigrating the Americam scene. So, to balance the score, I'll say I wouldn't allow Pamela to walk alone along many a London street. Okay?

There were six of us. We were going downtown to our apartment and skirting the Park. We'd been warned many times that if we contemplated an evening stroll then to steer clear of the Park; but the devil got into the four guys with us, and they suggested we might like to see the notorious Park by night. There were Danny Curran, Art Saha, Bill Donaho and Dick Ellington, plus Pamela and me. We said, nervously: "Yes."

As soon as we entered the gates and began to stroll along the path, with bushes black on either hand, my fears left me. Hell - this quartet could do a great deal of damage before they might be swamped by any gang of hoodlums. In the fracas, Pamela and I could skedaddle out of there. So, feeling very daring and very brave, we wandered along, singing.

Maybe it was a silly thing to do and maybe the dangers of the Park had been exaggerated just so Pamela and I wouldn't do anything silly. But, still, with these four tough hombres - and believe me, they were tough, it seemed okay. Although I have no proof of this, one of them, I believe, habitually carried a nasty weapon of offence - knife, cosh, etc. - with him at all times. Reason was that he'd been mixed up with other characters who were just as unfriendly at



times. This wasn't on the Ellison juvenile delinquent level, either - politics had reared its ugly head.

We'd been up to have a look at the building into which this quartet was moving, the famous place that became known as 'Riverside Dive'. Walking back in the night - and in NY where we lived to find a dark spot wasn't easy - gave a sort of shivery feeling quite unrelated to the dangers, real or imaginary, of the surroundings. The glow in the sky was phenomenal. Light forms such a part of the NY nightscape that we noticed the lack of it as soon as we returned to England. And out on the roads, well, the Americans really believe in lighting up all they can. This is, of course, in many ways a good thing. I wonder how many of you remember the story 'Moth' by G.R. Malloch pubbed in the June-July, 1931 ish of Weird Tales, subsequently reprinted as 'Winged Terror' in Fantasy ~~2~~ in 1939?

Malloch postulated that the great 'Electric Age' had driven moths almost out of existence, and followed that by a suggestion that giant moths might fly in from some other place. Lights in the US along the main habited stretches are fierce. To stand as we did and look out over a city, or the outskirts of a city where roads and highways and freeways and turnpikes looped and joined and flowed with living light was an experience worth all the bother of actually travelling on these roads.

One amusing instance of this light abundance - and yet a fine example of planning - was in the lighting of road repairs. We were travelling fast with Larry Shaw when ahead we saw an orange light going off and on, off and on, with a regular rhythm. Larry eased the car down. We came up to the lights and I saw they were two big amber spots, each one going on when the other was off. They were set up in front of a hole in the road about two-feet by three. Back in England there'd be a red lamp with a dirty glass.

The current supply was high - above the hum of the motor you could hear a distinct click! as each light went on.

Anyway, this discursion into lighting isn't half completed - the sight of a US motorway at night is one of the wonders of the world.

Coming back to NY and that night-time walk thru Central Park with a tough escort, these lads certainly did us proud when we were in NY. I'd always wanted to go see a Planetarium. In the first issue of Star Parade, in 1941, I'd done an article on Planetaria, with the usual bemoaning groans that there was none in Britain. Now that there is one in Baker Street I still haven't been. I'm no longer attracted - and that is my fault.

I made a special point of going up to the Hayden Planetarium up by W. 81 St. along the edge of Central Park. Pamela and I went in and for me, at least, this was going to be a highspot. The show was a children's one - and still I wasn't warned. We sat down and were given an elementary run-thru on the solar system etc and then went through into the dome. The whole thing was a mock-up of a journey to the Moon. Remember this was just after Eisenhower had announced that satellites were to be put up and before the Sputniks went up, and we were still living in the pre-Space Age. The show, as such and to me, was a flop. I felt, however, that the fault lay with me.

I'd been imagining seeing the wheeling stars, seeing them as they were a million years ago, and as they would look when we set off to explore them and their planets. I'd built up far too much anticipation, and that usually lets you down.

I came out really fed up with the idiocy of the whole show.

Then we went and had a look at a rocket exhibition and that was very nice - actually seeing components and working models of the rockets with which I was familiar. We found a horseshoe shaped passage with a chunk of rock on a pedestal at each end. This, the label said, was a meteorite. I looked at it. Then we



went on, into the corridor. It curved, and, suddenly, we were in a different world. Just the painted corridor, no one else, quietness, a gentle and far-off hum of machinery - and this gigantic chunk of rock that had fallen from space.

I began to warm up. I stood before the rock. It was big - pitted with holes and rotted away where it had lain in the earth. This was a piece of another planet. This had once exploded with immeasurable violence, flung into space, circled in the solar system and at last fallen with fire and thunder upon the Earth. And here it was, and here was Bulmer, staring at it.

I suppose if this were one of the conventional fan reports I'd have to make some funny remarks about there being no provision to prevent anyone walking out with it. It weighed about half a ton. But the moment got me.

Silence, a distant thrum which emphasised the quietness, loneliness - the corridor remained empty all the time. The meteorite sitting on its pedestal. A perceptible coldness flowed out from it. I looked at the black holes in it. What was in there? I began to get the breeze up; anything could come out of that hole. A long quiescent monster, a bem, an alien, awakened from his aeons-long sleep, creeping out into the brilliance and heat of a NY summer day.

I looked for Pamela and she wasn't there. I began to be frightened that someone would come round the corridor - some thoughtless laughing kids sucking ice cream - and make a noise. I kept as quiet as I could. Any noise, I thought, would awaken the being in the rock and bring him - or it - out. I breathed shallowly. I was sweating - and although it was a hot day the coldness of that rock made refrigeration unnecessary.

How old was it? Strangely enough it was probably of the same age as the rock under Manhattan, or the rocks I dug out of the garden at Tresco. But those rocks were of the Earth, Earthy. This was alien. It had not been made on Earth. And I began to get the shivers worse than before. At last, nonchalantly, reluctantly, too, I turned and sauntered out.

I wanted not to turn my back. I wanted to run. But instead I found Pamela and she said: "Where have you been?" I said: "Looking at the meteorite, the big one." She gave me an old-fashioned look and said: "Yes. I need an ice cream."

She knew.

And then we were out under the trees with yelling kids and littered candy wrappings and brilliant sunshine and the smell of NY - strong, familiar, reassuringly Earthly sights and sounds and scents. We caught a bus back and I handled the thirteen cents (I think it was) with aplomb.

But that had been another experience worth crossing the Atlantic for.

There were lots of them. Like camera flashes, they light up in the Bulmer bonce - but they don't necessarily come out in chronological order. I don't feel that's important, though.

There'll be more.

oooOooo

oooOooo

oooOooo HKB.oooOooo

oooOooo

I heard recently from a young German fan who would like to receive British- and Amerizines. He writes a lovely letter! Try him? He's.....

Rolf Gindorf  
Wolfrath  
Hans-Bockler-Strasse 52  
Germany.



# THE FAN WH DROPPED HIS ARTICLES

GEORGE  
LOCKE

It was fairly soon after his adventure with APÆ's cover. We left him on the Underground, remember? And then -. You guessed it, he reached Holborn and then, got cold feet. The outcome was that he decided before visiting the Globe's hallowed halls he must publish a fanzine. But it was doomed - if not to failure then something remarkably like it -. Why?

He had access to a fairly good quality Gesterner, he was reasonably adept in the art of stencil cutting, and could lay the thing on the inky roller without getting knife-edged creases. He could string sentences together, so long as they contained no more than Subject, Object, Verb and twenty Adjectives. He could draw too, provided he was kept off illos, and, naturally, he wrote the first issue himself.

So what went wrong?

The issue came out, and, a fortnight later he hadn't received a single letter nor even a sub, let alone a free copy of APÆ, HYPHEN or PLOY. He did, however, receive a copy of the Times, which pleased him only faintly, inasmuch as it was wrapped round a rejected copy from Brian Burgess. The lack of letters denoted a complete apathy on the part of fandom, so he finally went to the Globe to find out why. There were many of them present. Several looked up as he made his entry, and, by the expression on their faces he knew that they'd recognised him and wished they hadn't.

"Hello," he said.

A proboscoid fan took off his glasses so he could look down his nose without the danger of dropping them. A second took off his beanie and stuffed it into an empty crisps bag. Three others inverted their bheers and swallowed.

A little disconcerted by this reception, he nervously made his way to the proboscoid gent, and asked: "Did you - er - receive QUARTO alright?" The fan turned to his current lady companion, very la-de-da.

"Do we know it?"

"I think not, Peter."

"Did you get QUARTO okay?" Tom persisted.

"What is QUARTO?" the fan sniffed, still to his lady friend.

"It's my fanzine," burred Tom, eagerly.

"I sent it out a couple of weeks ago."

"QUARTO? Fanzine? These are words which don't seem to be in my vocabulary."

"They must be specimens of this dreadful dialect some phake-phen, particularly Londoners, are said to be speaking," decided the femme. "Disgusting. But what else



can one expect from phake-phen?"

Tom, blushing, hurriedly joined another group, members of which suddenly began sniffing.

"Have you all caught colds?" he asked, innocently.

They looked at him, then away again, resuming their olfactory means of expression with increased vigour.

"Which one is Burgess?" Tom said, understanding.

"Who is Burgess?" one of them said. "I don't think such a person exists."

"Oh, God!" Tom went to a vacant table, laid his head on his arms and wept bitterly. "Oh, God," he moaned. "Oh, God, ~~save~~ me. Tell me where I've gone wrong. They look at me as though I am - vermin."

There was a mighty crack of thunder; a brilliant light flared for a second, and then - a Presence was there. A Presence awe-inspiring and holy.

"The Great God Ghu," breathed Tom, reverently.

"Bhlasphemer," boomed the Presence. "Taking my Wham in vain." Lightning flickered round His finger tips, built up a head of power, and fried the soles of Tom's shoes. He sniffed, sighed with pleasure. "My favourite fish."

"Frivolous phake-phan," the Presence said.

The propellor of His beanie rotated angrily. The other fen were on their knees, raising to their Lord and Master foaming Bheers and dry Martinis. Gradually, the beanie's rotation slowed. A fan said: "Take not too much notice of the wayward Tom. He is an uncultured phake-phan. He drops his aitches."

"I gathered that," boomed Ghu. "He addressed me as no phan would."

"He also," the fan went on, adding sin to sin, "put out a fanzine."

"I preceive a certain phannish connotation there," Ghod said, doubtfully.

"Ah, yes. But his laxity of speech, not readily apparent save to those familiar with the correct diction, came out very noticeably in the 'zine."

"He must be punished."

With these words, Ghu vanished. Trembling, Tom, still on his knees, looked beseechingly at the Elsie Horde.

"Hhhhhhh hh," he began, stopping when he found that all he seemed able to say was "Hhhhhhh hh."

The fen understood what had happened to him and regarded him sorrowfully. "We forgive you, then. You will have been punished enough."

"Hhh hh? Hhhhhh?"

"We do, really."

"H'h hh hhhhh."

"We're glad you are happy. Phen are not vindictive."

Tom left then, a fine resolution in his heart. His speech may have been edited by the Great Ghod Ghu to consist of aitches, but he would still be able to write, operate a typewriter, and bring out a second issue of QUILA bearing in mind his earlier mistakes...

So home he went.

Once indoors, he immediately sat down before his typewriter, to compose his editorial apologies.

"Oh, no!", he exclaimed. The key-board consisted entirely of aitches and punctuation marks. However, he reasoned, it might just be part of his punishment, making his typing more difficult. The letters would still come out okay.

They didn't. His editorial consisted of h, with an occasional H.



Then he remembered that the fans had understood his spoken sentences. A tremendous and beautiful thought came to him. Ghu - he would have had a stronger motive than mere punishment. Tom surged on. He composed a couple of book reviews, some fmz reviews, and an aritcle on the interior significance of bheer. Transferred all this and some other odds and ends to stencil, ran the 'zine off on the office duper and mailed it out (on the office mailing machine).

At the Globe on his next visit there, the fen no longer sneered or made strange noises in their nostrils. Some came to congratulate him. He smiled.

"An many, many thanks for your letter, true letter-phan."

Others said, wonderingly, "huh?"

"Letters wanted."

Tom was mildly curious as to how the 'zine had instinctively picked the letter writers before they had written their comments, but decided the ways of Ghu were not to be understood by mere phen.

-----

Incidently: The first paragraph of his editorial ran as follows:

"Hhhhhhhh hhhh. Hhhh hhhh hh hhhhh, hhh hhhhhhhh hh hhhhhhhh hhhhhhhh  
hh h hhhhhhhh. H hhhhhh hh hhhhhhhh..."

This was intended to be....

"Phellow phen. Bear with me kindly, and forgive my earlier attempt at a phanzine. I learned my mistake..."

-----

I finished the last issue of ORION just as it was announced that Don Ford had won the campaign. I inferred that there was no need to do anything in the way of voting but to sent money anyway as TAFF is always grateful for it. At the time of writing I was unaware there was going to be such a quick turn-round. So, in fact, your vote as well as your money is not only wanted, but NEEDED. I may not always agree that the candidates nominated are the best we can do or are deserving of the honour but, I am very much in sympathy with what TAFF is trying to do.

I know talk is going on at the moment of proposed changes in the method of running TAFF and on the qualifications needed to allow a fan to be nominated. This needn't prevent us giving all we can afford to the fund, with maybe, that extra little bit that could make all the difference between success and failure. Whatever happens the money will be put to a Good Fannish Cause. You may not be eligible to vote, but you are always eligible to donate cash, so, hows about chipping in?

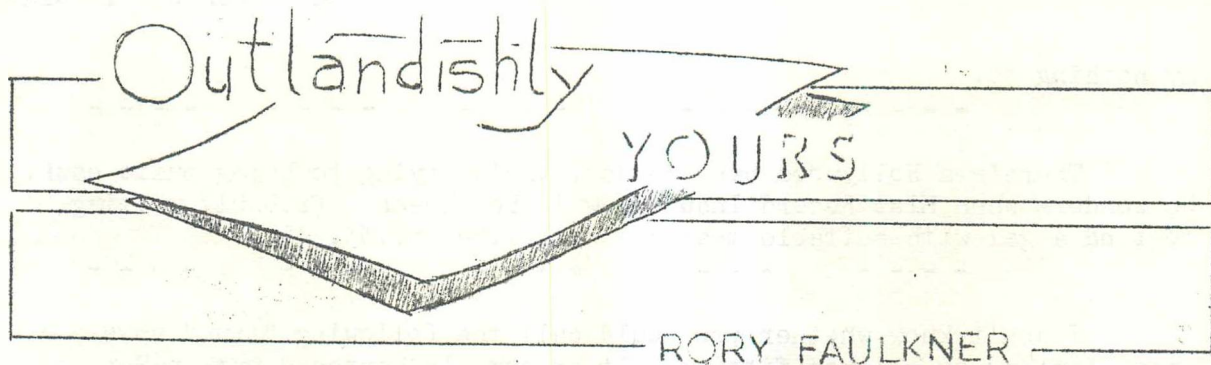
SUPPORT TAFF.

-----

"I can't help that, I've got the army to support." George Locke.

-----





To really acquire an appreciation of fan art, one must make an intensive study of fanatomy. Fan artists have been subjected to ridicule, opprobrium and the most callous criticism that sensitive, fannish souls have ever been called on to endure. The nudes, especially, in the better (but mostly worse) fanzines, have come in for some particularly satirical comments. And why?

The fanartist merely draws what he sees - namely, other fans. Don't get me wrong, pals - fans are not addicted to posing for each other in the absolute. They simply eye one another, and imagine what's beneath all those sloppy clothes.

Hence the weird anatomy. Take, for instance, the symbolic nude male figure. The artist fondly hopes that, except for a couple of universally ignored details, his creation will resemble one of the better put-together cinema heroes. It does not. The muscles are lumpy, the joints bend in the wrong places and the whole gruesome mess looks as if it were assembled from second-hand hardware and deteriorated rubber. Fortunately, the male form is used seldom, and only when absolutely necessary.

