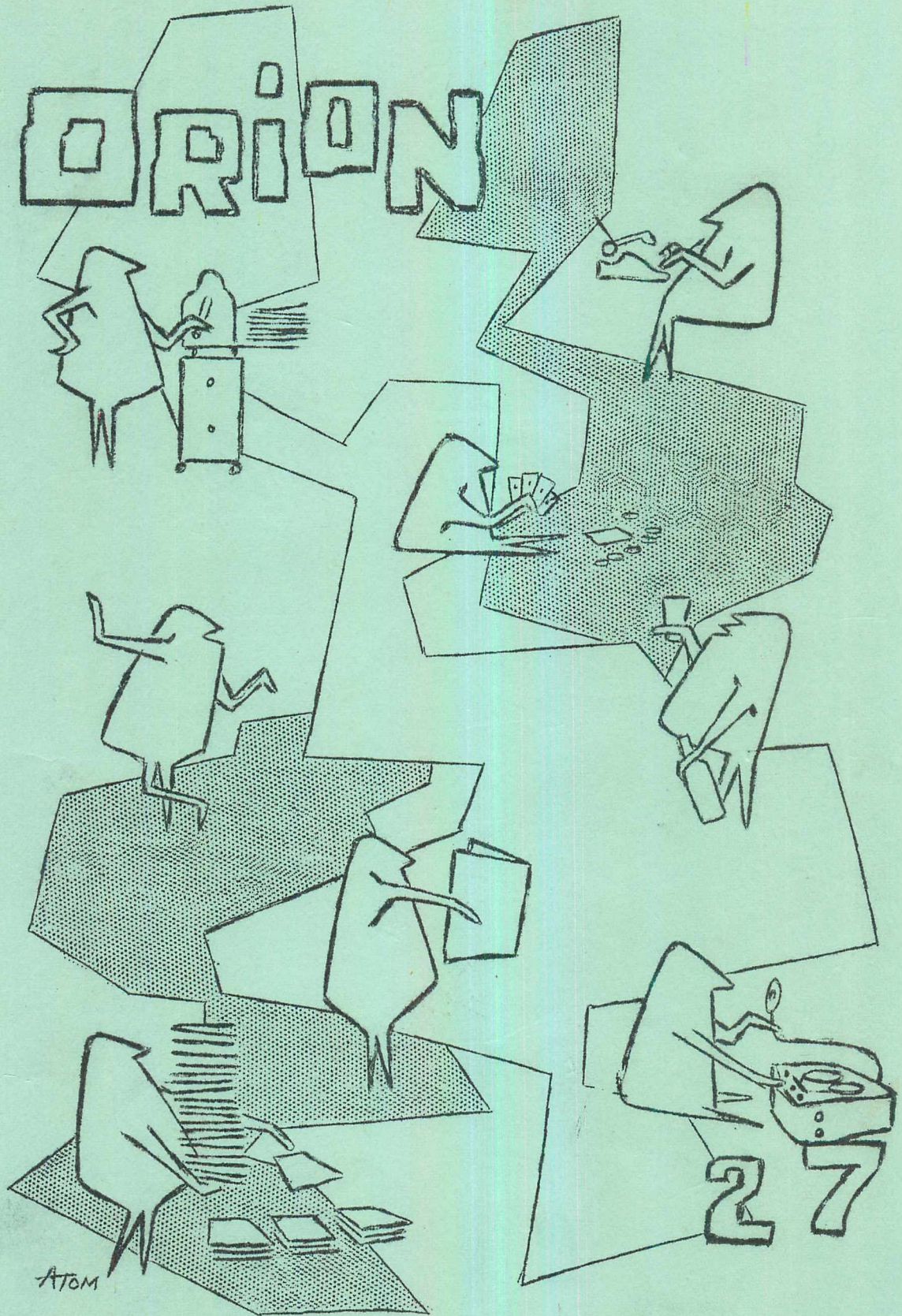
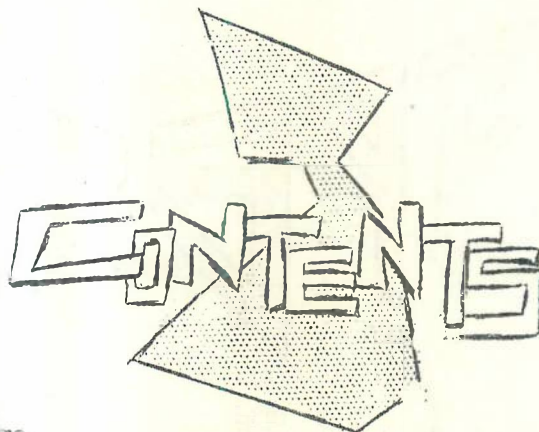
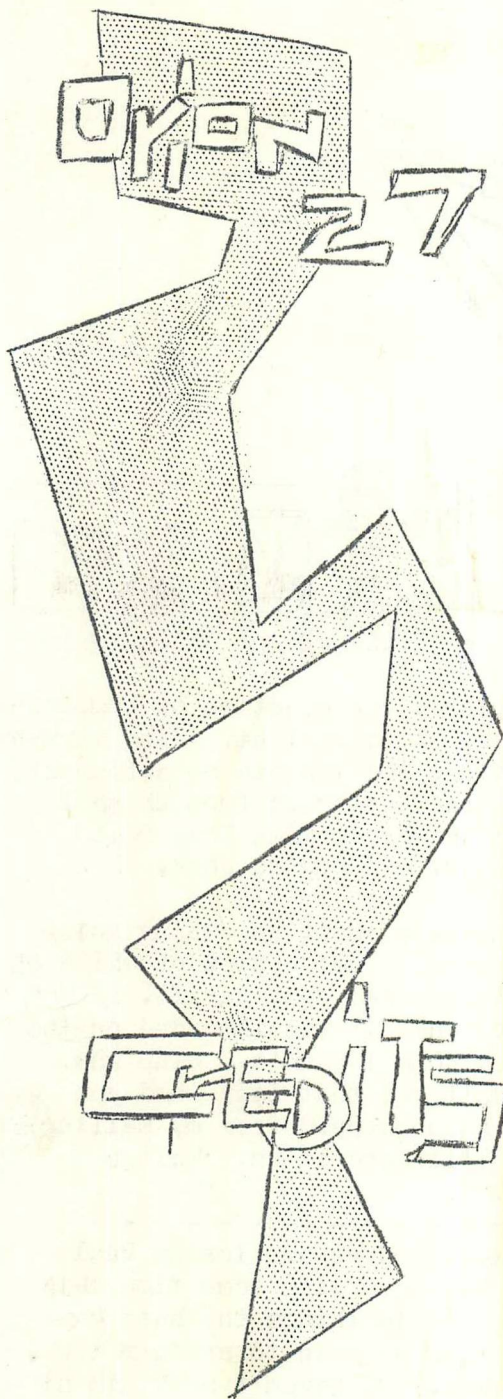


# ORION



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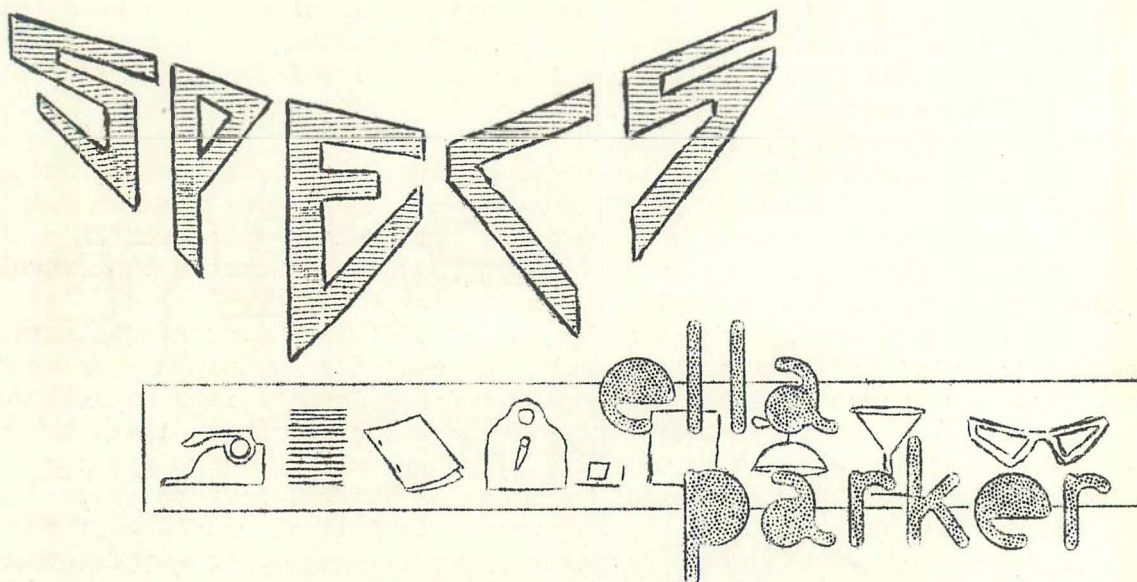


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Apart from the full page illo on page 65 which was drawn by Ted Forsyth and put onto stencil by him, all illos and headings were done by the incomparable ATOM.

Many thanks to those who have kicked in with help in slip-sheeting this which just about includes the entire membership at some time or other of the SFCOL. This effort on their part was made necessary because I stupidly bought a glossy paper instead of matt and I've still got some left. He-el-p!

Apologies to Pat Kearney for the length of my editorial. It got out of control.



