

ORION

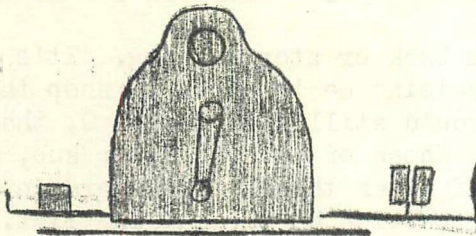


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Cover: Joe Patrizio. (Put on stencil by Joe and he's never done any stencil work before!) This cover has a history.

Headings: ATom, of course as are the illos on pp - aw heck, you don't need me to identify an ATomillo for you, do you?

Various fillerillos pp 17, 43 & 50 by: Mike Raynor. Page 22. Chris Miller. Page 49 Tony Hill.

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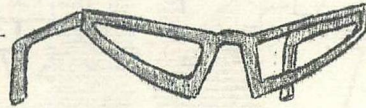
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Andy cut his own stencils. Ta, lots. I only hope they all come out alright. There's a chance from page 2 on I might miss out on the top line, you went about 6 lines too high on them. I'll do my best.

SPECS



Let's get the business out of the way first. I know that many of you will be tearing your hair and calling me all sorts of names once you've read the fanzine pages at the back of the letters and see what I've done. There's no need to panic. Those of you on the non-trading list won't be cut off the mailing list abruptly; it only means that if I should run short of copies, then those with whom I trade will get them and you will be unlucky. So, if you want to be sure of getting ORION you must either sub or contribute material....good material. I'm sorry if this sounds harsh. Before you go berserk let me explain the reasons for this new departure.

Ella

Parker

S.C.O.A.W.

(Damn you, Weber!)

I've got two courses open to me: trim back or stop pubbing. It's as simple as that. If enough letters come in advising me to close up shop then, that's what I'll do; if, on the other hand, you'd still like to get O, that is how it will be available to you....for sure. Those of you who never sub, write - either letters or material - will be cut off after this. Somewhere in the 'zine you will find a chart telling you your position on the mailing list. TAKE HEED; it isn't kidding. Letter writers, too, are in for a shock. If your letter is published, the next issue is yours for free. It would be best if you had a sub running and your free copy could be added to your credit.

From this on, I have handed over the circulation problem to Ted Forsyth - his address will be with both mine and Bett's hereafter -, Ted will note changes of address, credits due etc. I don't think any of this sounds ambiguous but if you are in doubt of your status please refer to the mailing chart on your copy. No check mark means you just don't have an out, you're lumbered with O for as long as I'm publishing it. Tough.

Last time round the wrappers used weren't as secure as I'd imagined. Consequently some copies went astray. If you were expecting O25 and it didn't arrive, drop me a line and the first 4 or 5 who apply will be the lucky ones. They aren't top grade copies, I'm afraid, but not too bad. Also, some of you wrote asking for the SFCL Combozine that was published for the Con last Easter. I think I've mailed them all out, but to check, if you didn't get yours, please drop me a reminder. A card will do. If anyone else would like one there are still some copies to be had at 1/- or 15c per. USubs to Betty.

End of business. Aint you glad? I am.

Now I have to think up a good excuse for being late to give you, Mr. Pelz, Sir. It was like this.....

I promised, faithfully, that O would be out in July. Of course, I didn't say which July, but that's splitting hairs. I wrote to John and Rory, phoned Ken and asked them: "Please, could I have your material pronto as I want to get it on stencil thus leaving me free to do the lettercol as the mail comes in." I'm proud of them; they answered my frantic call with speed.

Iris and Ted Tubb were going on holiday and asked me if I would 'sit in' with their animals while they were away; said animals being Judy, a very affectionate dog, a large, friendly cat and a lovely hamster called Roddy. I would move over there to live during their absence and have the run of the house. Wheels clicked madly into place in my head....this is the chance you need to go off by yourself and get O onto stencil without interruption, etc. I said I'd be glad to do it. Ted came to collect me and my belongings on the Friday night, and he was prepared to cart the electric duper over there as well, so I could get the whole thing done at one swoop. I knew I wouldn't get that far ahead so we left the duper where it was. The peace and quiet was wonderful. I got all of O done with the exception of the lettercol, fmz acknowledgements and my editorial. This was great; I actually looked like putting out an O, right bang on the promised date. I'll never learn.

I may not get what follows chronologically correct; it's a confusion of names, dates and events milling round in my head, but it goes something like this. Iris and Ted left for their holiday on the Saturday, July 16th. I began work on the stencils about an hour after they left, and worked all that day. Sunday there was a club meeting of the SFCL which was to be held as usual at my house. I took Judy with me and she made a great hit. It was at this meeting that I first learned the firm date for Andy's visit to London. Arrangements were made for those of us who wanted to meet him to go over to New Cross on the following Saturday evening. Ethel wailed - "I'll miss him, I'm going to Scotland on the Friday." I mean, we'd read of Andy, but even I thought it was taking things a mite far to leave London just as he arrived, but Ethel was adamant: to Scotland she was going in spite of our promises to provide her with a bodyguard for the length of his stay among us. I did get her to agree that if I accompanied her - for protection - she would go and see him for a couple of hours on the Friday, before her coach left for the North.

I had had a letter from the Tubbs telling me it was possible they would be home on Saturday instead of staying for the second week. I packed my belongings, tidied up what mess I'd made 'just living' so was later than I'd intended to be arriving at New Cross to chaperone Ethel on her visit to Andy. My arrival was the signal for the kettle to go on for tea.

What did I think of Andy? We-ell, you wouldn't want that kind of talk in O, now would you? I know he had a beard, of course, but that was all I did know of him. He's tall, but doesn't give the same impression of 'largeness' as does Don Ford, maybe because he's a lot thinner. This doesn't mean that Don is fat by any means, but he has breadth as well as height, where Andy has mostly height. The first thing that struck me was HAIR. Masses of it on his head and a veritable bush of it on his face. I did dare him to "come out from behind that hedge," but he wouldn't take



me up on it. Something to do with a woman in his life....Jean, I think he calls her, who likes the beard. These first meetings with a fan from the States are always a riot. You want to know all about the part of the States from which he comes, he wants to hear from you about Britain; fan names crop up, what is so and so doing now; is such a 'zine folding? and so it goes on. This was no different. Having arrived on Thursday it was pretty certain that Andy had a good night's sleep tucked under his belt so as the next day was Saturday I stayed pretty late talking after Ethel had left. I know you're going to laugh at this, but a report of these meetings loses any value they may have unless the whole truth is told. I'd been afraid of meeting Andy! No kidding. Ethel had wanted me to be there when she met him because she was too shy to meet him alone; I wasn't shy, just scared. I knew of Andy's reputation for erudite conversation and intellectual attainments. Mine are of the sub-zero quality and as for erudite conversation....I'm lucky if mine is intelligible let alone intelligent. I was scared I'd bore him to death, it could have sparked off an international incident. I could see the glaring headlines in the papers:- "Eminent Astronomer-Engineer bored to Death!" If it happened that I did bore him, he was too much of a gentleman to let on.

On the Saturday, oddly enough, the thing that most occupied my mind was: should I take Judy with me in the evening or should I leave her at home. Ted and Iris might be home that day. I don't like leaving a dog alone for hours in the house, especially when I know it has been used to constant company. In this instance I decided to chance it as I knew Judy would go mad with joy when they came in. A couple of times during the ensuing evening it crossed my mind whether I'd done right or not. Had they come home? They had. It was one of those evenings. ATom was there with his wife and child; Joy and Sandy, Ken and Irene Potter, Ivor Mayne and girl-friend, George Locke, looking painfully neat and well-dressed in civvies, Don Geldart, Ted Forsyth, Jimmy Groves and me....oh yes, and Andy. That night saw the birth in Angloland at least, of the catch-phrase that reigned in popularity for some time after he left:- "within the bounds of astrophysical accuracy." This was found to be a favourite saying of Andy's and we hurled it into the conversation whenever opportunity afforded. Andy and ATom went at it hammer and tongs; some of it was way up there among the stars, lots of it was sheer goon-type back chat. I know he was fascinated by ATom's ready wit and even readier tongue. ATom was the hit of the evening and we were very proud of him, but then, we always are.

Reluctantly, the party broke up. Buses and trains had to be caught. I was lucky, George had the car with him or I'd have had to walk back to Forest Hill; not as far as West Kilburn, admitted, but far enough. Before I left I wrung from Andy the promise that he'd come to me for a meal on Tuesday night to meet Ron Bennett who was coming to London for six weeks, arriving on the Monday. He promised.

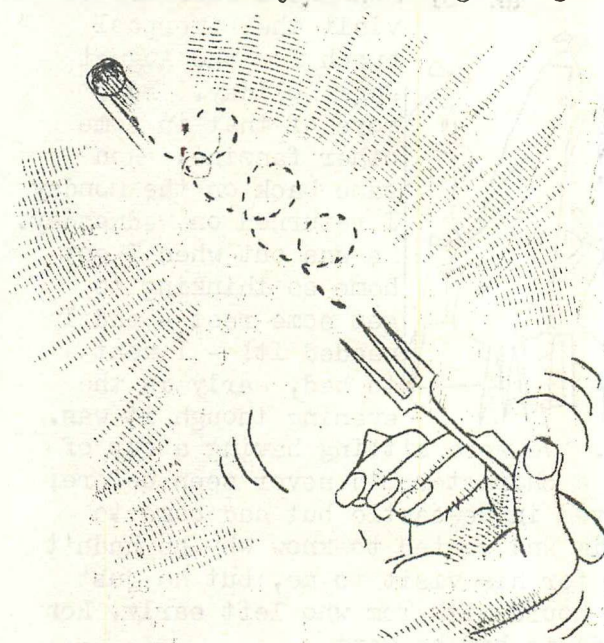
I could see Iris and Ted were home as the room in the front of the house was lighted. We had a quiet drink together while they told me of their holiday and their disappointment with it. I told them some of the things I could remember of what had gone on that evening, then up to bed. Sunday Ted brought me home where I began making preparation for housing Ron. Knowing how we gab when we get together I took the precaution of having an early night. No, not that kind of an early night, a real one this time.

Bennett arrived.

In those two words it's difficult to realise the chain which was building of which this was the first link.

By Tuesday I had told Ron some of what had gone on among us before he arrived and that Andy would be coming to see us that evening. I'd also mentioned to him that he (Andy) reminded me very strongly of someone he as well as I, knew. Musing to himself Ron cased what he imagined to be the salient points: "hmm, he has a beard, he's tall and thin, well, he must look like Vin/ Clarke." Very proud of himself, was Ron, he was wrong. I had told him that Andy was going to the Science Museum that day before coming to the house. Ron busied himself with dreaming up ploys to play such as standing next to Andy beside some showcase with a SF book well in evidence, get into conversation without disclosing who he was and meet him that night at the house. The only thing that prevented Ron doing any of this was the minor detail that I didn't know at what time Andy would be in the place. I was upstairs in the kitchen when the bell rang announcing the arrival of Andy. Ron called up:- "I'll go," as if I'd intended coming down all those stairs. I finished the job on hand and went down to the farden. I cocked an enquiring brow at Ron. "John Brunner," he said. I nodded in affirmation and Andy looked at us wondering whathe'll was going on, but he soon rumbled as I'd hammered into him just how much he did resemble John.

That was some meal! Well spiced with conversation and fannish quips. Ted, George and ATom had turned up. ATom kept on drawing our attanation to the method Andy used for getting the peas from his plate to his mouth.



What fascinated ATom more than anything else was the flick of the wrist which threw the pea into his mouth from a distance of two feet (ATom's measurement). This didn't help Andy in the delicate manouvre involved of having the pea delicately poised on the fork prior to giving that gentle flick which would land it neatly far back in his mouth. Just as he'd be all set to go ATom would say.- "watch this, how does he do it?" Andy would dissolve into helpless laughter and of course, lose the pea. I reckon he lost more peas than he ate that way. ATom had Andy try it in slow motion so he could solve for himself the trick of the flick; he even went to the length of drawing a small diagram for his own guidance.

the 1.17.78 and we settled down to have ourselves an evening's chatter and a couple of drinks. Once again ATom held us spell bound while he entertained us. I know it's frustrating to be told that ATom talked without a report of some of the things he said, but this is an instance of either being right there in the group or sitting apart with a note-book missing out on the fun....I sat in.

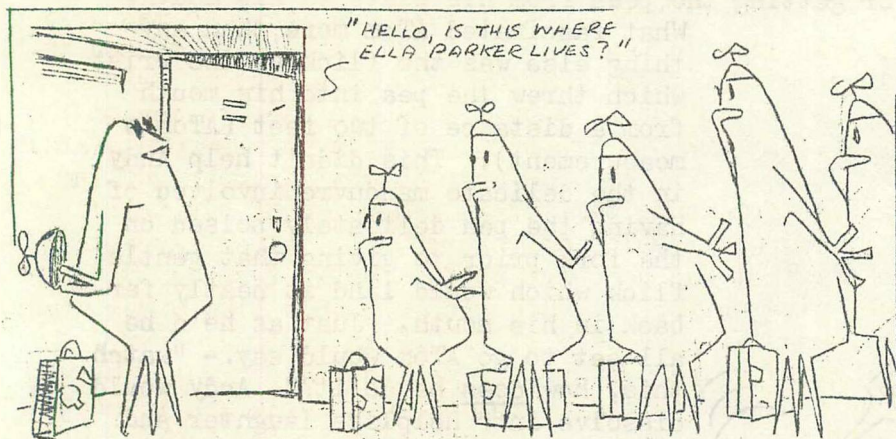
I think the thing that gave Andy his biggest laugh of his entire visit was something done quite casually by ATOM. He'd been sitting there talking for ages then suddenly got up to go downstairs. None of us took any notice and continued talking. Suddenly there was a muffled yell. We looked up and for the moment I got the shock of my life, I couldn't believe my eyes. When I realised what was going on I laughed as heartily as the rest of them. None of us could talk for laughing for a long time.

Arthur had gone part way out of the door, his body half turned into it. There was a hand round his throat! He fought madly to loosen the grip that was fast choking him; his face was turning blue, his eyes stared, mutely appealing for help and his back was arched by force of the pressure that was being exerted. As the fight went grimly on and Arthur, on the point of collapse, managed to stagger back into the room we could see that the hand which was strangling him was his own!

One by one the party went their reluctant ways. ATom drove Ted home, Ron went upstairs to bed and George, who had to be on parade at 8 am. the following morning, stayed talking with Andy and I until about 6-30 am. He was going to hitch a ride back to camp and I was doubtful that he'd make it in time; I've learned since that he did. Andy was leaving that day for the Conference which was the ostensible reason for his trip to Europe, but first he had to go all the way across London to collect his baggage. I made him a hasty breakfast (recipe on application) and sent him on his way. He'd be away for three weeks.

Peace? Quiet? Don't be daft!

Now that Bennett was staying here there began a trek to my door such as I've never experienced before, no, not even in the week preceding the Eastercon earlier this year. Let this cartoon speak for itself.



Ron and I were off to visit the Liverpool bunch for the August Bank Holiday. But, more of that in some other fanzine. Ron came back on the Monday I returned on Wednesday. He was out when I got home so thinking to get some rest - and I needed it! - I went to bed, early in the evening though it was.

I hadn't been long settled when Ron came in. We were sitting having a cup of tea when the bell rang. Ron came back with a character I'd never seen before; this turned out to be Tom Porter who had lived in Newcastle but had come to work and live in London. He had 022 with him and wanted to know why he hadn't received any more....this wasn't the reason for his visit to me, but he just thought he'd mention it. After a couple of hours with Tom who left early, Ron and I had a couple of hands at cards then off to bed he went.

First of the out of town visitors to come was, I believe, Ken Cheslin. Ken had to stay at the Roehampton Hospital for a few weeks and it wasn't all that far from me. Any chance he got to come up he took and sometimes he was able to get them to release him for the weekend. Round about this time we had word that Bruce Burn would be arriving in England from New Zealand on the 27th August. Ron was trying to arrange a reception committee for him at Southampton and the SFCL were to give him a surprise party at my house. On July 31st the club went on a picnic. Arthur had hired a Bedford for us and when we returned to London that night I well remember sitting in Arthur's car with him, Ron and Ken down some dingy back street planning a ploy for Bruce. This was the plan. When the boys got to Waterloo Station, Arthur, who would have checked at which platform they were coming in, would allow himself to be bumped by Ron who would apologise for his clumsiness. As he turned away he'd call to Arthur: "can you tell us how to get to Putney?"

Arthur was to say: "if you wait a minute while I check the time of a train I can take you there, I have the car outside." Ron would make sure the offer was accepted and arrange with the others to see them another day. Of course he'd be seeing them at the party in the evening, but Bruce wasn't to know that. On the way to Putney Arthur wouldn't speak unless spoken to; it was doubtful that Bruce would even realise the driver was being ignored, he'd be too busy rubber-necking out the windows..we hoped. At first Arthur wanted to lean out and call: "Courtesy of the GDA," but we discarded that in favour of him keeping his anonymity until Ron brought Bruce to the house that night; he wouldn't use his key but would give a special code ring. Arthur was to open the door and see if Bruce recognised in him the driver of the afternoon. I hoped it would work.

The Penitentiary was keeping 'open house' by now and fen were in and out practically all the time. Various publishing schedules were met, such as OMPA, Skyrack, and the different BSFA publications that had to come out whatever else went by the board. The next date for which anything definite was planned was August 24th when Andy was returning from Amsterdam. I'd left a door key for him with a friend of mine as it was likely he'd be in before I got home from work. In fact as I got out of the train I saw them with cameras ready primed. Ron had been pretty certain I'd get out of a particular car, but the train had been crowded and I'd gone further down the train so was able to sneak up behind them just in time to hear Ron say: "she must have missed it." I toyed with the idea of leaving them there and going on home, but my better nature asserted itself and I spoke to them. Andy now has in his possession some very good pictures of Queens Park Station complete with underground train.

We didn't have many come in that evening, but it was a nice night for all that. We kept Andy talking for hours telling us something of his trip and the people he'd met. My main impression is the amount of time they spent drinking in a dungeon type bar that had been set up for them. I suddenly realised that he wouldn't be with us for the Burn Party (sounds like Burns night, don't it?) as he'd be on his way next day to visit IF (Irish Fandom). Pity.

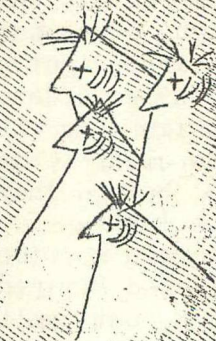
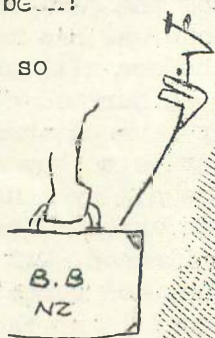
Thursday was fairly quiet which was just as well as Friday was simply murderous. Some out of town fen were coming to London to go with Ron to meet Bruce's boat at Southampton. Ron had arranged to meet them in the booking hall of Waterloo station about 15 mins. before the train left. For some reason he had taken it into his head to phone the shipping line sometime during the afternoon. They told him the boat would be 24 hours late in docking. This was just great! He couldn't get hold of me to let me know and I was spending the day fondly imagining I would have a nice cushy evening to myself. I'd go to bed real early with a book or maybe even CRY if I had one still unread. I'd be fit then for all the work facing me the next day. As I got out of the train that night I was hailed from the platform on the other track. Looking over I got my first sight of someone who had to be Chris Miller; I'd known he was coming but we'd never met before although we'd exchanged letters. Ron and Ken Cheslin were with him. A hurried conversation across the lines and all was made clear to me. They were on their way to try and catch the others at Waterloo before they'd had time to buy tickets. They would be coming back to my place later. I went home all my fond imaginings shattered. They trooped in - there's no other way in which to describe it - and at the final count we had:- Ted Forsyth, Jhim Linwood, Ken Cheslin, Chris Miller, I think Atom was there, but can't be sure, and Bennett. I've got the feeling I've left some out; you must put it down to my bad memory. God knows how or where they all slept that night, we managed somehow. I know Jimmy went home and Ted took Linwood back with him, the rest stayed here.

Next day, Saturday, was nothing short of hectic. Meals had to be

planned off the cuff and then the lads went out while I got squared around for that night's jollity. Ethel, bless her, had come early to give me a hand and we got things done in good time. We had a wonderful party! This was the first taste of fannish social life for Chris Miller and he took to it like a duck takes to water. Arthur was in good form and played barman to the manner born. Archie had turned up sometime during the day and was right in there punning like mad, Ron and Ted were busy discussing the kind of shots they might be able to get in Southampton....with their cameras. Ethel was being helpful in every way she could while managing to have a rare old time as well. The Potters had come, but Irene wasn't really fit to enjoy a party and had to be taken home early. That episode is worth an article in itself! Tom Porter had heard there was a party and came along with his portable radio which he listened to on the landing; the noise in the room wasn't conducive to good hearing. Round about 3 am. those who were going to meet Bruce had to make a move. They phoned for a taxi and went off in high spirits. This seemed to bring things down to a slower tempo. We sat around talking about fannish matters such as fanzines etc. It must have been 6ish when we broke it up and found ourselves places in which to get a bit of shuteye.