It is on the female form divine that the most loving care is lavished. Ah, those lithe, willowy, double-breasted gals with their elongated gams (what do you limeys call legs?) // pins or gams. E.P.// ! They have an anatomy like nothing under heaven or earth! Where do they keep their internal workings? Or do they produce by parthogenesis? It is hard to believe that these creatures could be counterparts of fem fans - they must have been drawn wholly from imagination and the posters in front of the lower sort of burlesque shows.

Now I am looking forward to the day when human mutations begin to appear. When these are combined with the products of a fanartist's unhealthy imagination, our simple little zines will bristle with arms, legs, hips, etc., (especially "etc.") that will be the utmost in weird and science fiction artistry.

-----

I am rather leery about joining any organization here in California, where there are so many odd-balls uniting for this or that weird cause - the Flying Saucer bunch, the "save Chessman from the Gas chamber" outfit, etc. But the other day I was invited to belong to "The Tuesday Musical Club," (Harp, snog and happy lecherian chapel). The club's charter sold me - no singing, no playing of musical instruments, no officers, no dues, no suggestions, absolutely no plans. Here is an organization I feel I can give



my nothing to.

-----  
There's a Hollywood band leader, who's trying to bring music back. He wonders when Miss Record Industry will be chosen. Probably waiting to find a gal with suitable measurements, like 78, 33, 45.  
-----

I don't know whether you would call the following "true" news item, fantasy or science fiction. It presumably happened out in San Fernando valley last week. This fellow, who drives one of those big ready-mix concrete trucks with the revolving cement bin, had a delivery to make that would take him near his home. He decided to drop in and have a cup of coffee with his wife. When he stopped by, however, there was a strange car, a new Cadillac, in his driveway.

He backed his cement truck up to the Caddy, put the chute in through the window and dumped a ton and a half of wet cement into the car.

To this moment, the car owner hasn't complained to the police....  
Very funny.

-----  
A chap back from a flying visit to Las Vegas is tickled to report that a swank dress shop called "Fanny's", on the Strip up there, has a big sign in front: "Parking in the Rear for Fanny's."  
-----

And now that we are done with philosophy, Hollywood style, let us consider the plight of two microbes who met in the lymph stream of a horse. They got to talking things over, and one suggested that they get over to the horse's blood stream where it was warmer. So they did. Once there, the microbes started multiplying like crazy until there were millions of them.

Naturally, the horse got sick. His owner, a farmer, took him to the veterinary for treatment. The vet shot the horse full of penicillin. The penicillin wiped out all the microbes, including the original two.

The moral of this story is: Never change streams in the middle of a horse!

-----  
"Youth will be served," as one cannibal remarked to the other while they stewed the teenager.

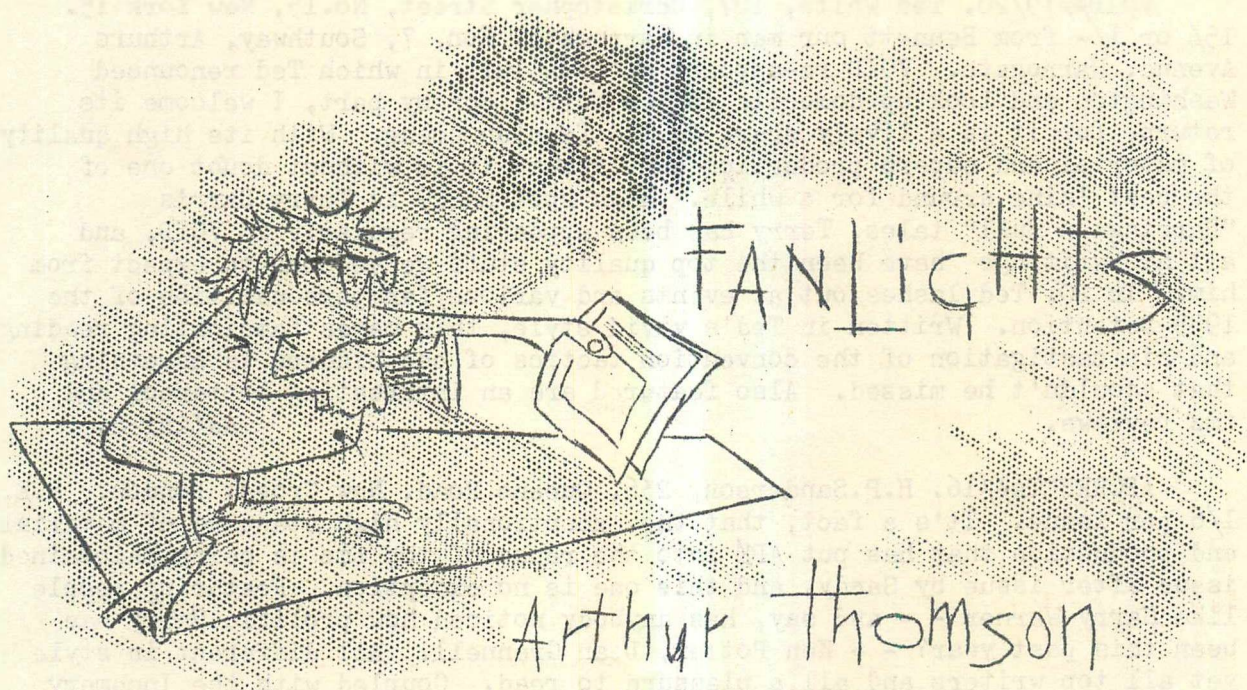
\*\*\*\*\*

ooooOoooo

\*\*\*\*\*

ooooOoooo





It was pointed out to me by Ella, after the last Fanlight column appeared that, when Paul Enever did it, it really only featured highspots from the various 'zines, rather than complete fmz reviews. Well, I dunno, that was alright for Paul, he can write. I guess I'd better just stick to giving my own opinions on the various fmz I've received. One thing I won't do and that is to give a complete listing of who wrote what, where and why. I think I'd prefer to give my own summing up of the issue of that particular fmz and points I think will be of interest to you. Ratings: 10 high, 1 means throw it away.....

FANNISH//2. Terry Carr & Ron Ellik, 1909, Francisco Street, Berkeley 9. California. or from Archie Mercer, 434/4, Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincs. Fannish can't really be reviewed, but certainly must be mentioned, and praised. In it, for the second year running, Ron and Terry give a years summary of their newszine FANAC and the results of the poll run by it. A must for every active fan, and archives. Rating 9.

BRENNCHLUSS//4. Ken Potter, 11, Dunsmore Road, Stamford Hill, London. N.16. Write and ask for it. 30 pages of completely off-beat humour, that's Brenn. and a delight to read. Galvanised into flashing action after only a few years delay between this and the last, Ken flings yet another Brenn. into the fannish maw. Prompted no doubt, by a guilty conscience and letters from his irate subscriber. The material features such writers as: Mal Ashworth, George Locke, Don Geldart, and, good grief, the Potters themselves (Ken and Irene)...as merry a pair of rascals as you'd wish to meet down any black hole in Calcutta. There are some fabulous illos by Dave Wood, cruelly mutilated by Ken in transferring to stencil. This is a 'zine you'll put down feeling baffled or in order to hold your sides to prevent them splitting. Rating.8.



VOID//19/20. Ted White, 107, Christopher Street, No.15, New York 15. 15/- or 1/- from Bennett our man in Harrogate; Ron, 7, Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate. VOID re-appears after a lull in which Ted renounced Washington and took up domicile in New York. For my part, I welcome its return, for it is a lively spark on the fannish scene. With its high quality of material and superb production and layout it is without doubt one of the best 'zine around for a while. High spot in 19 is Terry Carr's "Barrington Bull" tales, Terry has been appearing regularly in VOID, and all his writings have been the top quality stuff we've come to expect from him. In 20, Ted lashes out at events and various fan personalities of the 1959 Detention. Written in Ted's vivid style, this makes fascinating reading and his castigation of the convention tactics of con bidders is something that shouldn't be missed. Also featured are an interesting lettercol and fmz reviews. Rating 8.

APORRHETA//16. H.P.Sanderson, 236, Queens Road, New Cross, London. S.E.14. 1/6 per issue. It's a fact, that the exceptionally high standard of material and production that has put APX into the ranks of top fmz is being maintained issue after issue by Sandy, and this one is no exception. Featuring people like Harry Warner - - and say, has anybody noticed how prolific Harry has been this past year? - - Ken Potter, Dean Grennell. All different in style yet all top writers and all, a pleasure to read. Coupled with the Inchmery Fan Diary with letters from such people as Eric Frank Russell and Andy Young. Only jarring note in the issue is Sandy's fuzzy jump on Ted Pauls for some slight Pauls is supposed to have committed against Sandy, somewhere, somehow, or something....Sandy, say gently to yourself "so what!" and leave it at that. Rating.9.

SKYRACK. Ron Bennett, 7, Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate. 6d per. Newszine....A worthy effort and asset to fandom. SKYRACK continues to have the edge over its U.S.competitor for news. Ron asks fen to write him with news to enable him to keep his lead. Rating 8.

FANAC. Ron Ellick & Terry Carr, 1909, Francisco Street, Berkeley 9 Calif. Newszine....A worthy effort and asset to fandom. FANAC continues to have the edge over its British competitor for news. Ron and Terry ask fen to write to them with news to enable them to keep their lead. Rating 8.

ROT//4. Mal Ashworth, 14, Westgate, Eccleshill, Bradford 2. Write and ask. Mal buys a duplicator and resuscitates ROT. This is a Good Thing. Fabulous type people writing in this are: Sid Birchby, on the Forte-tudes of a vanishing fan, Irene Potter, on small boys she has known and hated, Harry Warner on 1960 and beyond, with the whole thing rounded off to perfection by Mal himself. Only thing I'd grouch about myself are the dept. titles...funny ha ha the first time, but a trifle worn now. Rating.7.

GUMBIE//1. Steve & Virginia Schultheis, 477, Woodlawn, Apt,C. Springfield, Ohio. Write and ask. Zing! A humorous and friendly 'zine from two very nice and friendly people. Steve shows how to become a fanzine fan in one easy issue. GUMBIE READS GOOD - - LIKE A FNZ SHOULD. Steve gives a run down on the Schultheis fan history, there's a fan story and reviews of fmz, also some letters. Very pleasant reading. Rating 6.



NOMAD//3 George Jennings, 1710, Pearl Street, Bay City, Texas. Write. I like NOMAD, I think it's a darn good idea and well done. It has made a name for itself in the short time it's been published and strikes a happy blend between newszine, letterzine and commentzine, with the occasional article thrown in for good measure. Blended well by George's undoubted flair for producing this type of thing. People are writing interesting letters to NOMAD, why don't you? Rating 6.

FEMIZINE. Spring model, Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6, Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey. 1/- per. Somehow FEZ. doesn't seem to jell thish. It is, as you know, completely written by femme-fans, but even tho' the writing is, in the main, of a good standard, it doesn't seem to hold up this time round. 'S'my opinion that something is needed to shake FEZ up and put it back together again in the format that spells 'fanzine.' A new method of approach, maybe, or even letting male fen into the pages other than the lettercol to which they are now restricted. Ethel disagrees with me about this but, let's have more than just femmes nattering about themselves, their cats, or their husbands. What say you? Write and tell Ethel. Rating 5.

SHANGRI LA AFFAIRES//49. John Trimble, 980 $\frac{1}{2}$ , White Knoll Drive, Los Angeles, 12, California. 20¢ per. This issue is mainly an amusing take-off of the recent name change of Asf. With a cleverly done cover. There's nothing really outstanding in the way of material, but it features the usual LA gang and is fair reading. I'm enjoying Bjo's anecdotes of the LA scene. Letter section could do with livening up a little. Rating 5.

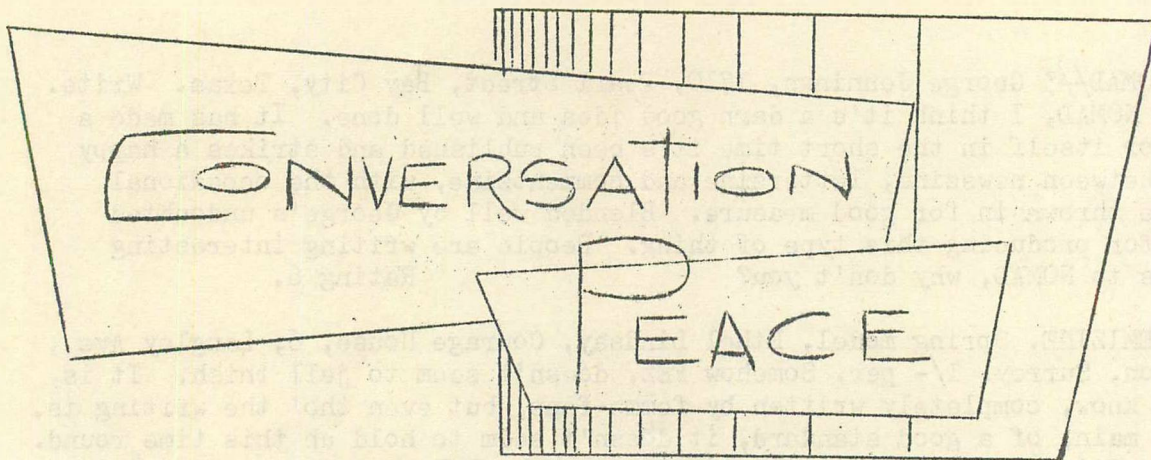
HABAKKUK//2, Bill Donaho, 1441, 8th Street, Berkeley 10, LA. Write. This is the second issue of a highly personalized 'zine. You might not like what he writes about but Bill writes it well. Also on the 'beats', an article from Art Castillo. Rating 5.

PSI PHI//5 ANNISH. Bob Lichtman & Arv Underman, 6137, South Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56. Chock full of material from as varied a strata of fandom as one could wish ranging from: Walt Willis, Jean Young, Alan Dodd and Les Gerber. Plus an interesting Detention report from Ted Johnstone. The Candy Bar item by Les was fascinating, he has the knack of being able to get ideas and write them up interestingly and amusingly. Rating 5.

LES SPINGE//2, Ken Cheslin, 18, New Farm Road, Stourbridge. Worcs. Write. Second issue from these exuberant younger English fen. I found it a little higgledy-piggledy with regard to material and the way in which it was presented, like man, it got a bit confused. The writing is bright and breezy and you're seeing fandom through the eyes of these boys, which is refreshing. They should certainly be encouraged. Write. Rating 3.

EX-CONN//7, Bob Lambeck, 868, Helston Road, Birmingham, Mich Jan. 10¢ per. If you like the Conan tales, you'll probably like this. Opening it at random it might read something like this...."Randor slew the Aaarggh with one blow of his mighty blade, 'Wheeeeg' then with a mighty bound leapt onto the back of a nearby Urrrf...." There are also two or four letters and a couple of fmz reviews. Rating 2.





## PAUL ENEVER

My brother-in-law gazed at the water-logged garden though he could have seen precious little of it through the rain rivulets running down the window.

"Reminds me of a place in North Devon," he said sadly. "Jumpin'? No. Boppin'? No. Trotten - that's it - Trotten-cum- Pawley. Spent three weeks there last summer; seemed like three years."

"A dreary place?" I asked.

"Wasn't enough of it to be dreary. Six houses, one shop, a chapel, four pubs and a fire station."

"An unusual combination," I suggested.

"You can say that twice. Trotten ain't unusual - it's unique. Even the weather treats it differently. Everywhere else in Great Britain was sweltering in a drought - some parts it hadn't rained in three days - but in Trotten -"

" - it rained every day," I cried triumphantly.

My brother-in-law withdrew his gaze from the landscape and looked at me broodingly.

"Not just rain. Snow, fogs and a tornado. Told you - Trotten is different."

I forbore to argue. I know that however outrageous the lies my brother-in-law tells he can always prove them gossamer true. He's different, too.

"It was a rush job we were on - twelve hour shifts. Spent most of our spare time in one of the four pubs."

"I shouldn't have thought a little place like that could support a crematorium," I said.



"Didn't. Working on a hush-hush project just outside the Pawley end. Biggest toffee-apple furnace in Europe."