The number of times that I have deplored the practice of composing straight on to stencil is nobody's business, and here I am, doing it myself. The usual excuse for so doing is lack of time, and mine is no different. I had most of this issue on stencil before the EasterCon from which I returned on Monday. This is Wednesday and the first time I've felt capable of facing - let alone using - a typer. So now to work.

Sometime I am hoping to put out an issue without something going wrong in the mailing dept. I've done it again. Some copies of ORION 25 were returned to me because the address sticker had come adrift. I had neglected to put the name of the person for whom it was intended on the 'zine itself, so when it came drifting back home I hadn't a clue who had been deprived of his copy. If you didn't get that issue and you haven't received notification that you've been chopped from my mailing list, would you please drop me a card and I'll send it on. Walter Breen, Bob Tucker, Rich Bergeron, anyone????

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It is with very real regret that I tell you we are losing Paul Enever. Paul, whose fanzine this used to be, is moving some time this year and being the kind of person who likes to do things the hard way he isn't just moving up the road a bit further or even to another town. No, he is going to another country: Australia. We haven't seen him at our club meetings as often as we would like as he is often too busy working to take even the Sunday off, but we have always known he was there in the background and there was always the chance no matter how remote that he might just make it to any given meeting, but from Australia? I doubt it. Paul. We hate to see you go but as long as you promise not to lose touch with us altogether we'll try not to feel as badly about it as we might otherwise do. Good luck to you and yours in your new life and Bon Voyage.



### WE HAD A CONVENTION!

Oh, brother, did we ever have a Convention. This year's was my fourth and the one I've enjoyed best to date. Our sincere and heartfelt thanks to the ConCommittee who worked so hard to make it the success it so assuredly was: Eric Jones, Keith Freeman, Tony Walsh, Bob Parkinson and Ethel Lindsay. I only hope they weren't all too tired to enjoy the result of their efforts themselves.

Friday night opened the proceedings with a film show which, quite frankly dragged. That is the only adverse criticism that I personally can level at the whole week end. Had the films shown then been of a more interesting nature we wouldn't have grudged so much the time involved which prevented us from partying and nattering together.

The series of parties began in the room of Alan Rispin. We were having the whale of a time when someone knocked for admission - or so we thought. Our first impulse was to shout: "drop dead!", it's as well we didn't because on being told to enter, the countenance of an irate tenant was disclosed demanding that we allow his 2 yrs old child to get some sleep that night. No sense of the fitness of things, some people. Being our first night in the hotel it was obvious that if we didn't want the party atmosphere to dissipate entirely we would have to move to another room. Among the assembled crowd I can't remember who it was called out the number of the next room we should grace with our company, but the room turned out to belong to Eddie Jones. Eddie was lodged in a single, single room, if you know what I mean. It was already quite crowded when I arrived but still plenty of room for more as we gauge these things. Ian McAulay had seated himself on a piece of the furniture which ensured him of space to breathe if not of comfort and as I was standing next to him it meant that each time the door opened to admit even more fen I had to lean far over him to allow them in. A little of this was too much for Ian and he gave up his seat in favour of standing and taking his chance in the melee. I didn't waste any time. Before he'd had the chance to decide the best place to stand I had occupied his vacated place on the furniture. It was now Bob Parkinson's turn to do the leaning act every time the door opened which was frequently. I am bound to miss someone out as it was difficult to see exactly who was there, but from where I was sitting I could see Tony Walsh and Audrey Eversfield standing as near to the window as they could get without actually going out of it. The crush later became so bad that Audrey passed out, more from the crush of people than from anything she'd had to drink. Going round the room from the right-hand side and sitting on the floor next to the wash basin there was Peter Mabey. Peter was next to the foot of the bed sitting on which we had: Ina Shorrocks, Tedd Tubb, Sandra Hall, and the room on the bed immediately in front of them was occupied at different times by various people. At the head of the bed and immediately in front of the door was standing: Ian McAulay, Joe Patrizio and Bob Parkinson. On the floor just in front of me was a higgledy-piggledy of bodies inextricably mixed. The heads I saw belonged to: Don Geldart, Ethel Lindsay, who had been pushed into the room with such force that she'd landed among the crowd on the floor without a hope of getting up again without a major operation being performed on her and some of the others holding her down, and Brian Jordan. This little lot were sitting on the legs of Jhim Linwood, Alan Rispin and his girl friend Diane....I never did discover her surname.



So far I have only mentioned a few of those who were at that particular party as the crowd kept ebbing and flowing. I do know that at one point in the evening someone counted noses and discovered there were 40 fen in the room! Through it all Eddie sat on part of the bed looking so forlorn; all he wanted was the chance to go to bed and sleep. I gave up fairly early in the proceedings going to my room about 2-30.a.m. I know there were parties on the go for much longer than that, but there was the rest of the weekend to go. I believe that Bruce Burn and Ian McAulay stayed up every night until 6.a.m. They were welcome.

I should perhaps mention here that we had two Guests of Honour this year. From the world of prodom we had Kingsley Amis and from our small world of fandom we had Archie Mercer and it couldn't have been offered to a nicer or more deserving guy. Archie has always been most generous with his time and money in the cause of fandom and after having spent three years as Treasurer of the British Science Fiction Association it was long past time for us to show some appreciation of what he has done. Good on you, Archie. Kingsley Amis was an entirely different kettle of fish. At first sight one was inclined to dislike him because of what looked like the beginnings of a sneer on his face. Remembering what non-fan pros have said and thought of fans in the past, when I saw him I thought he was there in a spirit of condescending tolerance. Once having become acquainted with him, he isn't like that at all. Long and loud were his complaints that he hadn't known about our Conventions before and he was going to come to next year's, by golly. We even subjected him to a room party, an ordeal to which he stood up manfully, so much so that he returned for some more of the same the next night. Yes, a nice fellow, Amis. I liked him as I believe most of the others did.

The first item of any interest on the Saturday programme was a talk by a BSFA member who is also a teacher: Jeff Doherty. The title given it was:- "An Alien in the Academy." S-F being the Alien. Without knowing that he wrote for the newspapers a crowd of us on Friday evening had been talking to Jeff telling him, at his own request, about faandom. He was fascinated by it and wrote a very fair report of the Convention and its members for the Saturday's Manchester Guardian. He sparked off some very interesting comments and argument and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying his place on the hot-seat. After lunch we gathered to watch the slide show which had been prepared for us and sent over by Don Ford. Don, who attended last year's Convention as TAFF Delegate had been so pleased with our reception for the show he put on for us then, that he thought we might like to see more. I have only one complaint to make about its presentation and that is that Don put his commentary on tape this year instead of coming over to give it in person. A Ford slide show is something not to be missed!

The main event scheduled for Saturday afternoon was the talk to be given us by our GoH. Brian Alldis introduced him to us in jocular manner which at times seemed a mite laboured. This could have been over-anxiety on my part to hear what Amis had to say. I know there are going to be many reports giving the gist of what he said so I won't waste time telling you here; I'll leave it to those better qualified to do it. I must place on record our delight with his gift of repartee especially when answering Ted Tubb. Amis had made some remark about pornography in S-F. Relative to a comment made by Amis, Ted said he had been disgusted to find S-F being used as a vehicle for pornography. Not knowing Ted's reputation Amis



retorted:- " ...I must be more sophisticated and blase than you, but..." This brought roars of laughter and left Ted without a retort of his own.

The rest of Saturday passed in a blur of meals eaten, walks taken in order to get some air, and quick visits made to the Conhall in order to keep an eye on what was being done at any given moment just so I wouldn't miss out on anything I particularly wanted to see or hear. As the afternoon wore on towards evening excitement was mounting in anticipation of the coming fancy dress party and dance. Nurses had been invited from a local hospital in order to ensure that the lads had a choice of femmes with which to dance instead of, as in the past, being thrown on the mercies of the few femmes usually present at these does. We were bitterly disappointed to find they had accepted our invitation not only for themselves, but for their boy friends as well!

Costumes ranged from the grotesque to the attractive with many in-betweens. Outstanding were the mask worn by Dave Kyle, the bird costume worn by Ina Shorrocks (which won first prize in the parade) and that horrible eye in the middle of her forehead worn by Ruth Kyle. Worth a very special mention in my opinion, was the witches outfit, complete with besom worn by Diane (Alan Rispin's friend), both for its simplicity and impressiveness; she really looked the part...if that isn't being rude. Ted Tubb, Bruce Burn, Bob Hawkins, Brian Burgess, Bob Richardson, Pat Kearney and Don Geldart had brought out once more the armour, swords etc. that had been worn and used with such good effect when the London crowd visited Cheltenham at Whitsun two years ago. They started a sword fight with more enthusiasm than regard for rules, if any there were, and it was worth a front row seat to see Ted Tubb matched against Brian Burgess. Talk about trying to move the immovable! Burgess just stood there and let them all come at him; so well encased was he that there was no spot through which they could reach him.

Dancing - or what I saw of it - was patchy, many of them preferring to stand at the bar drinking and forming discussion groups. I was off in a corner of the hall with Ken Slater, Dave Barber, Ian McAulay, Jim Groves and a couple of others talking about S-F. That was one thing about this Convention which caused much comment. No matter where you went or at what time of day or night you would come across a small group tucked away somewhere discussing S-F. Whether, as has been argued, this was due to the influence of the BSFA members present, or not, I wouldn't like to say. I have noticed that even at our SFCL club meetings it is talked about a lot more than it was in the past. Maybe it's coming back into fashion or favour?