Next morning we looked a haggard lot as we sloped round putting the fenden to rights, washing glasses etc., and generally hiding any signs of the previous nights high jinks. We didn't want to make Bruce jealous when he finally got here. It must have been about noon when the last of the party left with the exception of Jimmy Groves who wanted to stay on and meet Bruce after having attended his party an' all. Archie was the first to come back of the bunch who had gone to Southampton. He was full of the good time they'd had and of the hospitality given them by Jill Adams who lives down there. I'm glad she was able to take part even if not for long in some of the fannish goings on. Enjoy it, Jill? Archie had a train to catch for home and sleep. Fed but unrested he went his way with still no sign of Burn, though Archie assured me he had indeed landed. Remarkably negligent those immigration fellows. Arthur returned unexpectedly. As he put it:- "I've stayed up all night to meet Bruce Burn and I'm gonna see Bruce Burn!" Jimmy finally had to go home and hadn't been gone very long before Ted showed up. He told us that Ron had gone with Bruce to drop his bags off and they would probably be at my place by 7-30. I was loafing on the bed trying without much interest to read the Sunday papers which had so far lain unopened. Right then I felt I couldn't care less if Bruce turned up or not. We'd spent two hectic nights preparing for him; all our ploys had come to naught and I was tired, so it was something of an anti-climax when the room door opened and Ron escorted a bewildered and apologetic Bruce in to us. We did our best to make him feel one of us. Arthur asked him where the hell he'd been? I, intending to prove that whatever the boys had told him wasn't true and I was so hospitable, gave him a man-sized tot of whisky, and generally fussed round him. He drank it uncomplainingly and it was only weeks after he told me he can't stand the stuff, he prefers beer! Oh well, serve him right.

Nobody stayed late that night though we were all too tired for much in the way of fannish wit or chatter.



It was somewhere along here I first met Mike Evans. I've under-scored his name deliberately because I want you to look out for it in fuz in future. Mike had been steered to me by a friend(?) of his and came up to see if what he'd heard was true. Ron and I were alone the night he turned up and we took to him at once. He's tall, very quiet, but oh, that sense of humour! He stopped Bennett cold ten minutes of being in the room and anyone who can do that to Ron can count himself a friend of mine...if they dare. Mike is extremely interested in Art and could hardly take his eyes off the various examples of ATom's work which decorate the walls of my fanden. Since then I've had a series pf postcards from him bearing all sorts of cartoons some of which have already seen publication in other fan publications; the rest I'm keeping for myself for a future O. I tell you, he's good. That reminds me, I haven't seen him for two weeks. Mike, don't work too hard and forget all about us. He's studying physics. That week-end and the following couple of days the tempo seemed to have slowed somewhat, which means we had an occasional evening to ourselves. It didn't last for longer because Andy was coming back from IF on the Wednesday and this would be his last visit to us before he returned to the States in time for the Pittcon. We just had to have a party. Cor! What a night that was. Nothing elaborate, just drinks and natter, but what natter. This was Bruce's first sample of an English fan gathering, I think he enjoyed himself; I know he's never been the same since, sorta tired and dazed. All the gang turned up for this with the exception of George and Arthur. I managed to coax the Bulmers over who arrived complete with baby daughter.

I had learned meanwhile, that Mike Evans was interested in astronomy so I told him he'd have to meet Andy. I think he managed to get a few words with him, but you know what these gatherings are like for trying to get a word with any one person. I'm not saying the Scots have taken over London Fandom, but they seem to be making their influence felt. Andy and Ron were taking pics during the evening as was Ted. Ted was the only one with bulbs for his flash so the other two rode on them for their films. Three cameras on one flash! Talk about synchronisation. It worked too. After most everyone else had gone the Bulmers stayed on for some talk. I made tea and we sat quietly listening again to Andy telling how he'd enjoyed himself with WAW and the others. Then the Bulmers too had to be on their way.

I didn't go to work next day as I wanted to see Andy off. It was then he offered to write the report for me, the first part of which is further back. We were sorry to see him go; he'd mixed in very well with our crowd and had become one of us. Need I say more? Except that we'd like to see him again one day....Jean too.

Things really did seem quiet after he'd gone. Ken Cheslin had gone home the Sunday previous, Ron was leaving on Friday as school was due again. All of a sudden the flat seemed too big for just Fred and I. How he managed to remain as good tempered as he did through it all I'll never know; especially as we had invaded his room any time there was anything on TV we particularly wanted to see. But we paid him back.

Chris Miller was still in London staying with his grandparents but coming to my place in the evenings. Friday being BSFA night he came early as did Jimmy Groves. Ted, Bruce and Don Geldart had gone to see Ron off at the station and came along later. I was, as usual, loafing on the bed when these three came. They formed a line beside the bed and Ted was first. Handing me a box of peppermint creams he said:- "Ron knows you like these and he hopes you enjoy them." I made sounds indicative of thanks, and Don

came next with his offering. He held out another box of peppermint creams saying:- "Ron sent you these, enjoy them." By now I was suspicious, even more so when I saw that Bruce was there with his hand behind his back. That's right, another box of peppermint creams. By now I was rolling on the bed with laughter, but more was yet to come. When I looked up the line beside the bed had reformed and Ted and Don made grave presentation of yet another box each, both from Ron, and here was Bruce again. No, not a box but a 3d roll of Polomints. Now I was past being able to say thank you or anything else. On that note the evening set off and couldn't be anything less than a success.

Sunday following this episode was a meeting day for the SFCL and unknown to me a dirty ploy had been cooked up with the connivance of Bennett, Forsyth and Patrizio. The business section of the meeting had been concluded and I was laying out the vittles when the bell rang. (I must remember, and have it removed.) I looked round counting noses to myself and all who were coming had already arrived. Wondering who the devil this could be but quite unsuspecting, I watched Ted go down to open the door. As I heard him come back upstairs I looked out the door of the room to see Joe Patrizio smiling all over his face. The surprise was complete. Ted had heard from Joe that he was coming to London for an interview and Ted had told him of the club meeting suggesting he come to my place without letting me know he was expected. Everyone at that meeting knew he was coming with the exception of myself.... He got the job and is now living in London in the same house as Ted. Digression here. While I was roughing this out yesterday, Sunday, I had a visit from Ted, Joe and Bruce. It transpires that Bruce has taken a room in the same house, so the address given in the lettercol for Burn is now obsolete. He can be reached at the same place as Ted and Joe. "ORION, the obsolete fanzine."

At the club meeting, Ken Potter told us that Mal and Sheila Ashworth would be coming to London for a weeks holiday the next Friday. I had a BSFA committee meeting scheduled for that weekend so I warned them all that I didn't want to see any of them on the Saturday. Do you really think they take any notice of what I say to them? Get a load of this!

Archie and Peter Mabey travelled to London for the meeting; Jimmy turned up nice and early and we began our business. We were well into it all when....yes, the bell rang. Jimmy came back towing Ted and Joe with him. They had brought a roasted chicken with them and - for me - a tin of haggis, which they had bought at the Food Fair then on in London. I'd already bought salad stuff for tea and I suppose I must be distrustful or something as I'd bought a lot more than the four of us could have eaten. Just as well. Ted and Joe were starving so I made a start on preparations for a meal. The bell rang: Don Geldart. The bell rang: Potters and Ashworths. You want more? The bell rang: Bruce Burn. Ohmighod, where was I going to seat them all? It didn't take long for 12 hungry mouths to dispose of what I'd got in plus the chicken the two boys had brought with them. They saved my life bringing that in. I just dumped everything there was on the table and let them have at it. There's no room for weaklings at a time like this; if you don't grab you starve. Jokes, puns, the lot went winging their merry way round the company to add any savor that may be lacking in the food. The sudden transition from the sercon to the wildly faanish was a bit startling, but brother, it was good. Irene and Sheila helped out with the washing up afterwards - it seems that every time Sheila comes to my house she ends doing the washing up. Anytime you want a reference, Sheila, I'll provide one. You won't like it, but I'll provide one. - I went upstairs and brought the drinks down. It hadn't been intended, but this was obviously going to be a party. We broke into shifting groups and the babble of talk must have been audible for

miles, but it hadn't reached the district where lived John Phillifent who turned up later in the evening unexpectedly. He thought to find the BSFA committee hard at work and here we were having a party; never mind, he stayed with us for a while and didn't take long to get into a heated discussion with some of the others. That was one of the swingin' out parties I was ever at. I knew the Ashworths didn't have long in London so asked them and the Potters up for a meal on Wednesday of the next week. Fools! They accepted. We didn't break up the evening very early on Saturday, it was going too well. But, all good things have to end and I did have the committee meeting to finish the next day. This was also the last time I would see Chris Miller for some time as he was going back home. Chris had been the only one to obey the embargo on visits for the Saturday so missing out on one of the best parties. Sorry, Chris. The meeting closed, Archie and Peter fed they went back to their respective abodes. Chris left soon after.

I was tired, but the memories I had garnered couldn't be bought for cash.

Monday night I came home from work and was sitting in Fred's room drinking a cup of tea....I live on the stuff!...talking over the past few months. I was feeling a bit let down having no-one around for whom to cater. Fred had worked all night on Sunday so was home by 10 am. the next day. I remarked to him:- "thank goodness for a couple of quiet evenings before the Ashworths come on Wednesday." "That's what you think" he said. I looked at him as if he were nuts. "Yes, that's what I said, that's what you think."

Huh? "I hadn't been asleep for more than a couple of hours," he told me, "when the bell woke me. I went down and a man was asking for you. Said he was an American." "Ulp!" I hadn't heard of any US fans coming to Britain just then. Surely Andy Young hadn't returned already? Fred had been too dazed with sleep to think of asking for his name and the man hadn't proffered it. Bang went my short rest.

When the bell rang its summons that night I went to the door. Sure enough, there was a man there, dark, moustached, and completely unknown to me, but that didn't figure. After all, how many Amerifens had I met? Very few. I looked at him and waited for him to open the conversation. "Ella Parker?" "Yes, that's me." "I'm an American." "Yes?" "I'm a fan." I still didn't know who he was so didn't feel qualified to argue the point. "Who are you?" I asked. "Uh, Paul Turner from Los Angeles." I invited him in thinking it would only be for a couple of hours. "I've got the family with me in the car. Ken Bulmer told me to call you." He had two. His wife, Eleanor and their baby daughter. After telling me of their trouble in getting the car into the country in the first place and that they'd had to sleep in it the night before last, and they would probably have had to sleep in it again last night, if the Bulmers hadn't put them up, so I said they could stay with me. Well, what else could I do? They had that young baby with them and not much money. One thing about which I was annoyed. They must have known they were coming to England. I mean, you don't just grab your family, pile them into the car and hie off to England; besides they had a list of fan names culled from 4c Ackerman's copy of the Fan Directory, why couldn't they have dropped a card at least, to the Bulmers or someone to say they'd be making the rounds? As it was, they just turned up on people's doorsteps without any warning. I'd never heard of him before and I've not heard from him since. It won't happen again. Anyone who turns up without warning like that will have to find a hotel for themselves.

Wednesday arrived and with it the Potters and Ashworths. As the

Turners were here so I couldn't have the kind of evening I'd planned with them anyway, I phoned and wrote around asking the crowd to come along too. I phoned Ethel and asked her if it would be possible for her to make it. Her hours of duty are so demanding I never know when she's likely to be free. We were lucky in this case, she had a day off, and we sat down 8 to table. Well, that's not quite true. Bruce came straight from work and in need of a meal so we sat him on the floor with his plate. Fans kept dropping in one after the other. Just as I was dishing up the sweet the bell rang out again. I didn't take much notice, I figured I was ready for whoever it might be. How wrong can you get? I looked round as the door opened and almost dropped the plate I was on the point of handing to Sheila. Ian McAulay! I wasn't expecting to see him until October, but here he was and I had to make the best of a bad job. I dashed out and phoned the Bulmers to find out if they could come up, for a couple of hours at least. I didn't say Ian was here. Yes, it was another party. Those who had filtered in were: Ted, Joe, Bruce, Ethel, Potters, Ashworths, Bulmers, McAulay (by a trick) and Don Geldart and of course, the Turners. This was the night the Dean Drive came up for - you could hardly call it discussion, things got so heated. Ian contented himself with being facetiously contemptuous about it. Mal was keen to worry at it to see if there was any possibility of it working, while Paul Turner was positive it would work; so sure was he about it that he was going to build himself a model of it as soon as he got home. Ken Bulmer every now and again would drop a quiet word into the talk if things looked like flagging and off they'd go again. Not many people notice this trick Ken has for preventing a conversation dying. It gives me a lot of amusement to sit there and watch it work every time.

Ashworths were leaving town on Friday and goodness knows when we'll see them again. This wasn't the last I saw of Ian. He had thoroughly upset my evening so I mused, it had to be paid back and soon. I knew he was to be at the Bulmers over the weekend, I knew too, that Arthur intended calling on them to meet Ian. I arranged with him to pick me up and take me with him. Pamela opened the door to us. I laid my finger across my lips and hung back while Arthur strode into the room where they were sitting. Ken introduced them:- "Mr McAulay meet Mr. Thomson." And that, much to Ian's disgust was how Arthur addressed him for the rest of the evening. The look of horror on Ian's face when I walked in made it well worth the trouble taken to go out. Ted Tubb was there and we spent a pleasant time altogether. Not crowded or hectic, but pleasant. We reorganised Anglofandom - they haven't noticed it yet, but we did - talked of the BSFA and lots of other things. It was all so congenial I only just made the last train home. Pamela offered me a night's sleep over there and much as I would've liked to accept I couldn't as I had Alan Rispin coming to stay that night at my place. When I got home Alan was already in bed; Fred had let him in. I was making another of those eternal cups of tea when my eye was caught by something on the mantelpiece that hadn't been there before: a cute little donkey; a real beauty it was. Alan had been on the Continent for his holiday and he tells me that when he saw this he exclaimed:- "Ella Parker!" I'm not sure I like the way that sounds, but he vows that was how he reacted on seeing it. Whatever he says I like it and so does everyone else. It has a key which I have to keep hidden in case it gets broken. When you wind it up the tail whirls round madly and the ears wiggle up and down; makes you giggle. Alan, I've named it, Pepi.

The Turners left for a week to tour Britain then came back. Ian attended the BSFA meeting at my house then left London for a few days. He

dropped by to see me once more before leaving for the North; Sheffield, I think it was. No-one has seen or heard of him since.

After an interval of six weeks during which I held various meetings at my place and took the chance to have a damn good clean thru I heard from Ron that he'd like to come for a week during mid-term. The weekend before he arrived it had been my brother's birthday. I hadn't done anything about it as he was working both on the Saturday and Sunday. He'd told me he wouldn't be working the weekend Ron was coming. This was my chance. I put the word around that I was throwing a party for Ron but in reality it was a surprise birthday party for Fred. I'd told them it was for Ron so they wouldn't stop talking about it suddenly if Fred came into the room thus making him suspicious. Everybody turned up except the Bulmers who couldn't make it. Fred couldn't believe his eyes when I brought in the cake and we all wished him "Happy Birthday." They'd all brought cards, Atom had done a special one for him even to writing his own verse for it which caused a lot of laughs, Bill Temple came and brought him some cigars. All in all it was a resounding success and I know he thoroughly enjoyed it and was very touched that those he had considered my friends should turn up to give him a party. He still doesn't realise how popular he is with all who come here.

To bring things really up-to-date: In between all that fun and high jinks I've been attacked from time to time with a series of abscesses in my ears. I'm only just over three weeks of flu which would only have been two if I hadn't gone back to work too soon. At the same time as flu I had yet another abscess come up. Anything else I could probably ignore and go ahead with O., but I can't feel lightOhearted enough and my powers of concentration suffer when my head is one massive pain. I'm not going to bore you with all the details, but it does account for some of the time when I could have been doing this.

There you are, Mr. Felz, Sir. May I be exonerated this time?

I won't sign off without offering my sincerest apologies to my contributors. I don't want to lose you because of my irregular publishing schedule, but I must be fair. I know it's to your advantage for your material to see daylight as soon after it's written as possible. I can't promise to be out every quarter regularly as I should be until after the next Eastercor when I hand over the BSFA secretaryship to someone else. I'm not saying the BSFA has been altogether responsible for the delay in O's appearance, but if the two jobs clash then O goes by the board. If because of this, any of you who write for me on a regular basis prefer to withdraw your features from O and place them elsewhere, I'll be disappointed, but I'll understand. Let me know how you feel about it, won't you?

To my readers I also apologise for this terrible delay. Now you've got it I hope you consider it was worth waiting for. I also hasten to reassure you. I won't be rambling on at this length as a regular thing. I've had so many letters from the States asking me just what goes on at the 'Pon.', I thought it best to let you in on it. To those of you who suffered nothing but boredom: I'm sorry. I'm off now to begin stencilling the next issue, at least, I will be after I get this lot run off.

'Bye now. Have fun.

Consider

her

ways

JIM

GROVES

Bloodbank No. 6.

One of the classic themes of SF is that involving the insect world. In particular, the ants. Giant ants or the more normal size. In one case they come to meet us, in the other we go to them. At this point, the interesting question arises - just how possible is all this? Could ants as we know them be intelligent, and if so how would we notice it?

Assuming that ants were intelligent; what sort of civilization could they build, could we recognize it as a civilization at all, or are they just too alien? A possible answer to this revolves around the meaning that we give to the concept of "civilization." As a provisional definition let's consider the following:-

"Civilization consists in having a measure of control over one's surroundings via the use of intelligence and artificial physical tools." This definition has the advantage that 'civilization' can be measured in terms of tools and processes that are themselves easily detected. By this definition then, man has been civilized to a greater or lesser extent ever since he started to use stone tools. Agreed this does not jibe with the average notion of civilization since it ignores such concepts as mercy, justice and the like, but they are not easily detected in our own species let alone in one completely alien. Also, the variation in their meaning would lead to the suggestion that there are no absolute definitions for them even among men.

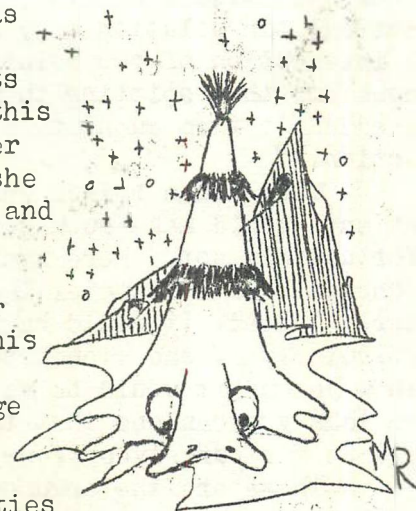
How then does the ant match up to this definition? There are no known cases of ants using inanimate objects as tools, but there are quite a few cases where they are known to use living things as what amount to tools. The use of larvae as silk producers to tack leaves together, is one, and the herding of aphids is another. These could be signs of intelligence. Unfortunately, they are not conclusive evidence since there is a difference between the use of a naturally occurring object and the deliberate shaping of it to make it suitable for use. (The same difficulty arises in the assessment of early human tools). In this case it means that it would be necessary to detect the act of deliberately breeding for improvements, which would be difficult if not impossible.

The general idea then, is this - intelligence equals tools (use of them, that is) which can be easily seen. Ants have never been seen with tools, therefore they do not use them, therefore they are not intelligent. At which point I heave a sigh of relief and return to my reading safe in the conviction that there will be no challenge thrown at us from under our feet.

Or will there? That line of reasoning is the one that I've used to convince myself that ants are no more than they seem to be. However, I didn't convince very easily, the answer was too pat. Then I was suddenly switched to another line of thinking

by a chance combination of observations on ants. The first was the thing that I suppose everyone notices about ants - their strength. Not only can they withstand falls from great heights but they can also pull many times their own weight. Despite this the fate of an ant unlucky enough to fall into a drop of water is, quite certainly, death. Even if she should struggle out she is still covered with a film of water which she cannot remove and which will eventually suffocate her.

This then is the key to the problem. Whereas to a human being the surface tension of water is not very strong or of any importance, to an ant it is a terrifying danger. If this can happen in one case can it not happen in others? That, in other words, the change in size does not just engender a change in magnitude but also a change in kind where the environmental forces are concerned. Before anything could be decided, information would of course be required of the physical abilities of ants. I searched the available books on ants but although the various authors comment on the physical abilities of ants very little quantitative work has been done. As far as I can remember the only experiments done were on the way ants could live with, and apparently ignore major amputations of limbs, which itself argues against the sensitivity one would expect of an intelligent being. Obviously, if I wanted the information it would be a case of 'do-it-yourself'. Although I have never carried out these experiments the ideas I turned up may be of interest to someone.



The ant I finally picked as the best to use was the common wood ant. The major reason was that quite a lot was known about them already, and, also, they are fairly large thus being easier to handle. Incidentally, handling ants isn't quite so difficult as may be first imagined. Ants soon grow accustomed to being handled by people and do to some extent co-operate (intelligence, or just familiarty breeding contempt?).

First I reckoned it would be worth finding out how strong they were and this seemed as good a time as any to devise apparatus sensitive and small enough to give reasonable results. To determine the towing strength of an ant I designed a sledge and harness for one to pull. This was simply a mica slip with a fine fuse-wire for harness. The wire is joined to the sledge at one end and the other end of the wire is twisted into a U-shape. The prongs of the U are brought together round the waist of the ant and the wire bent so she can tow the slege along. A similar type of harness could be used to hook the ant into any required set-up - for instance, strength could also be measured in terms of weight suspended vertically over a pulley that the ant could hold by just gripping the floor.

The second thing I thought of dealt with one of the more basic considerations in the conquest of the enviroment - FIRE. To develop anything worth while in the way of a physical civilization the ants would have to learn to manipulate fire. The experiments here were to determine the range and possibility of fires at the size level of ants. For instance, what is the combustion rate of wood, and does it change appreciably with the size of the piece of wood? If the wood burns at the same rate irrespective of size (as seems reasonable) a small fire would last less time than a large one, also the wood being in smaller pieces, the number of trips to the fire with fuel would have to be greater. In that case there would be a size limit below which a fire could not be kept going, thus raising the question - which side of that limit do the ants come? This question of course, cannot be answered without experiment but there are others where the required information is already available.