Once my brother-in-law visited us straight from a long spell at Harwell where, by devious means, he had managed to circulate round all the toppest-secret departments. But when my son asked him what job he was doing there he said; "Relining a toffee-apple furnace." So I knew it was useless to ask him the mature of this hush-hush job at Trotten-cum-Pawley.

"The White Hart was the best pub there," he said. Had one client who could play the mouth-organ and every Saturday night the whole male population used to crowd in to hear him. All nine of 'em. It was next door to the fire station and the resident fireman spent a lot of time acting unpaid potman. Had one fire while we were there, at the Dog and Partridge, next door but two. They put it out with best bitter because the fireman had both hands full at the time. Things are different in Trotten, see?"

"I suppose it's firefighting equipment was equally comic?" I said.

"Trotten-cum-Pawley's fire service is renowned through out North Devon," he said. "Two of the best Merryweather's money can buy - and an auxiliary tender."

"Whatever for?" I asked.

"Because they got tired of being laughed at. In the twenties they only had a handcart loaded with buckets of water and a volunteer brigade of farmworkers. Every time there was a fire it had to burn itself out because the brigade was haymaking, or else they'd lost all their water bumping over ploughed fields or -"

"- they pushed the handcart two miles the wrong way before any one told them where the fire was," I broke in.

"Yes," he said. "How did you know?"

I refused to answer. He went on. "Parish Council got fed up. Clubbed together and bought a second-hand Ford truck and had the village carpenter fit a fire-fighting body on it."

He paused. I took the hint and cooked him a pan of sausages. Strengthened, he continued: "Naturally they couldn't run to a fire station as well. Kept the truck in a disused barn. First time it was called out - middle of January - the engine was frozen up. Someone suggested warming the sump. Someone else lit a pile of newspaper under it and so they had a lovely fire right on their doorstep. Took 'em six months to get another fire engine. Didn't bother replacing the barn. Trotten's lousy with derelict ones."

He speared the last sausage and savoured it lovingly. I fry a tidy sausage.

"Weren't any luckier with their next engine," he began again. "Corn rick caught fire at some off-hand farm over a steepish hill. Driver and one







Trailing clouds of Sad Farewell music the hero rode off into the desert. I switched off before the commercial could get at us and, thinking of the Indian war party he had subdued single-handed, I said:

"There goes a mighty brave man."

Brother-in-law grunted. With a mouthful of sausage there wasn't much else he could do. Masticating rapidly he said: "There's bravery and there's courage."

"And there's a difference?" I asked, stupidly.

"'Course. Lots of my mates were brave enough banging off pom-poms at bandits - after a good grog issue, or slogging it out in a Pomper beerhouse, but I only had one mate with real courage."

"So?"

"So we're waiting on Crewe station with four minutes to spare and dead thirsty. Bar closed, tea room jammed full of bowler hats and fur-coats and BBC accents. Tea scalding hot. My mate poured his tea into his saucer and had it drunk before the train pulled out. All I got was two sips and a burnt tongue. That was real courage."

"Just a minute," I said, puzzled. "D'you mean he was brave because he saucered his tea?"

"Not only that. Fanned it with his cap into the bargain. Takes a brave man to show he wears a cap in a roomful of bowler hats, fur-coats and BBC accents."

"Yes..." I said. "I see your point. Braver than me, f'rinstance. There's a new girl at the cafe where I get my early morning cuppa. First time she served me the tea was dark brown and aromatic. I said 'Could I have a little more milk, please?' So she gave me some. Next morning when I went in she poured out the same tarry liquor, looked at me and said, 'Ah, you're the gentleman that likes extra sugar' and ladled in another two spoonfuls. I've been drinking syrupy tar every morning since because I haven't the courage to tell her I like my tea milky and barely sweetened."

Brother-in-law barely repressed a shudder. "You're still braver than me," he said. "I wouldn't dare drink it."

Somehow, I felt, the conversation hadn't got far.



# freeADVERT Page

Mal Ashworth of ....

14, Westgate,  
Eccleshill,  
Bradford 2.

wants to know if anyone has a  
spare copy of a voluptuous  
brunette to send him. He'd  
also like to have .....

"Without Sorcery" by T. Sturgeon,  
"Dark Carnival" by Ray Bradbury,  
and "Last Man In London" by  
Olaf Stapledon. Make him happy,  
someone.

If you live in Britain and want  
to sub to Norman Metcalfe's  
"New Frontiers", (Price: 2/6d  
per ish. 4 for 8/-) he has appointed  
as Britagent;  
Jimmy Groves.  
29, Latham Road,  
East Ham.  
E. 6.

Good copies of Asf, prior to  
1932 wanted to buy or for trade by;  
Terry Jeeves,  
58, Sharrard Grove,  
Sheffield.

Have you a spare copy of .....  
"The Harp Stateside?"  
This is being sought by;  
Joe Patrizio,  
72, Glenvarloch Cres.,  
Edinburgh 9.  
He is allegedly a Scot,  
but promised to pay MONEY  
for it.

## The Atom Anthology

Sometime this year I shall  
be issuing an anthology of  
Arthur Thomson's work. This  
can't be done properly or  
comprehensively without your  
help. Most of you have been  
in fandom far longer than I  
and have seen more of his  
material. Among all the  
things he has done that you  
have seen or received, you  
must have one or more favour-  
ites.

I am inviting you to nominate  
a selection of your favourites  
for inclusion in the Atom An-  
thology. Please name the  
zines in which they appeared,  
the number of the issue and  
page, along with other details  
which will be helpful in  
identifying them.

I am not as yet accepting  
orders. I don't know what the  
final page count will be so I  
can't even quote a price. All  
these details will be announced  
later, probably when the thing  
is on stencil.

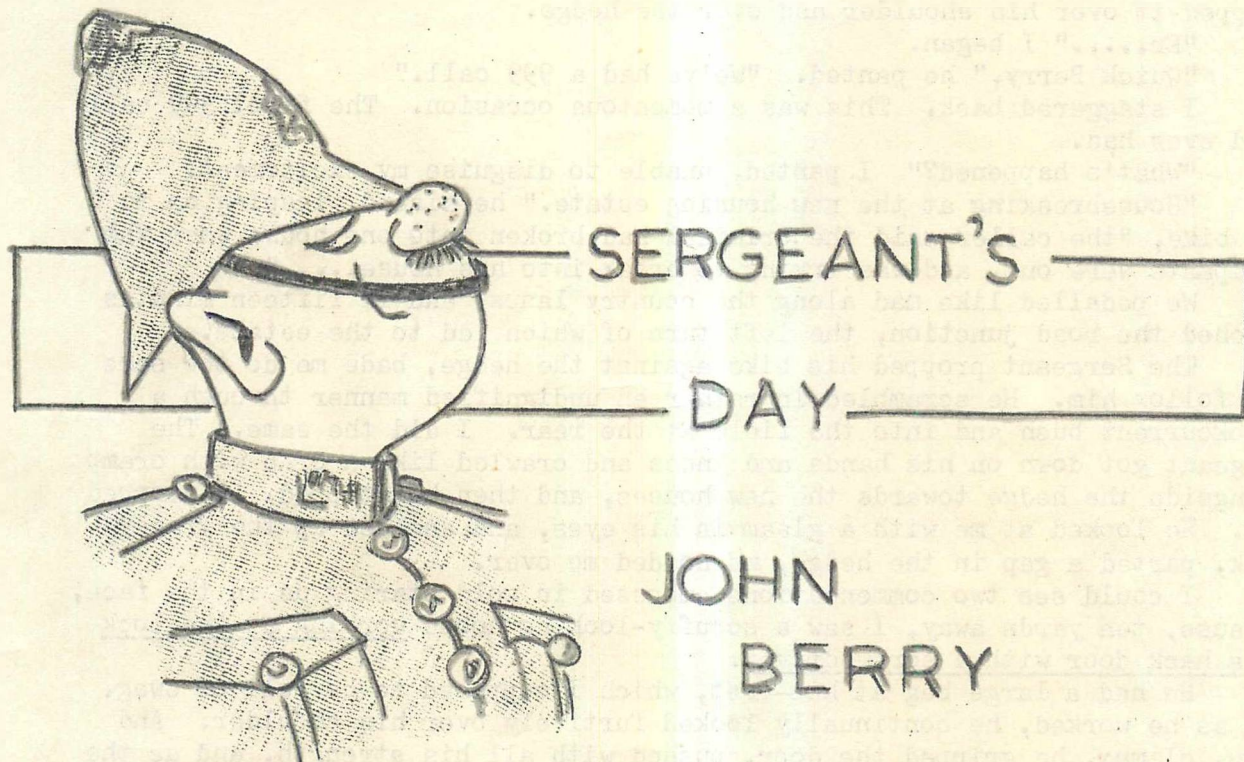
(Closing date for nominations  
is the first week in August,  
1960. This is our chance to  
show ATOM how much we appre-  
ciate his work. I hope you  
will send your selections as  
soon as possible to .....

Ella A. Parker  
151, Canterbury Road  
West Kilburn.  
London. N.W. 6  
(All fmz please copy.)



(The author wishes to reiterate a notice published in ORION some years ago, to the effect that this series of Sergeant Sagas has no connection whatsoever with any police force.)

Most of you have read the book GIDEON'S DAY, or seen the film. For those of you who haven't, I'd just like to state briefly that it concerns a day in the life of a police officer at Scotland Yard....various incidents happen, including a couple of murders, robbery, etc., and by the end of the day Gideon has all the crimes nicely cleared up. This story is about a day in the Sergeant's life, and, rather cleverly, I've called it.....



It was a sunny morning in May. I whistled in tune with the birds as I propped my bicycle against the wall out side the police station, and walked in.

Police Constable Smithers, the new clean-looking minion of the law sat at the table, avidly reading a ponderous statute book which was normally kept on the shelf to stop the window blowing open.

"Where's the Sergeant, Smitty?" I asked.

"Hasn't gct up yet, I shouldn't doubt," he grunted, making a few notes before turning the page over.

"Oh well," I thought, "as he hasn't left any patrol details, I think I'll take a dander over to the new housing estate on the Briarpatch Road. Tell him where I've gone when he comes in, will you?"

Smithers nodded, and I straightened my helmet, went outside, gripped the handlebars of my bicycle and strode slowly through the village in the direction I had indicated.

.....  
I was leaning against a five-barred gate, puffing at the remains of a butt. I took my helmet off and dabbed the sweat off my brow. I looked into the field and saw three Mandarin ducks. These belonged to the Squire....he could afford to be ostentatious....I had a flock of Khaki Campbells, but it would surely be a boost to my prestige if I sported a Mandarin duck.....



"Berry" I heard a voice in the distance shouting.

I rammed my helmet on, dropped the butt, put my hands behind my back in a regal manner, and tried to look nonchalant as the Sergeant leapt off his bike, ran along with it until it stopped just in front of me.

He was minus his helmet, a lump of blackberry jam was on the breast pocket of his tunic, and the traces of egg showed round his unshaven mouth.

"Smoking on duty, eh, Berry," he seethed. "You're a disgrace to the force. Must think I'm stupid."

He bent down, picked up the butt, wrinkled his nose in disgust, and flipped it over his shoulder and over the hedge.

"Er....." I began.

"Quick Berry," he panted. "We've had a 999 call."

I staggered back. This was a momentous occasion. The first 999 call we'd ever had.

"What's happened?" I panted, unable to disguise my excitement.

"Housebreaking at the new housing estate," he hissed, leaping on to his bike, "the caller said the criminal had broken into one house when the occupants were out, and was trying to break into his house....."

We pedalled like mad along the country lanes, and in fifteen minutes reached the road junction, the left turn of which led to the estate.

The Sergeant propped his bike against the hedge, bade me do the same and follow him. He scrambled in rather an undignified manner through a blackcurrent bush and into the field at the rear. I did the same. The Sergeant got down on his hands and knees and crawled like a crab with cramp alongside the hedge towards the new houses, and then he stopped. I stopped too. He looked at me with a gleam in his eyes, and sneaked up the grassy bank, parted a gap in the hedge, and nodded me over.

I could see two commendations embossed in gold staring us in the face, because, ten yards away, I saw a scruffy-looking hobo working at the lock of a back door with a screw-driver.

He had a large bag at his feet, which I supposed to be full of swag, and as he worked, he continually looked furtively over his shoulder. And then, climax, he gripped the door, pushed with all his strength, and as the door swung open, he disappeared inside.

I'll never forget the look on the Sergeant's face. It was remarkable to behold. His nose, the veteran of many a bee sting, was wrinkled in excitement. His eyes radiated an inner glow of success. His cheeks were flushed, and he literally hopped up and down with glee.

"Heh heh, Berry" he whispered. "This is the greatest capture of my life. I know I hold the county record for tail lights, but this is the big time....ah....he's coming out now....when I give the word, rush out like mad and grab him. I'll be right behind you."

The man came out of the house. He wasn't more than six feet six inches high, and he could easily have gone through a barn without turning sideways if both doors were open. Then I looked back at the Sergeant, and I knew I had him behind me....

"Let's both grab him," I pleaded.

The Sergeant flexed a forearm, felt the bicep, seemed disappointed with what his thumb and forefinger told him, shrugged, spat, turned white, and burst through the hedge like a rhino with the hotfoot. I followed close.

The struggle didn't last more than ten minutes. When the man eventually got off my chest I rushed over to the Sergeant and tried to apply a tourniquet to his nose.

A crowd gathered, and at my suggestion a woman came back with a bucket



of cold water and before I could give directions she threw it over the Sergeant's still form.

He sat up, ran a finger through his hair, blinked rapidly and struggled to his feet. He staggered over to the criminal and had an urgent conversation with him. The conversation was frequently punctuated with the Sergeant slapping the man's back in a most familiar manner.

Then the Sergeant came back to me.

"Get on your bike and ride away. Pretend nothing's happened," he hissed. He smiled to the crowd, wished them a good morning, and limped alongside me down the road and round the corner to where our bikes were.

He sat on the grassy bank, pulled out two cigarettes, and passed one to me.

"What went wrong?" I asked.

He took a lungful of smoke, and let it plaster his lungs with nicotine, then he blew the smoke out of his nostrils.

"D'you know what we did?" he asked.

"Nunno," I confessed.

"We physically assaulted the man employed by the council to replace the wooden door knobs with brass ones."

"Crumbs," I said, "and what he did to you. The way you bounced off that wall was the funniest thing I ever did see." I retained the guffaw at the expense of the muscles controlling my diaphragm.

"That reminds me," he grinned through cracked lips. "I had to give him two pounds to keep him quiet. There's no rush to give me your pound, though, anytime in the next ten minutes will do. Carry on with your patrol, see you this afternoon."

.....  
The church clock chimed three as I sat in the office. With the Sergeant, later that day. Smithers had the afternoon off, and the Sergeant was looking after the office and was trying to decide where to send me on patrol.

He had on a thick vest which was rather grimy round the neck. His thick black and white striped braces contrasted oddly against the vest. He sat back in a chair, his thumbs running up and down behind the braces.

"Suppose I send you over Cherry Blossom Hill," he said pensively. "Tell Farmer Crumpet that I noticed the other day that the rear number plate of his tractor was obscured by manure, and say I told you to make out the summons but you want to find out what his christian name is, and then tell him, sort of subtle like, that I was just saying how nice his butter is...."

I nodded, trying to hide a grin, and contorting my mouth into a prune whilst trying to do so.

I stood up, and looked out of the window as I passed to the door, and I saw a green Jaguar pull up outside the station.....the Inspector's car.

"Quick, Sergeant," I hissed. "The Inspector is coming up the path."

As I've maintained many times, you've got to hand it to the Sergeant. He was always up the creek, but he never gave in. Take this incident for example. He was leaning back on a chair, without shirt or helmet, and the Inspector was two and a half seconds away. He had to answer the door and receive the Inspector well-dressed and in complete kit. So what did he do?

He grabbed Smithers' helmet and uniform off a shelf in the corner and put them both on in one swift slashing movement.

Only one thing was wrong.

The Sergeant was five foot nine tall, and weighed about eleven stone. Smithers was six foot tall and weighed eighteen stone.....