Much later on Saturday night Ethel and I went upstairs to get ready for the company we were expecting to visit our little suite we had to ourselves tucked away in a nice little corner of the hotel. We even had a door which could be shut closing us off entirely from the rest of the hotel any time we felt downright unsociable. Need I say it was never used? The party was held in high good spirits and was an interesting mixture of the faanish and sercon. Here too S-F came in for its share of attention during the jollity. Ethel remarked to me next day of two intriguing conversations, snippets of which she had overheard. To one side they were talking about S-F and on the other there was Phil Rogers and I talking about the fascinating way in which Dave Barber wiggled his ears. This must prove summat, but I don't know what. We were keeping pretty well open house between the two rooms and as there wasn't room for all of them in Ethel's place the overflow was passing through



into mine. This makes it difficult to know who was at ours and who had gone off looking for another party elsewhere. I do remember seeing: Phil Rogers, Dave Barber, Don Geldart, Ted Carnell (who had turned up unexpectedly and most welcome he was too), Jimmy Rattigan, Ted Tubb, Ted Forsyth, Joe Patrizio, Alan Rispin and Diane (that name again!), Brian Alldis, Brian Jordan, Jhim Linwood, Jeff Doherty, Ian McAulay (you could have guessed he'd be there!), two Shorrocks', Kingsley Amis, Ken Slater, Bobbie and Bill Gray, Ron Bennett, Bruce Burn, Daphne Buckmaster, Keith Freeman, Margaret and Eric Jones, and last but not least Arthur Thomson, who had come down for one day and was acting barman very capably. It was a good party.

I trailed off to bed somewhere about 4-30 a.m. I had to have some sleep as the BSFA was holding its A.G.M the following morning. We had a disappointingly small audience for this but those who were present showed they were actively interested in what the Association were doing and had many suggestions to make for an improved service. I don't want to give the appearance of gloating even if I am, but all the suggestions are now the business of Joe Patrizio who is this year's Secretary. Good luck, Joe! Ken Slater, Ted Carnell, Eric Bentcliffe and Norman Shorrocks came up with some pretty good ideas and were most helpful and encouraging in what they had to say about the Association's affairs. I think it was a most successful meeting. Further on in the magazine you will see a notice mentioning a fund which was launched during this session. As most of you have heard by now, Doc Weir died just a couple of weeks before the Convention. Doc was actively interested in the BSFA and has done a lot of constructive work for us in the form of writing for our official magazine VECTOR among other things. We have launched the "Doc Weir Memorial Fund" to buy books for the BSFA library which was a part of the Association which was very nearly his prime interest. You don't have to be a member of the BSFA to help in this worthy project and I'd like to see us with something well worth his memory.

After the business of the meeting had been completed we were free to go to lunch and Ethel and those who were acting in our club's (SFCL) playlet written and produced by Bruce Burn, were also free to get the shakes and a bad case of butterfly stomach. This they did. We had a slight delay which is after all in the fannish tradition, and which did nothing to make our actors and actress feel any better, and then they were off....or do I mean, on! Jimmy Groves and Bruce Burn had the stage to themselves for the opening and as they got into their parts it began to sound quite good to me out in the wings. Ethel, who had a song to sing in her part, was standing waiting to make her entrance and I hope I never again meet anyone with such a bad attack of the shakes. Never mind; once on-stage she did us and herself credit. Congratulations, you three.

Now we were all set for the fannish "This is Your Life." The big question in everyone's mind was: WHOSE?? After some deliberate delaying tactics such as approaching those he had no intention of hauling up to the stage Eric Bentcliffe (who M.C.s the item) did a quick turn round on his heels to sneak up behind Eric Jones who was sitting there supremely confident that he knew who it was to be: Terry Jeeves. He was wrong, of course, it was Eric Jones. Flustered, Eric was led to the hot-seat and had to sit through a lot of well intentioned kidding. Bruce Burn was notable as an Indian complete with sibilant accent as good as anything done by Peter Sellars. Alan Rispin too, was surprisingly good as a deaf



old man, especially when he got his programmes mixed and thought he was taking part in a give-away-show called Take Your Pick. Norman Shorrocks was next to come on lugging with him a whacking great machine which when attached to Eric's person gave out with lots of flashing lights and twirling antennae. There was a clock in the front of it which whipped round at an alarming rate and a slot which lit up saying TILTED. All of it completely useless. Eric's face was a picture when he saw it being carried in as he'd made the thing himself thinking it was for Jeeves. Later in the evening Eric Bentcliffe was heard to confess he felt a bit guilty having asked Eric to make it himself, but the mood soon vanished.

Next came the TAFF auction at which Ron did his best to take what little money was left in our pockets. I did hear unofficially that he wangled £18 from the audience but later it might have been more as Eric Bentcliffe auctioned some of the authors present and the beards of Bob Parkinson and Bruce Burn.

Ken Slater came up with a quiz next in which he gave you some initials and you had to identify the name of an author of S-F. I was very glad I'd stayed to hear it and it was surprising how many names he came up with of whom I'd never heard before! Slater is an asset to any fannish gathering. It grotches me no end that he lives too far away for him to get over to visit here. What he doesn't know about S-F and its writers just wasn't worth knowing in the first place. Ghod forbid that I should put it on record that I like the man, he might find time to read this, let's just say I don't get to see him often enough to suit me.

Now we all broke up for tea and general natter in readiness for the film to be shown later in the evening, which was to be Forbidden Planet. After a meal I sat with Bobby Gray for a while and then did the disappearing act to my room. I'd seen the film twice already and as we were making a side trip to the Cheltenham Club rooms the next day I wanted to get my packing done without having to do it in a mad rush. Archie Mercer had kindly left his record player and records in my room. Now there are some of you who just aren't going to believe this, but with hand on heart I swear it's the truth; to the music of the bagpipes I skipped lightly round the room lifting things and putting them down someplace else only to spend the next twenty minutes looking for them. In two hours I had finished my packing so went down to pay my bill and then in to see the last half of the film. During the week end I had raffled off two copies of the ATom Anthology and after the film was over I asked Eric Jones if he'd do the draw. Dave Kyle was one of the winners and Paul Andrews the other. Dave still thinks it was rigged. This was the end of the programmed items and we now had the desolate task of selling off all the posters which had made the hall look so gay and occupied. I bought one and Ethel bought me another, both of which will eventually find a home on the wall of the Penitentiary when I can figure where to place them; one is a Jeeves' and one a Parkinson, both very colourful.

After dismantling the hall I went up to Ethel's room in which there was to be another party. Pretty nearly all those who had come in on the Saturday night turned up again with maybe a few extra who wandered in and out again. After the week end I had just had I didn't feel like doing much in the way of drinking and I don't think most of the others did either. Ethel was frantic in case any of the bottles should be left with even a little in them as it went against the grain to leave them behind in that case. She kept on crying: "for Ghod's sake finish the



Monday April 10th.

bottles!" I am happy to report that this very thing was achieved. I chickened out again around 4-30 a.m. and didn't hear a sound when the party broke up even though they were only next door. Ethel tells me they kept it up until at least an hour after that.

On Monday morning as is the usual thing, people were disappearing from the fannish scene with regrettable regularity. Ken Slater popped his head into my room to say his goodbyes; Archie, Bobby and Bill Gray along with Keith Freeman, Ethel, Patrizio and Forsyth came in to sit and chew the rag for a while. I'll never forgive that Bill Gray; you hear me, Bill? Fancy coming into a ladies room....well, alright, mine then, and taking a picture before I'd had the chance to even comb my hair! I'll bet it turns out a beaut, too. Knowing that I had all my packing done with the exception of a few oddments still lying around, I wasn't bothered about how long we sat and nattered. In fact I think it was about 11 a.m. when I finally turned them out so I could get up and dress. I came down to the lounge to find there were still a lot of fen sitting around teaing and coffeeing. Having dispatched a couple of the lads to fetch my bags from my room I joined Ethel Lindsay and Norman Shorrocks in a tray of very welcome tea. Most of the talk buzzing around the lounge at this time was a mixture of comments on the Con just finished and plans for the one to come next year. I don't ever remember leaving a Convention with so many plans already made and firmed up in readiness for the following year. It was good to see how enthusiastic everyone was to keep up the good work.

Bruce Burn, who was the driver for the vehicle hired by the SFCL, had the job of carting a load of stuff back to the Cheltenham club rooms after which he was returning to collect us and take us to visit them in their natural haunts before we left for London and home. Groups were constantly forming, breaking up and reforming elsewhere all over the place. Friendships were re-affirmed, plans were made for more frequent visits to one another, and promises were made also for more frequent letters to be written. As you can see, we in Britain make our New Year Resolutions at Easter. We collected a bunch to go out for lunch at the local Chinese restaurant. This was to be our last real get-together near the Conhotel and we had: Dave and Ruth Kyle, Ina and Norman Shorrocks, Eric and Margaret Jones, Bruce, Ethel, Pat Kearney, Ted, Joe, Jimmy Groves, Eddie Jones, Norman Weedel and anyone else who hadn't already left for home. It was a leisurely meal with all of us too tired to exert ourselves to be entertaining. After we left the restaurant we broke up for the last time. In some cases we refused to say goodbye as we intended to meet at the club rooms of the Cheltenham group. We got ourselves packed and loaded into our vehicle and were away.

After having lost ourselves among all the small back streets around Cheltenham we arrived at the club to find Ken and Pamela Bulmer had got there first. Those of our group on their first visit were asked to sign the wall and being 'different' they chose to start off on a new section of the wall. Audrey Eversfield and Margaret Jones brought tea round to us all and I'm pleased to record that I was given the largest cup/mug to be found in the place. That could be because they had heard I like the stuff. We stayed in the club until about 4-30 p.m. talking over the past few days and making our criticisms to Eric who wanted to know if there was anything we thought he could have done better. We had few such criticisms



to make. None of those who had promised to see us at the club, other than the members, had in fact turned up. Archie had been and gone and the Kyles hadn't shown up at all by the time we were reloaded and set to go. Goodbyes were shouted; fear was expressed that if we didn't soon get moving we might decide to stay after all so they all got behind and pushed, and as we finally took pity on them and drove off the Kyles appeared just in time to give us a wild wave of their hands. Trust them to be late!