The other major factor in the acquisition of control over the enviromant is the ability to manipulate water and other fluids. As far as we can observe most animals, birds, and insects can only do this to the extent of carrying water in the mouth or stomach and regurgitating it when needed. This is alright for some purposes, but to get full advantage of water it must be carried in a neutral vessel that does not add

unknown quantities of other substances to it. To take one example - to study chemical reactions, in solution they have to be isolated in containers. No chemist can study the interaction of two solutions by taking them in his mouth, stirring them with his tongue and then spitting them out to see the result. Even if they are not poisonous he has added to them quantities of saliva and other substances which will affect the reaction.

When human beings want to study such things they use beakers or dishes. Assuming that ants could make such containers of suitable size (for them), could they be used? Unfortunately not. Here again the surface tension bugbear comes in. Any vessel closed at one end, of a diameter less than 1/16th of an inch would be impossible to fill with water. Indeed, it would be difficult for an ant to fill a container as big as herself particularly if she wished to pour from another such container. Surface tension works both ways and it would be as difficult to dislodge ^{the} water as it would be to get it in. From this you can see that the study of chemistry would be as hard for an ant as it would be for ourselves if we were limited to using test-tubes almost as big as ourselves.

These are the arguments that I've used to dispose of the possibilities of ants developing a physical civilization and marching on us. That of course leaves the possibility that they might use psi powers (assuming they exist), this is even more easily dealt with. Psi would be a body function, like talking, requiring energy. This energy could only come from the body (unless you want to break the first law of thermodynamics and pick it out of nowhere). I cannot see even a whole nest of ants being able to put out enough energy to give anyone a headache let alone anything more. Even if they could it would be a case of 'anything you can do, we can do better' since we have more energy at our command.

And now, having settled that I'll return to my book. Simak's "City" actually - crazy and illogical it may be but it's still good reading.

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FANCY!

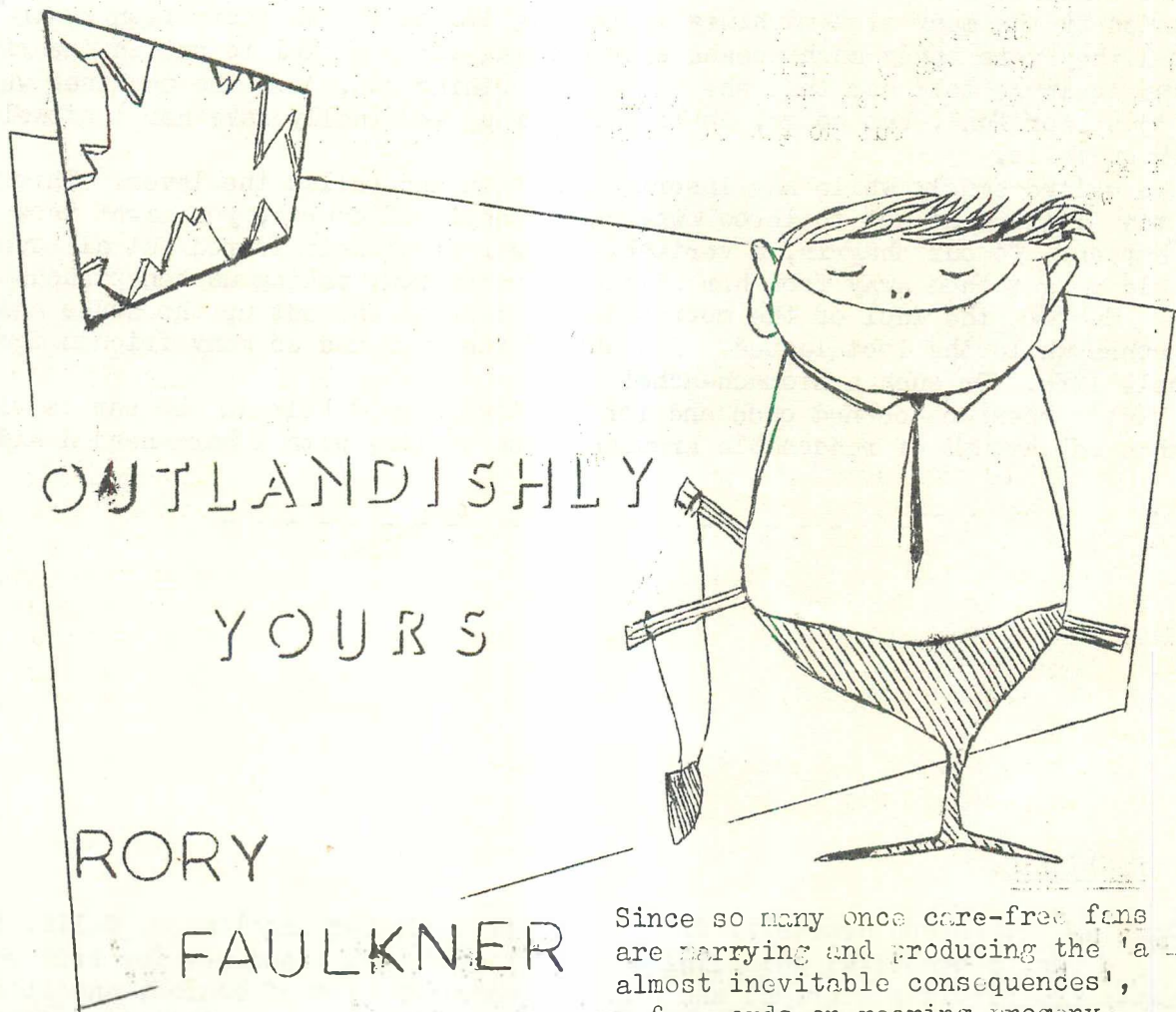
Eney, for T.A.F.F.!

You may not agree with my choice of candidate, but you can hardly do other than agree it would be nice to see someone from the States over here for our Con in 1962. You don't have to leave it that long before sending in your contribution towards the winners trip. You know how money dribbles through your fingers, let some of it dribble in the direction of either Don Ford or Eric Bentcliffe, both of whom are administering the fund for us. Addresses follow.....

Don Ford,
Box 19,T, RR2
Loveland.
Ohio. U.S.A.

Eric Bentcliffe,
47, Alldis Street,
Great Moor,
Stockport.
CHESHIRE.

Help make T.A.F.F. a WINNER. ORION backs Eney for TAFF.



might not be amiss. That fabulous Duchess in "Alice in Wonderland" gives advice thusly: "Speak roughly to your little boy, and beat him when he sneezes; He only does it to annoy, because he knows it teases."

This rather severe precept of child rearing used to be the accepted formula during the 19th century, and some pretty fine kids came out of that period. But with the advent of child psychology, things went to the other extreme.

It is considered very bad to frustrate your child in any way. If Tommy wants to decorate your newly painted walls with crayon murals - let him! You might thwart a budding artistic talent if you interfere in any way.

You must never strike your child in righteous anger when he pulls some outrageous stunt, but when he misbehaves, reason with him, gently and persuasively. If he kicks your shins or conks his father on the head, you should receive these tokens of his desire for more attention with forbearance and loving kindness, lest he come to feel unloved and rejected.

Never restrict his diet to those items which are wholesome and good for him, or deny him the exotic victuals he craves. He might starve to death if you let him miss a meal!

If, in spite of all this parental indulgence - or maybe because of it - he develops into a thorough-going young hoodlum and the terror of the neighbourhood, remember, it is not his fault. Search your tormented soul for some way in which you have failed him. Take him to an expensive child psychologist, who can delve into his muddy little mind in search of some trauma of infancy which has influenced his behaviour.

My one experience with the new method proved rather devastating. After W.W.I. we

were stationed at a big demobilization camp in Ohio. My five-year old daughter was fascinated by the many slot-machines in the big lounge at the recreation centre.. She insisted they were candy machines and kept whining for a nickel to put in one of them. Time and again we told her that she would get nothing out, that the machines were there 'just for fun', but no go, so to shut her up we finally gave her a nickel and let her go to it.

We waited smugly while she inserted the coin and pulled the lever. This would teach the little pest not to throw away good money! Of course, you might know it would happen. To our chagrin, a veritable shower of nickels poured out all over her. Nor could we get them away from her without a major row, making us conspicuous in public. She was the idol of the moppet set as long as she set up the sodas and ice cream cones while the loot lasted. I doubt if she ever had so many friends again in her whole life. Or such a stomach-ache!

That's when we learned once and for all that a good belt in the ear is worth more than any amount of reasonable argument when dealing with a hard-headed kid!

FANLIGHTS.

ESOTERIC No. 1. Bruce Henstell, 815, Tigertail Road, Los Angeles 49. Calif. 15¢ per.

And what a beautiful editorial address that is. A brand new fnz from one of the newer LAFen. It's a bright and breezy production with of course, and it's only to be expected, most of the faults of a first issue. The repro is a little faint but that will clear up in time. The editorial is the usual how and why the 'zine came into being, and there's a boilerplate in the form of a column on films and hollywood from Mike Deckinger, and a Berry tale, though this time it turns out to be more of a factual article than a story. A page or so of fnz reviews, and a small fan fiction story that needn't have been written. Not much at all, but, and it's a big but, Bruce shows plenty of promise. I look forward to seeing Esoteric developing into a good fanmag; you can do your bit to help in this by writing to Bruce, and Bighod, even sending him some material.

rating.3.

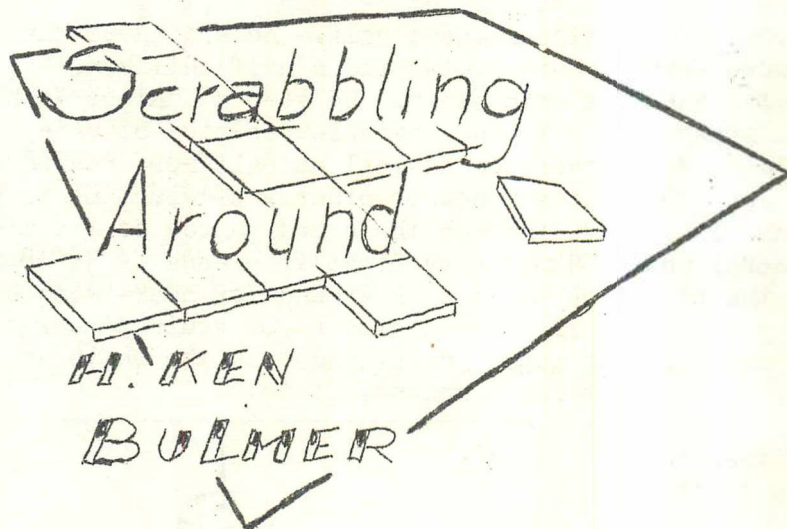
TIRED FEET No. 3/4. Shelby Vick, 408, Magnolia Avenue, Panama City, Fla. Money, letters and/or a show of interest. That's another beautifull address, isn't it? ShelVick strides out of the mists of time onto the fannish scene with this one page Vick type chatterzine. I like it, but I wonder of the effort is worth it, all for one page even if it is mailed out weekly. After all, you can't whip much up on a page and in my opinion saving it up and serving it out at say, three or four pages once a month would be a much better proposition.

rating.3.

Sorry for the 'carry-over. These reviews really were up-to-date when Arthur did them. Blame me for them not being so now. EAP.

ATHomson.

TAFF TALES



Most of the journey up from Savannah to Washington is a blur in the minds of Pamela and myself. We'd had some Greyhound training on the trip from New York to Cincinnati so now knew enough not to sit in the front seat behind the driver. There you had no leg room; there was a beastly partition against which tired and irritated legs thrust all night seeking a comfortable position. Up front, too, you were continually being startled into a half-awareness by the abrupt oncoming dazzle of lights blasting straight into your eyes through the enormous expanse

of glasswork. So we sat further back, where there was leg room and protection from the lights. Even so, I remember little of the trip. We were both exhausted. I do remember with a vivid pleasure the tremendous help and understanding from Bob Pavlat. He met us at the depot in his red firewagon and whisked us through the tortuous toils of Washington traffic to the home of the Derrys.

From what we gathered, when Washington was planned, they laid it out on the grid system. Then - for some reason - another grid system was laid down at a forty-five degree angle over the older one. Thus you have an enormous number of pointy buildings and roads intersecting at forty-five degree angles all over. In addition, we were told that some avenues had to go straight through and to hell with the planners. The result was a lusty sort of traffic confusion that although both normal - in terms of density and flow - and yet abnormal - in terms of congestion - for America, resulted in most people being lost at least once a day.

I suppose Washington was in one sense a sort of legal, juridical and political mausoleum. Some of the fine avenues and seemingly unending facades of tall grey stone buildings gave an impression of withdrawn cerebral cogitation. But, in America nothing - that we saw - could be considered static. They were busy tearing up a busy intersection and driving a tunnel through under the level so as to give a crossing free from interruption. Whilst the work was in progress life was hectic, and Bob said he knew a man who had driven round the area for half an hour trying to get out.

When we arrived at the Derry's place we were welcomed in a wonderful style by Chick and Juanita. They had a charming house set in one of the housing estates, and I remember with awe the way they discussed one item on the agenda, that of choosing the right sort of tree; Chick was indignant that when the builders came to put up the place they simply tore out all the trees and bushes so as to let their bulldozers have a clear run and allow easy ingress for trucks. Now the greenery was conspicuous by its lowness to the ground. You can consult a catalogue, choose your tree, order it, and have it delivered and - erected? - planted, that's it. After that it's up to you if the tree thrives or withers. I believe it was at Don Ford's place we saw a tree that was in full bloom one side and bud the other. Answer was that in the budding stage a cold freak snow storm had killed off one side of the tree, which had regrown into bud as the other side went into bloom. Odd looking, rather attractive, and a little pathetic; conjured

up memories of the passing seasons and of old man beardy and his scythe ready for us all.

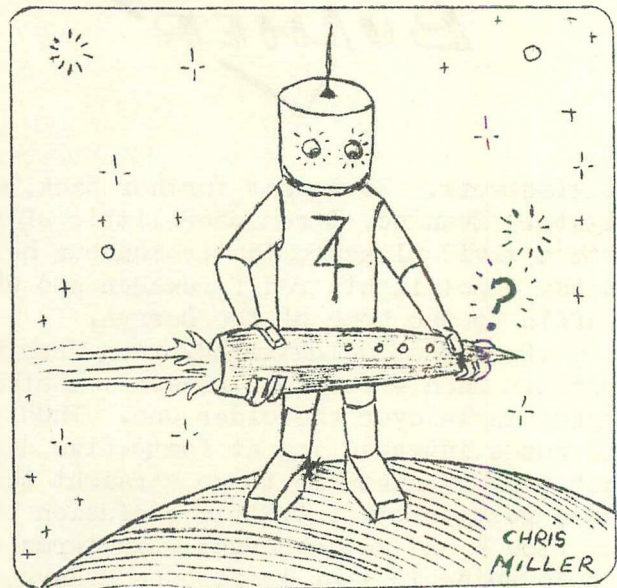
The only problem on this tree-buying lark is that the things are expensive. Like almost anything else, the tree before the front door was growing into another status symbol. The fact that trees are necessary to provide shade - and Americans call any sort of tree with wide flat leaves shade trees - tends to get lost in the confusion. Although not as hot as Sanannah, Washington was still plenty hot. We felt thoroughly at home with Chick and Juanita, and we dubbed them as being the typical American family as they had two wonderful children and a half. According to the statistics, families in America were father, mother, two and a half children. So there.

Chick Derry is a fan full of a bubbling enthusiasm. He goes at things with full steam up. As a rep for a ditto company he was in the enviable position of being able to secure bargains in the ditto line, and Washington as well as Baltimore fandom duly profited. He had ingress to the Pentagon, but somehow or other was reluctant to let me crouch on the floor of his car as he drove through the armed guards so I could have first hand information on the arsenal where US military might is planned. He confirmed that there are so many people in the place you could walk around for hours without meeting a soul you knew, and if you had the right credentials you could penetrate right into the place. He'd had one or two salutary experiences, and took the whole business very seriously, and when you stop to consider for a moment, it is.

He had a room of the house crammed with duping gear and production facilities for zines, and much of the Washington stuff had been done here. Trouble was, in his job, he has to go off for long periods into the hills, as it were, and time is at a premium. I'd say that Chick was a first class example of the fan who really believes in fandom as something positive, a force of pleasure in his life, and yet does most of his work in the background and couldn't care less about ego-boos and knifmanship. The same can be said of Bob Pavlat. To me, these two fan represent most of what is good in fandom - and they lived at that time fairly closely, even by our more restricted standards, together; so that they were able to form a sort of continuing nucleus for interest in sf fandom around their area.

They took us to a bar where we could lower a stein or two and I was expecting one of the typical brash, neon-lit, chrome-plated, high-powered, and supremely efficient American bars. Instead, although the place was American in the sense that it throbbed with activity and possessed most of the usual appurtenances, it was a quiet sort of activity, with a closer, darker look and a strong atmosphere of friendliness to the customer, which although it may exist in any other bar is not particularly noticeable. A smooth and machinelike precision doesn't necessarily mean that the customer is made to feel at home. I feel that part of the reason why Americans say they like an English pub is just this immediate air of friendship and welcome which the place itself, quite apart from the people involved, extends. This added up again, like the time we went to the White Horse in Greenwich Village - but of that, more anon.

Juanita cooked us a superb meal which might easily have been photographed and used on the front page of a glossy. We sat around until late into the night, talking and relaxing and generally being made to feel at home. Juanita, whilst being staunchly non-fan, is interested in people to the extent that she might as well be a fan, as Chick and we proved. The evening was like that, very pleasant and then we went off to bed.



Next morning they said: - "We know you slept well last night." "Huh? How?" Oh, the walls here are thin and the bed creaks!"

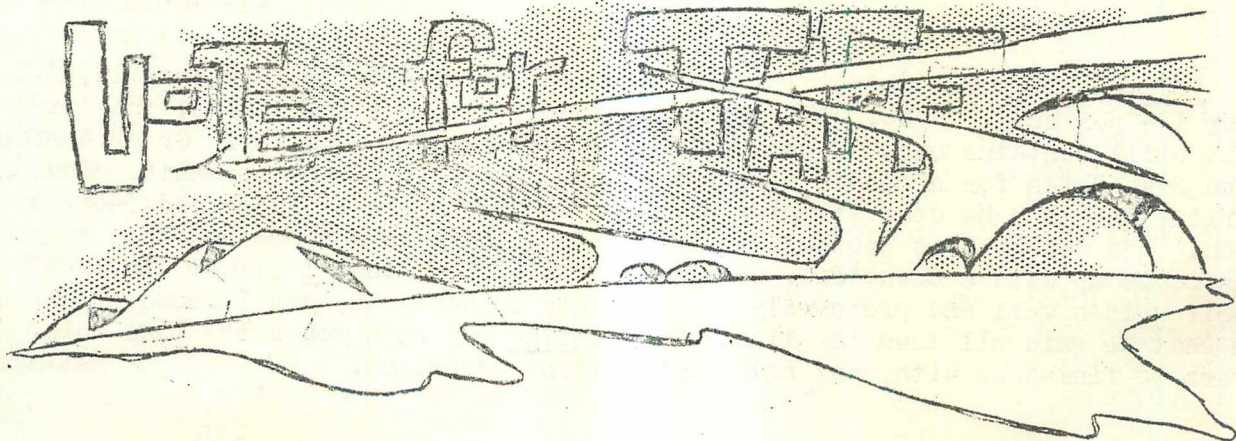
It was at the Derry's - I believe - that I first played Scrabble. I didn't of course - we were in the middle of preparing to go somewhere else and time was short; but I watched as the hands were dealt etc. I couldn't make head or tail of the game but a few odd facts filed themselves away in my brain. We also tried a detection game with cards and who was the murderer etc, which was quite good fun except that Chick and Bob were too hot for Herlock Sholmes himself to handle. Anyway, now that in 1960 I am spending a month at the seaside with Walter and Madeleine Willis and familie and the Scrabble board appears I play with all the aplomb of Kel Nagle sinking a six inch putt.

That I put down words which ought to be in the English language but for some inexplicable reason aren't, I cannot blame on the TAFF trip - American dictionaries don't carry them, either. But it is odd how minor events of the trip carry-over to the present time, and the big things seem to fade. Most odd.