The Sergeant had big ears, but they were of no avail. All I could see under the helmet was his quivering lips. The arms of the tunic hung round



by his ankles, and the hem swept the floor.

I grabbed an arm, and led him to the door. I even opened it for him, then I stepped back in awe.

The Sergeant saluted. It was like a dwarf waving a windsock. The Inspector nearly turned inside out.

He stormed past the Sergeant into the office. "I've stood enough," he screamed. "I'm going to replace the entire staff at this station....what do you think you are doing sah?"

The Sergeant's lips moved, but nothing came out. Then two hanxless sleeves raised up and fumbled with the helmet. I gave it a helpful knock from behind, and it dropped off. No words of mine will ever describe the Sergeant's face. It was as near as I can describe, a cross between a choirboy denying he'd taken a crafty nip and a virgin being caught with a copy of ORGIES OF ANCIENT ROME.

"Just what is the idea?" asked the Inspector. He had his notebook out and his pencil poised.

"I er....I, um, I er....er....er...I was just saying to Berry before you came sir, wasn't I Berry...?....I was just saying that the last Annual Police-mans Ball was rather tame, and I....er...yes, that's it, I was just rehearsing an act with Berry...he's the straight man, you see, and I'm the stooge....it's really funny, sir, my best line is....."

And he stopped there and looked at the Inspector.

The pause was deafening.

Then the Inspector snapped his notebook shut, he seemed to come to the conclusion, against his better judgement, that there might just be a glimmer of truth in the story.

"Oh well...alright...I shall certainly look forward to the act..."

Just at that moment the phone rang, and the Inspector picked it up. He yessed a couple of times, and then handed the receiver to the Sergeant. "There's a good case for you to crack, Sergeant," he smiled..."The Squire has just reported a case of malicious damage...someone set fire to a haystack in one of his fields this morning...." The Inspector initialled the Report Book, smiled once more, and walked out.

The Sergeant looked at me and his face was white. "Oh yes sir," he said, the haystack in the field where you keep your prize Mandarin ducks....I shall investigate at once, sir, and I can assure you of an early arrest." He put the phone down and looked at me again, "musta been that butt this morning," he half sobbed.

I really felt sorry for him.

.....

It was eleven p.m. The last patrol of the day.

The Sergeant and myself leaned against the local public house. It was dark and slightly chilly.

"The Assistant Postmistress usually gets undressed about now," murmured the Sergeant. "Let's move down a few yards, I can see from here she hasn't drawn the curtains.

We sauntered down, and then, from the far end of the village we heard a panting noise and a horrible squeak.

"I've made a few mistakes today, Berry," he gritted, "but this is my chance to make a big case."

He stepped into the road and flashed his torch. The cyclist stopped in a flurry of squeaks and torn trousers. The Sergeant shone his torch on the bike.

"So, it's you, Mr. Entwhistle," he cooed, "and what have we here. A bike with, let me see, no brakes, no bell, no front light, no rear lights...."



...'struth, this is one of the most flagrant breaches of the law I ever did see. And just what is your excuse?"

"It's your bike, Sergeant," he panted. "You left it at the new estate this morning, when you got that lift. I thought you would forget about catching me in the pub after hours if I brought it back for you."

"Goodnight, Entwhistle," gasped the Sergeant. "Forget about that pub deal.....so long as you forget about this, too."

Entwhistle walked away singing to himself, and we looked up just as the Assistant Postmistress drew the curtains.

"You know, Berry?" said the Sergeant sort of philosophically, "this just hasn't been my day, has it?"

...000...

...000...

...000...

...000...

FREE

(cntd from page 29.)

ADVERT

WANTED to buy or trade:  
copies of Prince Valiant Comic Books,  
only those drawn by Harold Foster.  
Also, hardcover SF and Fantasy novels,  
collections and anthologies in good condition,  
especially the works of de Camp, Hubbard, Pratt,  
Clement, Simak and Blish.

Don't write to me but contact.....

John Baxter,  
29, Gordon Road,  
Bowral, N.S.W.  
Australia.

T.A.F.F.

As I have a leetle bit of space to spare  
how better to use it than to urge you once  
again in earnest to SUPPORT T.A.F.F.

We here in Britain so enjoyed meeting  
Don Ford and I know you in the States liked  
having Ron Bennett and Ken Bulmer over there,  
so, why not send all the spare cash you have to  
ensure meeting another delegate. Don't  
procrastinate, DO IT NOW\*

Fanzines wanted by George Locke:

Quandry: All except 25 & final.

Hyphen: 2-7, 19 & 20.

Slant: all except #2.

This Goon for Hire.

Fantasy mag.& SF Digest(pre-war).

All CRYs before 133.

Innuendo. (all).

Opsla. (all).

Grue. (all).

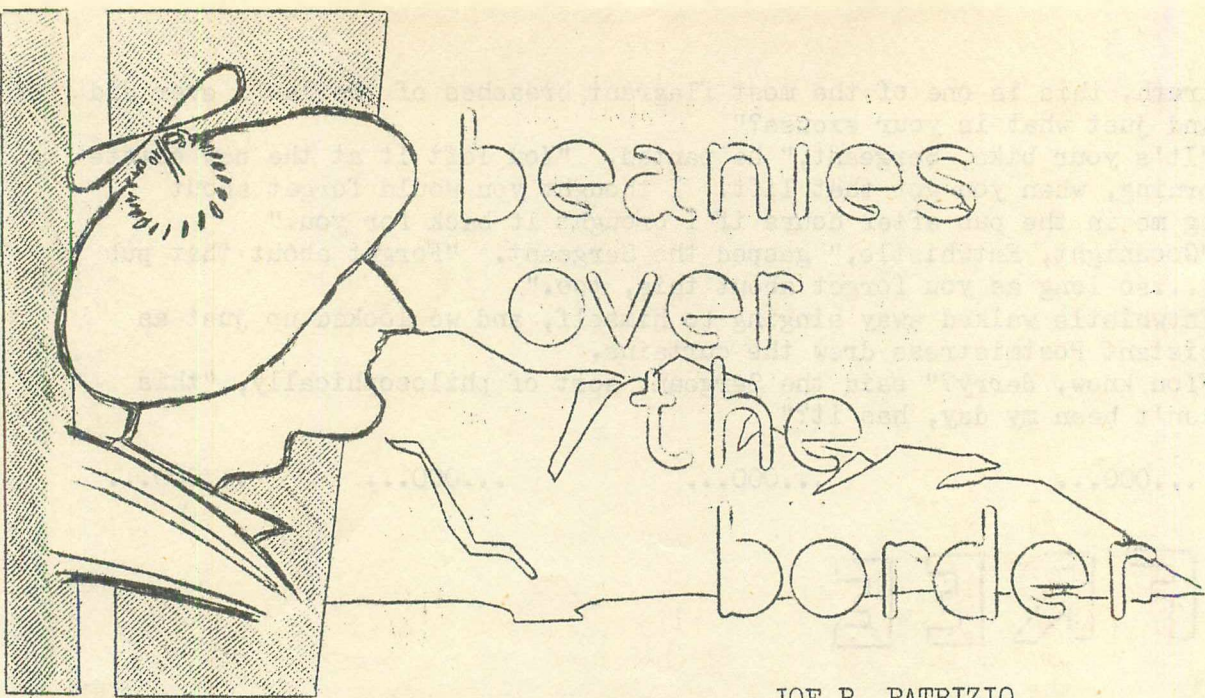
The Enchanted Duplicator.

George is in the army right  
now fighting for the right to  
be a faan, or something, but  
write to him at his home  
address, which is.....

85, Chelsea Gdns.,  
Chelsea Bdge. Road,  
London. S.W.1.

( Names and addresses of  
T.A.F.F. administrators  
will be found on the  
contents page.)





JOE P. PATRIZIO.

BLOODBAK No. 5.

It all started the day I heard a dull thud in the hall. Rushing out to see what it was, I saw on the floor the now familiar blue cover of ORION. Filled with elation I jumped over to it, picked it up, frenziedly tore off the wrapper and then found myself standing in the middle of a shower of dupured quarto sheets of paper which were floating gently earthwards. Gleaming up at me from the floor were the culprits - - three misbegotten staples, twisted in body, and by the way they sneered at me almost certainly twisted in mind.

I looked around at the ORIONated floor and it slowly dawned on me... I had received my first REAL fnz. This, however, was no consolation for the litter of unfettered sheets in which I was standing. Something had to be done about it! After due consideration I realised there was only one thing any rational, clear-thinking, intelligent being could do....I would go down to London and get the damn thing restapled.

I will touch but briefly on the pre-departure flap and the journey itself (this is an episode I mustn't fail to forget). A hurried note to the editor of O, a rush for tickets, and I was on my way by the 10-30pm from Edinburgh to King's Cross.

As I hadn't booked a sleeper, the journey south was spent trying to find a position in which it was comfortable enough to get some sleep. But sleep doesn't come easy when the best you can manage is to lie twisted in a corner seat, with your feet resting(?) on the three-inch ledge under the window.

After dozing fitfully, I gave up this one-sided battle at about 5-45am. and got myself wide awake. On looking out of the window I saw a sight which almost made up for the miserable night I had just spent. There in the eastern sky was Venus, shining brighter than I had ever seen it. So bright in fact, that everything seemed to glow in its light. It was truly a wondrous sight. Unfortunately, I was in no condition to appreciate it fully.

It was soon after this we got into London (6-30 in fact). May I say now that if you have never arrived in London at 6-30am, a stranger to that fair (at that time in the morning?) city, then you should kneel down and offer thanks to Ghod.



I won't bore you with details of that day, suffice to say that at least eight hours of it were spent walking, and I must have covered 50 miles (well, it felt like it anyway.) One thing I did do was visit the Planetarium. This visit took place 7½ hours and untold miles after my arrival in town. I had passed within about 50 yards of the place several times in my grand tour of London, but had paid no heed to the elongated dome (never passing near enough to see the signs outside it), in fact I was under the impression that it was some building of 'historical significance'. However, I eventually passed near enough to see what it was and, of course, immediately booked a seat for the next performance. The first thing that struck me on entering was the coolness of the place, even though it was sweltering outside. This may have been one of the advantages of air-conditioning, or it may have been purely psychological as the inside of the dome was dimmed to represent early evening. This, together with the soft strains of the New World Symphony gave the effect of a cool, peaceful, late summers evening (which, so I discovered later, was just what it was meant to represent).

The programme was quite wide in scope dealing informatively with particular stars, planets and constellations. The bit on constellations dealt with some of the mythological characters in the signs of the Zodiac, showing how the names were derived by the 'Ancients' from the star formations, thus also demonstrating the wild imaginations these people had. One part of particular interest to me was when the speaker came to deal with the planets. "That bright one in the south-eastern sky" he said, "is of course, Venus. It can be seen extremely well early in the morning, about 5 or 6am. Then as an afterthought, "If anybody feels like getting up at that time to see it." This was greeted with loud laughter by everyone in the place with the exception of one person, (yes, that's right). Nevertheless, a visit to the Planetarium is an experience I'd recommend to anybody, if you ever get the opportunity, GO.

.....  
When I came out of the Planetarium I decided to make tracks for Kilburn and Ella Parker. This gave me my first contact with the London Underground, which brought mixed feelings of relief and disappointment. Relief at being able to negotiate it with practically no difficulties and disappointment at having no gruesome tales to tell about 'mein kampf' with the dreaded Underground.

I got off at the correct station and came out into the street. A decision now had to be made, would I turn left or right? Left was down hill so that's the way I went, which leads to the moral of this story: never take the easy way out! Had I turned right (or up-hill) it would have been five minutes walk to Ella's, as it was I turned left and walked something in the region of 3 miles before I came to the right street. "Ah well!", you now say, "at least we have a happy ending." Well, we could have if this had been the end, but it isn't. When I entered Canterbury Road it was quite dark so I couldn't see what was coming. I had got about 50 yards down the road when I noticed that both sides of the road were lined with boarded up hovels, some falling down, some being pulled down. Ghod! I thought, I didn't think ORION was that expensive to put out. Nevertheless, I persevered and further down the street came across some big, bright new tenements. I had visions of climbing hundreds of stairs. Bet she lives at the top of that 14 storey bastard, I thought, but she didn't, these buildings being numbered about the 50s or 60s. Armed with this vital piece of information I deduced that I had a little further to go: I had.... just a little. About two minutes later I came up against a huge shell of a building, discreetly bedecked with a nice line in scaffolding. The hair on the nape of my neck began to rise. One end of the street was being knocked



down....the other end of the street was being built up...151 was definitely not in the middle: Conclusion: - Ella Parker lived in the future when the houses in the street were due to be finished. This was the ultimate in fanning, E.P.was a tru-nu-fu- fan.

It was just about now that I almost decided to give up, go home and write a letter to her,(mailing it, of course, in the red time-machine which is situated on the corner of the street and known affectionately as a post-box), but the night-watchman I asked brought a gleam of hope by telling me that the street was continued further on. What sort of a place is London when they chop up a perfectly good road into bits and then scatter it around the district?

.....  
Of course, I passed the house the first time, but eventually made my way back to the right door and rang the bell. As I stood there thinking how to set about introducing myself, the door burst open and a voice from under a pair of triangular spectacles said "Joe Patrizio?" I must have given some indication that this was so, because I was hauled in, dragged up three flights of stairs and found myself in what I was convinced was the entrance to Hell. All this may sound a bit confused, but this is only because it was. Let me then, try to explain in an orderly manner. On the door was a notice indicating that this was "Ella's Sweatshop" and underneath this was a list of the situations vacant (e.g. handle crankers, and some other quite rude ones). From the partly opened door a wave of heat washed over me and clouds of smoke gently billowed out. In a moment of confusion I was panicked into thinking that it was the singeing, sulphurous fumes of Hell that confronted me. However, overcoming my apprehension(aided by a push in the back from Ella) I entered my first faaan-room and it struck me something like this.

The heat was generated by an oil heater which I later gathered had been on all day, even though the temperature had been in the 70s earlier. The 'sulphurous fumes' turned out to be cigarette smoke which as well as making breathing difficult partly obscured the ceiling and the far wall. The duplicator was obviously the most important thing in the room, as it stood alone on its pedestal and every now and again Ella would run over to it and polish it with a special soft duster she kept for the purpose. In the middle of the room was a table and on the table the typer, just barely visible under a pile of unanswered letters. Everything else in the room was covered by a thick layer of fanzines and the walls were dominated by a couple of Atom originals together with two whacking great spiders (Ella had some difficulty in dragging me back in, and kept on saying soothingly "it's all right, they're not real ") Once back in the room, and when I'd calmed down a bit, Ella decided that we get to know each other, which turned out to mean that I stood in the middle of the floor while she made disparaging remarks about my, by this time, somewhat haggard appearance. However, this ordeal was soon over and I was told to park myself. All I had to do to accomplish this was to lift a couple of bundles of fmz from the chair, (don't sit on those, I haven't commented on them yet.") stagger over to another chair (I think it was a chair but I couldn't really see it), drop the fmz into it and then go back and sit down.

Now at this time Ella didn't know why I was in London and as it so happened she was stapling some ORIONS that hadn't been done properly. The conversation went something like this:

ME: "I see you're stapling some ORIONS."

Ella: "Yes, these are the ones George Locke did."

Me: "Oh! By the way, the staples fell out of mine."

Ella: "Did they? I'm terribly sorry."



Ella: (Making conversation.) "You get APORRHETA don't you?"

This brought a dirty look but otherwise, silence.

ME: "I haven't read it yet, the pages got all muddled up when the  
s fell out, you know."

ME: "0~~7~~22 was good, though. All the staples are still in that one."

.....

After a few minutes wait the train moved off and I was on my way home. Contentedly I waited, I was in no hurry, and so it was fully a half-hour before I decided to read the fmz. I took the case down from the rack, opened it and shaking with emotion lifted out ORION. Now was the time. I shook the folded mag. open and brought it slowly to my eyes. Then it happened; the world collapsed around me...two of the staples fell with a crash to the floor of the carriage...

.....

. . .

.