We had a very nice, quick drive back to town arriving at my front door somewhen around 7-30 p.m. which was good going. I put the kettle on to make tea and while waiting for it to boil read a letter from Bill Donaho which was waiting for me. Half way through the letter and just as I'd made the tea (it was a long letter), the bell rang. Arthur Thomson had come along to see how the rest of the Con had gone after he'd had to leave. By now all I wanted was for the ruddy thing to finish completely. That wouldn't be until the group had dispersed to their various homes. Finally, utterly weary and talked out for the timebeing they broke it up and took their leave. I was left with Ron Bennett and Brian Jordan who were staying with me for the next week.

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Now, you see where I've broken this up by putting a date top of a page? That is to indicate the next time I got any work done on this portion of O. On Thursday I took Brian over to visit the Tubb family, we had a pleasant evening with them and the Bulmers who joined us there. Many thanks, Ken, for the ride to the station. We heard the train come in as we dashed down the steps.

Friday night here is B.S.F.A. night. I hold a social get together for any members able to get along. I was expecting quite a bunch as a result of fen who were at the Con expecting to be in London for that particular Friday. Jordan gets the idea: "let's hold a Con of our own in West Kilburn!" No sooner thought than arranged. Brian gets to work on working out a rough programme and ran it off on the duper. I think it was also he who made the lapel badges for those we were expecting, like Gernsback, Tucker, Grennell, Bradbury, Lindsay, Patrizio, Forsyth and the others. Ethel was the first to arrive and almost left again on finding it was going to cost her sixpence (6d) to get in. Why, we even had magazines on sale! We offered her copies of VECTOR, ORION and the SFCL Convention Combozine which had been run off for the bigger event in Gloucester, but we didn't see why we shouldn't try to cash in on the spares. Nary a one she bought. Leaving the boys to continue with their preparations for the Microcon she came up to my room and we had a natter with a couple of cups of tea. During a hasty meal the bell rang out its summons again; it was Arthur Thomson, about the only person to turn up for whom we hadn't made out a lapel badge. He fought like a mad beast against the idea of paying to enter the Penitentiary, but Ron was on the door and wore him down. Next to appear, and unexpectedly at that (so that was two more who had to have rush badges made) were Irene and Ken Potter complete with baby. As Karen would only be drinking what she had brought with her we let her in free. Big of us, wasn't it? It was obviously going to be one of those nights so I ceased to worry about who was at the door whenever I heard the bell. I've been very clever about this door deal. When the bell



rings the last one to be admitted goes down to answer it. This works very well from my point of view and is fairest to all who are here. No exceptions are made no matter how honoured the guest, so watch it any of you who decide to come to a binge at the Pen. Make sure your leg muscles are well limbered, you'll need them.

When I had made ready to join them in the Penitentiary Conhall there was nearly a full house. Besides those already named there was: Jimmy Groves, Jhim Linwood from Nottingham, Don Geldart, Ted and Joe, both of them also fighting like mad against the entrance fee, but they had to pay up, and Bruce Burn. Just for once we left the subject of S-F severely alone. Talk seemed to range round the next year's do and what the SFCL should put into the programme as a team. With the money collected at the door Ron and Brian went out and bought a few bottles of cider to moisten their tonsils.

I had been expecting to see Alan Rispin and Dave Barber at this meeting (the latter being a BSFA member who helps Ken Slater a lot in his work at Fantast Medway), but neither of them showed up. I got a letter from Dave today in which he explains how he did a 'Joe Patrizio' and couldn't find the house; only, unlike Joe he didn't persevere and so never arrived. Arthur left early but the rest of us had ourselves a bit of a party. Later in the evening we began making arrangements for sleeping those who were staying over-night. The Potters had left so I asked Bruce if he could put Linwood and Geldart up for the night; this he agreed to do and we were all set. The bell rang. By now I hope, that statement sounds as ominous to you as the actuality does to me at times. The Potters had returned being unable to get their train connections for home; thank goodness they had the sense to come back in good time even though it meant rearranging the sleeping plan we had made. It was now decided that Linwood and Jordan would share a mattress on the floor and Geldart would share a bed with Bennett. It had to be done that way as all my blankets were in use. This too met with general approval and soon after Bruce and the Potter family left. We: Ron, Don, Jhim, Brian and I sat around talking and I made a start on tea-making again when....the bell rang! We looked at the time; it was about 11-15 p.m., and began speculating on who it could be. Jhim and Brian said it might be Rispin. I looked again at the time and thought it too late for him. I thought it might be the Potters back having maybe forgotten something. On reflection we were getting nowhere fast, not even to the front door, so Brian went down and returned with Rispin. I don't know if this will prove my innate lack of hospitality but on seeing him my first reaction was: "where the hell am I going to sleep him?" I decided not to worry my head about it until I'd had a cup of tea. We had a scrappy supper, and that means exactly what it says. We scrounged around collecting scraps of this and that left from previous meals during the day and early evening. While we were eating Bennett came up with the only sensible solution to the sleeping problem: "Let's have a hand at cards" says he. We sat playing until 5 a.m. and by then I was so tired, as were the others, we didn't care where Alan was going to sleep. I went to my room and left it to them to sort themselves out.

When I finally rolled out of bed on Saturday morning and went down to see about making the matutinal cups of tea and coffee I found that Don Geldart had already departed without disturbing anyone. I'm sorry that you left without breakfast, Don. I hadn't realised you wanted



to leave quite that early. Saturday was very quiet as they all went out for the day and by the time they came back at night I had long ago gone to my bed for a nights sound sleep.

On Sunday morning I went down to the big room in an inquiring frame of mind; I wondered just how many and who had slept the night here. There were only three of them: Linwood, Jordan and Bennett. It seemed that Rispin had accepted the offer of something a bit softer to lie on in Bruce's place than the floor of the Pen, and I can't blame him. While we were having ou first cup of tea of the day, Alan and Bruce arrived. I had long ago put the meat into the oven to cook knowing that Jhim, Alan and Diane (hey, I've found out her second name; it's Goulding) had to leave for home early in the afternoon. By the way: Diane had come in with Alan and Bruce. We had just about got dinner out of the way when Ethel arrived followed soon after by Ted and Joe. We were all set for a nice matey afternoon and evening. We were sitting around chewing the fat when Brian Burgess turned up, thinking mistakenly that Sunday was a club day. Brian brought with him a new find in the person of Ian Peters who lives in Croydon near Brian. Another Scot! Bruce's face was a picture of despair when he first heard Ian speak. Bruce has been showing some concern over the way we Northerners seem to be swamping Anglofandom. Ian is a Vet and was much amused to see the shingle on my wall which features prominently the name of Dave Kyle who practices the same profession in Kettering. No, not that Dave Kyle, this is someone else.

As our local Convention was still 'officially' in session we went round collecting 6ds and got a lot more which went for beer later in the evening. Ian and Bruce went out to see if it was possible to bring Arthur over to join us, but unfortunately he couldn't make it but sent us a consoling note instead which was much appreciated. I forgot to tell you that when Arthur had been here on Friday night he had written out dozens of slips of paper advertising ORION with various slogans such as: "ORION isn't cheap, but then, things can be dear at any price," and "they don't print books like ORION anymore." They were stuck all over the place and I even found one in the tea caddy!

It seemed very quiet here on Monday morning with only Jordan and Bennett around. Efforts were made to get some fanac done which had been much neglected during the week end. I got back to this on Monday but this is Wednesday and the first time I've done anything on it since the Monday night. I've been too tired to risk fouling things up too much. Composing direct on stencil as I am is bad enough Ghod knows, without trying to do it while half asleep. I have high hopes of getting to work on the duplicating tomorrow, Thursday. Brian left here for home yesterday and sorry I was to see him go. I don't suppose I'll see him again until next Easter. Ren should have left early this morning to catch a coach for home, but we had stayed up late last night talking, and when I woke in a panic he had missed it by an hour. He has gone to see about a train but I daren't strip his bed in case he has to come back. I know he's supposed to start back at school tomorrow. I wonder if he'll make it?

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DIKINI FOR T.A.F.F.  
- - - - -



To sum up: it was a whale of a Convention and we've had the whale of a week here since we got back. I have been reminded that I've got one thing wrong. Ina, in fact, won second prize at the dance, Eddie Jones winning first. Eddie had designed all the costumes worn by the Liverpool contingent.

I have a very special word of praise for Don Geldart and the work he did on behalf of the SFCL in the matter of a table display at the Con. Don had bought some kits and from them had built a space station and some rockets which he set against a black backcloth in a white frame. Most effective it was too. He has promised us better for next year so Ghod knows what he is planning.


I have given only a cursory description of the Convention. To do it justice would take far more time and page space than I have to spare at the moment, but at least it will give you an idea of some of the things we enjoyed. Roll oj next Easter and Harrogate!