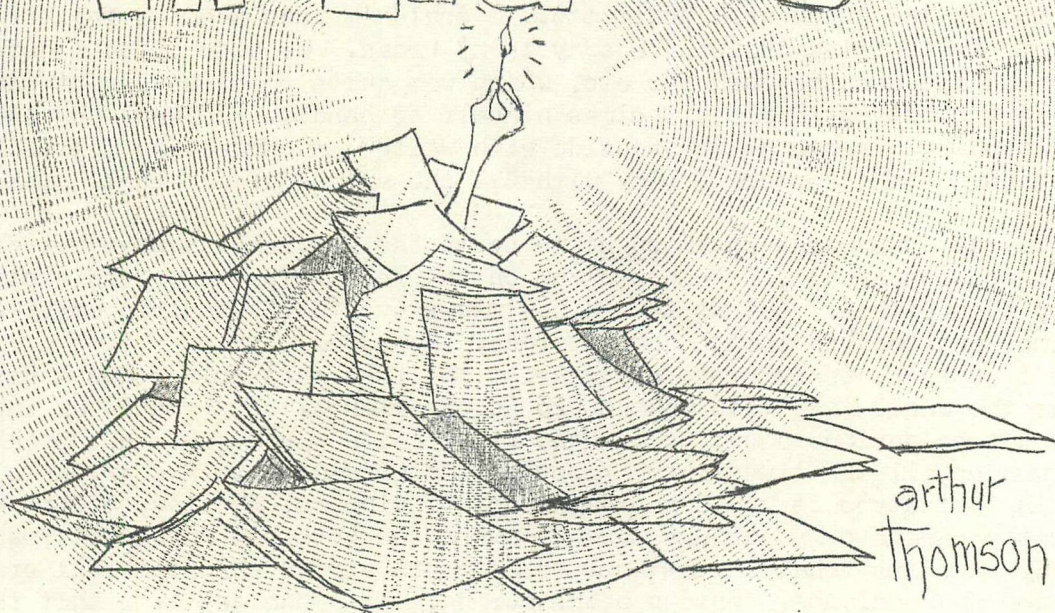
This I suppose, is concrete evidence of the fact that Bulmer has a bird brain. Maybe. But the whole TAFF trip was so big an experience, so gigantic an impact, that you just can't be serious about it all the time, neither can you keep up an air of wide-eyed wonder all the time in the report. I'm afraid that if I tried to recapture all of it in that style it would rapidly become insincere, shallow, a mere groping after a pretty phrase or a dubious pun. I'm not too bothered about writing style and I've already explained that any attempt to maintain strict chronological order is a waste of time and patience, besides being boring. If I can get over that the TAFF trip - my TAFF trip and all the others - is something that is so worthwhile that all detractors ought to feel ashamed, and that some of my deep feeling about it is conveyed to the reader, then at least a part of what I want to do has been done. I'm no longer starry-eyed and full of jumping beans about the trip - I haven't just completed it. I've had time to think about it, and digest, to realise what it has done, not only to me personally, but to everyone else even remotely concerned. In the long run and on balance, TAFF is a good thing. I know only too well some of the bad facets, and some that most of you in general fandom don't know; but on balance, TAFF is worthwhile. Salut.

My apologies for the brevity of this instalment but it is being written while on holiday in Ireland and if those circumstances aren't sufficiently extenuating in themselves....well!

HKB.



FANLIGHTS



HABAKKUK No. 4. Bill Donaho: 1441, 8th Street, Berkeley 10, Calif. LoC or tra I don't think anyone knew just where Bill was going to end up when he put out the first issue of HAB. Bill least of all. Well, we know now. Here are 80 pp (whee-ee) of the brightest, best, brilliant 'zines in fandom today, and he's done it all in just 4 issues. There's artwork in profusion all excellently put onto stencil by Terry Carr who, in my estimation, is one of the most capable in fandom when it comes to transferring other folk's work to stencil without losing the artist's original line.

"Meanderings" the Donaho editorial roves interestingly over a wide range of topics. Mal Ashworth writes well on certain British types comparing them to the American equivalent. The lettercol begins on page 35 and goes on to page 80 with some of the best letters, thoughts, views and exchanges of opinion and brickbats being published in fandom today. I'd say this tops the APE FanDiary lettercolumn for quality.

rating: 8 going on 12

VOID. No. 22. Ted White, 107, Christopher Street Apt. 15, New York 14, N.Y. 25¢ or 1/- per copy. No, VOID isn't as good as the last few issues, this time round but it still contains much of interest and a good level of quality. Gregg Benford re-ex-fan Mike Gates for a couple of pages before he finally finds something about which to write, and then he does it interestingly, for two pages on facts and faces of Dal fandom. Les Gerber does another James Dean type thing on Ken Moonaw, then Andy Joel Reiss comes up with a beautiful, whimsical little story that I liked. In GAMBIT Ted himself writes well and profoundly on a variety of subjects, and I found myself agreeing with what he said all down the line. Ted, I like you when you write like this. The letters to finish up with, but nothing brilliant or bright.

rating. 7.

APPORHETA No. 17. (Address not given, moving very soon.) 1/6d per copy.

A fairly normal APZ. Some very good material, impeccable reproduction and layout. A dogmatic snarl or two from Sandy himself (on that, Sandy would say it was a carefully considered statement of his opinions, but then...) I've just re-read this to cull comments from it but there's such a variety of material and talking points that it'd take the rest of Fanlights to note it all. It is certain that all of it is interesting, and the topics that range through the Fan diary are as variegated and as brilliant as the colours of the spectrum. George Locke finishes off the issue with an account of the SFCL's hunt for a clubroom through the snowbound wastes of Waterloo (no, not that one). Your on-the-spot reviewer has been told by Sandy that APZ 18 will be produced from New York so we wave, and say "farewell" as he takes his flit-gun firmly in hand and goes off to fight the New York cockroaches. rating. 7.

TRIODE No.18. Eric Bentcliffe, 47, Alldis Street, Gt. Moor, Stockport. C 3S. 1/- per issue. Alas, this is the final issue of TRIODE. Eric is folding the magazine, but is putting out a brand new one in partnership with Norman Shorrocks. During the years it has appeared TRIODE has formed a goodly portion of the backbone of British fanpubbing. It was never a fabulous publication, but featured material of a very high quality and appeared regularly over five or six years, and was considered one of the best general all-round 'zines. Nearly all the fan writers in Britain appeared in its pages at one time or another, and the repro and layout were always impeccable. Thank you Eric and Terry for the enjoyment your efforts have given me over the past years.

FEMIZINE No.14. Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6, Langley Avenue, Surbiton. Surrey. 1/- or 15p per issue. Here's where Ethel comes out with it and finally says she too thinks that the femmes should rally round a little more than they are doing, and give FEZ more of a helping hand in the way of material and other type contributions. It's true, too. There's lots more you women could do for FEZ to help Ethel out, so, come the lot of you; letters, stories of your favourite husband or anything else you can write. Featured in this is a little tale from a girl called 'Small Holding', this lassie has only appeared in print once before in the Les Spinge fanzine. I wrote to them when it appeared and told them she was a fabulous type writer; so I'm pleased to see more of her stuff appearing. She writes to my mind, something like in the style of Miri Carr. I like it and hope to see more of her in fandom. Juanita Coulson gives a lovely lead up to why it's fun to fan. I think she conforms a little more to the customs and mores of life around her than she admits to in the article, but she is so true, otherwise. There are several pages of fmz reviews, and three pages of letters. (Ethel, it should have been thirty-three; look at all the 'wealsheardfrom' people you listed instead of printing their letters. Shame.) . rating 6.

RETROGRADE No. 3. Redd Poggs, 2209, Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota. LoC or Trades. RETRO is class. You don't have to do handsprings round the room when it arrives, but when it does come with that air of top class quality you feel pleased you got it. The first couple of pages are Redd on his observations of a small demonstration on racial segregation. No Great Message there, but it holds the interest. There's a THREE page review of the F.U.Ornibus running down into a dissertation on Hans Santesson himself and his tastes in Science Fiction. A letter type column from Jim Harmon and a page or two of letters from such people as Bill Danner, Harry Warner Jnr and Bob Leman. rating. 6.

JD ARGASSY No. (hey Lynn, I'm lost!) Lynn Hickman, 224, Dement Avenue, Dixon, Illinois. \$ 12 issues. This is the last of the JDs to come through OMFA. From here on in Lynn turns it into a generalzine. JD is one of the most beautifully produced fnz appearing, and certainly features some of the best 'serious' type artwork to be seen these days.....in fnz, that is. The Robert A. Madle TAFF report finishes in this. Looking back on the various chapters it's been well written, if a trifle pedantic in places. Lynn says that the complete version will be illustrated by ATOM, but apart for a letter way back, a year or so ago, I haven't heard anything of this. John Berry starts a new series featuring a mysterious 'Superfan' who helps fandom out. It's chortleworthy if not particularly well written. We're supposed to guess who 'Superfan' is from the clues supplied by John in the story; I think I have, tho' if I'm right, it should puzzle quite a number of US and neofen. Letters finish off the issue, but Lynn has the irritating habit of including all the egoboo he gets for JD. rating.6.

SPECIAL PRE-PUBLICATION PREVIEW REVIEW.

BRENNCHLUSS No.5. Ken Potter, 11, Dunsmure Road, Stanford Hill, London. N.16. An uncountable number of pages. Write or contribute material to receive. Do not sub, however, or you'll be ignored, completely. This forthcoming issue is completely unscheduled, but will probably appear around 12 p.m. on Walpurgis Night later this year; some people say it will be written in letters of fire on the side of Stanford Hill, London N., but I have been told by an incompetent authority that it will be written on ordinary mundane paper, which will be a sickish yellowy green colour. Featuring most of the unusual Potter gang such as: ex-innocent sex kitten Irene Potter, star attendee of the Stanford Hill pre-natal clinic, in a wildly exciting tale of the struggles of a young wife during the first years of marriage, and how she almost got away. Don Geldart, ancient Potter family retainer, writing (in block letters, of course) of his experiences as a prisoner in a Chinese Noodle Factory. And yes, it was he who originated that note. Mal and Sheila Ashworth telling just how they tracked down the British Science Fiction Convention of 1960, and the trouble they got into doing it....like having to attend.

Harry Warner Jnr. (and just how did he get into this crazy setup?) gives us 65 pp factual accounting of John Berry's movements during the Berry trip to the remote Warner retreat in Hagerstown deep in the heart of our ex-colonies in the Americas. Finally, the magazine ends up in a helluva mess with letters from nearly everybody who doesn't matter a damn, and were probably printed by Potter himself just for the sheer delight of having us recoil in horror from the constant use of four letter words like: C-A-T, M-A-T, and S-A-T. (yes, I know they aren't four letter words, but Potter can't count either). All this is rounded off with page after page of fabulous type illos from the pen of Dave Wood whom I would praise, only everyone knows he doesn't exist, which is probably why Potter makes such a ghodawful mess of transferring the illos on to stencil. Yes, this is a 'zine you won't be able to put down - you won't be able to get rid of it - once you have it in your hands. Potter has finally come up with the results of his experiments of duplicating ink made from cheap Blackcurrant jam.

rating? Oh Ghod!

BANE No. 1. Vic Ryan, 2160, Sylvan Road, Springfield, Illinois. 15¢ per copy. I guess this isn't bad as a first issue. I had thought it would be the usual first time round crudzine, but on reading through it there's some fairly decent material in it. The editorial isn't too good, being the usual kind for a first issue; it can be skipped over lightly with no harm done. Harry Warner comes up with a smart little piece on how to find fen. It isn't as good as his usual run of writings, like it could have been developed a bit more. Archie Mercer, George Locke and Alan Dodd supply readable items, nothing deathless, but they can be read with interest. The duplicating could have been better, I guess it will improve as Vic becomes more adept. rating. 4.

GLAMDRING No.2. Bruce Pelz, 980, Figueroa Terrace, Los Angeles 12. Calif.
Letterofcommentzine. Taken up naturally, with comments and reviews of fmz he's received
over a period of months. A couple of letters round this off nicely. rating. 4.

FOOP No.1. Ivor Mayne, 33, Chadsworth House, Green Lanes, London. N.4.
Here's yet another first issue. And, as Ivor explains in his editorial, a long delayed
first issue; the material having been on stencil for all of 18 months. However, it isn't
all that dated and can be read and enjoyed. The production and layout are fairly good
for a first, tho' the duplicating could do with improving. Ivor's editorial doesn't say
much, but the material is pretty fair. There's an essay by Vinç Clarke on the complete
fan home, in layout and furnishings that borders on the brink of fantasy a little too
much for me. Penelope Fandergast has a column that roams around Berry's "Compleat Fan"
and several books. Berry tells the story of the phone call that never was. Ken Bulmer
gives a damn good discourse on the decline and fall of the London Circle; this however,
is a little dated. rating. 4.

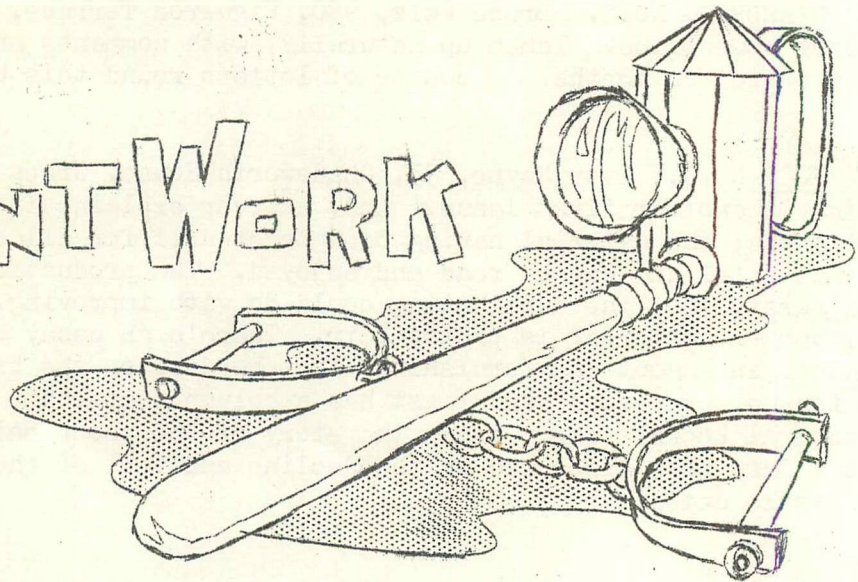
EX-CONN. No. 8. Bob Lambeck, 868, Helston Road, Birmingham, Michigan. U.S.A.
10¢ per issue. Here's where EX-CONN begins to undergo the change that, in my opinion,
it needed. The name now is: Insurrection, and the slant of material and editorial policy
takes it away from warrior tales, sword swinging heroes and the like to a more general
type fmz level. Fairly well produced and readable, the material is poor to average.
The editorial tells you all that's going to happen to EX-CONN, but that is all. Bob
should develop his personality more and go in for editorials that go some some place in
interest level. There's four pages of fmz reviews and finishes with letters, mostly on
the topic of the paper's colour in issue No. 7. However they were written by fens who's
names are well known and I guess readable items will turn up in future issues.
rating.4.

VECTOR No.8. The Official magazine of The British S.F.Association: editor Jimmy
Groves, 29, Latham Road, East Ham, London. E.6. For Members only. This is the first
issue under the editorship of Jimmy. All the officers of the BSFA are newly elected,
and VECTOR for that has a new air to it. Featuring a variety of subjects, it is well
laid out and produced, Some of the material is probably held-over from past editors,
but it is interesting to the Science Fiction afficionado. Michael Moorcock writes on
the fantasy works of Mervyn Peake; Brian Aldiss discourses on sciencefiction and the
appeal it has for fans. Books are reviewed competently and a very small lettercolumn
rounds it off. There will be a lot more letters next issue, I hope.

FIX. Ken Potter. (same address as for Brennchlaus). Write to receive.
This is really the Potter Ompazine, but the man says..."Well, hell, if anyone else would
like to have it they can write and ask..." ((Hell, I saw the man and asked him for a
copy but it didn't do me any good! N.P.)) To the Brenn addicts this is a chance to
keep up with the mighty output from the Potter pen. In this issue, which by a remote
chance that it is the first one you can call issue one, Potter finally unloads on to
the waiting world his famous and rejected story "GENIUS", a very fine poem(I'm sure),
a couple of pages of Ompa reviews which can be read by other than Ompa members for it
gives the Potter slant on things, two small vignettes in which Potter shows his horror
of the Stock Exchange and British Army. And to finish with a completely zany four
pages on the style, but style only, of the Ripley Believe It Or Not series.
rating 3.

PAINTWORK

JOHN
BERRY



I was off duty, on a couple of days leave, in fact when there was a vigorous banging on my front door. Hmm

I looked at the cuckoo clock on the wall, and saw it was a quarter past three in the morning. I subtracted $47\frac{1}{2}$ minutes from that time (and made a mental note to add a bit more weight to the pendulum to slow it down) and proved it was almost two thirty. I wondered who it could be. The door was hammered again, and I thought I heard a faint bleating cry of 'Berry'.

I rushed to the door without even bothering to hide the illustrated volumes of The Decameron of Bocaccio, which the Sergeant had lent me, and which he'd seized off one of his sons. I didn't bother, because from the frustration in the voice outside I guessed it was the Sergeant.

The bright moonlight revealed one of the most uncanny sights I have ever seen in my life.

A walking bicycle, no less.

A WALKING BICYCLE??????

I switched the hall light on, and blinked in awe.

A bicycle wheel was round the Sergeant's neck, like one of those ruffle collar they wore in the Virgin Queen's reign. His head, surmounting the warped spokes, bore a bewildered expression. A bump the size of a goose egg was above his left eye, and a trickle of blood flowed from a cut above his right eye. His nose looked as though one of his Queen bees had led a swarm there, and his tunic hung in shreds round his waist. In his right hand he held the remains of a bicycle frame. In his left hand a red bicycle pump.

"Don't just stand there, Berry" he grated from somewhere down in his boots, "get this bike off me."

I helped him into the kitchen. I called my wife down to make him a cup of tea and with a pair of wire cutters managed to get the wheel off his head.

"Fall off the bike?" I asked, conversationally, as my wife stuck a piece of

plaster over his cuts, and fed him a bowl of chicken soup.

He drummed his fingers off the table.

"It's Percy's bike, and it's all smashed up," he hissed.

Ah. I got the point, or at least I thought I did. Percy was his eldest son. The Sergeant had borrowed Percy's bike to go on patrol, because his own bike hadn't any brakes or lights. He had probably wanted to stop for something, and in the heat of the moment had jammed on his brakes as hard as he could. If he was on his own bike, the massive grip of his hands on the brakes would maybe just have slowed him down sufficiently for him to jump off, run a dozen yards, and then stop. But he'd forgotten he was on his son's bike, and when he'd jammed on the brakes with his usual necessary ferocity, he'd been precipitated over the handlebars.

"Er, what happened, Sergeant?" I asked, hoping to hear the whole story from his cracked lips, but wanting to get my wife out of the way before the invective flowed.

"Knocked off me bike, I was," he growled, "by a hit and run merchant."

"Crumbs," I said. "Know who it was?"

He looked at me with pity, nodding to my wife to refill his cup.

"It was just after two a.m., the car was black, it hit me a powerful thump and I landed over the hedge. And he sez do I know who it was?"

"Any clues?" I asked, pulling out my notebook, sort of keen-like.

"You'll pardon the expression, Mrs. Berry," he said, "but I haven't a bloody idea who it was. But I'll get 'im, if it's the last thing I do. A black car, it was."

"Um, most cars are black, Sergeant," I hinted, cowering as he gave me a venomous look in return.

"This one will have a scrape mark on its front nearside mudguard," he snarled.

"The chap concerned will get it fixed first thing in the morning," I countered.

"I'll go round all the garages," he hissed.

"He might live in Scotland," I replied.

His fingers drummed another tattoo.

"Come round to the station tomorrow morning at eight o'clock," he ordered, his eyes hard. "And bring some sandwiches with you, you never can tell, you might finish up in Scotland."

"It's a couple of miles to your house, are you going to walk home, or would you like to stop here for the night?" I asked.

"Can I walk? he ses," muttered the Sergeant to himself. He got to his feet, and hobbled round the table a couple of times, clutching it for support. "Of course I can't walk. Pop down the road, and get Farmer Crumpet to bring his tractor round, he won't mind, I caught him with the barmaid up Lover's Lane last week."

I returned with Crumpet, who seemed only too keen to help. The Sergeant put his arm round my neck, and I led him to the trailer on the rear of the tractor. Crumpet apologised for not having cleaned the trailer out, but pigs didn't make too much mess, he explained, they were really clean, once you got to know them.

The tractor trundled away, and even in the moonlight I could see the Sergeant grinding his teeth aggressively, surrounded by wrecked bicycle. I pitied the hit-and-run chap if the Sergeant ever got him.

Early next morning, I reported at the station. The Sergeant was swathed in bandages, but he seemed anxious to get on with the investigation. He had the bicycle or rather, the remains of it, on the table, and he had a neatly printed label round the rear mudguard.

"I'm sending this to the Forensic Laboratory at Preston," he said, giving me the rear mudguard to parcel up. "Send it straight away. It's bound to have paint scrapings on it from the car which hit me. Then I want you to scour the countryside for a car with a damaged front nearside mudwing. Be away as long as you want,

in fact, don't come back until you've found one....a black car, damaged mudwing
....goodbye."

I cycled down to the post office, posted the parcel to the forensic people,
then started on a long range reconnaissance which was to last me many hours.

I found the car late at night. Or rather, I found a car which fitted the bill
as far as I was concerned. My eyes were tired from looking at black car mudwings all
day. I'd nipped home for tea, and set out on safari again, at seven o'clock in the
evening. Four hours later, I came to the local hall which was being used on this
particular night by the ornithological society. A mass of cars was packed in the
vacant ground in front of the hall, and with my powerful torch switched on I examined
every one. I was lucky. An Austin it was....black, and with a very new dent on the
nearside mudwing. There was no trace of rust, and the metal revealed by the slight
damage was shining looking.

I went to the door and peered in. The hall was in darkness. It was packed
with people, and on a far wall I saw a technicolour slide of a Lesser Spotted Tit
Warbler with a big worm in its mouth and its eyes crossed in perplexity as it looked
down at wide open mouths. The Curate was at the door, rubbing his hands with pleasure.
His church was getting the proceeds of the silver collection.

"Will it last much longer?" I whispered.

"At least another hour," he grinned. I thanked him and cycled back to the Station.