37



# THE PARENT PROBLEM

LEN  
MOFFATT

Perhaps the parent problem does not exist in British fandom, or at least is not apparent to fans in the U.S.A. Now, I am not implying that British fen do not have parents, but merely that the majority of fen in Great Britain have reached their majority and need not cater to the whims or commands of their mamas and papas.

But the problem does exist in U.S.fandom, and although it may not be a major problem, generally, it can be a major problem to those young fen who find mom and dad frowning upon their fanac, and viewing with alarm the letters and fanzines delivered to their offspring by a weary postman.

Now I have never had my fanning interrupted or censored by a disapproving parent, and Foo knows I've never been secretive about my hobby. Some of my relatives no doubt think that it is a rather odd hobby, but none of them have ever bothered to make an issue of it. My father died when I was a wee baby, and my mother, even when I was still a minor, was not inclined to censorship. Of course we have always been a family of Readers, and that helped. My lifelong desire to be a writer was common knowledge, and when I started fanning it was just another extension of my good ambitions. Had I taken up some more violent hobby, such as car racing, it might have been a different story.

True, the illos of nude females caused raised eyebrows, but then naked and half-clad ladies could just as easily be found in artbooks at the local library, and even in old illo'd editions of the Bible. Anyway, my early religious training was supposed to steel me against the temptations of the flesh, so parental censorship was pointless.



But at various times in my fan career I have come across young fans who have complained bitterly about their parent's reactions to fandom.

A few years ago one of these young fans told me that his father would not permit him to visit other fans. He wanted to visit an older fan who lived not too far from him, but his dad said No - - the older fan was probably a pervert. Why else would he be interested in having a young boy visit him?

Year before last when I was secretary for the Solacon one of the joiners said he wouldn't be coming to the convention for much the same reason. Again, another father who believed that most if not all fans were just too oddball, maybe even a bunch of queers. The problem reared its ugly head again recently. A very active young fan has informed me that he dare not attend club meetings, parties and the like - - at least, not too often - - for fear that his parents will stop his fanning altogether. I'd hate to see this happen as he publishes a very good fanzine. He seemed to think that the problem was a natural one, that all young fans must suffer thru this stage until they are old enough to do as they damn well please, legally. "You must remember how it was," he tells me. Well, of course, I don't remember because I never experienced the problem, but apparently quite a few young fen do. The question is: can anything be done about it, and if so - - what?

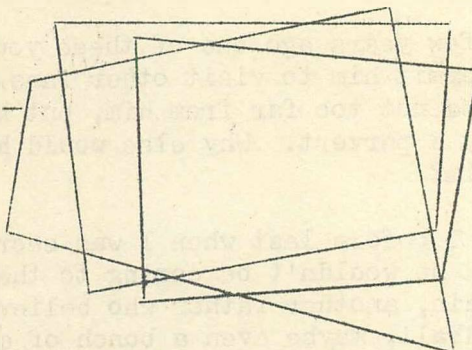
In one of the above cases I thought of writing to the lad's parents, enclosing the letter with an explanatory note to the young fan. I would give my background in fandom, point out its good points without glossing over the so-called bad points. I would try to show how fandom is a healthy hobby for healthy minds, and that censorship was the worst thing that could happen to any young, inquiring mind. Yes, I would say, fandom has had its share of oddballs, queers, crackpots, feudists-for-the-sake-of-feuding, etc. but, what hobby, group or avocation hasn't? There were enough "old heads" in fandom to counter-balance the "bad influences;" why, we even went so far as to label some of them Good Men. I never wrote the letter, tho I think I did say something such as this in my letter to the young fan, telling him he could show it to his parents if he wished.

At the time I thought it best to let him be the judge as to the value of my arguments, as he knew his parents better than I did. After all, straight forwardness, the honest approach and logic rarely have much effect on those poor souls who suffer from bigotry, religious or otherwise. I'm not sure that my approach to the problem was or is the solution. Each set of disapproving parents would have to be handled as an individual problem, and that could be done only by getting to know them personally.

Still, it would be nice if someone published a booklet explaining fandom to those who know only a little about it, and have from this half-knowledge formed an adverse opinion of our microcosmos. There is always the faint hope that such a booklet might do some good in some places, and even if only one father or one mother was persuaded that junior's interests weren't so bad after all it would be worth the effort. There are so many arguments that could be used. Are the crud on TV and the horror films better moral and mind builders than publishing a fanzine, attending a club meeting or going to a con? As for drinking and fornicating, if the young man is interested in same he'll manage to do them whether he gets to attend fan parties, conventions or not. That's the problem. Any solutions?



---|---PSI---|---



TERRY  
JEEVES

To me psionics has always been one of those things plugged by John W. Campbell Jr., and Eric Jones. True, I've read Rhine's books, and even tried out the psi cards... with results so random they drove me scatty.

This state of affairs changed abruptly the other day, when I was making some toast.

Now, our electric toaster is a vintage model, the (label says 'Spanish Inquisition - Govt. Surplus'), and it has been repaired by me many times, with the result that only once in a blue moon does it produce anything resembling toast. The normal product may have some value as a refractory material for rocket nose cones, but the black colour wouldn't look well on a shiny new Atlas. However, on this particular day, it worked well. The chunk of bread came out beautifully browned on both sides and nicely crisp. My mouth watered as I laced it with butter and then with reckless abandon (and a spoon) I ladled on a goodly dollop of marmalade. Then came catastrophe; the heavenly morsel slipped from my fingers, described three slow rolls, and landed slap on the carpet....gooey side down, naturally.

Cursing completed, I prised the impromptu patch from the carpet, briefly considered the value of gooey toast as an emergency patch for space ships, and then a thought struck me. A tossed coin lands impartially on either face, WHY should buttered toast invariably land sloshy side down?? The only possible answer was an inadvertent use of psi power. I had stumbled on a fact which had been overlooked by all of Rhine's experimenters, now all I needed to bolster my theory, was statistical proof.

Carefully, I began my tests. As a control, I first tossed a penny 100 times, with results which bore out normal theory.. '47'heads to '53' tails. So far so good. Next, I prepared a brand new toast sample, with butter, marmalade and jam all mixed in for good measure. Then the tossing began. A full experimental run was not obtained, owing to the return of my mother, but out of eighty three toast tossings, I got only five 'gooeys' as against 78 collected by the carpet...clearly an indication that I was on the right track.

A week later (mother was again out shopping) I resumed the experiments. First completing the 100 toast tossings, and from there going on to a bit of more original research. My reasoning went thus...coins follow a law of averages....buttered toast doesn't...how about buttered coins? No sooner had I thought of this astounding departure from the psionic norm, than tests were initiated. A hastily buttered penny, bearing a dab of jam began its aerobatics, with the results tabulated below:-

Ordinary Penny	100 tries	47 'heads'...	50'tails'.
Toast & Butter	100 tries	9 'gooeys'...	91'toasts'.
Buttered Penny	100 tries	11 'gooeys'...	89'heads'.



The signs were unmistakable. I had unearthed a new aspect of psi power. It only remained now, to follow up this discovery by using it to predict other phenomena. A moments thought supplied the next step. Have you ever hunted in a dark cupboard for an empty cup? The empty one is always the last one you try, after dipping your fingers in jars of jam, bowls of custard and suchlike hazards. Working on this assumption, I took ten cups, filled half of them with treacle, and after closing my eyes, shuffled them around a bit and stowed them away in the cupboard. The next step was to close my eyes again and reach for one...on an average, I could expect clean hands to come up as often as treacle covered ones... provided I returned each try to base before having another go.

The experiment began, and gradually worked its way through to the 100 mark, with occasional pauses for washing, replacing dirty towel, replacing dropped cups (and refilling) more washing, and more towels. Results obtained, were as follows.

100 tries.

93 treacles.

7 cups.

Clearly I had got something...at this stage, mother returned and I got something else! Further experiments were delayed, and to be on the safe side, I decided to try a little teleportation. When everyone had gone to bed, I placed a bottle of whisky on the table, and willed it to move. Harder and harder I concentrated, and then something clicked in my head...I realised the bottle was too heavy. It was a moments work to remedy the defect, and with a warm glow, I tried again. Still too heavy, so another lightening. This time, I felt certain the bottle quivered, so I poured out a hefty slug to lighten it, drained off the surplus and tried again. The bottle flickered! Flushed with success, I drained the bottle, took a deep breath, and concentrated hard. The centre bottle never moved, but the two flanking ones moved unsteadily in and out. Success! I tried again, and without any difficulty, found I could move the two outside bottles as much as three inches, but the centre one was damned obstinate. Still trying, I fell fast asleep. This psi business takes it out of you.

Next day, I tried again, someone had moved the two outside bottles away, but anyway, I knew I could move them...it was this middle one I was after. However, I'd obviously overstrained myself the previous night... a splitting headache proved it, and that bottle just wouldn't move. I finally chucked it out of the window...manually.

Further thought was indicated...perhaps a test of telepathy. Like a flash I had a test lined up. A quick raid of the larder, and standing in a line on the hearth, I had a piece of cheese, a saucer of milk and a bone. A quick grab over the neighbour's fence, and their dog was plonked down on the kitchen carpet. I concentrated hard, willing it to ignore the cheese and milk, and go for the bone. Like a flash, the dog snatched the bone, and shot out of the door...Success. I tried again, the dog had vanished, so I collared a stray cat. More concentration on the milk, and that was consumed. More success! I clapped my hands in glee, and the cat departed at high velocity. Nothing daunted, I concentrated on the remaining piece of cheese...harder and harder I willed its removal...then a mouse darted out from the wainscot and made off with the morsel. Three tries, and three positive results. Now I was sure of my ground. I would tackle a standard psionic device.

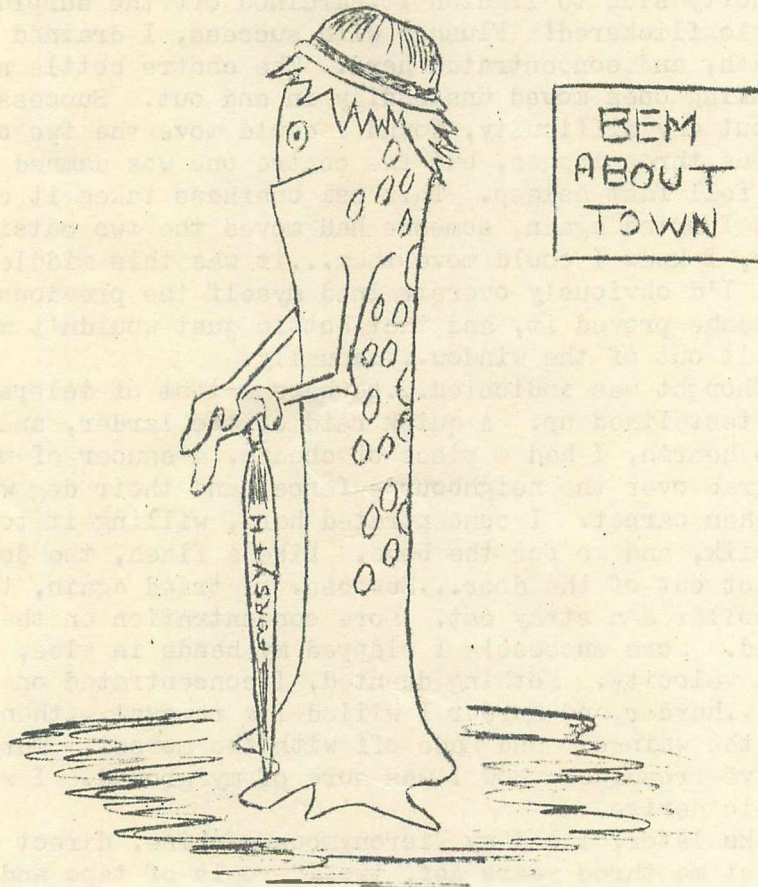
Three weeks later, I had my Hieronymous machine, direct from Eric Jones, it had cost me three years Asf, two 7" reels of tape and a Marilyn Monroe calendar, but with it, I would astound the world. Hastily assembling the pieces, I began to tune the knob with one hand and rub the plastic plate with the other....time went by...my turning hand was getting stiff, and my rubbing hand was now sliding up and down a shallow groove in the



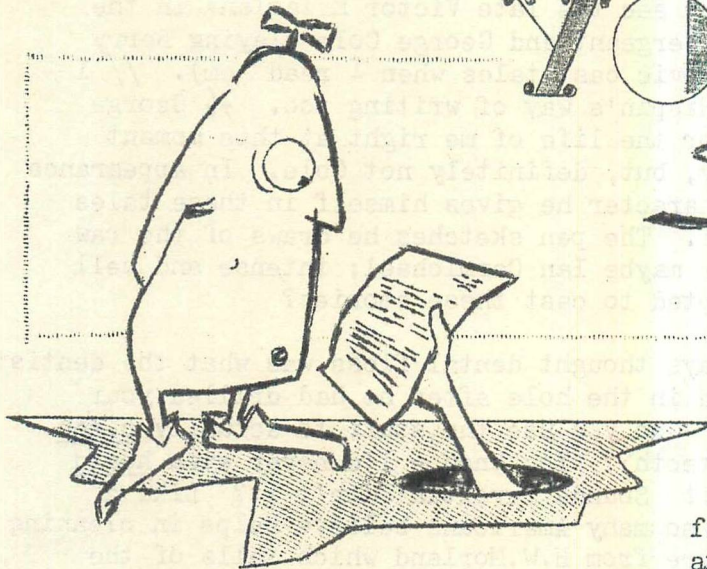
plastic. No other result was apparent. At this stage my twelve years old son arrived and wanted to know what was happening.... I demonstrated. His next question was "Why don't you tighten the grub screw on that knob, so that it turns the shaft?" Nursing a thick ear, he retired to the sofa while I blushingly wielded the screw driver. Naturally, such pure mechanical faults plague every experimenters. I decided to take ten minutes rest, and start again refreshed. Once again, twelve years old son wanted to know what the machine would do. I explained that the plastic plate would get sticky, and nipped out for some cigarettes. Ten minutes later, refreshed, and with a softly smouldering Senior Service, I was back at the wheel. Twelve years old son had departed, and I began tuning. At the first touch of the plastic plate I knew success....tacky as blazes. Quickly I tuned across the dial for maximum response. The plate remained equally tacky. In bewilderment I scratched my head...that was tacky too. I rubbed my chin...the same result. I hurriedly touched the wallpaper, the mirror, the table cloth...all tacky. I must have over stimulated my psi powers...Rhine would be amazed, Campbell astounded, and even Jones would be envious. My ambition soared higher and higher...then dropped with a bang, as I noticed twelve years old son outside the door. He was holding a tin of treacle and laughing his head off.

I haven't done any more psi experiments lately.

+++++







# YOU SAID IT

As my page count has gone for a burton this time round anyway, I shall run as many of your letters as the demon, time,

allows. Response to 04/24 was good, very good indeed even tho' some of the regulars didn't make it in time for the deadline. I'd particularly like to welcome another neo to our ranks; Fred Hunter. If he writes the kind of letter he sent this time he'd better try and make it every ish. That's an order, Fred. Paras this way // as usual and me } unless, some of you can come up with an idea that is more eye catching. There have been some complaints (!) about the difficulty of seeing where I butt in; unless it is they want to be able to skip that part? The honour of opening goes this time to.....

ETHEL LINDSAY, (Femizine).  
Courage House,  
6, Langley Avenue,  
Surbiton.  
Surrey.

Of course I agree with your editorial with knobs on. I have said much the same thing in my latest OMPazine - so much so that when I read yours now I hope it doesn't sound as if I were copying you. Not that it would matter really. I hope that if

at least two of us keep saying often enough that 'being right' isn't the most important thing - some of them may listen. // Nice to see Rory writing for you, and she does well too. // The description of the Russian trip was interesting and I felt real sorry about that hat. What a lovely conversation stopper it would have made. // Ol' Dad was good, but far, far too brief, still I suppose we should be thankful for what we can get from him these days. Have a good mind to put a hex on that garden of his, only it would break his heart. // Achee: A new venture for him, why doesn't he write like this more often? Reminds me of Chuck at his best. // A good letter column and you certainly got some comment upon this DNQ business. I agree with your thoughts on the subject though I dunno how it could be enforced other than by public opinion. Trouble about the DNQ is that someone may be very badly criticised under it and never know about it. } I might as well 'fess up now that the small piece I ran by Paul last time was done deliberately to whet your appetite for more. The full column run this time was already on hand but I saved it for now as I never know when I'll get something more from him. I'm all for helping with the hex. // I agree that public - or in this case fannish - opinion would be the only way to enforce the ban on misuse of the DNQ. It makes me just a little ashamed that in the main we are content to let things ride as they are while admitting that abuses do go on.