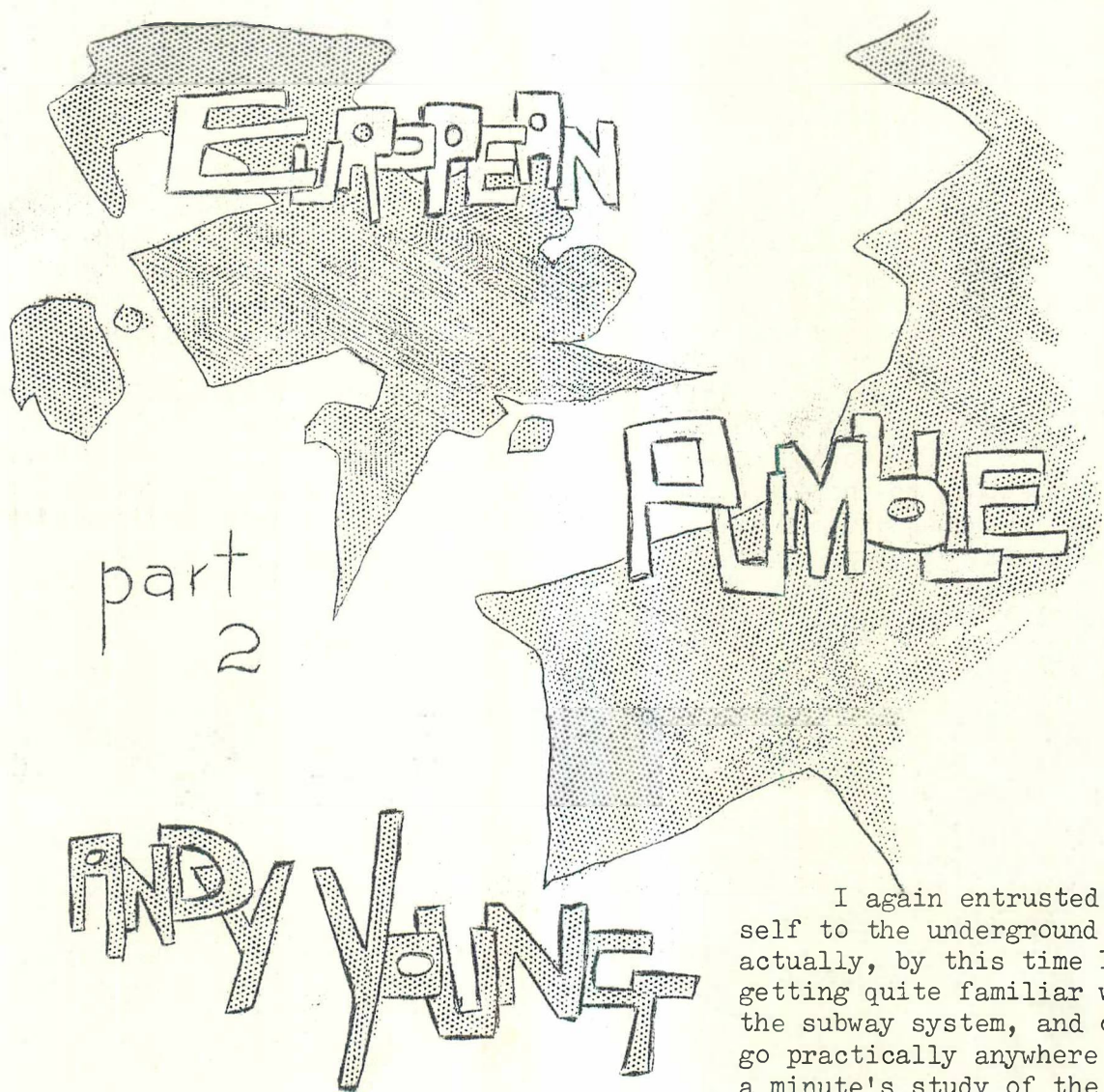
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Ignoring for the moment those who won't admit that there's any kind of regularity in O's publishing schedule I want to warn you all that the next issue will quite likely be very, very late. Once I get this issue in the mails I am making a determined attack on the AA stencils and don't want to stop in the middle of the job to do O. I apologise in advance to my contributors and subscribers; it sounds like an unfair deal for you, but having got as far as I have with the Anthology project it would be equally unfair to Arthur and those who have put money on the line for copies for me to foul things up by putting it to one side every now and again in order to get other things done. I don't want the job hanging fire for months as so many other things do in fandom, and besides, I have only a limited amount of time available to me for publishing this year. Contributors will receive their usual EGOboo Diet Sheets for O26 just as soon as I can get to do them and I have many letters I want to write which have lain unanswered for as long as a year. This is bad. Sometimes I think seriously about gafiating and coming back into fandom as a neo and starting off afresh after a years absence. It wouldn't really solve anything so I don't think I'll bother.

My love to George Locke way out there in Nairobi. Don't forget us altogether, George and keep up with your writing if you don't manage to do any other kind of fanning. I know I.O.U. a letter. Just let me get O off my hands and I'll do something constructive about it. For those of you who haven't got it, George's address is: Sgt. Locke G.W. 24 Field Ambulance, B.F.P.O. 10. Nairobi. All from me this time.

See you.





I again entrusted myself to the underground -- actually, by this time I was getting quite familiar with the subway system, and could go practically anywhere after a minute's study of the map--

- and soon found myself back in New Cross, where I gathered my baggage together (fervently wishing I had left most of it at home--the graph plotting had not produced the desired results) and staggered off to the railway station. I felt rather sad, waiting for the train to come; I had enjoyed myself in London, and I would probably never see this part of it again. With a last look across the rooftops of Peckham, I boarded the train and concentrated on getting to the West London Air Terminal. The time remaining was a little close, but I felt I would make it with a few minutes to spare.

I was to be at the Terminal at 9:30. It was about 9:15 when I got into the Gloucester Road station from which it was supposedly only a short walk to the Terminal. Once again, I managed to walk entirely round the station before discovering that the street I wanted was the one on which I had originally come out. With grim determination I seized my bags and set out. I soon encountered a large sign pointing in the appropriate direction and saying "West London Air Terminal 300 yards." Hm. A bit further than I had expected. I set off at as fast a pace as I could manage. After what seemed to be about five minutes, there was a sign saying "West London Air



Terminal 200 yards." Half an hour later, at 9:27 exactly, I tottered into the West London Air Terminal.

Well, here I am, I thought. At least I made it in time.

I stood in a line of people waiting to be sent to the airport. And waited. And waited. After about twenty minutes I got to the head of the line, and was told that I was late and must go across to the other side of the terminal to check in at the late-arrivals desk, where I again had to wait in line, growing ever more nervous.

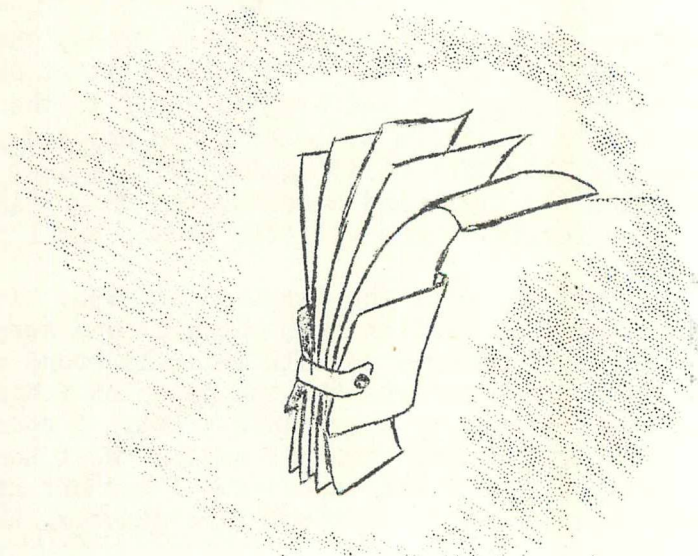
At last they got to me. I then discovered I must pay umpteen shillings for my bus ticket to the airport and for an "airport service charge." "Twelve and six!" I shouted indignantly, "you can't do this to me! No taxation without representation! Fifty-four forty or fight!" Smiling tolerantly, the henchmen of the Ministry of Aviation extracted twelve shillings and sixpence from the inmost recesses of my beard and bounced me into the waiting bus. "Remember the Maine!" I cried, but it was too late. I was on my way.

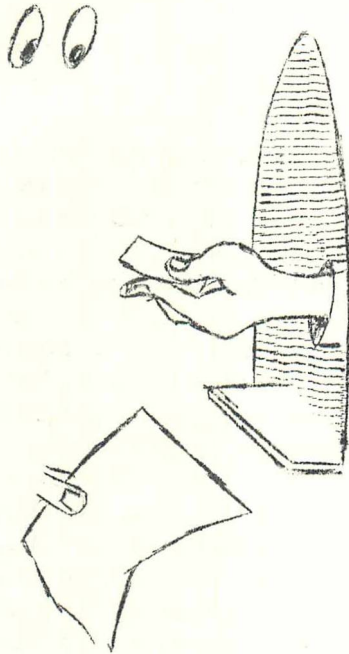
As we sped toward the waiting airplane, I contemplated my week in London. I had expected to get used to riding on the wrong side of the road; I had not expected to get used to the non-decimal monetary system. In fact, I had never become accustomed to the direction of traffic flow -- I invariably waited for busses on the wrong side of the road -- and I had become fairly familiar with the more modest monetary units, although crowns and guineas still caused me some difficulty. I had seen the Natural Museum, both of which I found outstanding; but I had missed the British Museum and most of the usual tourist attractions like the Tower and St. Pauls. I had been to an excellent Chinese restaurant -- fancy, but not expensive -- where I ate with ivory chopsticks. I had met a considerable number of London fans, every one of whom I had liked. If the remaining five weeks of my trip were to be as satisfactory as this had been, I would indeed have my money's worth.