The Sergeant had a pint mug of beer in front of him, and dried froth surrounded
his mouth.

"Got it, Sergeant," I shouted in glee, "at least," I said rather more pensively;
"I've got one which might be the one that hit you."

I told him where it was, and his face lit up in triumph.

He picked up the telephone and rang through to the Inspector. He just told
him that I'd found the actual car, although I hadn't been as optimistic. The Sergeant
banged down the phone in great delight.

"The Inspector is coming down to take charge as I am incapacitated," he chortled.
"He said for you to go back surreptitiously to the car park, and place a white towel
or something equally conspicuous over the boot of the car concerned. The Inspector
will pick you up outside the hall, and wait until this car comes out. He'll follow
it along the road, and then make the arrest just outside the station. If the car
goes in the opposite direction, he said he would arrest the driver just the same and
make him drive to the station. I am to make the official arrest. Good work, Berry."

I wanted to tell him that I had never asserted it was the car, but I had to do
as I was bid. I opened the door and asked the Curate to hold them up for a few more
moments, as I was doing a confidential job concerned with the Sergeant's hit and run
accident.

I placed a white cloth I'd taken off the top of the Sergeant's beehive, and
draped it over the boot, fixing it with insulating tape. Then I tiptoed out of the
car park to the Inspector's car.

He congratulated me on my coup, and I tried to say I wasn't sure it was the
car, but he told me not to be so modest.

In another twenty minutes time the meeting broke up, we sat there until the
specific car drove out, and followed it. It drove through the village, and when we
were about a hundred yards from the station the Inspector roared out in front and I
jumped out of the car to signal the driver to stop. He nearly killed me with a
violent swerve, and I leapt to the drivers door, pulled it open, pulled out the
heavily over-coated figure and dragged it to the station. The Sergeant had the door
open, he grabbed the man by the lapels, dragged him into the room and pushed him

roughly into a chair.

I followed and grabbed the Sergeant as he fainted.

I'd arrested the Curate!

"Mr. Fotheringay," said the Inspector, "you admit you were on the Faversham Road late last night, the Sergeant was knocked down by a black car, and on your near side mudwing is a very recent scrape with red paint adhering to it, and the rear mudguard of the Sergeant's bicycle is red. I have just examined a fragment of paint from your mudguard, the layers of paint are respectively black, green and red. There is enough evidence, I am sure, for a prima facie case, and accordingly I am impounding your car. You may go home tonight, but please report here tomorrow morning, when I shall investigate further. Goodnight."

Dignified and proud that his most inefficient station had finally cracked a case, he strode majestically out and drove away.

The Curate turned a whole series of colours, finishing up a deep scarlet.

"It wasn't me, Sergeant," he said, "if I'd knocked you down I would have stopped." But the Sergeant had fainted again.

The Inspector dropped the bombshell next morning. He announced he had telephoned through to the Forensic Lab at Preston, and they had made a rush examination of a paint fragment adhering to the red cycle mudguard, and found it to have three layers of paint, black, green and red, respectively.

"I have to caution you not to make a statement, and if you do make one, it may be used in evidence against you," said the Inspector. "I am sorry to see a man of your standing in such a position, but..."

And so he went on. When he left, we three sat looking at each other.

"Mr. Fotheringay," said the Sergeant, "your explanation is good enough for me. Your word is enough. Even though you were on the road and your mudguard had my red paint on it, and the paint fragment on the red mudguard is black green and red and the paint layers on your mudguard are black green and red respectively, I know you still didn't do it. Don't worry, I'll work on it."

Fotheringay staggered out, he didn't seem to have much confidence in leaving the matter in the Sergeant's hands.

After he'd gone, the Sergeant looked into the fire.

"My luck, Berry," he said. "A difficult case to crack at the best of times. We crack it. We make out a case which would make any jury convict. A surefire conviction. A masterpiece of deduction, and you helped too, I won't forget that. When those forensic experts give their little story, the Curate has had it for sure. And what happens now?"

"I don't know," I said. I didn't know.

"Well I'll tell you," he said. "We've got to prove he didn't do it."

Right enough, it was our hard luck we'd cinched evidence of great potency, and now we had to disprove it. It seemed impossible to me, and to make matters worse, the Inspector had taken charge of the case, as it was such a good one. There was nothing we could do about it. The Sergeant admitted as much a week later.

"If the Curate said it wasn't him, well that's it, it wasn't him," said the Sergeant. Now in that case, what is the alternative?"

"We resign?" I suggested.

He gulped. I could see it had occurred to him, too.

The case was coming up next morning, and the Curate would be convicted for sure. The evidence was more than circumstantial, it was superb direct evidence....

as the Sergeant had said, his best case ever. Yet it wasn't the Curate...

It seemed that the National Press was there. Most of the seats in the court were taken up by reporters with open notebooks and twitching pencils. The Sergeant was late (but then, he's always late) and I gave my evidence. The Forensic experts gave theirs, the Inspector took up an hour giving his data, and the verdict was foregone. The Curate's solicitor looked as though he wished he were in Norway, or he'd even settle for the next town. The Curate himself looked like a man waiting for the tumbrel.

Then the Sergeant staggered in, leaning heavily on his walking stick. In front of him, by the scruff of the neck, he held Fred Sprockett, who had arrived in our village a few months previously.

"STOP THE CASE," roared the Sergeant, "SPROCKETT HAS ADMITTED EVERYTHING!"

It was all too true. Sprockett stood up, confessed his guilt, and got three months.

We sat in the Curate's study, drinking port wine. The flames licked round the beech logs in the hearth, and we all felt really good.

"How did you discover it was Sprockett?" asked the Curate, and I admitted to being curious, too.

As I've said so often before, you've got to hand it to the Sergeant. His forte was to hold an audience enthralled at his superb denouement. It must be admitted that it rarely happened, but he was ready when it did.

"Another glass of port, Curate, thanks," he said. He drank it slowly, for effect. "Simply an intelligent and inquiring mind, which you both know I possess."

I looked at the Curate, and he looked at me. We shook our heads to get the cobwebs out of our eyes, and waited for his explanation.

"I knew of course, that it wasn't you Mr. Fotheringay, therefore there was no alternative but to presume that someone had taken the red paint from my mudguard off his mudwing, and scraped your mudwing and put the red paint fragment on it. Now, in order to do that, he had to know that your car had been painted black, green and red. The person concerned, who, due to my reasoning, we now know to be Fred Sprockett, also had a car which had been painted black, green and red, respectively. Everyone in the village knew you had a car which had undergone this chameleon change over the years, but I could think of no other car which had been painted in that order. Therefore, the defendant didn't come from our village. But then, if he didn't, if he wasn't a local, how could he have known about your car? QED, he lived locally but had only had a car for a short time, or he was a recent newcomer to the village. I played a hunch and asked everyone in the village if anyone had enquired about colour schemes for cars, and the postman said Sprockett had asked him the morning after the accident, in a roundabout way, a series of questions which cleverly elicited the facts about the colour changes which only the Curate's car had undergone. Even when your case had started, I called at his cottage. He denied it at first, and said it was obviously the Curate, but I told him, playing another hunch, that Berry had seen him scrape the car in the car park whilst the bird-watching lecture was going on. If you think about it, it was the only time he could have done the work. You missed him by ten minutes, John."

The second time he had called me John. Big Time.

"Er, another glass of port, Curate?" he hinted.....

Don Allen is apparently intending to give his new home as fannish an atmosphere as possible. To help him in this laudable ambition he would be pleased to receive beer mats from as many parts of the world as possible. If you can help him why not make them really valuable and have them signed by as many fen as possible before sending them to him at:

12, Briar Edge,
Forest Hall,
Newcastle-upon-Tyne 12.
England.

(Particularly American ones.)

Ted Forsyth,
11, Ferndale Road,
London. S.W.4.

is looking for a copy of "The
Fairy Chessmen & Tomorrow and Tomorrow
by
Lewis Padgett.

Jim Morrie,
8, Greenbank Lane,
Edinburgh 10.

wants back copies of ORION &
CRY. Jimmy is a newcomer to fandom,
so I'm pretty sure he'll be grateful for
any spare fnz you have and don't
want to keep. It would help him to
find out just what there is to be had
if you could pass on some spares to him.
When I get round to having a clear-out
(this should be soon, Jim) I'll send some
on to you myself.

Another newcomer to fandom is -
Derek Newman, 13, Longcroft Lane,
Welwyn Garden City. HERTS. Derek
would like to taperespond with you,
any of you. He meant to tell me what speeds
he could take, but forgot. If you drop
him a line, he'll tell you.

FANZINES WANTED.

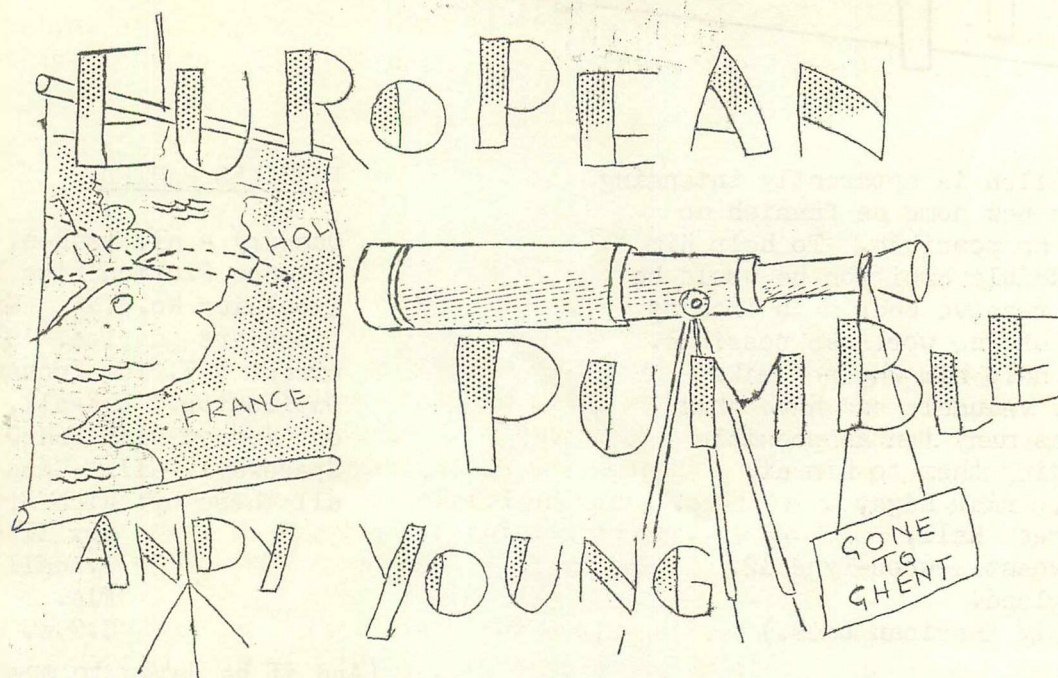
Quandry - all issues.
Science Fiction Five Yearly No.1
Excelsior No.3.&4. Willis
Discovers America. Slant -all,
except 3-5. The Enchanted
Duplicator. LeZ-all, except the
one issued with FANAC.
Spaceways.-all. Cash paid for
all these by: Rich Brown,
Box 1136,
Tyndall AFB.
Fla.
U.S.A.

(And if he dares to move again
before this sees daylight, I'll,
I'll, oh, I will!)

If you are a Berry addict you won't
want to miss his report when it comes
out in book form of his recent trip
to the States. I'm not too sure how
much it will be, but to play it safe
I advise you to send \$1 (7/2) with
your order to:- F.I. Busby, Box 92,
920 3rd Avenue, Seattle 4. Washington.
or to:- John Berry, 31, Campbell Park
Avenue, Belmont, Belfast. N.Ireland.
I can promise you you won't regret it;
I've already read it and want to read
it again. It's a must.

The library of The British
Science Fiction Association
would really appreciate it if all
faneds would send a copy to the
library for the files. This also
enables the youngsters who can't
afford to lay out the cash for a
lot of subs to keep up with the
current zines as they can borrow
them. Send them to:- Peter Labey,
130 London Road (Basement),
Cheltenham. GLOS.

of your fnz, of course.



They said I should be at the airport at 6:30. The plane didn't leave until 8 p.m., but I was told to be there at 6:30 -- presumably under pain of desertion if I wasn't on time. So I was there. At 6:15, in fact.

I walked over to the BOAC desk and showed the man my ticket. He took my big bag (I was keeping the other one with me, since it contained my life's work), checked it, gave me my baggage receipt, and told me to take my ticket and passport to the girl at the other counter.

I showed her my passport and ticket, and she gave me my boarding pass. "That's all?" I asked. The whole thing had taken about a minute and a half.

"That's all until departure time," she said.

I had an uneasy feeling that something was not adding up. "Then why," I asked, "did you ask me to be here a whole hour and a half early?"

"Oh," she said easily, with the air of one who is long accustomed to dealing with the ignorance of the public, "sometimes people forget things, and they have to go back for them...."

Shortly before eight (p.m., EDT -- I had already set my watch ahead four hours to GMT, and for me it was midnight that was approaching) we marched -- or straggled, perhaps -- out to our Comet 4. My seat was above the wing, almost in the middle; but the window was high enough up so that I had a fairly good view even so. After staring out the window at the wing, a subject which never fails to fascinate me (but not for long), I noticed that the man in the seat behind me had a large bird in a large gilded cage on the seat beside him. The man looked like a graduate student, and probably a fellow scientist; so I got out of my seat, looked more closely at the bird, and asked what I hoped was an intelligent question. As a matter of fact, I think I said "What's the bird?"

"It's an albatross," he said. "It's a trophy given each year by the American Miscellaneous Society for research in oceanography."

My brain clicked. Quicker than you can say "cortico-thalamic pause" I remembered -- I had read about this bird in SCIENCE. Walter Munk had had it this year, and now it was being taken to the next winner, a Scandinavian oceanographer. And this was

indeed the next information imparted by the bird's guardian. "Munk didn't have time, so I'm taking it over for him," he explained.

"Ah," said I, "so that's this famous bird!" And I bent closer to inspect the bronze placque which bore the solemn inscription, and the names of the winners....

OBSOLETE
GIVEN EACH YEAR FOR THE MOST UNUSUAL CONTRIBUTION TO OCEANOGRAPHY

Ha, I said to myself, who says scientists aren't like fans? And I smiled and went back to my seat, cheered by such an auspicious beginning.

Promptly at 0^h U.T. we began to move. The Comet is a rather noisy jet, but very smooth to ride in. Before we were even off the ground, the stewardess came by offering "sweets", which I accepted quite happily -- because of the early deadline I'd left home before supper, and I was hungry. It wasn't until we were well up in the air that I found, in reading through the safety regulations and other such reading matter provided by the airline, that the British airlines give you a piece of hard candy to suck instead of a stick of gum for the purpose of opening your Eustachian tubes during pressure changes. Ha, my first encounter with the strange customs of the east!

Less than half an hour after departure the steward came by taking orders for drinks. I had a very good Scotch, which cost me only 50¢ -- very reasonable for a shot of whiskey served on a moving vehicle. Half an hour later we were up to 33,000 feet, the outside temperature was 46 below zero Centigrade, our ground speed was 580 miles per hour, and I was feeling very comfortable indeed. Within a few minutes food arrived, and I was feeling positively ecstatic.

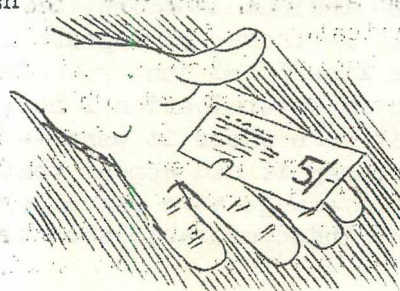
It soon became dark, and I was able to look out and see stars. The fact that we were above about 3/4 for the earth's atmosphere and nearly all the dust and water vapor was strikingly evident: there, almost directly below the pole, at an altitude of about 5 degrees, was Capella, shining as brightly as I had ever seen it in the zenith from the surface of the earth! Hooboy! And to top it all off, there was a mild auroral display, too. Ah, you don't need science fiction for that ol' sense of wonder.

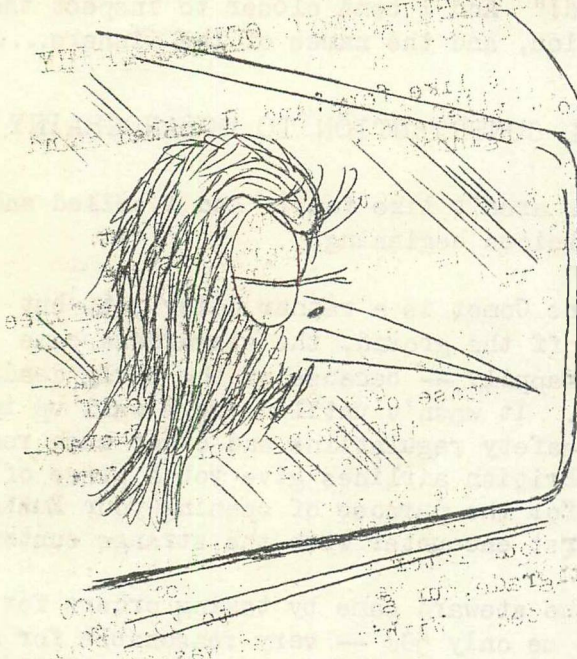
I got my first glimpse of land through the clouds at 6:13; by 6:29 we were down, and a jack rabbit went racing off across the runway as we rolled in. The temperature in London was only 60°F, and I was glad I'd worn my coat.

I converted a couple of Traveler's Cheques into pounds and pence at the airport, and while I was staring bemusedly at my new acquisitions I was herded onto a bus bound for London. The bus ticket, I was informed, was 75¢ -- but alas! by now I had not more than \$2 of U.S. money, and I intended to hang on to what I had in case of need on the return trip. I fished out my English coinage and stared at it blankly.

"Two of these," said the albatross man, who had sat down beside me. He took a couple of large valuable-looking silver coins out of my hands and gave them to the conductor, or whatever it is they have on English busses. I was disappointed to receive only a slip of paper with "5/" printed on it, and no change. Oog, I thought, traveling is going to be expensive.

On the way into London I noticed that they do have subways in England; but these, it turns out, are for pedestrians. I recalled a phrase from Joy's letter telling





me how to get to New Cross: "Take the Underground (or tube, or metro, or whatever you call it)...."

The albatross had been put in the rear window of the bus, and it drew quite a bit of attention. When we pulled in to the BOAC terminal, a number of people began tapping at the back window, apparently in the belief that the bird was alive and not stuffed. Even people on the plane had asked whether it was alive. Ah, the miracle of modern taxidermy.....

Well, as I say, there we were in the BOAC terminal. I got out, said goodbye to the albatross, and began looking around for advice on how to get to the Picadilly line of the Underground. Fortunately for people without a sense of direction (like me), BOAC has an information counter only a few yards from the bus. I went over and began to explain where I wanted to get to, and how (according to Joy), and at once the girl told me that

what I wanted was not the Picadilly line at all, but some other. You just go down the street and there it is on your right. So I went down the street. And I went down the street. With 44 pounds of baggage in my hands.

* * *

Some time later, I came to the predicted station (Victoria). I went in. Strange as I was to London subways, I could not convince myself that these trains before me constituted an underground line. I was evidently facing row on row of commuter trains such as one sees in every large city. I began walking around toward the other side of the station....sure enough, in the most distant corner, there was a small sign saying "Underground". At last, I said to myself. Hoisting my 88 pounds of baggage firmly under my arms, I wobbled off at a half trot toward the waiting concourse.

Then I encountered another of those little discrepancies between the accustomed way of doing things, and the local way of doing things, which are so often the undoing of the international traveler. Instead of simply paying some indeterminate amount of this Strange Foreign Money and getting on a train, I discovered that I had to buy a ticket to a particular place. Well, hadn't I been told to go to Charing Cross and change trains? So I bought a ticket to Charing Cross.

At Charing Cross, following directions, I went upstairs....and there were a row of the more usual-looking ticket windows, such as one sees in train stations, and I thought, aha, I am still OK. So I bought a ticket to New Cross. And I asked where to get the train to New Cross, and was told something in an undecipherable accent. The waved arm was, however, decipherable; so I went down the indicated stairs....down the indicated stairs??? Well, I had a ticket to New Cross, so bhy ghod it ought to get me there...I hoped. At the bottom of the stairs I found myself back on the same line I had just got off.

With grim determination I hoisted my 176 pounds of baggage onto the train. By now I didn't care where it went -- all I wanted was a place to sit down. By careful study of the map it did appear that I would be able to get to New Cross, although I would have to change at a place called Aldgate ... hm, that must have been what the man with the indecipherable accent said. Ah, well. One more change shouldn't be too bad.

Aldgate turned out to be the end of the line. I got off the train, staggering a bit under the influence of my 352 pounds of baggage. I asked the woman at the newsstand where the train for New Cross could be found. She looked blank, and hailed the nearest ticket collector.

"You go out here, turn left, keep straight on, and you'll come to a sign that says 'Underground'," he explained. So. More walking. But it would be only a black or so, to judge by his description.....I should have known better, after the "short way" from the BOAC terminal to Victoria.

Six blocks later, I crawled into a train bound for New Cross from Aldgate East, and dragged my 704 pounds of baggage in after me. How appropriate...just half of the lot was output from the 704 back in Cambridge (Mass.).....

In due time I arrived at New Cross Station. There was considerable doubt in my mind as to whether this was the right New Cross Station, but there I was. I decided to call the phone number Joy had given me.