BETTY KUJAWA,  
2819, Caroline,  
South Bend 14,  
Indiana. U.S.A.

The Berry Tale was-as it always is with Jawn - - -  
wonderful! I see the late Victor Molaglan in the  
role of the Sergeant and George Cole playing Berry  
( I always movie cast tales when I read 'em). // I  
like Alan Rispin's way of writing too. }{( George

Cole as Berry? Oh no! I can't for the life of me right at this moment  
think who I'd choose to play Berry, but, definitely not Cole. In appearance  
Alan Hale, perhaps, but for the character he gives himself in these tales  
Hale would be too bluff and genial. The pen sketches he draws of the raw  
type rookies are more like Cole or maybe Ian Carmichael; intense and well  
meaning. Anybody else ever attempted to cast these stories?

ALAN DODD, (CAMBER.)  
77, Stanstead Road,  
Hoddesdon,  
Herts.

I always thought dental floss was what the dentist  
shoved in the hole after he had drilled your  
teeth - so you use the stuff to actually clean  
your teeth?? You know - I'd never even heard  
of it!! Sounds revoltin' don't it? Like a

sort of stringy chowing gum which so many Americans believe helps in cleaning  
their teeth! // I have the brochure from H.W.Morland which tells of the  
"Baltika" visit for 70 gns. to Russia. I rather prefer the "Fourways" trip  
which visits Poland, Germany and Belgium as well. In Poland an extra trip  
included reads - "For those who desire, an excursion to the Concentration  
camp can be arranged...." It's Austwhicz or however you spell it. Doesn't  
it seem incongruous that after fifteen years people would actually pay extra  
for a trip to visit such a place on a tour of Poland and Russia. Visit for  
ghouls, perhaps - or maybe those who don't want to forget. }{( When I first  
read Ken's last TAFF Tales and realised just what dental floss is used for  
I felt slightly sick. What a disgusting habit! I'd rather see a tooth-pick  
in use, any day, than this. I'd heard of it before but never given any  
thought to its actual uses. // When I first read of these trips to the  
death camps my first reaction was similar to yours. I felt it was a case  
of catering to the morbid curiosity of the general public and for those who  
would pay, it probably, is just that. There are only three instances I can  
think of that would justify anyone being allowed to visit them and in none  
of them should payment for the trip be asked or expected, they are: (1)  
Those of us who are in any danger of forgetting what the Germans did to the  
Jews and anybody else who disagreed with their policy. (2), Those who lost  
relatives or close friends to the gas chambers in the camp. It is possible  
they would want to make some sort of pilgrimage. (3), This should be made  
a compulsory thing for those of school leaving age in Germany. The grislier  
it looked to them the better they'd remember it. Far too many of them  
are able to say they don't believe these things were done by their elders  
simply because there's no mention of it in the history books they use at  
school and it's never talked about. Many adults living in Germany still  
don't believe the tales they've heard about it.

LEN MOFFATT,  
10202, Belcher,  
Downey,  
California.  
U.S.A.

Orion 24's cover illo is just the craziest set of  
bagpipes I've ever seen. Or do bagpipes come in sets?  
Do you really play the pipes, or is this just all a  
fantastical figment of Cawthorn's imagination? // Not  
noting the female name (Honey) in the contents page  
I started out reading the article on Russia under the

assumption that H.Keith Elliot was a man. So it was pretty disconcerting  
when "he" started talking about trying to buy an obviously female type HAT  
- - and a frock to go with it! The ghost of Laney almost settled on my



(LEN MOFFATT, cntd.) shoulders, and then I said to myself (quietly and with great control) - - it must be a woman. I checked the contents page and heaved a sigh of relief when Honey K. Elliot popped out at me. ( Her name that is, not herself - - tho' for all I know that mightn't be bad either.)... Anyway, it was the heck of a good article. ) Glad you liked Jim's cover, Len. I too thought it a beaut. Bagpipes? surely it looked more like a set of elbow pipes? I can just see someone - anyone - sitting down with this thing coiled round them and the end - if you can find it - nestling under their arm. // I seem to have caused quite a number of people some anxious moments over the naming on Honey's piece. I hope your shattered nerves are fully recovered and you can now sleep at nights. I'll watch it next time.

TERRY JEEVES, Bulmer's Cameo, interesting but not outstanding. Same  
58, Sharrard Grove, for the Cockney slang....but on the latter, I have long  
Sheffield. wondered WHAT, IF ANY advantage a slanguage has, which  
is more involved than the word it replaces....  
F'rinstance....copper, dick, rozzar, are all pithy, and lively replacements  
for the cumbrous 'Policeman,' but when the Cockney makes 'Mouth' into 'North  
and South,' it gets tedious once the novelty has gone. What price calling  
ourselves...Enthusiasts of science-fiction...instead of just 'FEN.' Or would  
the Cockneys just call us 'Charlie and Lem'...Ecch...stupid stuff. ) I don't  
know that the Cockney does claim his slanguage has any advantages....now.  
It sounds to me like a hang-over from the thieves jargon/argot which was a  
language all its own in the good/bad old days. The advantage then was, obviously,  
secrecy. I printed it in O merely to amuse those of my readers - mainly the  
Americans - who had probably never seen or heard examples of it before.

ART HAYES, While I try to respect the DNQ, still, the  
RR/43, idea that they are used to spread rumours,  
Bancroft Uranium Mines, and unfounded truths or untruths, is definitely  
Ontario. prevalent. In other words, I think there are  
Canada. too many instances of its use. It is my idea  
that, specially to faneds, one should be

careful of what he says, and expect anything to turn up in print. Then, there  
is another angle to this. Sometimes, at the time the DNQ is used, it should  
really be respected, but when you see the same thing in print elsewhere, what  
then? Or, at the time something is said that is of the DNQ category, it is  
a good idea to print it later when the situation has been clarified, but often  
I'll say something I don't consider a DNQ type, but which in the months following  
becomes that type. ) A DNQ should be respected AT ALL TIMES. If you are  
told something under the cloak of DNQ and then later see it printed in a fnz  
then it has become public property but, I still wouldn't feel inclined to  
mention the supposed secret unnecessarily to those 'not in the know.' At  
least you have the satisfaction of knowing it wasn't you who spilled the  
beans. I don't quite see how something said without the DNQ later can be  
considered to warrant its use. Elucidate, yes?

4187447 Cpl. Keith Freeman,  
Air Staff,  
R.A.F. Upavon,  
Pewsey.  
Wilts.

As to my letter (or what little of it you  
printed) I guess, in general, you're right  
about P.F. not being really hurtful ( I  
can think of one point but I won't rake  
anything up), nevertheless, I still don't  
like Hoax fans. ) Now look here, Keith.

You began this by stating in O/424 "Some of P.F.'s. work has been pretty hurtful."



(KEITH FREEMAN cntd). If you are prepared to make an assertion like that you should also be prepared, when called on to do so, give specific instances. This "I won't rake anything up," just isn't good enough. P.F.herself is waiting to hear when you think she has said what could be called in the least hurtful to anybody. Candidly, so am I. Give details.

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

My own opinion is that fan-feuding won't die out, much as we might wish it. Practically every amateur non-fan group I've ever known suffers from schisms and feuds; it isn't just fandom. Maybe the particular cause of our feuds is that we haven't enough to do!

It's too easy to reach the point where one thinks: "Well, I've done that; what now?" // Except for those lucky fen who are permanently interested in fan-pubbing (and not all of them) the binding forces in fandom are fairly weak. Suppose we list them:- (1) Fan-pubbing, we've said, (2) Fan-writing and illoing, (3) Conventioneering, (4) Collecting S.F., reading it and making biblios. And that's about it. Seems to me that (1) and (2) go together very often, and (4) isn't a particularly social activity; you don't have to be a fan to do it. That leaves (3): Conventioneering or fan politics, and that is where, very often, the bored fan starts poking his finger into the goldfish tank to see what happens. Which often is a feud. // Of course, there are the fannish sidelines to be taken up: Jazz, drink, and so forth, but one doesn't have to be an SF fan for such activities and I'd say that being an SF fan doesn't add any new dimensions to their enjoyment. // Well, what to do? That's a big question, and although I have my own ideas on it, you've had quite enough of my moralising, I'm sure. )-( Sid, you make me fume! Just when I'm getting interested in what you're saying you end abruptly with the remark, "This is enough from me," or words to that effect. Those old cliff-hanger serial films I've read about had nothing on you for suspense; at least you could go back next week and see what happened, but you leave us hanging. Sanderson may let you away with it in APZ but I won't here Mister, not here. // Seems to me the fan-pubbing field is more prolific of fan-feuds than conventioneering could ever be. It is given wider publicity for one thing and more people are likely to become involved just by taking sides, so it spreads. I used to think boredom must be at the bottom of the trouble, in a few cases it probably is, but how in hell anybody actively engaged in fan-pubbing can become bored to the extent they have to do this for amusement or any other reason, or even where they find the time to indulge in it is past my comprehension. If I ever become that bored with things fannish I'll git.

*POP TARNERS PRIME PORK PRODUCTS*

IAN McAULAY,  
Ballycorus Grange,  
Kilternam.  
Co. Dublin.

Not only do I owe you a letter in answer to your last one, but I feel I should force myself to make some comment on Orion 24. Of course, if you will insist on making ridiculous stipulations such as that my comments must be printable, you can't expect a reply

by return of post. It takes a long time to think of anything printable to say about a Parker product! // Now to Orion proper - if the two words can be used in the same sentence. The cover was very much in the MAD style and quite good of that type. Is this a coincidence, or is Jim Cawthorn a MAD fan too? You as we all know, are a mad fan! The contents all came up to the level that we have come to expect of you - work that one out. )-( I've printed this only because I'm pretty sure you didn't expect that I would. Is there anybody in the world can insult one so charmingly as an Irishman? You have a pretty turn of speech, sirrah. // Whaddya mean Cawthorn's cover was good of its kind? That cover was sheer genius! I'm hoping to talk him into doing me another one some day. // How's the new job going?



ALAN RISPIN,  
35, Lyndhurst Ave.,  
Higher Irlam,  
Manchester.

Letters still on the DNQ but, I've only used it once and don't intend to use it again if I can possibly help it. There is one slight trouble with it.... when anyone receives a DNQ it shows the person sending it don't trust the person receiving it,

which could bring a fancorrespondence to an abrupt end....like this. ~~)(~~ I must admit that is a novel point of view, Alan. It would certainly apply if the person bestowing the confidence did so knowing full well that it would certainly be spread around if it were made DNQ, thus deliberately courting a publicity for a statement/accusation he didn't have the guts to seek openly for himself. In most cases tho', where it is used I think it really is an indication of trust in your discretion. DNQ is, after all, a lot quicker to say - and write - than "Don't tell anybody this, but..."

IVOR MAYNE,  
1, Lanercost Road,  
Tulse Hill.  
S.W.2.

Parts of your editorial make one realise again how much fun there is to be had in fandom. Sure, I realise it, sure, but, like I said before, it's chiefly grownup fun for grownup people. Anyhow, I prefer to do my growing up away from fandom. For

one thing, I think it's easier, but anyhow watching someone grow up can be pretty painful, can't it? In a lot of ways I'd like to do as much growing up as possible away from England. Fandom's just a ghoddamned hobby, not a way of life. You've still got to learn to live with yourself, and I think it's easier to do away from fandom. // I think I prefer Honey's account of Russia to Sandra's. She (Honey) seems to have been more observant and somehow more sympathetic, to the people, if not to their ideology. The hat gimmick is really crazy. It's nice to know that there are churches for those who feel the need of them. It would be pretty safe to say that people in English schools are inculcated with Christianity, non-alcoholism, non-Communism and non-nicotine. Not very effectively, either, since so many English people grow up to be smoking, drinking Communists. I wonder how many Russians grow up to be smoking, drinking Christians? ~~)(~~ We've trod this path before, haven't we? I would remind you that it doesn't matter where you do your growing up you still have to live with yourself. That's one person you can't leave behind. If you can't bear to live with you how can you expect others to do so? I've no doubt fandom will still be here, going its own sweet juvenile/grownup way when you return. Just don't be too surprised if they find you 'not quite grownup enough' for acceptance. I really do hope you get rid of your growing pains and that you find what you're looking for...if you can recognise it when you see it. // I wonder how many Russians grow up?

TED FORSYTH,  
c/o Parker,  
151, Canterbury Road,  
West Kilburn.  
N.W.6.

TV advertising. Discussion of this topic could take up the whole of Orion and still require more space. I'm not too sure of my facts here but I think that in the U.S. a programme is sponsored by a particular advertiser and is to some extent controlled by that advertiser. In Britain the

position is different since the TV network controls the programme and allots time for adverts. The advertising in Britain is supposedly restricted to the beginning and end of a programme and to 'natural' breaks in the action, with a limitation of five(?) minutes advertising in any one hour. There is at present some controversy about the interpretation of this ruling. The quality of advertising varies from one product to another: some of the



(TED FORSYTH, cntd). material is interesting and amusing in its own right while the remainder evokes mainly a feeling of pity (for the advertiser). Possibly the time of year has something to do with it, at any rate I have noticed recently adverts for dozens of different brands of pills, powders, etc. If one advert is completely truthful then there are an awful lot of liars on TV! (Unless ALL the products are made from the same materials). // I'm glad to see that someone has been press-ganged into reviewing fanzines. If you have any pretensions towards helping 'newblood' a column of this sort is a necessity, even if it is generally too late to receive the issues reviewed. I have a feeling that the rating of 10 was given to the fanzines FANAC and HYPHEN and not to the issues reviewed, where-as the other ratings tend to be coloured by the effect produced by reading the issues mentioned. }{ I do know that in the States the sponsor buys the time he wants from the networks and provides his own show and stars for that show, while over here, the time again is bought from the networks but the advertiser has no control over the programmes during which his product will be plugged. I'm not sure myself but, I think the time you mentioned "five(?) minutes per hour..." is a bit on the low side. There is a ruling I know, that adverts won't disrupt a programme but occur during 'natural breaks.' (The number of plays that have been ruined by the planners idea of a 'natural break' are too numerous to mention). I think the time is allotted on the basis of so much time per evenings viewing time. I can't remember now. // I can't imagine where you got the idea my fmz reviewer was pressganged. I just mentioned, casually, I needed one and bingo! He volunteered. Easy as that. After he'd agreed to do them I released his arm. These reviews are a devilish job to do satisfactorily. I think the reputation enjoyed by a fanzine does tend to colour the reviewer's opinions. No matter how desperately they might try to be impartial it isn't humanly possible, at least, not all of the time. It isn't a job I'd care to tackle.

W.F.(Bill) TEMPLE,  
7, Elm Road,  
Wembley.  
Middx.

For myself, I'm vaguely aware there's gang warfare going on between people one might have expected to be above it; but who started what and why, and who's on what side where, I neither know or care to know.

I only know the White Horse circle ran for years without this childishness. // The neurotic types who I think are the real plague of this world are those who feel psychologically compelled to have an enemy -- the "Foe." If there isn't one, they find it necessary to invent one. Presumably because they are so empty inside that they become bored when they're not acting out imaginary grudges. It's the only sort of kick they seem able to get. Hence wars. // Usually they kid themselves they're carrying on like this from the highest principles, democracy, justice, and what have you. As for the specimens causing the present irritation, why in Ghod's name don't they (a) go see a psychiatrist, or (b) become politicians or actors (same thing), or (c) take up all-in-wrestling, or (d) drop dead? And let the L.C. return to being the group of adults it once was. }{ I think in this case comment from me would be superflous.