The trip to Amsterdam took just one hour -- 25 minutes each going up and coming down, and 10 minutes at cruising altitude. We passed rapidly through immigration and customs, and I then faced the problem of getting to Nyenrode Castle. After much consultation, the baggage clerks decided that the best way for me to go would be by bus into Amsterdam, and then by train to Breukelen. One of them kindly lettered a small piece of paper for me, with instructions to show it to bus drivers, railway clerks, etc. until I got there.

I walked over to the CHANGE window to convert my English pounds into local currency. They took my pounds and ten-shilling notes and a few of the larger coins, but refused to bother with the little stuff, which I stored away in an inner compartment of my wallet. After all, I would be going back to England in a month.

The airport had looked rather like all large airports look everywhere; except for the oversize money (and undersized coins -- the Dutch 10¢ piece is about the size of a collar button), which stuck out of my wallet, I had little reason to suspect that I was in a Strange Foreign Land Whose Inhabitants Speak A Strange Foreign Tongue. In fact, they had all spoken English to me so far. But perhaps this





was not unusual at international airports. Perhaps in Amsterdam itself I would encounter the dread Language Barrier.

The trip from the airport to town did little to dispel the illusion that I was in fact merely exploring an unfamiliar part of northern Ohio. To be sure, there were considerable numbers of bicycles; but there had been these at Oberlin. There were bicycle paths; but I had already seen them on the analogous trip into town from London Airport, and they were no longer a novelty. Furthermore, the bus ran on the right side of the road.

Having arrived at Amsterdam's Central Station, I prepared to face the problem of not speaking Dutch. I waved my piece of paper (which read "Kasteel Nijenrode, Breukelen") at the ticket seller, and muttered the name of the town in what I hoped would be a recognizably Germanic accent.

"One ticket to Brooklyn, one guilder and twenty cents," replied the ticket seller in a faintly BBC-like voice.

"Thank you," I gritted, slinking away with my small piece of cardboard clutched in my perspiring palm.

An inspection of the train schedule posted on the wall made it evident that most of the printed language could be understood by assuming it to be badly misspelled German. The term "perron" stumped me for a bit; but from the use of the word in column headings and the large signs at regular intervals pointing to "1<sup>e</sup> PERRON", "2<sup>e</sup> PERRON", etc. it evidently meant "platform." I found the one from which a train was supposed to leave for Breukelen, Utrecht, and points south in a few minutes, sat down on my baggage, and waited.

I was soon faced with a dilemma: there were two trains, one on either side of the platform. Which was the one I wanted? I conferred with the schedule again; there was another train leaving a few minutes earlier from the same platform for a different destination; obviously all I had to do was wait for it to leave, and mine would be the other one. There was, however, one disturbing circumstance: the one which looked more ready to leave had little signs marked "Utrecht" on it. In the nick of time, I waved my piece of paper at a porter and avoided the experience, rare though it may be, of seeing my train pull out without me.

The conductor asked me something in Dutch as I gave him my ticket. I shook my head and my piece of paper at him. He then said something to the people sitting next to me, evidently meaning "see that this ignorant boob gets off the train at the right place." These were the first non-English-speaking Dutchmen I had met. I stared out the window most of the way, noticing that (except for one distant windmill) the countryside looked more and more like northern Ohio.



The Breukelen stop proved to consist of a station, a windmill, a highway, a country road, a high tension line, and three bars. Surely, I thought, there must be more to the town than this.

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"It may have been a souvenir, but I ate it."

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The train was between me and the station, so I had time to admire the juxtaposition of old and new in the windmill seen against the backdrop of the high-tension wires. Eventually the train (a fast electric, such as serves many an American suburb region) pulled out, and I walked slowly across to the station, hoping that I would not have to carry my twenty kilos of baggage all the way to the castle.

As I was approaching the station, another individual well weighed-down with bags came up behind me. Thinking that (a) he looked American, and that (b) it was unlikely that anyone arriving at Breukelen with bags on this particular day would be anything other than a conference participant, I hailed him in English. For once, I was right.

With our confidence mutually bolstered, we approached the stationmaster -- at any rate, I supposed he was the stationmaster, because he was the only person visible in attendance at the station -- and asked the way to the castle. We asked him in English, of course; it was abundantly evident by now that those Dutchmen who regularly come in contact with the travelling public speak English.

He shook his head in incomprehension. "Mumble mumble Hollons spoken?" he asked. We shook our heads. A sinking feeling was rapidly taking over the pit of my stomach. Suddenly he did something so unexpected that I involuntarily executed the cortico-thalamic pause; in short, the mind boggled:

"Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" sagte er.

"Ja, ein Bisschen," antwortete ich, erstaunt.

Suddenly and unexpectedly I was speaking one of those Strange Foreign Languages, not as a classroom exercise, but as a means of necessary and real human communication. This, indeed, was one of those experiences I had come to Europe for; but I was not ready for it. Before I really was ready for it I had asked the way to the castle, been informed that you go out the other side of the station, across the bridge, and turn right; asked how far it was, been told 15 minutes; and had said thankyou and started off before remembering that Europeans commonly measure distance by time rather than saying how many kilometers it is. Damn.

So off we trudged, carrying our unwieldy impedimenta. The bridge turned out not to be the small country-road bridge that I had expected, but a high modern structure spanning a major watercourse which proved to be the Amsterdam-Rhine Canal. The abutments were high, and we were well tired by the time we reached the bridge proper. I was delighted to discover a sign on the span which read "Breukelerbrug." And all the time I thought Brooklyn Bridge was in New York!

The road leading up to the bridge was paved with large bricks, and in one section the paving was being taken up by a group of laborers in wooden shoes; they seemed to be re-laying the bricks with fresh sand between them, though the old paving looked quite satisfactory to me. This was a sight which turned up repeatedly in the Netherlands, and I think it exemplifies the meticulousness and neatness of the Dutch mind.

As we crossed the bridge, we could see in the distance the towers of

the castle for the first time, at what seemed an intolerable distance. We had already expended ten of our "fifteen minutes", and it was evident that we were hardly a third of the way there. Where, we asked ourselves, was the car that was supposed to meet people at the station and convey them in ease and elegance to the castle?

As we emerged upon the far abutment we perceived a large, square station wagon moving up the road towards us. It was moving suspiciously slowly, as if -- perhaps? -- the driver were looking for someone. When it was within ten meters of us, the driver reached uncertainly down and placed a placard in the window: NUFFIC. With cries of joy we threw down our loads; the wagon stopped beside us, and we got in. The driver explained (in English this time -- it was the official language of the conference) that he was on his way to the station, and that we would have to ride back there again. I wonder whether he really expected us to complain.....

The castle was, as so many things were, different from my expectations. The castles one sees in books of fairy tales and in travel folders are generally tall, spirey things, with narrow, vertical patterns. This castle was short and squat. The most outstanding part of it was square; indeed, cubical, with very low turrets at the corners. This, it turned out, was the oldest part, originally built in the tenth century, destroyed, and rebuilt. It was in this section that the bar was placed, evidently in the former dungeon. The remainder of the castle occupied somewhat more ground area, but the walls did not rise so high; the roofs were steep and pointed, and in the center was a cupola equipped with a set of bells which played, every quarter hour, a tune which lasted at least thirty seconds, and which no one could ever identify. The base of the castle enclosed a pleasant courtyard on two sides; the whole was surrounded by a moat, which connected with numerous other ponds and canals on the grounds, and across which two wooden drawbridges, not very different from the ordinary drawbridges which carry roads across rivers and canals in the Netherlands, allowed access. A mural sundial faced on the courtyard, but was more ornamental than functional, as much from the trees which lined the eastern side of the yard and the road beyond, across the moat, as from the enduringly cloudy weather.

But that first afternoon was not cloudy, and I spent much of it in exploring the grounds and taking pictures. The grounds were spacious, unusually so in a country so hard up for farmland that it must rob the sea for area; most of it was forested, but not a wild forest: the trees were spaced well apart, and well-kept paths led between them. There was an open area inhabited by a small herd of deer; large bird houses, containing brightly coloured Oriental pheasants; a rather run-down formal garden; and extensive greenhouses. There were also a number of tennis courts, and playing fields for soccer and other games. But we were primarily concerned with the central group of buildings to the west of the castle: the coachhouse, where the dining hall was located, and the Plesman Pavilion which held the classroom and most of the dormitory space. I lived in the coachhouse, and it was a source of considerable irritation to me that the classroom was located on the side of the pavilion nearest my room, but that I usually had to go all the way round the end of the pavilion in order to get to an unlocked door. This, in the rain which was the principal ingredient of the weather, was a considerable nuisance.

The first meal that evening in the dining hall brought to my attention an impression which was to grow stronger and stronger as the weeks went by: that nearly everything in the Netherlands is run by KLM. I would have noticed



it sooner if I had looked at the memorial plaque on the Plesman Pavilion, for Plesman was the founder of KLM. But, on entering the dining hall and seeing a large airplane propellor above the principle archway, one could hardly remain in ignorance any longer. It seems that KLM practically supports the castle and the foreign-business school which it houses during the academic year. And KLM is the agent, in the Netherlands, for BEA (on which I had flown from London to Amsterdam). There continued to be other manifestations of KLM from time to time, although the Dutch astronomers denied that it actually owns the country.