Now, any fool can make a phone call. You go into the phone booth (is there a phone booth here? right, there it is), set down your 1408 pounds of baggage (there's even room for it!), pick up the receiver, put a dime in the slot — hm. They don't use dimes here. And where's the slot? And what are these things marked A and B?

After reading the directions carefully, both forward and backward, I solved the Great Telephone Booth mystery. It was fortunate, I now realised, that I had been so unfamiliar with the local coinage, and had consequently given large silver coins at each of the ticket-booths I had passed, with the result that I now had a copious supply of enormous brownish discs which, to my dismay, I discovered the pay phones in England take four of, apiece. If that's a sentence.

Joy was out.

Fifteen minutes later, I called again, and she was in. A number 36 A bus took me and my 2816 pounds of baggage only fifty feet from the door. And thus, at last, I was settled in London.

But the day was still early. New surprises awaited me, such as English plumbing. There I was, and there the plumbing was, looking reasonably familiar and innocent. With a light heart and confidence in the wonders of modern civilization, I pulled the chain.

Nothing happened.

Cautiously, I let the chain return to its normal position. There was a pause, then a faint, distant sound, like the trickling of water. Then silence.

On my guard this time, I pulled the chain again. Again nothing happened, but with the keen eye of the trained observer I perceived an enormous sledge hammer rising from the recesses of the tank. Aha, thought I. That is why the chain is so hard to pull. And, perchance, this pile-driver is intended to fall on something, thereby initiating an irreversible process resulting in the loss of gravitational potential by a certain quantity of hydrodynamic fluid, culminating in the desired effect.

I therefore released the handle. Suddenly.

At first, nothing seemed to happen. But this was merely to throw me off my guard, for hardly had I relaxed my vigilance than a flood, a torrent, a veritable mountain stream came roaring down at me, bearing large trees and wildlife on its crest.

Ah, said the calm, objective scientist in me, as I climbed down from the clothes rack. A siphon.

Having attended to the necessities of life, I sat down at the living-room table to plot a few points. I had twenty pounds of machine output with me to plot before arriving on the continent, and only a week to do it in.

But after plotting a few hundred points, I noticed how tired my arms and fingers were from carrying all that baggage. So I went up to lie down on the assigned bed. The time was still early afternoon; I'd be able to take ten minutes or even half an hour and still get a lot done before suppertime.

When I woke up, five minutes later, it was 11:30 p.m. Funny how that time zone shift happens so unexpectedly.

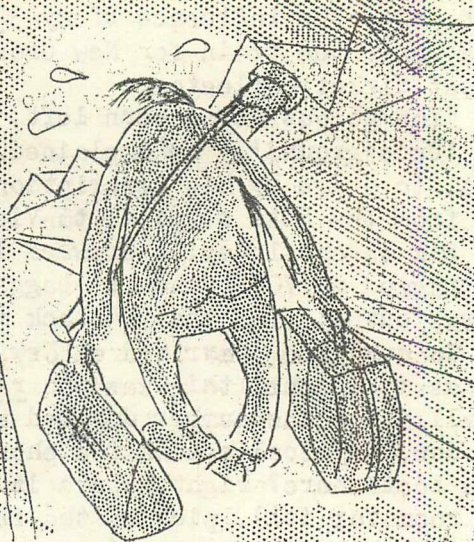
Most of the next few days were spent plotting points, although I did get to meet a number of London fans at various times -- Ella Parker and Ethel Lindsay came over the next afternoon, just before Ethel left on vacation; the Potters, the Thomsons, George Locke, Ted Forsyth, and one or two others

--I think perhaps Jimmy Groves was among them--dropped in one evening to look at the strange American and his ridiculous accent; and I did some dropping myself by visiting ~~At~~ Vinç Clarke. The afternoon with Ella & Ethel was my first intensive session with a U.K. accent -- enough to get used to it, and to begin to understand what an American accent sounds like to native speakers of English. That was one of the things I had wanted to learn on my European trip, and an experience I had been prepared for. The large gathering was keynoted (watch out for creeping Madison-Avenueism!) by George Locke's posters: one depicting Ella Parker as matriarch of London fandom, and a sandwich display concerned with Fancy Expensive Restaurants, astronomy, and similarly arcane matters. The afternoon with Vinç was rather brief, but we arranged to meet later (Sunday afternoon) for a trip to Greenwich Observatory, which I was surprised to find just a few miles by local bus from 236 Queens Rd.

I think it was before the Greenwich trip that I went to the Planetarium. There were two days that I spent in seeing London, and I have never since been able to say just what I saw on which day; but one of them involved a trip to the Planetarium. I especially wanted to see it, because of having seen several of the Zeiss projectors in American planetaria, and because the London instrument is supposed to be a new and improved version of the pre-war ones.

My expectations were disappointed. The projector, while certainly better than the older ones, is just as certainly inferior to the Korkosz projector in Boston, and probably also to the special instrument in San Francisco (which I have not seen). But I think it was the building itself and the lecture which disappointed me most. I am used to planetaria which are part of an astronomical and scientific museum (the London planetarium is nothing else, except for the pictures around the walls of the lobby and the passageway to Madame Tussaud's, which was closed by the time I got there); furthermore, the lecture was given in a spirit of look-at-our-new-toy-isn't-it-fun rather than the now-ladies-and-gentlemen-we-take-you-on-a-journey-through-time-and-space-thanks-to-the-wonders-of-modern-science approach, which is admittedly less straightforward and more hoked up, but also more entertaining and more likely to hook the sense of wonder of some possible future astronomer. Maybe the English cannot suspend their disbelief as readily and imagine themselves transported to another time and place, I dunno.

The trip to Greenwich was very interesting; I don't know what I had expected, but it was certainly different from any preconceived notions I had. Of course I had

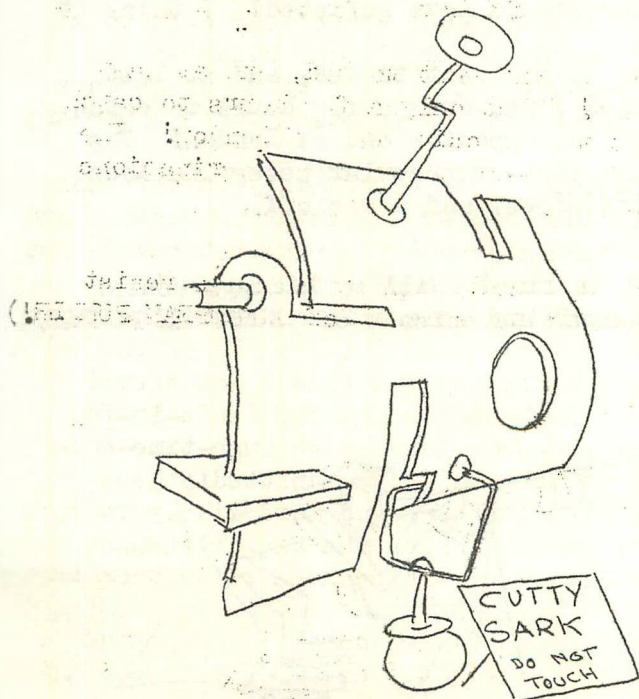


to take a picture of Vinç and Nikki standing on the Prime Meridian; there are some thing which the most hardened anti-tourist cannot resist. The grounds contain British standards of length (in the form of end-gauges) and time (in the form of a slave clock, apparently operated from a Shortt master clock at some remote location); many pictures of past Astronomers Royal and their instruments, and in some cases some of the instruments themselves (there is a large collection of mural quadrants, split-lens heliometers, antique sundials and astrolabes, and even Maskelyne's observing suit — not so very different from what I myself have worn — and some of the great speculum mirrors which played so prominent a part in the past of English astronomy.) The grounds have been made into a park; the buildings have been restored to more or less their original appearance and converted into a very impressive astronomical museum.

Upon leaving the Observatory, Vinç suggested that we walk down to the river and try to see a maritime museum there; we wound up at a large drydocked sailing vessel which, to my amazement, turned out to be the Cutty Sark. We paid our 1/ or 2/ or whatever it was, and went inside. The ship itself was interesting enough, with its cramped quarters and prodigious number of sails, and the hold has had a deck added to it and contains an interesting collection of 40 or 50 figureheads. Also on display is a curiously-shaped piece of sheet metal, twisted and bent and with a gimmick here and there, about three feet high, which can be revolved about a vertical axis by the lightest touch. This, the sign informs us proudly, is the cutty sark, or short skitt, which gives the ship its name. After turning it round a few times, we gave up; there is not the slightest indication of how or where it was used.

Vinç invited me to have supper with him, and I gladly accepted. On the way back we passed a board fence through whose cracks could be seen a lot covered with rubble. "That's probably bomb damage, from the war," explained Vince. "You'll see that sort of thing all through London." It was the first tangible evidence I had seen of the war which ended fifteen years ago; I was to see much more evidence in the rest of Europe. It was a slight shock for me; I have forgotten the war almost completely,

and I think other Americans have done the same. To be sure, I was not very directly affected by the war. I lost no friends or relatives; I was too young to be much concerned with the events of the times. But even so, it gradually became apparent to me that Europe remembers the war very well indeed, and that there is still a great deal of bitterness toward Germany everywhere. In America, the war has become history; in Europe, it is as alive as the people who lived through it. I now understand why so many people, including the Russians, are genuinely frightened by our efforts to re-arm Germany. And, having seen the general responsibility of public opinion (as represented by newspaper treatment of world events and by letters-to-the-editor in daily papers) in the U.K., I could wish that it were the British and not the Americans who control Western policy. I see why it is possible to conduct a successful protest march in the U.K., and I wish the English understood why we cannot do the same here.



So I went to supper with Vin^o, who amazed me with his scrapbooks of dawn-age stuff and the vocabulary of his daughter. (Sam still says no clear, distinct word, though he makes plenty of loud verbal noises.) We sat and talked astronomy, amateur and professional, until late at night...which is as it should be. And need I add that he served me a supper of satisfying sort and size? Added, for the record.

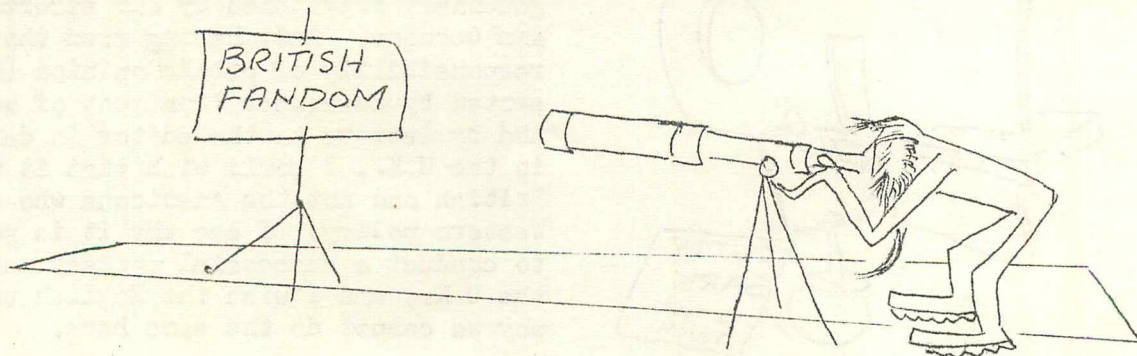
I plotted the rest of my graphs on Monday morning, and saw some of London in the afternoon. As usual, the weather was good during the morning, and turned cloudy and rainy as soon as I ventured out with my camera. This had, in fact, been the pattern ever since I set foot in Britain; so the next day (my last full day before flying to Amsterdam) I got up early and rushed to town in time to get a few pictures at least. I took the commuter train to London Bridge, then the Underground to Waterloo. Then began my foot-borne tour of London. I first walked all the way round Waterloo in a clockwise direction, then crossed the bridge to Victoria Embankment. I then walked upstream beside the Thames, past Cleopatra's Needle (where I read the gory history of this monolith monster on assorted bronze placques) to the Houses of Parliament. By this time I was rather tired and hungry, so I stopped at a lunch counter for a snack. Resuming my upstream progress, I circumnavigated the H. of P., managing to miss hearing Big Ben strike anything in the process; continued along Millbank to the Tate Gallery to see the Picasso exhibition (an enormous and breathtaking display of the progressive changes which have taken place in his paintings, from the earliest to the present), which was one of the high spots of my stay in London; and then on to Victoria Station, where I got a haircut and beardtrim and took a train to South Kensington to try again to get through the very excellent displays at the Science Museum. Closing time meant off to Ella Parker's to meet Ron Bennett, which was done with hardly a hitch, except that I first tried the wrong door by forgetting whether her house number had two 1's or two 5's in it.

Thus began a memorable fannish evening. Atom was there; George Locke; Ted Forsyth; Bennett of course, and MAP herself. We talked of many things; we became fast friends; we stayed up all night. It is such things that make life worth while. To all who were there that night, and especially to Arthur Thomson, my sincerest thanks. It is impossible to describe such evenings afterwards; if one is lucky, perhaps such an event may occur at a good convention -- or again, it may not. Is it not such things that keep people in fandom long after they should have gaffiated? I think it is.

One by one, the visitors departed; Ron gave up and went to bed, and at last only Ella and I remained to greet the dawn. Alas! I had only a few hours to catch my plane to Amsterdam, and my bags were still at the opposite end of London! The mistress of Parker's Palladium prepared me for my post-crepuscular peregrinations by pouring a pot of potent tea down my protesting pipes, and I was off.

* * *

(Will I make it? Will I get to the air terminal in time? Will my kidneys resist Parker's Potent Potpourri? Don't miss the next exciting episode of EUROPEAN PUMBLE!)



The Ways of Creation

HARRY WARNER JNR

Reprinted from his FAPAazine
HORIZONS. Dated Autumn 1957.

There has been an underlying common factor in many of the disputes and lengthy articles in recent FAPA mailings. The discussions over the artistic merits of jazz, Helen Wesson's explanation of the multi-color printed cover, and fan art folios don't seem to have an underlying relationship. But I think that it's there: an interest in creating things. It might be well to try to sort out a little the implications involved in "creation" as we use the word. Maybe we can find some significance for today's world, if there's room at the end.

It is possible to divide creativity into three parts, if you have enough gall to follow in the footsteps of Caesar. There is the purely instinctive creation, in which you create by instinct with little or no attempt to put a conscious rein on what is coming forth. At the other end of the scale is the purely intellectual, deliberate kind of creation, which consists of planning out your intent in this forthcoming creation, the ways at which you will arrive at your goal, and letting nothing on heaven or earth divert you from systematically creating in accordance with your intentions. The middle kind of creation is that which most of us probably utilize, because it comes most naturally: making things with some notion of what we're trying to do but trusting to inspiration to get us over the hard spots in the job, thus drawing on both the cerebral and the sub-conscious methods and combining them in an effort to utilize the advantages of both.

Actually, this is a division of convenience. We don't have three creative areas in the brain, which correspond to the three types that I have listed, and it would probably be difficult to locate any creative process that corresponds without exception to any one of the three. But it is convenient to set up arbitrary categories of this type, as a means of helping to understand the operation of the whole creative process. In just such a manner, the psychiatrist studies the activities of the id, ego and super-ego, knowing that these are imaginary aspects of one whole complex, which can't be managed so well if studied as a whole.

The purely subconscious form of creation is the kind that is the most interesting to me. There is something awe-inspiring about the subconscious. Every evidence points to the inescapable probability that this kind of creation is going on 24 hours in every day from the moment of birth (or perhaps even before birth) until the instant of death. It doesn't stop for sleep, for conscious activities that require the individual's full attention, and doesn't even seem to slow down in case of coma produced by critical illness. But this underground life of the personality stays underground. Only on the rarest

occasions, possibly a few seconds in the course of every 24 hours, does something of this scurrying busyness of the mind seep through to the conscious level. Such exceptions occur when we manage to remember dreams, or when we do some utterly ridiculous, apparently unmotivated deed, or when we get the inspiration for some masterpiece of fiction or music. This subconscious cerebration seems to take no account of the physical limitations of time and space, it loves to make puns and it has a total lack of ethics and morals that would shock the most depraved cannibal-sadist. Yet it seems to be mainly responsible for what is most important in many inventions and artistic achievements. In literature, the best known example of a work stolen almost literally from the subconscious creative faculty is Coleridge's unfinished poem about Xanadu. We've all heard the account of his dream, his haste to set the dreamed poem onto paper as soon as he awoke, and the knock on the door that drove the remainder of the dream into the same limbo that most of our own dreams hasten toward. Despite this person from Porlock who became the most unwelcome visitor in the history of literature, research was able to determine where Coleridge's subconscious got the materials that it worked over in such fascinating manner; the origin of almost every component of the poetic fragment can be found in "The Road to Xanadu." The most spectacular example of a creative artist who relied solely upon this underground creativity was the song composer, Hugo Wolf. Many composers have been unable to compose music that was better than junk, except when inspiration hit them. But Wolf couldn't even compose anything worth regarding as junk, most of the time. For months, sometimes for years, he could write no music worth the investment in ruled paper. Suddenly, unforeseeably, he would find himself able to write songs. His marvellous songs would gush forth, almost as fast as he could put them down onto paper, sometimes at the rate of two or three per day. This period of creativity would continue for a few days or weeks, then end as abruptly as it had started. I don't know whether another curious fact is actually related to Wolf's composing methods, but he is unique among important composers for his ability to arouse either intense enthusiasm or complete apathy among music lovers. Plenty of composers are admired by some and intensely disliked by others. But multitudes of listeners with very catholic tastes simply do not respond to Wolf's songs, any more than they respond to the ticking of a clock. Yet he has enough fanatic enthusiasts to be the most completely recorded of the great lieder composers.

Strangely, the current fad for stream-of-consciousness writing has little or nothing to do with this instinctive manner of creating things. Consider the years that Joyce labored over *Finnegans Wake*, and you'll see the difficulties involved in what sounds like mere transcription of random thought, impulses and sensations. It isn't stream-of-consciousness writing; it's writing that sounds as if it might be someone's stream-of-consciousness. True stream-of-consciousness writing would be as dull as a detailed description of every dream you can remember.

The other extreme, purely cerebral creation, seems as difficult to do well as the purely instinctive. Edgar Allan Poe loved to tell people how methodically he went about writing his flights of fancy. He may have believed that he worked in this manner. But when you compare his account of how "The Raven" was written with the actual earlier surviving versions, you begin to grow skeptical. In the last FAPA mailing, the anthology from *Ad Astra* contained interesting remarks on writing by E.E. Smith and John W. Campbell, Jr. Both told how the good writer labors long and mightily to find the precise adjective that he needs, takes infinite pains to rework a phrase or to condense a descriptive passage. That is very impressive, coming from those authorities, but again I think that a dose of doubt is needed to leaven the rising enthusiasm for the intellectual method of working. Undoubtedly the fiction writer does sit for minutes on end, trying to think of the verb that will take the place of three adverbs in the sentence that needs strengthening. But he probably then proceeds to dash off the next paragraph as rapidly as he would write postcards to friends back home during a vacation. If he doesn't rob Peter to pay Paul, he will die of senility before he completes his first novel. More evidence against the risks of the purely intellectual approach to creation lies in the inability of many

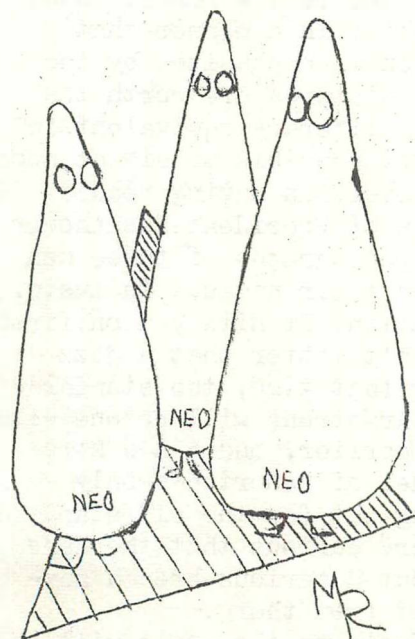
intelligent persons to follow the instructions in books which tell how to write poetry or fiction. These books are complete, accurate, and written by authorities in the field. They should be no more difficult to follow successfully than the handbook on how to use your new camera. But they simply aren't useful to the person who attempts to create good work solely by methodical means. Even the pure scientists seem to be dependent on inspiration for the big advances in their own fields. I'll refrain from mentioning the imaginary apple which undoubtedly didn't fall onto the head of Sir Isaac Newton. Instead I'd like to recommend "The Creative Process", an anthology edited by Brewster Ghiselin, available for 50¢ in the Mentor paperback series. It contains many fascinating accounts and speculations on the art of creation in various fields, including one instance in which a genius seems to have had an extended, conscious opportunity to observe his subconscious at its creative work, and an instance in which an important advance in pure mathematics came out of that inconsistent subconscious.

The middle ground of creation isn't as interesting as the other methods. Many artists refuse to admit that they utilize it and still more of their admirers attempt to absolve them of guilt in this respect. We have read so many lyrical program notes and poetical biographical sketches of Mozart that we are apt to believe that here was a composer who wrote from sheer inspiration. It is quite true that he seemed to possess the ability to sit down and turn out a masterpiece without hesitation under any environmental miseries or the extreme pressure of a deadline. But the more you read into the thorough studies of Mozart's works, the more convinced you become that his incredible memory had a lot to do with this. There was ample inspiration, of that there can be no doubt. But it seems almost certain that Mozart literally composed his works in his head, remembering eidetically these things, and simply put a composition onto manuscript paper when it was time for a performance. This is the only possible explanation for a statement in one of his letters to his sister, which sounds utterly preposterous when taken at face value. Mozart was on a Bach jag just then, and wrote a few preludes and fugues in something approaching his conception of Bach's style. Of one of these works, he wrote to Nannerl: "I composed the fugue while writing down the prelude." Beethoven must have composed in almost exactly the same manner as Mozart, except for the fact that Beethoven didn't have that kind of memory, so he left the countless sheafs of notebooks from which we can trace the evolution of his works through unpromising beginnings and blind alleys to their existing form.