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

I'll skip Ken's instalment on the grounds that I'd be repeating myself, mention only that Rory's is far too short, and drop on Honey's. The attributing it to simply "H.Keith Elliot" is a mistake, leading at least one reviewer already to reduce her to just

Keith Elliot ( and probably thinking of Keith FREEMAN at the time, which makes



(ARCHIE MERCER cntd). it even worse). The thing itself reads well.  
⌘ Rebuke noted. It was only when actually running off that particular stencil I noticed how Arthur had done her name, by then, of course, 'twas too late to do anything about it other than put "Honey" in the contents column for the guidance of those who wouldn't know who she is. Many of you were misled and some even seriously disturbed by it. My apologies to all, Honey, too.

MAL ASHWORTH, (ROT)..,  
14, Westgate,  
Eccleshill,  
Bradford 2.

I can't really see that there is anything basically 'unfair' about creating non-existent personalities such as Joan Carr, and Carl Brandon etc. The 'suspicion' it brings about is nothing new either. Tom White and I were always suspicious of each

new subscriber we got right back when we first started BEM (says he stroking his beard) at the beginning of 1954, thinking someone might be pulling a hoax on us. (And as a matter of interest I still believe one of the subscribers we had in those days to be a hoax but it never came out). I don't really see any harm in that. It makes for a certain amount of amiable confusion, but I've yet to hear of it breaking anyone's heart. ⌘ Maybe this new crop of fans coming up now - among whom I number myself - are a particularly humourless lot. I don't think we are, but then I'm biased. Most of us have at one time or another had it suggested that we were - or might be - hoaxes. Personally, I didn't have a lot of it, but I think that was because no-one could be found who would admit to being me! Let's take the two best known of these hoaxes and see if I can show you why I dislike them so much. JoCarr and Brandon: I know certain fen wrote to 'her' the kind of letters they would write to an unattached femme. (right or wrong, they did.) Suddenly it was disclosed they had in fact been writing to another man! To say they felt foolish is putting it mildly, it made some of them feel as if they'd been dabbling in homosexuality and as a consequence they felt 'not quite clean.' With Brandon, 70% of whom it has been admitted was Terry Carr, there must have been quite a correspondence ( I don't know that there was, I wasn't around those days!) between 'him' and other fen. Just imagine someone writing to Brandon and in confidence stating an adverse opinion on Terry. This is a nasty way to find out what someone really thinks of you. I'd hate for anyone to discover in this manner my opinions of them, I'd rather by far be honest and tell them myself. I'm looking on the gloomy side I know, but the fact is that these hoaxes could lead to some bad feeling and if serious enough to yet another fan-feud. The kind of harmless jape you describe is just that and no more; a jape.

FRED HUNTER,  
13, Freefield Road,  
Lerwick,  
Shetland Isles.  
Scotland.

Forgive me for not writing before. Think not it was lack of interest...on the contrary, I am greatly interested in fandom. Actually, one of the main reasons for my dilatoriness (is there such a word?) was the fact that the letters in Orion all seemed so terribly knowledgeable and

I wondered what the heck I could say as a newcomer that someone else wouldn't say twice as well. Furthermore, I'm so LAZY. // I had no idea so many fanzines existed and I feel I must sub to ALL of them. The article on Russia by Miss (Mrs?) H.K.Elliot was interesting and I can well understand the frustration the writer felt. Each winter several Russian tankers call at Lerwick for water to supply the nearby fishing fleet and some friends of yours truly established contact with the crews and had them ashore for a



(FRED HUNTER, cntd). social evening at one or other of our homesteads. Very few of them speak English so we usually sit and listen to jazz records which they seem to lap up. In an effort to break down the language barrier, a couple of us have spent the winter (I am one of the couple) trying to learn Russian and we have made a little progress. Trouble is, they seem to operate a policy of confusion. Whether this is intentional or due to our mis-interpretation, I cannot say but if, as an example, we ask when they will be coming back to Lerwick, they will beam and say, "perhaps, Thursday." Well, you can bet your boots that their ship will steam into harbour on any day but. Or we might ask the whereabouts of another tanker and one of them will reply with disarming frankness, "She is at Norway." Another Russian will gesticulate violently and yabber, "No, she is at Omsk (or some such unlikely spot) for refitting purposes." A third will tell us confidentially that the ship in question is at the Faroe Islands. // Mind you, the fact that each ship is compelled to carry a Political Officer (usually the Mate), probably has something to do with it. What the Polit. says -goes, no questions asked. On one occasion, we entertained the Skipper and Mate of a tanker and round about 11 p.m. the Mate looked at his watch and told the Skipper they must go. The Skipper remonstrated mildly which drew an icy glance from the Mate whereupon the Skipper rose, shrugged apologetically, and left. }{( What a fascinating letter! Now who else could have written that twice - or even half - as well as you? Don't be lazy again or you'll miss out on later issues of O and what would be even more heartbreaking, we would miss out on more letters like this one. You will keep us posted on how you get on in your attempts to learn the language and make friends with the crews, won't you Fred? Once you are able to talk to them a bit better you might find that one of the crew reads SF, if he'd dare admit to it, that is. There's quite a bit of it being published in Russia now I believe. Who knows, you might well be the first unofficial ambassador for fandom among them. Write again, real soon.

DON ALLEN,  
12, Briar Edge.  
Forest Hall(?),  
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

To have neglected commenting on Orion 24 for so long makes me feel very untrufaanish these days! I remember the time, years ago (old? Who me?) when I would receive, read, and comment on Orion within a matter of days. At the moment I could do with another

half dozen hours added onto the allotted 24. But, enough of these feeble excuses for taking sodo long in acknowledging O24. None are good enough for this failure. I bow me bonce in shame. I do. // Well I did read Orion the very same day I got it so now I'll have to think hard and try to figure out all the notes I've scribbled in the margins. Most of them read - "Good" - "Enjoyed this" - "Very interesting" - What the hell's he trying to say?" and so forth. Intriguing. // Ken Bulmer's "Cleveland Cameo" was very enjoyable. I am enjoying this series of TAFF Tales. I hope Ken has plenty of incidents in store to write about. Personal tales of visits to other fans always provide good reading. // What can be said about John Berry's latest Sergeant epic that hasn't already been said of the previous ones? Big Deal was great! John Berry is great! What more can be said? // Rory Faulkner writes an interesting account of television adverts. Ah yes, those delieate toilet rolls in delightful shades. Such luxury. Reminds me of a house-proud-don't-walk-there-I-just-polished-that-lino-and-watch-where-you-drop-your-ash-type! You know the kind? She has one of those coloured efforts in the bathroom for decorative purposes only. To fit in with the colour scheme. Whenever any of the family want to pay a visit they carry an ordinary roll with them. 'S'true. // But back to TV adverts. I read in a magazine the other week how some of these ads are prepared. Ice-cream being mashed potatoes. The shining whites have bright lights beamed directly



(DON ALLEN, cntd).., onto them. Meats and fish being painted or coated with glycerine to give the desired appetizing look. Beer being fizzed up with salts and that nice frothy head being made by a whipped egg. Plus dozens of other dodges the publicity boys use to fool us poor, simple minded public. }{( What with both you and Mal turning up thish I don't quite know what to say. // I've been hearing so much of you lately regarding the house-painting you've been doing I tend to think of you with a paint brush in your hand rather than a typer, duplicator or fanzine. It's nice to hear from you, belatedly, that you do read O. I may well have missed your letter from the mentions last time round. I've evolved a new scheme now whereby all letters carrying comment on O are kept together until the following issue is out. It means I might not answer a letter that needs one, for ages but at least they get mentioned here....I hope

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

Liked the editorial. I could imagine Parker sitting there, in a blue haze, over a red-hot typer, doing her bespectacled nut. // It was a bit of a scoop getting Rory Faulkner to do something for you, wasn't it? It was the first thing I have seen written by her. After reading it I was thankful that we don't get the U.S. commercials sent over with the westerns. My own attitude to TV commercials is one of cynical amusement, particularly with respect to cold cures, washing powders and washing machines. Some of the adverts I've seen are downright irritating and I'm sure must have a negative effect on sales. Still, thank Ghod we are not as yet, in the same bad way Rory says the Statesiders are. // To put you right on one point. You imply that Ted and I have just met up recently, well actually we've known each other for about 13 years. We went to school together and have kept in touch ever since. It seemed so obvious to me, that I never got around to telling you we'd known each other for so long. It was Ted that first got me reading SF. }{( It certainly was a surprise to me when Rory offered to do something for me on a regular basis. I grabbed it, quick, before she had the chance to change her mind. // Most TV advertisers can't be making much out of SF fans if they all react to the adverts as do you and I. The only thing I can be induced to try is an unfamiliar food. Washing powders and the like I ignore. If the one I use proves unsatisfactory I might try one they mention, but I certainly wouldn't make any change just on their say-so just because it is being plugged. There is one ad that has a charm all its own and that's the one for Strand cigarettes. Seen it? I don't smoke the things and wouldn't anyway as they're tipped, but I like the ad. // How the devil was I to know that you and Ted had been friends for so long? Having met both of you and neither of you thought to tell me, I suppose I'll have to take to kind reading. Bah!

(JOHN BAXTER, QUANTAM),  
29, Gordon Road,  
Bowral. N.S.W.  
Australia.

It is strange that I find it hard to be adversely disposed towards anybody with a name like Ella (as in Fitzgerald) and Parker (as in Charlie the bird), both of whom are names to conjure with in the modern jazz world. Discounting as unlikely the idea that your parents were so 'hip' as to consciously christen you so, I can only conclude that a benign providence has marked you to be the prophet of the new movement, in which modern jazz fans will take over the world, and Duke Ellington will be elected President. Should you feel kindly towards this most worthy project, a cash contribution will be most appreciatively received, it being all my idea, after all. // To comment: Your cover wasn't good - fabulous, maybe, even terrific, but definitely not good, that being in the nature of extremely faint



(JOHN BAXTER, cntd.). praise. This Cawthorn chap seems to be the coming lad in UK fandom, if the few British 'zines I get are any indication. Camber 11 is, I note, practically a Cawthorn folio, with bits of wordage to break the monotony. Unfortunately, Alan's share of the JC output is not one half so good as yours, in my opinion, mainly because it is so unimaginative. This seems to be Mr. C's main shortcoming as an artist. I am reminded of a comment John Berry made in a column he did for Bruce Burn's NZine "paraFANalia - about issue 4, I believe - in which he observed "Arthur Thomson is really a genius - his type of artwork slides smoothly into place in our own particular sphere of interest, doesn't it?" That's the basic difference between Cawthorn and ATom - the first is capable, even brilliant, but only Thomson is really faanish. // The Tractor Propelled Couch - ok, and amusing enough, but I find myself worrying about the sanity of the human race as a whole when I read items like that, and so they don't seem funny any more. The stuff that people will swallow (meaning Dianetics and this "Flowers Have Feelings Too" bit) is just plain laughable, in an unfunny way, if you follow me. However, at least one fantasy author has explored the idea - have you read Roald Dahl's "The Sound Machine in the New Yorker or his collection "Someone like You?" It was also in Conklin Dell's antho "Brrr" (T.289 35p). He has trees howling and roses screaming up and down the scale. Very macabre, as is most of Dahl's stuff. // In my green and neo days (which aren't that long back, I soberingly recall), I wrote for a little info on UK 'zines, and received a reply, giving names and addresses of the various extant efforts. Orion was described in glowing terms and I was told, "It includes the most libelous and profanely outspoken letter column I have yet met with!" If the column in 24 is a representative one, I can only conclude that Orion has been laid low by the passage of time. YSI is an average good lettercolumn, but "libelous and profanely outspoken?" No, I would say nothing even remotely approaching that description. // I was most surprised to see you attempting to heal the latest breach in fandom over there. Only a woman would try. I fail to see the point in trying to remove what is possibly the most entertaining and diverting form of activity known to fandom, namely fighting. It is the motive power of fandom, the reason for living, the oil that lubricates the wildly spinning wheels that move us along. "How dull it is to pause, to make an end, to rust unbrunished, not to shine in use...." said Tennyson, and I couldn't agree more. It's true I don't know exactly what the position is regarding the London Circle, but I doubt very much if anything can be done to heal a rift by mere peace-making by some disinterested person. Let 'em fight, and don't be a spoilsport. They're obviously enjoying themselves and in effect, reconciling will only result in trading one form of entertainment for another. } Well! That was quite a letter and only part of it, at that. // As far as I know my parents didn't care overmuch for music of any sort. Me? I HATE JAZZ! There may be certain selected items I can listen to with moderate pleasure but I'm not sufficiently interested in them to have bothered finding out what they were called or who played them; so this is one Ella of whom you can hold an adverse opinion with impunity. // Your remarks re Thomson and Cawthorn apply not only to their art-work but to them as people too. Arthur is much the more faanish of the two. He is ebullient and full of ideas and ploys and is a real live wire while Jim is much quieter, very serious and not what I'd call faanish. // I'm hopping round here from one foot to the other spitting fire and fury. "Orion's letter column is libelous and profanely outspoken". I've written to the gentleman in question who told you that, inviting him to substantiate his statement. It isn't made clear whether he



(JOHN BAXTER, cntd.,) intended that for the Os Paul Enever used to edit and publish or the ones I've done since the 21st. I won't deny that O can be outspoken but I don't ever remember it being profane, as for "libelious" whom have we libeled and when, I wonder? // I'm not at all sure your final paragraph is meant to be taken really seriously at least, I hope not, but as this is the only method open to us of making our points of view known to each other I'll treat it as tho' it were. I quote, "Possibly the most entertaining and diverting form of activity known to fandom, namely fighting." "Reconciling will only result in trading one form of entertainment for another." Do you honestly mean to imply you get more pleasure and fun from the sorry spectacle of fans feuding' than from knowing they're good friends? I could hardly be called, "Some disinterested person," as all the people involved in the L C. hassle are friends of mine. I don't know if you'll think I hold too idealistic a view of what fandom sh/could be but I think there are already too many opportunities for working off spite and irritations in the mundane spheres of our lives without also turning them loose in fandom and thus putting an end to friendships which have lasted for years. I know it is impossible to like everybody one meets either outside fandom or in it, but surely fandom is as good a place as any in which to practice tolerance. It is lack of this quality which is to a great extent the basis of so many of these pointless rows among us. I'm too happy in fandom and enjoying it too much to want to waste my time fighting or to see my friends wasting theirs by doing it. Intolerance of another kind, maybe, but kindly intentioned. I fail to see the humour or entertainment value in watching/listening to fan feuds.

+ + + + +

That's it for this time ~~spaks~~ folks. I seem to have taken up more space letting fly myself than I feel I should have done. Trouble is, I'm so inept at making myself understood that I have to go into some detail in case the letters for the next ish contain complaints that I hadn't made it clear exactly what I was getting at. I envy those of you who can make your points lucidly and with an economy of words that makes me sound clumsy by comparison. Now for the....

#### HONOURABLE MENTIONS.

Once more we open with those who wrote on O ~~44~~23 but too late for the last lettercol: Jeff Wanshell, New York.// Rory Faulkner, California.// Peter Mabey, Cheltenham.

Comments on O ~~44~~24 were received from: Bob Lichtman, California.// Peter Mabey, Cheltenham.// Dick Eney, Washington.// Rick Sneary, California.// Paul Enever, Hillingdon (what you doing in here?// Jhim Linwood, Notts.// Jill Adams, Southampton.// John Berry, Belfast.// Jimmy Groves, London.// Peter Davies, Stourbridge.// Don Ford, Ohio.// Ron Bennett, Harrogate.// Ken Cheslin, Stourbridge.// Ken McIntyre, London.// Eric Jones, Cheltenham.// Arthur Thomson, London.// Audrey Eversfield, Cheltenham.// and finally, Eric Nentcliffe, Cheshire.// and Brian Jordan, Burnley (Yah! Thot I'd forgotten you, didn't you. Only wish I could.// I nearly did forget.... Dave Hall, Manchester (sorry Dave.)

See you all next time round. Bye now.