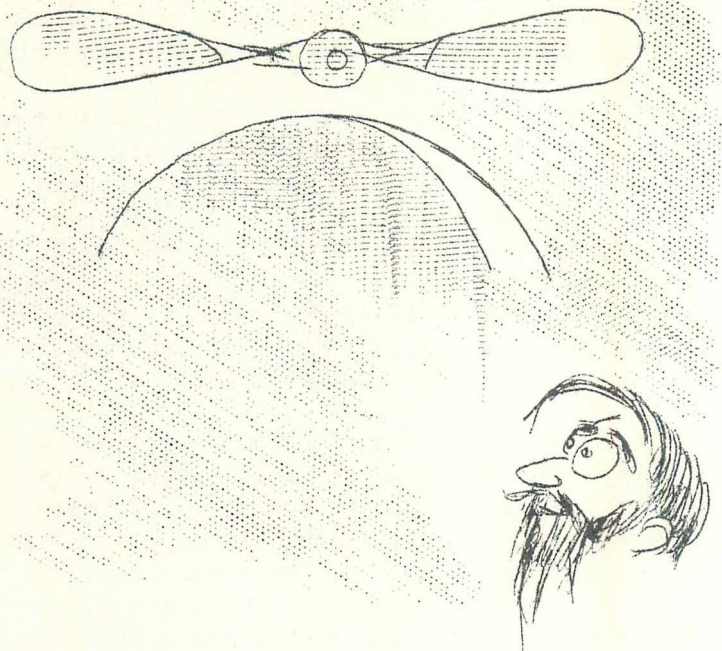
However, the KLM bus station in Amsterdam is at the Museumplein, one side of which is the municipal museum (easily the largest and most impressive museum of modern art I have ever seen) and another side of which is the Concertgebouw; and the main KLM building is the tallest structure at the center of town, as I recall.

The letters stand for Koniglike Luchtfahrt Mattschappij, as near as I can remember, which means "royal air-travel company"; but lots of things are "koniglike", just as lots of companies are "by appointment of H.R.H. the Queen" in England -- it's sort of a governmental Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval, rather than meaning that the company is run by the Crown.

The announcement was made at supper -- and this was but the first of a long list of announcements, made at every meal by our competent and beautiful "hostess" supplied by ~~KLM~~ NUFFIC -- that the bar would indeed open at 8 p.m. And since I probably spent more of my waking hours in the bar than anywhere else, except the classroom, a description of the bar is in order.

It was, as I have said, in the old dungeon. The walls and floor were entirely of brick; the walls were straight to a height of about five feet, and then arched together at the top, the peak of the smooth, circular arch being just out of reach above one's head. The bricks were in many places lettered in chalk with the names and origins of the castle's taller students; and not a few astronomical names took their places in the ranks and files of that dimly-lit array. There were, to be sure, a few electric lights placed here and there, in niches in the walls and behind the bar, but the main illumination came from the light of a dozen candles, their bases carefully trimmed or melted down to fit, stuck in the necks of as many old bottles. One of the main amusements of the bartenders was melting down the bases of future candles, and one of the main amusements of the customers was playing with the present candles. Fire has a universal fascination.

It was two nights before I discovered that a dimly-lit corner in the center of the wall opposite the bar and door was in reality a connection



into the other half of the bar-room, even more dimly-lit by virtue of being lit entirely by candles, and almost never more than three of those. Thus the whole was in the shape of an H, with the door at the lower left corner and the bar at the upper left side and end. From the top right end and right center, one could look out on the moat a few feet below, through a narrow slit of a window perhaps six inches wide and two feet high. At the lower left corner of the H was an archway covered with a blue curtain, beyond which the bar's stock was stored.

In addition to the stools which lined the bar, there were octagonal wooden tables and wooden chairs regularly spaced about the room; but even on the first night the orderly spacing became a firm grouping which was to persist throughout the three weeks of the conference. Three tables were placed together against the wall opposite the bar -- no, not against the wall, but parallel to it, so that a row of chairs could be pushed together against the wall, and astronomers could sit at both sides of the row of tables. This row was, without a doubt, the social center of the bar; furthermore, the geometry of the place quickly produced a social sorting at this row of tables: the side in the center of the room was reserved for the older and more prestigious personalities, being nearer the bar and easier to get into and out of; while the side next to the wall was generally occupied by graduate students and recent Ph.d.'s, being more cramped and afflicted with the sound of conversations at the opposite wall, owing to the accoustic focusing properties of the concave roof.

The roof itself was worth a second glance, for while one could scarcely see its murky surface while seated before a dazzling candle flame, closer inspection revealed a number of symbolic couplets in Old Dutch (which looks very like Old English, but even when you've figured out what the letters are, you still can't tell what the words are). A number of the Dutch astronomers were kind enough to translate them; a typical one goes something like this-

Water makes the pilings rot;  
Who drinks the stuff is crazy, wot?

- not an exact translation, but I think it gets the flavor across. After a few days, the bartenders (evidently being filled to bursting with cosmological conversations) added another one, in English:

Life with the stars is fine  
But it's even better with wine!

-- a sentiment with which there was general concurrence.

The bar was the scene of many a happy episode, but most of the memorable ones involve -- indeed center around -- the person who was for me the outstanding discovery of the convention. And the discovery happened like this: I was sitting at the bar that first evening, looking over their stocks and mulling over my choices; and I asked one of the two bartenders what kind of whiskey they had. They had Ballantine's and Johnny Walker's, he said. Thinking of the excellent potion I had been served by BOAC, I said: "Give me a Johnny Walker's."

"You won't regret it," said a voice with a smile from the table to my left. I turned to look at the speaker. He looked as though he might be a sailor, or an ex-prizefighter, or an Australian cattle baron. His hair was white, thin, and very curly; his complexion, ruddy; his eyes, blue; his face



was always smiling. His age was indeterminate, but 45 might be a reasonable guess. He was the oldest student in the course; indeed, no one seemed to know how he had got into a course for "Advanced graduate students, or those who have recently received their degrees." He boasts of being the only man in history to have been both the Acting Astronomer Royal and Acting Her Majesty's Astronomer At The Cape without ever having held either office. His name is D.S.Evans.

He likes to sing songs -- any songs. "I know all songs," he says confidently. In all languages, too. Being from Wales, he knows all sorts of Welsh songs, which he sings in Welsh. He knows English songs, and French songs, and Russian songs, and American songs about dying cowboys which he sings in a remarkably American accent.

There was one evening which we spent singing every song we could think of, much to the annoyance of the three tables across from the bar, which wanted to discuss astronomy. Finally, in frustrated annoyance, they sang back. In the chaos which followed an unsuccessful attempt on their part to sing some old classic, the voice of D.S.Evans could be heard rising above the general bedlam: "They're trying to remember the clean words, and they can't!"

D.S.Evans accounts for most of my notes on my three weeks in the castle. He was full of pithy sayings, like: "Mis-spend your youth, because you'll find it damned difficult to mis-spend your middle age." He was also full of anecdotes, jokes, stories, and humor in general. Some are not suitable for publication in a Family Magazine Such As This, but some are; and my favorite is the one I received in trade for the way to tell a mathematician from a physicist; the tale in question concerns the way to tell a theoretical astrophysicist from an observational astronomer. Perhaps this will not seem funny to a non-professional audience; but I am fond of it, and I shall exercise my right to tell it again:

Evans: I say, do you know how to tell an observational astronomer from a theoretical astrophysicist?

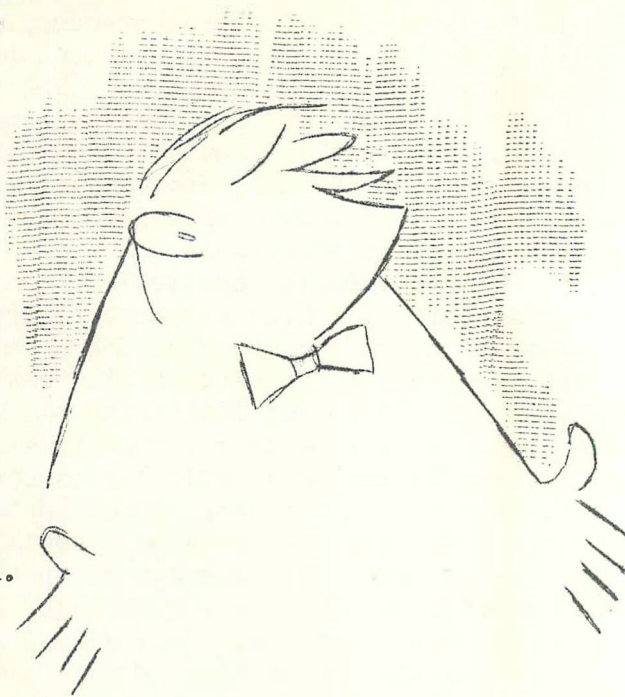
Straight Man: No.....

Evans: Well, the theoretical astrophysicist works for six months, prepares a paper, reads it at a meeting, and when he's done, nobody believes it but him.

Straight Man (smiling expectantly): Mmmmm....and the observational astronomer?

Evans: The observational astronomer works for six months, prepares a paper, reads it at a meeting, and when he sits down, everybody believes it.... but him.