Most of the world's treasures in art and science must have derived from the combination of good intentions and good inspiration, rather than either element separately. The 19th century Romantics kept up a constant stream of chatter about the battle between Head and Heart, as if they sensed the dangers inherent in a victory by either instinct or intellect. In the FAPA, you'll find that the most satisfactory contributions are those in which neither phase of the individual dominates entirely; witness the flood of "noted" that most one-shots inspire in the next mailing's review columns, and the fuss that was raised over Coslett's index of Bibles as good examples of the lack of popularity of these extreme methods of creation.

It is possible to make out a good case for the theory that all forms of artistic creation are sublimations of the sexual impulse. It might be significant that much of the creative work of children and extremely old persons falls into the purely cerebral, intellectual kind of creation. From this, you could suspect that the middle ground, the

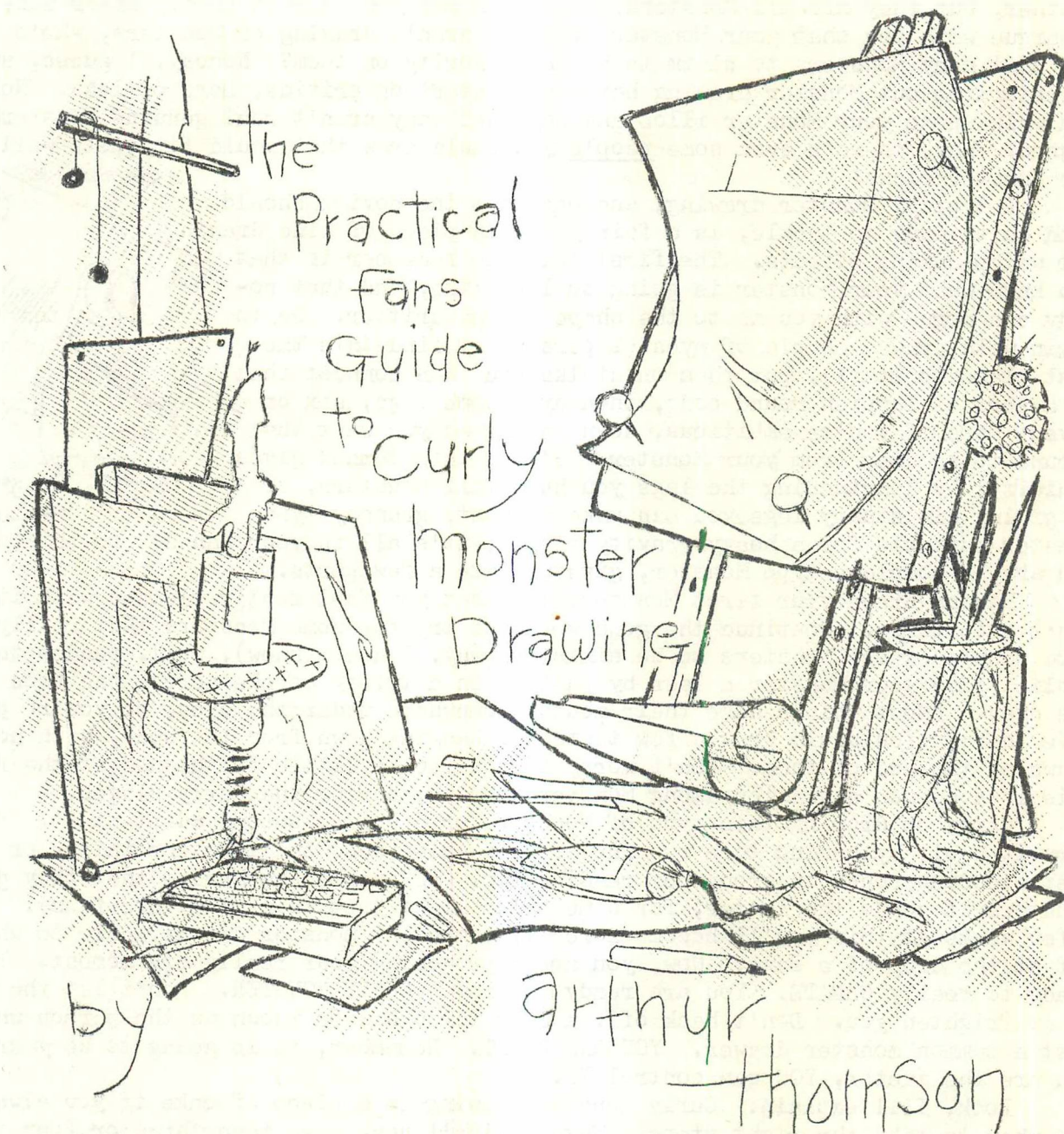
compromise between head and heart, is most easily attained by the individual for whom creation is direct sublimation during the time of his life when he is fully capable of



the sexual act. Children are notorious for creating things solely through the intellect. If a child draws a picture of a landscape, he will inevitably draw leaves on the trees and put many blades of grass into the lawns or meadows. It doesn't occur to the child that a person looking at a landscape never sees the leaves on the trees or the blades of grass on the ground; he sees a vague mass of greenness, and this rough, undifferentiated mass is the thing that the mature artist puts into a landscape because he draws the thing that he sees, not the thing that his mind understands. Wagner used to complain in his last years about his struggles to make decisions as a composer. He said that he would wait ten minutes, attempting to decide whether to give a tiny passage to the clarinet or the flute, a decision that he would have reached without internal debate a quarter-century earlier. Then too, there's the fact that most great creative artists slacken tremendously in their rate of production, after passing the stage in life in which potency normally wanes. Consider the case of Verdi, who turned out operas at the rate of one per year or better in the prime of manhood, then took five to ten years to complete each of his last two or three works, as an extremely old man, as if he had lost all desire to write music. The tiredness that goes with senility must have something to do with this slackening of production. But real hack work is seldom hampered by mere age of the person who grinds it out; journalists, for instance, seem to grow more and more prolific as they age, as long as they have access to a typewriter and a telephone. It would be very interesting to know how many of the more famous cases in which great artists stopped creating their works long before death suffered from physical or psychological distresses that affected their sexual powers. Thomas Mann's "Doctor Faustus" is a book that grows deeper in meaning, the more you think about it. It's noteworthy that the author used a case of syphilis as his modern equivalent of his hero's bartering of his soul to the devil.

And the significance for the world at large that I mentioned near the start of this article? It seems to me that we are now immersed in a national mania for the pre-eminence of heart over head, not because we're neo-Romantics, but because that's often the easy way out. On television, you can see the influence in the audaciously dull people with no training or abilities who comprise the main ingredient of so many quiz, audience participation, and giveaway programs. Presumably, they're popular because the person sitting at home is not forced to admit to himself that that person has gotten somewhere through hard work and training. In art, it is the tremendous popularity of the far-advanced schools of painting among persons who have no notion of the real worth of those schools. They paint like that because they have no ability to paint in a manner that speaks diligence and discipline. In the magazines the situation is emphasized by the all-out emphasis on pictures these days. In most cases, magazine pictures are worth ten thousand words, because it would take that many words to form the literary equivalent in clichés of the stereotyped, dull poses and composition. It is now possible to sit at home with an issue of Life or Look, and in ten minutes congratulate oneself on having read a complete magazine. You have learned to identify two more nephews of President Eisenhower (who must never be mentioned except as "Ike") and you have seen photographs of three men newly prominent in Russia, although you have not bothered to read their names. In music, the popularity of jazz can probably be traced to this same situation; it hits you on first hearing as good music does after the tenth hearing, and it doesn't matter that a jazz record is no longer bearable after the tenth hearing, because by that time, the standards of value in the jazz world will have reversed themselves again; Armstrong will be one with Whiteman and Gershwin, if he was a respected figure three months earlier, and a new hero will be proclaimed for the next three months as the Bach or Handel of "America's only genuine folk music". It is encouraging to see the ballet holding out for the old standards of intelligent progress and disciplined improvement, and it is very curious that the dance should be almost the only art form that is holding its own without a serious breach anywhere in its fortifications. And modern poetry? You can take it from there.

Improvisation is all well and good. But I think its effects on the world will be better if it is first scrutinized by the improviser in his own home or among his own clique, before he pits it against the result of intelligence, skill, and real invention.

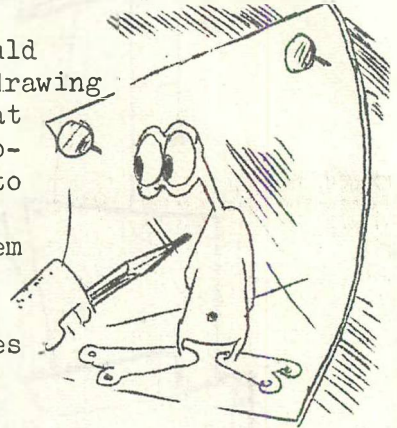


Now that's a nice title up there, sort of eye-catching, eh? And it's true that I have been asked how one goes about drawing Curly Monsters. I'm not really sure just how one goes about telling people how to draw C.Ms. I mean, sure, I have drawn C.Ms. in my time, but I've never put down on to paper the hows and whyfors of how to do it. Miz Parker, tho' has informed me that it's about time I did something for ORION in the writing line, apart from Fanlights which, as she so aptly put it "any crumb could do." So, as so many people have expressed an interest in C.M. drawing, and as I'm assured of at least a few readers if I write about C.Ms and not having anything else in mind to write about, here's a few ideas that any novice C.M. illustrator can practice.

I suppose that if anyone wanted to have a bash at Curly Monster drawing the best thing would be for them to start at the ground level and work up, sort of. They'd have to break the ground in, so to speak with some common Monster drawing, just to get their hand in. Common Monster drawing is pretty easy. If you look through a few

fanzines you'll see plenty of common monster drawings, some are drawn one way some another, but they are all Monsters, whichever way you look at them. After all, who's to argue with you that your Monster drawings aren't drawing of Monsters, who's seen all that many Monsters to claim to be an authority on them? Nobody, I guess, so anyone starting out Monster drawing has a head start on critics, more or less. Nobody can walk up to your Monster illos and say that they aren't real genuine Monsters, bighod. Why, there's even some people you could draw that would fit quite well into the Monster class!

A typical Monster drawing, and one that the novice should find quite easy to tackle, is a fairly simple piece of line drawing yet with pleasing effects. The first thing to remember is that you know what your Monster is going to look like, and that nobody can argue with you as to the shape of the critter. So to begin with draw a couple of eyes (I personally find this the best place to start), put them on stalks and then connect them to a sort of lumpish round body, then draw some legs, six or seven; more if you're ambitious, down as far as you want the ground to be away from your Monster. Y'see, this method gives fluidity; by lengthening the legs you have tall Monsters, or by giving him stumpy legs you can make a short, grunchy type Monster suitable for a heavy gravity planet, it's all in your hands. Do this and there you are, a complete type Monster, give or take a few parts.



Having drawn your first Monster, I'll bet you feel really pleased with it, but don't stop there. Continue the good work and try for some Monsters that really 'live.' Some people expect Monsters to be sinister (why, I don't know), well, pander to the public; give your Monster a leer by putting in a twisty stroke across the face under its eyes. (Most things have their mouths somewhere under the eyes, so you're pretty safe there) You could draw a few tentacles hanging down from the body, with hooks or claws at the end of them. Don't worry if you feel a little frightened at the result, this is a common sensation among Monster drawers, during the early stages.

Carry on drawing this type of Monster for a while, become adept at it. You can vary it a bit by having them running after people (bend the legs for this), or even just standing round in groups or reading fmz. (Be sure to emphasise that they are Monsters if you do the latter, for some folks might just think they are fans). After a few weeks at this you'll become a really competent Monster drawer, able to whip one off at the drop of a fang. Now, you are approaching your really big moment. You are ready to really CREATE. You are ready to draw a CURLY MONSTER. Don't let the thought of it frighten you. Don't back off, and go through life known as the person who is just a common monster drawer. YOU CAN DO IT. Remember, it is going to be your creation, you are the master, YOU can control IT.

Look, I'll explain. Curly Monster drawing is a piece of cake if you always remember to take the right steps. Why, I didn't have more than three or four traumas during my first few weeks of Curly Monster drawing, and after that I became blasé about it; you can too, believe me. On the technical side, always remember to have as large a sheet of drawing paper as you can. These Curly Monsters really like to spread themselves, so give them room. If you don't you'll find yourself up on the edge of the paper fighting for control. Always start in the centre of your sheet with plenty of room in which you can beat a retreat across to the edges.

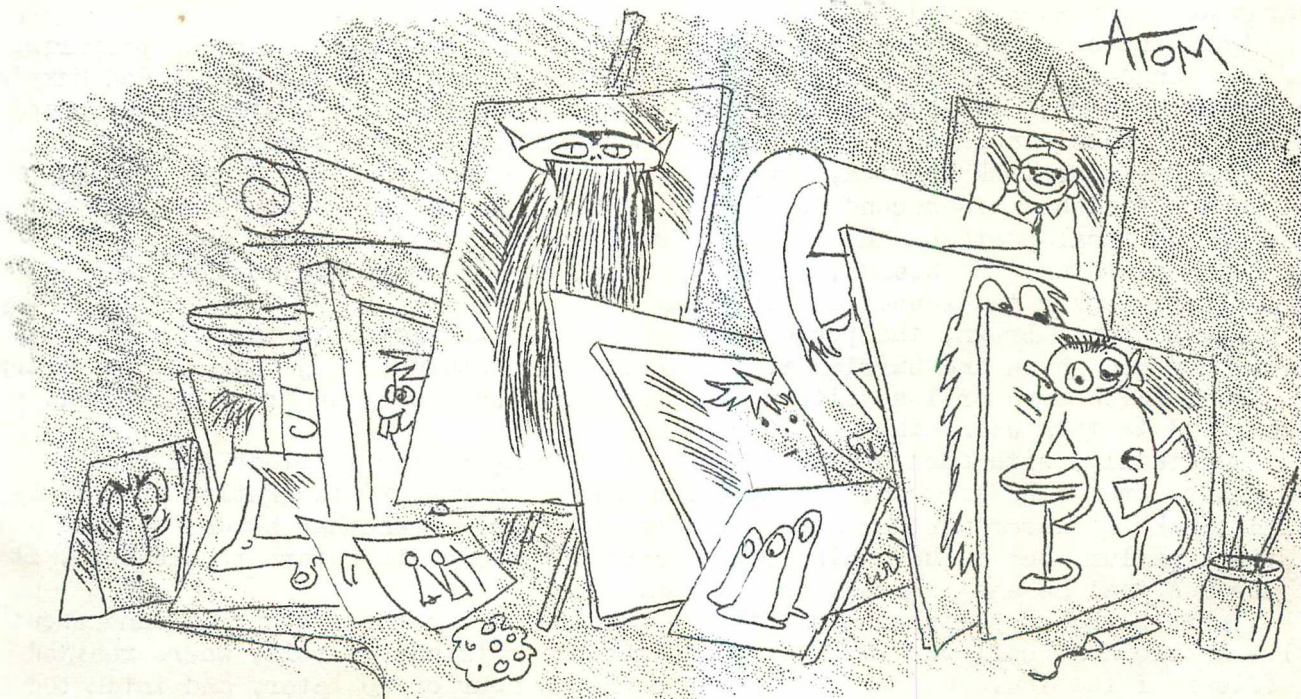
Right, here we go. Get hold of your pencil, brush, or pen. Light the candle in the bottle (for those who might query this last, you've got to have some light by which to work, haven't you?), and DON'T DRAW THE EYES ON STALKS. Yes, I know this violates all ordinary Monster drawing principles, but remember, THIS is a different kettle of fish. The eyes have to be deep set, down in the body; so get the body down on paper first. Then get the eyes in, down, deep down. Don't stop now, you're doing fine. Get the legs done now. Stumpy, real stumpy type legs; let them flow out to a couple or more

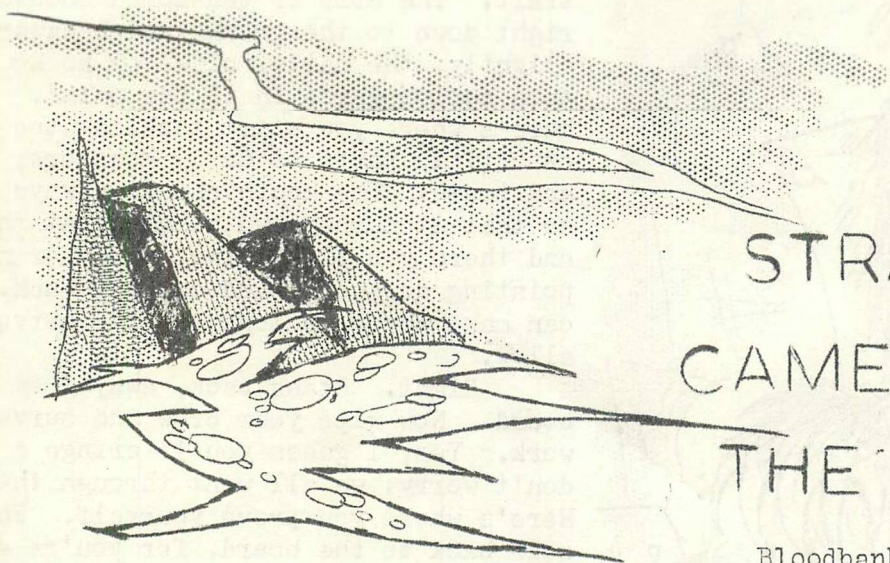


toes. THEY HAVE NAILS ON THEM. The nails should curl under the feet, a Curly Monster trait. The arms or tentacles should trail right down to the ground and backwards slightly, the nails, claws or hooks should then curl upwards in to the palms. Now here's where you start tackling the absolutely essential parts of Curly Monsters; the mouth and teeth. The mouth should always be drawn so that it turns down slightly at the corners, and there you fit in two, three or more fangs pointing downwards and curving back. You can make these as long as your nerves will allow.

Right. Stand back, away from the board. Now wipe your brow and survey your work. Yes, I guess you'll cringe a little, don't worry; we all went through that stage. Here's where you prove yourself. Force yourself back to the board, for you're going to put the finishing touches that finally turn the creature into a genuine Curly Monster. Slowly, and with a completely flexible wrist action start putting short lines or strokes all over the Monster, this is HAIR. Cover the Monster completely with these lines, letting only the eyes, mouth and fangs peer out suggestively from the growth. Now, finally, CURL the hair that is hanging down on to the ground at the back of the creature. There; you've done it! Staring at you from the paper is your first Curly Monster, and

you, genius that you are, have created it. I'll bet you feel pleased with yourself!





A STRANGER CAME FROM THE SEA

Bloodbank No.7.

FRED HUNTER

Old Mary Jeromson, native of Fetlar, a northern island in the Shetland group, was the first to meet the Stranger. She was out tending her sheep in the crisp, clear 6 a.m. type air on Friday, June 3rd. He came running from the nearby beach up through the fields and in a few moments he stood before her, his chest heaving with the exertion of his efforts.

His clothes, she noted with the keen eye of the true Shetlander, were soaking wet, so, without hesitation, she invited him to come inside and dry out in front of the fire. He spoke. Alas, it was in a tongue outside her ken, but she gestured towards her open door and he nodded gratefully and went inside.

While he shivered before the fire in the hearth, she busied herself preparing tea, the panacea for all ills and the inevitable offering to a stranger. Had Mary's early visitor been a two-headed, six-legged green Venusian, she would have accepted him with the same placid calm and turned automatically for the teapot.

The Stranger took the tea, again uttering foreign words, and drank avidly. When he had finished his second cup Mary took him outside and pointed towards the house of the local postman. He looked at her puzzledly and she made motions of discarding clothing. He beamed, shook her hand, and made off across the fields at a run, leaping over the fences in his path.

Mr. Laurence Brown, the postman, received the Stranger with the same lack of wonder Mary had shown and hurried to find some dry clothing. A jersey and dungarees were found which more or less fitted the Stranger, tea was again provided and Mr. Brown tried to talk with him.

Eventually, with much gesticulation, the Stranger made it clear that he had swum ashore from a Russian ship lying a few hundred yards off the Fetlar shore. He couldn't make it clear whether he had fallen overboard or whether he was seeking political asylum, but as he exhibited no great impatience to return to his ship, it was assumed that he was, indeed, on the run.

There being no policeman on Fetlar - the last crime there occurred round about 1841 - a telephone call was made to the neighbouring island of Yell, where resided an officer of the law. He arrived on the scene an hour or so later, and intimated

to the Russian that he must come to Lerwick, Shetland's thriving metropolis, two ferry journeys and a thirty mile car ride distant.

The constable, of course, had informed Police Headquarters at Lerwick and the Immigration Authorities, so a police car was immediately dispatched to the island ferry landing point. An edict had been issued that the Russian must not be allowed to make contact with local reporters or photographers. The word, though, had leaked out, and hot on the heels of the police car roared other vehicles bearing representatives of the local press and two photographers

As the ferry drew near to the pier, the constable escorting the Russian spotted the reporters and photographers lurking behind the boathouse, and he threw a jacket over his companion's head, and led him up the pier and into the police car. All the way to Lerwick poor old Boris Kuzovlev (such proved to be his name) stifled under a heavy jacket. On reaching the outskirts of the town, he was made to lie on the floor of the police car.