A lot of letters told me that the page of acknowledgement on fmz received that I did in the last O, was a waste of space and time. I only did the one page then so Ghod knows what these same people will say now. By the look of the stack sitting here glaring at me menacingly, I'll be very lucky if I get away with it under 3 pages this time. This isn't intended to be a guide to the fmz being published these days ( or some of them, anyway), nor yet is it meant to be reviews of same. I just don't have the time to write to their editors individually as they deserve with comments, praise and/or blame. I have to sleep at nights and with this load on my conscience how can I? I don't want to be chopped off any mlg. lists if by doing this I can avoid such a catastrophe so bear with me if I pinch a couple of pages each time to keep myself in good with those who deserve better than this from me. Where addresses are to be found in the Fanlights column (which is reviews) they won't be repeated here. All mentioned here have been put on my list for trades.

HABAKKUK //1,2,3. Bill, I'll be honest with you and say that when I got No. 1, I hoped devoutly you wouldn't send me any more. The talk in it just about matched the colour of paper and ink you used in this. I like cats and have kept them, who hasn't, but I don't see any fun in describing the habits of one that refuses to be house-trained. No.2 raised my hopes a little, 'twas a decided improvement then WHOOSH, No.3. arrove and it's a treat. I loved Bjo's cats especially the ones on pp 6,8. Lots to say but no room here. PSI PHI //5 Are we any more esoteric in our talk than any other fans? I wouldn't know what racing drivers were talking about if I overheard them and didn't know anything about cars, but once I took up the same hobby it wouldn't take long to get in to. By the way; as a result of Belle's col. in FU. I had a letter asking for O from a chap who put his address on the envelope but not on his letter. I threw the envelope and when I came to send him O didn't know the address, anybody got it? His name is KEN HEDBERG, luckily he didn't send any money, but we don't want him to think he is being ignored, at least, I don't. HUNGRY //2. Alan Rispin, 35, Lyndhurst Ave., Higher Irlam, Manchester. This is strictly speaking an OPMAzine and as such I'd like to see you, Alan, doing a bit more of your own writing. An occasional outside contribution is alright but surely an APAzine should be a personal effort? Nice pic of you done by JC on the cover! CACTUS //4. Sture Sedolin, Box 403, Vallingby 4. Sweden. The impression I get of this Sture, is one of untidiness, I'm not sure why, either. At least it's ledgible which is a lot in its favour. I loved Les Gerber's title for his fmz review col. Who's idea was that? GEMzine 4/26. G.M.CARR, 5319, Ballard Ave., Seattle 7. Washington. I always enjoy reading this, but if I were to start commenting here I'd never be done. Well bound too which is a blessing. METROFEN //3. Les Gerber, 201, Linden Boulevard, Brooklyn 26. New York. I don't know how long this has been lying here Les, but it must have come since O //24 went out or it wouldn't have been with the stack. Haven't seen one since, defunct? GUMBIE //1. I'm right with you Steve in keeping book-keeping down to the minimum. Trades it is. I liked this sample ish. UR //7. Ellis Mills, POO Box 244, Carswell AFB, Texas. Even tho' I didn't return your coupon I'm glad you didn't forget me. You didn't say so but I'm hoping trades are acceptable to you? XANADU REVIEW //2. Bob Leman, 1214, West Maple, Rawlings, Wyoming. HYPHEN //24. As you know it is



being said around faanish circles that "-" has deteriorated. Thish plumbs the depths by featuring a column from the anonymouse McAulay. I suggest you collect past Nos. of "-" and place them reverently in the tower alongside The Enchanted Duplicator for never again will it reach the heights it once did. I KNOW HIM. He'll gnaw his way into the vitals of HYPHEN until he has destroyed all but the pages in which he appears, when that happens he will be complimented on getting Willis to write for him! There seems to be a regular spate of film casting of fen these days but I can't say I agree with those chosen by either you or Bloch. Maybe one day when I get time I'll have a bash at it myself! INTERIM 29/30. Gregg Calkins, 1484, East 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah. I couldn't read Walt's column properly for laughing. His mastery of words leaves me agape with awe. Brilliant! GROUND ZERO & PEALS 4. Belle & Frank Deitz, also GNRaybin, 1721, Grand Ave., Bronx 53, New York. I got so many laughs from PEALS it just wasn't true. Loved your report Belle but the heading for it was a bit of a boner surely, or was it deliberate? There were at least two inferences to be drawn from it other than the obvious one which made it even chuckle worthier than I think was intended. Birchby I like, and this was no exception. Don't be so long with the next ish. FU Omnibus arrived the other day, you to thank I presume? Much appreciated. Ta. ROT 4. While I think of it Mal. I saw those covers ATom did for the next ish and would like to have the one sans beastie for the ATomAnthology if you'd like to save the stencil for me. Credit will be given to fmz as sources of material. No room to say more than that I liked this and more please. Nice meeting you and Sheila. proFANity 7. Bruce Pelz, 980, Figueroa Terrace, Los Angeles 12, California. Lovely 'zine this Bruce. How do you get Katte to pose for those pics, or do you take the chance as it's offered? Liked the heading illo for the review col. So, that's what to do with untamed reviewers! Or is it to prevent losing him to elseone? PLEIADES PIMPLES. Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois. A fascinating front cover Bob! Contents read but no comment forthcoming. RETRIBUTION 15. John Berry, 31, Campbell Park Ave., Belfast 4. A delightful 'zine John and if that's what they did to you in the U.S. as per front cover I'm surprised you've recovered so quickly. Interested to see the kind of fan you think should be nominated for TAFF. Tho' not around for as long as you I've felt pretty strongly about this and much on the same lines as you mention. I'd be inclined to stress more the activity of benefit to fandom rather than activity in pursuit of fun in fandom e.g. fan-pubbing, tho' that should count too, but not as much. Point is of course, the fans will vote for the one they want to meet irrespective of what he has or hasn't done. QUANTUM 6. John Baxter, 29, Gordon Road, Bowral, N.S.W. Australia. I didn't like your front cover John and the inside of the 'zine would be the better for some illos to break up all those words. I'll hold you to your promise for future issues being an improvement on this. Otherwise, this was very interesting but draws no particular comment. HOCUS 13. Mike Deckinger, 85, Locust Ave., Millburn, New Jersey. I haven't had time to do more than glance through this. The illos seem to be very badly smudged which is a pity as they would have looked good but for that. From what I've gathered flicking through the lettercol this is one 'zine I really will enjoy when I get to it. Will you accept trades? SPECULATIVE REVIEW 2. Dick Eney, 417, Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Va. This looks like a good substitute for Pemb's col Plough that used to be in CRY. I also O.U. thanks for a cute Valentine card and all the other little bits and pieces you've been sending. Nice to hear from you again. BRENNSCHLUSS 4. Can't you find a shorter name for this? That one is MURDER! Y'know, Irene could be a top flight fnz writer if only you or someone would get behind her and push. If left to herself the things she does are too



slight to be really good but the promise of better things is there. Don't be so easy going with her, I know she's your wife and you have to live with her, but you are taller so try being a bit more intimidating. It would pay. That 'handbag' interlineation intrigues me! FEMIZINE. Sorry Ethel, but this isn't one of my favourite fmz. Maybe because the material is too limited cols being open only to femmes and there aren't enough of 'em to make a good selection of items possible. Best item here was Bjo on Elinor followed by Walt's letter and Sheila's. Much better repro giving a tidier appearance. VOID.//19,20 &21. Apart from saying I liked these I can't say anything more because I haven't the time/space to do so, Micro-elite inthese surprisingly easy to read. LES SPINCE.//2. If there's one thing that annoys me it's being told something is cntd on a certain page when the damn things aren't even numbered. I got so impatient withthis as a result I gave up looking for the last part of the editorial. This shows a rapid improvement on the first one issued but, PLEASE, for heaven's sake number the pages, especially if your carrying something over. NEW FRONTIERS.//1&2. Norman Metcalfe, P.O. Box 336, Berkeley 1, California. Again I haven't had time to do more than skim these. They look promising of interest, all I want now is TIME! TRIODE //17, Eric Bentcliffe & Terry Jeeves. I'm not giving your addresses as I hear the next one is the last. I imagine this must be a sorry time for you to have to break up the team after all this time, but if you will go out with girls...! APORRHETA.//15 &16. H.P.Sanderson, "Inchmery," 236, Queens Road, New Cross. S.E.14. Sandy, you 'orrible m/fan! I've been feeling guilty enough for not having written to you on AP in the past when it was all done in elite typeface, was there really any need to go furtherand use micro-elite thus making me feel proportionately guiltier? All those words and you want comments, bah! If once I started writing to you I'd never get anything else done. Aren't Atom's covers frabjous? I drool. J.D.ARGASSY. //52 &53. Lynn Hickman, 304, N. 11th, Mt. Vernon, Illinois. Lynn, while not drawing much from me in the way of required comments this is a 'zine I particularly like. It's always so impeccably repro'd and the contents are invariably interesting. Always welcome at my house. WARHOON.//7. Richard Bergeron, 110, Bank Street, New York Ci /14, New York. This is a treat for anybody's eyes. Why you as an artist can't cut it up a bit with some small filler illos which would make all the difference, I don't know; unless you don't like your own artwork? This is another 'zine that deserves better from me than this skimpy acknowledgement. Will trade. NORTHLIGHT.//9. Alan Burns, Goldspink House, Goldspink Lane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. SHAGGY.//48. John Trimble, 908 $\frac{1}{2}$  White Knoll Dr., Los Angeles, 12. California. Congrats are in order I believe John to both you and Bjo on your impending marriage. These I proffer to you forthwith. I too wait to see how you make out with this your first generalzine. This one promises well for the future. YANDRO.//85, 86 &87. Buck & J.Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana. Just lately YANDRO seems to have become lighter in spirit which is an improvement on the days when it took itself so seriously. I've always had a particular fondness for the two headings on the editorial pages, very descriptive. I sigh hopefully but I'm afraid disbelievingly when I read the WSFS thing is finally to be buried. INNuendo.//10. Terry Carr, 1906, Grove Street, Berkeley 4, California. as it only arrived a couple of days ago this S.c.o.a.W. hasn't had time to read it yet. (that seems to have stuck!) Front cover good but not up to that on //9 which was a wow. Eney ConPics are a riot mostly the fmz panel and the Pitt. party. FANNish from Terry Carr & Ron Ellik also CRYs gosh knows how many from that wacky crew in Seattle have been acknowledged by letter. If I've had any 'zines not mentioned here it must be because my grand scheme for keeping them all together fell down. I'm sorry. All for this time. See you.



Yes. well, I suppose you want to know what excuse I have this time for sending you O. It's like this....

Your name or your 'zine is mentioned somewhere in here.

I thot you might wanna buy some dirty crudsheets.

We trade.

You contributed.

You want to contribute, later.  
(not much later, tho'.)

You had such a lot of spare cash, so you sent me some.

I'm in a mean mood.

This will help build up your collection.

I hope I am improving and that you're getting to like O?

You wrote asking for it!

This is your last copy, unless you write or re-sub.

You are collecting staples, you can throw the 'zine away.

Send praise or blame for this effort to the editorial address.....

Ella A. Parker,  
151, Canterbury Road,  
West Kilburn,  
London. N.W.6.

U.S. Agent.....

Betty Kujawa,  
2819, Caroline,  
South Bend 14,  
Indiana. U.S.A.

Damnit to hell! More 'zine have arrived since I did page 56. Most of 'em not read yet, of course. If you will send them in the middle of preparations for publishing, what better can you expect!.....

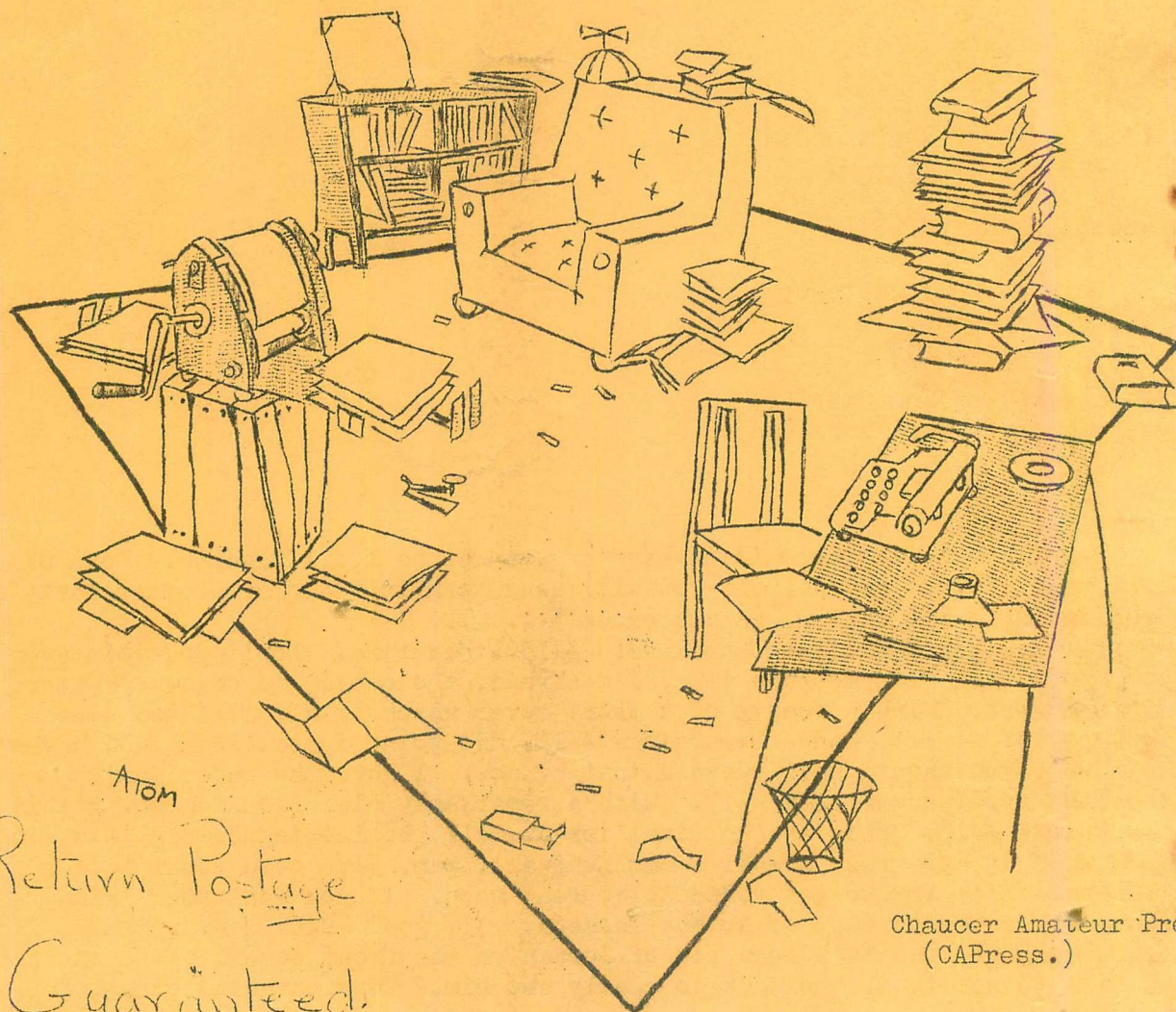
Yet another CRY of the Nameless! //139 this time. Don't you folk ever sleep? No letter from me this time, I'm afraid, too busy. Go on, weep Weber. JD-Argassy //54. With a beauty of a front cover which is all I've had time to look at of it yet. Space Diversions //11. No point in telling you I haven't read it yet, you should have guessed that by now. I love the paper you've used on the front cover. APF //17. With a remarkably clear looking cover this time. Triode //18. This is the final issue. I'll be looking foward to seeing BASTION when it appears. SF-NYTT. Sam Lundwall. Sam, I've owed you a letter for months. I'll try to get round to it real soon. If you want your 'zine in the reviews send a copy of Arthur Thomson, will you? CACTUS //5. Sture, all those pages! That's a good pic of Jordan on the front cover. It's the way I like to see them, too dark to really see him. Very advantageous.



Printed Matter.

ORION

25



Return Postage  
Guaranteed.

Chaucer Amateur Press.  
(CAPress.)