Questioning at the police station followed, and it was decided that Boris did want political asylum. Arrangements, therefore had to be made to transport him out of Shetland to Edinburgh, to the Immigration Office there.

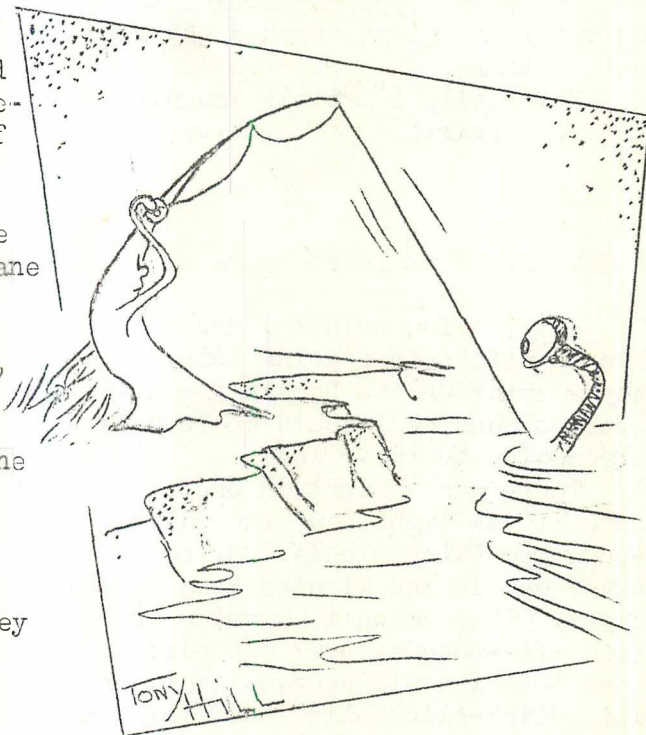
Naturally, a hot story of this nature had reached the National Press, and two plane loads of reporters were on their way to Shetland. When they arrived, late in the afternoon, they stormed the Police Station, but to all their pleas for pictures and interviews the Chief Constable turned the deafest of ears. "No comment," was also the cry of the Immigration Officer, so the gentlemen of the Press disconsolately made their way to their various hotels for an expense account straining liquor party.

Saturday dawned fine and fair, as they say in all the best books, and the big question was, would Boris be taken out of Shetland by sea or air? The steamer "St. Clair" was billed to sail at 5 p.m. that day for Aberdeen, and the airport bus was due to leave for Shetland Airport at 10-30a.m.

10-30a.m. came and went, and the bus departed with no Boris on board. The Pressmen, with one accord made for the gangway of the "St. Clair" and, by fair means or foul, a picture was going to be taken of his departure. It was quite an awesome sight, really. Dozens of hungover, bleary-eyed reporters from surely every newspaper in the kingdom, with the possible exception of the Tooting and Balham Gazette.

Then it happened. A car screamed down the pier, and stopped a few yards away from the steamer's gangway. A figure hurtled out, arm flung over his face, and raced up the gangway at sound-barrier breaking speed. Baying at his heels came the Press, desperately trying to run and focus cameras at the same time. On reaching the deck, the figure revealed his face and broke into lung-tearing guffaws. It was our local auctioneer, a noted practical joker. The Press fumed, foamed and frothed at the mouth, and only the fact that the laws of the country apply also in Shetland, prevented them from tearing out his throat with their bare hands.

But, the best was yet to come. Round about 4 p.m. a young man walked down the pier with a girl on his arm. The crowd at the gangway gave them only a cursory glance until, halfway aboard, the man, shaken by the overpowering array of cameras, lost his nerve and ran the rest of the way. The female decoy, it turned out later,



was the wife of a police constable, and she successfully stemmed the flood of photographers until Boris - for it was he - had reached his cabin, and was safely locked away.

The Chief Constable, however, in his wisdom had decreed that several false trails be laid, and only two minutes had passed when the police van drove down to the pier. A figure with a coat over its head was ushered out of the van and led up the gangway by two brawny cops. Not realising that the first plot had misfired they failed to understand the roars of laughter from the crowd, which had now swelled to several hundred strong. Their ears grew red as ribald comments rose in the air.

When yet another police van arrived, and yet another hooded figure was led aboard, the crowd really rolled on the pier. Even the Press, who were still without a picture of the REAL Boris, perforce had to chortle. The mighty shout of mirth, it was reported later, broke two antique glass vases in a house eight miles away.

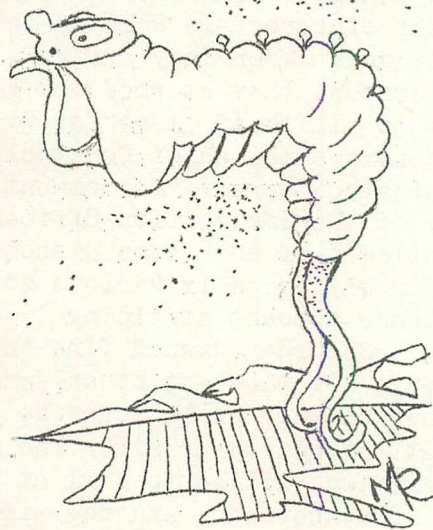
Sure, the cops had fooled the Press, but not without a drop in prestige. Even today the query "booked any good reds lately?" is likely to land one in the local Bastille.

Me? Hell, I'm still laughing.

SID BIRCHBY. (cntd, from page

After a few drinks I drove them back to the camp site before going home. I didn't fancy staying on the Derbyshire hills that night. It was as much as I could do to walk with them from the roadside to their tent.

There was a light in one of the other tents. By now it was night, and the hills were hardly visible through low-lying clouds. My companions called out to whoever was in the lighted tent to ask if the club was out yet. They weren't, a voice replied, and at that I pushed off, because over the hissing of a Primus stove in the tent I could hear, quite plainly: 'Click-click-blip! Click-click-blip!' not far away in the darkness. Whether it was coming from inside the tent or from the nearby hill between us and Giant's Hole, I really can't say, but up to the time I left, the club had been underground for more than seven hours, and as far as I was concerned they could stay there for ever.



T.A.F.F. wins out again! Congratulations to Eric Bentcliffe on having been chosen to represent British Fandom at the Pittcon. Lots of fun, Eric.

This doesn't mean that we need no longer send cash to the fund. Now is as good a time as any to make a start on replenishing the coffers ready for the next campaign. Until Eric returns from the States you still send donations to Ron Bennett who lives at: 7, Southway,

Arthurs Avenue.
Harrogate.

(no longer applicable.)

U.S.Akkers to Don Ford,
Box 19-T, RR #2,
Loveland, Ohio.

(this is tho'.)



SID

BIRCHBY

1. ANIMAL.

'Horse crashes through roof' I repeated thoughtfully, reading from the newspaper this morning. What sort of a mad world is this? Haven't we enough trouble with pigeons?

I turned the page, only to find the following headline leap out at me: 'Firemen rescue dog from vacuum cleaner.'

Mighod, I thought, the beasts are rising! Animal Farm is upon us at last! The cat that scowls on yonder wall, may one day hold the Earth in thrall!

And so I write to you all, to spread the alarm. Be warned before it is too late, my friends. We are being spied upon. Just what was that horse doing up there in the first place, I should like to know? Snooping around for blackmail? Making furtive notes in a small black book? Waiting for orders?

The report says it was on top of a coal-house, which I take to be a place where coal is stored, or processed. Ah, now we're getting at it. The animal was after our industrial secrets at

this hidden factory in - - -where was it? - - - Todmorden, in the heart of Lancashire's heavy-industry belt. The report says it was 'grazing' - -a likely story! Who ever heard of a horse grazing on a factory roof?

When a horse can gain access to our most closely-guarded installations without once being challenged, there's something wrong with the NATO security system, seems to me. Why did nobody ask to see its papers? Where were the perimeter guards, too? We are asked to believe that they simply looked up at this horse on the roof and said 'oh yes, grazing' without bothering to check. This is not good enough. Makes me wonder what that dog was doing in the vacuum cleaner.

Well, the story is that it got stuck. Not a word about why it was snooping around in there in the first place. You'd think it happened every day, as perhaps it does. I find it very significant that all these animals should suddenly be taking such an interest in how our machines work. I'd say there's an organisation behind them; the horses get the heavy engineering plant and the little fellows the domestic gadgets. What genius plans it all?

The dog's owner wasn't happy about the business. In fact he called in the police, and they called the fire brigade, who came, I read, 'with sirens blaring

and six burly firemen' while the owner held the dog. Sounds like a general alert to me. The dog 'did not seem unduly bothered by the excitement.' It had its wits about it, I'll grudgingly admit, and once it saw that it was outnumbered, it decided to bluff. This shows that their operatives are well-trained in espionage tactics, and indoctrinated against brainwashing when captured. I wonder if M.I.5 will crack the system? Shall we ever learn the truth?

I'd feel much happier to be sure that the whole spy-ring had been taken. What I fear is that we've only seized one cell. There's a strange dog in my garden as I write, peeing against the dust-bin. What is the significance of that, I should like to know?

VEGETABLE.

They squat there on the mantel-piece, thinking their alien thoughts, their long crimson tongues flickering at me, their green lips parted in a snarl. Each minute they grow bolder, and reach out a little further. Soon, I fear, we shall meet in battle and I know that I shall lose.

It began when Jay brought home two gnarled corpse-grey objects to add to her collection of house-plants. They looked terrible. They pulsed. I watched them in the warmth of her hand and I tell you they pulsed.

'Wonder Bulbs,' she said. 'No soil, no water. Just put them down and they grow. I got them from a friend.'

'With friends like that, you don't need enemies,' I growled. 'They look like an anaconda's giblets. They're alive!'

'Of course they're alive, but only like any vegetable. Don't you know an animal from a vegetable yet?'

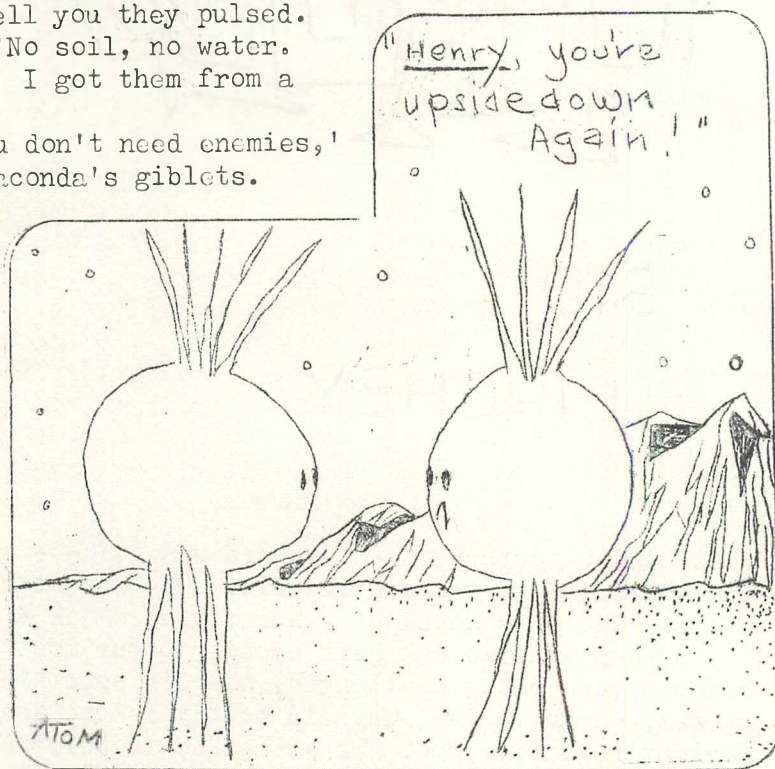
I looked haughty, having just read an Asimov article on this very subject, in Monolog SF.

'Well, Asimov sums it up like this: I can bite a carrot, but it won't bite back. The more I looked at those twisted horrors, though, the less I'd bet on it. Are you set on going through with this?'

She was. And so, over the fireplace, each hunkered in a glass bowl, the Alien Life-Forms began their dread growth.

For a week, nothing happened. We were out most of the time, and no fires were lit, but as soon as we began to use the room again, the extra warmth stirred them to life. They come from a hot planet, I decided. First a long spike appeared, with a swelling halfway up it, so that when the Things were about a foot high, they looked like a giant version of the common Cuckoo-pint (*Arum Maculatum*) of the hedgrows. I speculated nervously whether this swelling would burst, and if so, what would emerge. It was bound to be something ghastly.

It was. This evening, as I sat alone before the glowing fire, with the lights low, the end of a blood-red tentacle appeared before my popping eyes, and



the edges of the swellings curled back revealing a green and brown splotched cavity or mouth. The Things, now two feet high and more, had woken up, and by the look of them they were just about ready to talk. They now had both mouths and tongues. The question was, did they intend to eat before they talked? I was in a tough spot. They had had absolutely nothing to eat while growing, and must be ravenous. The only food within reach was me.

Well, I tried to communicate. I tried them in French, Esperanto and hand-jive. I drew diagrams of the Solar System, the Bohr atom, and the London Underground.

The tentacles went on growing towards me.

I showed them a gardening catalogue, a packet of birdseed and a picture of Dan Archer. The birdseed was a mistake. They hissed at it and nearly fell over to get at me and square accounts on behalf of the vegetable kingdom. I read them Asimov's piece about the carrots. I played a record of 'Eating People is wrong' No reaction except to waggle their corallas, which looked very much like a hungry cannibal rubbing his belly in front of the cookpot.

At present there's a deadlock. I found a stopper for them in the end by reading recipes from a cookbook. You should have seen their stamens curl up in horror at the very name of Russian Salad! But I doubt if I can hold them much longer. There is a sickly smell in the room like chloroform. They are beginning to flower.

- - - - -
MINERAL.

I've often thought that there isn't such a wide gulf between living and non-living matter as most people think. Between vegetables and minerals, say. Take those tiny green discs, the Pandorina algae, which are so common in freshwater pools. Nobody seems quite sure even yet whether they are animals or plants. They have all the appearance of plants, but to see the way they wander thoughtfully across a microscope slide sometimes makes me wonder. And then there are those little animals, the water-bears, or Tardigrades. They must be animals, because I've watched them browsing on plant debris and algae, and examined their digestive systems. Yet they seem able to encapsulate, or survive in spore form, for years after their habitat has dried up, and then, in the presence of water, a pinch of dust from the gutter or a scrap of moss will teem with them again.

Or take some of those beautiful lattice-shaped diatoms, which are nearly all mineral, so much so that men earn good livings by mining and processing their skeletons. Once again I doubt whether there is any clear-cut line marking off animal, vegetable and mineral, or whether it cannot be crossed.

Some months ago I took part in a caving club trip down Giant's Hole in Derbyshire. This hole has been known for many years, but with the recent discovery of an inner series of passages it now ranks as the deepest in Britain at 560 feet. I had not been down since 1939 and I was anxious to see it again; not to make the full descent but to fish for algae and bacteria in some of the pools. Giant's Hole, besides being the deepest, must also be the wettest in the land, and at one point a 30 foot deep sump has to be baled out before one can get through with even one nostril above water. Waterproof 'goon suits' are essential, and as I neither had one nor needed one for what I intended to do, I warned the rest of the club that I should stay behind when I got to the pools I wanted, and make my own way back to the surface.

We set off from the camp site about 2 p.m. and walked over the hill into the valley where the cave entrance is. A stream, which has been responsible for dissolving out the cave-system, runs into one entrance, and we paused to fill the carbide lamps from it, put on goon suits, helmets and other protective clothing, and then waded in.

The first stretch was easy going along a sinuous but high rift, and we could

walk upright without difficulty. After a crawl through a 2-foot high length, the stream passage heightened again and presently I saw a likely pool ahead and said goodbye to the other cavers, who climbed up a loop passage in the cave roof leading to the new series. After a few minutes their lights vanished and the last echoes of boots on rock died away. The blackness closed down, except for a circle of light from my own lamp.

Instead of acetylene, I was trying out a new type of heavy-duty battery lamp. This I set on a nearby ledge, and by its light I got out of my pack the various collecting bottles, dredges and specimen tubes that I needed. For a while I was fully occupied taking samples of water, cave mud and rock, and packing them away, gradually moving away from my light down the passage through which the stream ran. I was in fact standing in the stream when the light went out.

My first thought was anger at the makers of the lamp, which was said to be designed for use under the most rugged conditions for sewer work. I had only taken it out of its box that day, and fitted in a new battery. I stopped, turned about until I felt the water streaming against my legs and knew I was facing upstream to where I had left the lamp. Cautiously I paused before moving, so as to get the feel of my position. I find that in pitch blackness such as that, I can sense nearby obstacles even though I can't see them. Maybe I've developed bat's radar.

There should have been no sounds apart from the slight rushing of the stream and my own breathing, but some distance away I heard a peculiar noise: 'click-click-blip!'....a pause, and then again, 'click-click-blip!' I was puzzled, but not at that stage, at all worried. It certainly wasn't the sound of water dripping from a stalactite. It was too distinct and hard; almost metallic. I began to walk back upstream.

After I had counted fifty paces, I knew I had overshot the ledge with the lamp on it, so I stopped, about-faced, and took another 'feel' at where I was. I judged that I had passed the lamp, which had been on a large boss of flow-stalagmite, very easy to 'feel', but had not gone as far back as the two-foot crawl. Then in the silence I heard the 'click-click-blip!' again, and this time it was nearer, and I suddenly thought that it sounded like something dragging itself over the rocks and dripping as it did so. That was when I got the haddabs.

Well, to cut things short, I found the lamp on the next traverse. In fact, I struck it off the ledge into the water, floundered about a bit before I located it, and banged it with my fist to try and make it light. All the time I could hear this clicking noise getting louder, so I wasn't in much of a state to try scientific methods. Afterwards I discovered that the entire battery terminal had broken off its seating....so much for modern batteries!

Just for a moment I must have joggled the brass strip back into electrical contact, because the lamp lit up and then went out for keeps. I saw with dismay that I was standing at the edge of a large and murky pool, and that from the waterline and extending away from me in the direction I had been heading when the lamp first went out, was a wide slither-mark, very new, and not mine. I had not slithered. As the darkness closed in again, I could hear the clicking, and 'feel' it was coming from the end of the slither-mark. That was enough for me. I grabbed my tackle, including the wretched lamp, and bolted for the two-foot crawl. Once I was through that, and ready to bash anything that put its head through, I got my emergency candle out of the pack and headed for the surface.

Back at the site I met a couple of cavers who had stayed out of the party, and we got into the car and went down the road a few miles to The Wanted Inn at Sparrowpits. I didn't say anything about what had happened, just that the rest of the party had gone on below me and would probably not be out for a long time. I couldn't help thinking 'if at all!' when I remembered that clicking thing between them and the surface.

As you have already been warned: we are making ORION a bit harder to get hold of. Not necessarily because we want more money, we don't really but we think it's time the mailing list was trimmed to a size we can comfortably handle and afford. This chart will be your guide as to your status on the mailing list. Henceforth I take the word of Ted Forsyth who is due to get which issue.

This box only, you are stuck for life.

/_/_

We trade

/_/_

Not only do we trade you write as well.
Ghood Mfan!

/_/_

We have your money already. Keep an eye on this for a record of your sub.

/_/_

I keep sending O, but you haven't acknowledged. This is the last.

/_/_

Thish is a sample for free. Further issues must be paid.

/_/_

You contributed thish.

/_/_

You contribute regularly either by letter or article/story.

/_/_

Pretty firm, but don't slacken too much.

/_/_

You are Arthur Thomson.

/_/_

You're not Arthur Thomson, but you'd like to be?

/_/_

Ted Forsyth said: "yes."

/_/_

I can't trade with you so unless we hear from you this is your last. Sorry

/_/_

Slip-sheeting, page counting, collating etc. by the inmates of the Penitentiary. Those under sentence were: Jimmy Groves, Joe Patrizio, Ted Forsyth, Bruce Burn and my brother, Fred. Many thanks to all of you for your help no matter how reluctantly it was given. It might get you a free issue!

My thanks to Norman Shorrock who turned up just in time (Nov.22nd.) to put right the fault which was responsible for the bad appearance of the pp I'd run off earlier. Also for his assistance in duplicating. I've never had so much help with O before. I am grateful to you all.

1. The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year. It also mentions the results of the various committees and the work of the different departments.

- 2. The second part of the report deals with the work of the various committees and the progress of the work during the year.
- 3. The third part of the report deals with the work of the different departments and the progress of the work during the year.
- 4. The fourth part of the report deals with the work of the different departments and the progress of the work during the year.
- 5. The fifth part of the report deals with the work of the different departments and the progress of the work during the year.
- 6. The sixth part of the report deals with the work of the different departments and the progress of the work during the year.
- 7. The seventh part of the report deals with the work of the different departments and the progress of the work during the year.
- 8. The eighth part of the report deals with the work of the different departments and the progress of the work during the year.
- 9. The ninth part of the report deals with the work of the different departments and the progress of the work during the year.
- 10. The tenth part of the report deals with the work of the different departments and the progress of the work during the year.

11. The eleventh part of the report deals with the work of the different departments and the progress of the work during the year.

12. The twelfth part of the report deals with the work of the different departments and the progress of the work during the year.

13. The thirteenth part of the report deals with the work of the different departments and the progress of the work during the year.

14. The fourteenth part of the report deals with the work of the different departments and the progress of the work during the year.

15. The fifteenth part of the report deals with the work of the different departments and the progress of the work during the year.