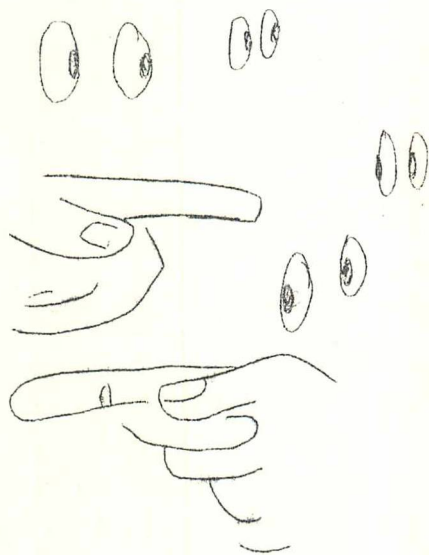
So much for the time being, for D.S.Evans. I did spend some time outside the bar; after all, it was shut in the afternoons. Several of those afternoons were spent being toured about, for our hosts had determined that we should see the country, or most of it at least. And I myself wanted to get about on my own and explore. So one evening, right after supper, three of



us decided to take the bus to Utrecht and rent bicycles. We sauntered out to the castle gates to ask the porter (i.e. the doorkeeper) when the next bus would pass -- we had not yet learned that his knowledge of English was about equal to our knowledge of Dutch -- and were in the midst of disentangling our syntaxes when the bus appeared. "There it is!" I cried, making a wild leap toward the bus stop, which was fortunately only a few meters away. We made it though not without some worry.

We then found that bus drivers do not speak English. After a few tries we came up with a pronunciation of "Utrecht" which satisfied him, and began to haggle about the price. The driver looked completely lost, and then hit on the simple solution of pointing at the price on the ticket (which was a long purple thing that looked like an MTA transfer, except that the successive strips were increasing prices instead of expiry times). "Seventy-five cents", we read, and he smiled in relief as we shuffled out.

We had had conflicting reports as to whether one could or could not rent bicycles at the railroad station. Our hostess insisted that it was impossible, while most of the Dutch astronomers assured us that "of course" we could. The little town of Breukelen was completely unprepared for this mob of bicycling tourists; the one cycle for rent in the town had already been taken, which was why we were searching further away.



We arrived at the station, interpreted signs for each other, and eventually descended into a huge underground parking garage full of bicycles. They did not speak English, and could not or would not speak German; we went away empty-handed. But there was another place across the street; they were a little more communicative, and sent us to a place "next to the hotel." After passing the hotel and retracing our steps, we found the place; miraculously enough, they understood and spoke simple English. We paid Fl.1.50 a day, which was a bit steep for such a long hire (almost three weeks), but not unreasonable. We bicycled back, arriving just after dark and in time to get to the bar.

The result was I spent the first weekend riding around the countryside, getting rained on. However, I saw plenty of straight country roads, hundreds of sailboats sailing at Loosdrecht, and gliders launching at Hilversum airport. The countryside made me very homesick for northern Ohio, which is almost identical in general appearance.

One day was set aside for us to visit Amsterdam. We went by bus to the city, took the tourist trip by boat through the canals and harbor, went to the municipal museum to be received by the Mayor (who actually sent a substitute) and be served cocktails, and were then turned loose to find our own suppers and ways back to the castle.

At the Museum, I was delighted to hear D.S. Evans again telling stories, among them the one about a dinner party at which the Astronomer Royal of Scotland (who was a notorious character) punched Harold Jeffreys (another idiosyncratic individual) in the ribs and cried: "I say, Jeffreys, isn't it a pity



there are no eccentrics left in astronomy!"

This story brought to my mind a question to which I have never had a satisfactory answer, namely: "do you think there are more crackpots in astronomy than in other sciences, or are other fields just as full of strange characters?"

In reply, Evans surveyed my bearded visage, my uniquely coatless shoulders and tieless collar, and said, "listen, you paragon of normality....."

Mr. van den Steenhoven, our NUFFIC mentor, recommended the Kong Hing, at 11 Binnen Bantammerstraat, as a good source of Chinese food. Upon arriving, after a long walk, I found not only the Evans's but also the major part of the American students, under the guidance of Gart Westerhout, who had ordered "everything on the menu" to demonstrate Indonesian food. I joined this latter group, and enjoyed the food (with the exception of the ubiquitous peanut-butter sauce), while still other astronomers drifted in. It was later estimated that there had been twenty-some astronomers in the restaurant at the same time, outnumbering the other customers by at least four to one.

After supper, Westerhout took us on a tour of the sights of Amsterdam, beginning with the red-light district.

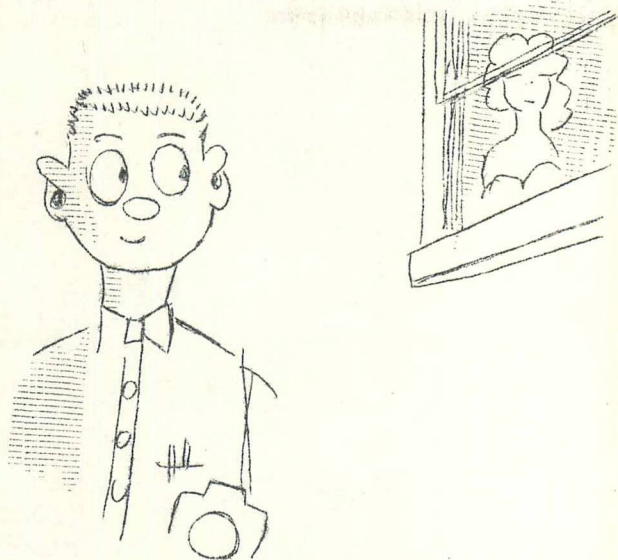
It was here that one of the younger and more goshwow of our group wandered aimlessly about with a Sense of Wonder look on his face that would put Moskowitz to shame. I was bemused to note that it was more of a green-and-yellow-light district than a red one; and, after all, it is not so surprising that a business should have its merchandise sitting in a display window.

We wandered about, seeing a few additional sights; but most of the city had been pointed out to us already on the boat trip. At one point we passed an old woman in Quaint Native Costume, and Westerhout explained that this was not a Quaint Old Native,

come to the city, but a Quaint Old Tourist, come from the tourist-trapping country, where they sell Quaint Native Costumes.....

After walking past the Station and along some of the major streets to see more sights -- mainly typical Dutch architecture of various centuries, illuminated with spotlights -- we came to the main square of the city, where we found a group of players putting on a play which Westerhout explained was a revival of the sort of thing they used to do in the middle ages, complete with ancient-Dutch dialogue which, apparently, was almost as difficult for the native spectators to understand as it was for us foreigners. This sort of thing was regarded as worthwhile spreading of Dutch cultural roots and was sponsored by the government, according to our guide.

After a while we drifted away from the travelling players, got ourselves an ice cream stick each from a Dutch-type Good Humor wagon, and debated about going back. It appeared that we could just make it to the last train if we hurried. We did, and discovered swarms of other astronomers already on the train. Tired and happy, we arrived eventually at the Breukelen station. There was no station wagon waiting for us this time, so we had to walk back to the castle. Without baggage, this was relatively easy. It also provided a beautiful view,



from the bridge, of the boats steadily moving up and down the Amsterdam-Rhine Canal, almost invisible against the dark water except for an occasional signal lamp or lighted cabin. It was a pleasant and quiet end to an enjoyable day.

The trip to Amsterdam was but one of many that had been arranged for us. The longest and, I think, the most impressive, was the trip to Dwingeloo, where a new 25 meter radio telescope has recently gone into operation on the 21-cm line. The Dutch astronomers are quite proud of their new instrument, and we heard a great deal about it at the conference. The trip itself was to take all day, for we would go by boat across the IJsselmeer.

We started out by bus, going to Muiden to get our boat. At Muiden we saw the Muider Slot, a very ancient castle at which we were later received by the directors of NUFFIC -- but that is a later part of the story. The boat itself was quite a good-sized launch which was supposed to hold 200 persons, I believe. I do not see how it could have been done, for the 80 or 90 of us were fairly well packed in as it was. It moved at a fair rate, yet took us several hours to cross the vast artificially-fresh lake which was once the Zuider Zee. For thirty years the Dutch have kept it walled off from the sea, letting the river IJssel (and others) bring in fresh water, and letting the area drain into the sea at low tide. A few years ago it had become entirely fresh -- as Westerhout demonstrated by dangling a lemonade bottle at the end of two camera straps and dipping it in until it was full -- and now the dykes were being built to cut it up into polders of enormous size, which are pumped out and turned into farmland. One cannot grasp the immensity of this undertaking by merely reading figures on how many thousands of square kilometers of water must be pumped out. It is necessary to travel for hours across this vast fresh ocean; to steam past mile after mile of half-completed dyke; to land at last at the former island fishing village of Urk, and to descend from there into the great plain of the North-East Polder -- an entire new province of busy fields, highways, and modern cities, constructed from nothing but a sea of mud during the past five years. One never sees a tree larger than a sapling there, unless it be on a hill that was once an island. Already a second polder has been nearly finished, and three more will follow.....

Eventually our buses returned to higher, slightly rolling land, and we knew we had emerged from the polder into the older part of the country and were heading for Dwingeloo -- a quiet country village which does a brisk tourist business. Westerhout described a Dwingeloo travel brochure for us: "Come to beautiful Dwingeloo, with its forests (picture of forest)...its heather (picture of heather)...and its radio telescope (picture of radio telescope)!"

Well, it does indeed have all those ingredients, right up against one another. The radio telescopes are in the middle of a large heath field, surrounded on three sides by forest, and on the fourth by more heath. It is a very pretty and picturesque place, and one gets a fine view of the countryside from the top of the telescope building. The control building is part of the telescope, and rotates in azimuth with the base of the telescope; above it is the elevation axis, and the counterweighted dish itself. Professor Oort told us that the Queen herself (Juliana, not Elizabeth) had climbed the telescope on dedication day, and had got just a bit panicky at the height, and had to be helped down. Astronomers are more used to climbing around on telescopes, both optical and radio, and I noticed no such reactions among our group except for a couple of wives.

Eventually we returned to our castle (by bus), in time for a quick trip to the bar before supper. This was welcome indeed, for we had been fed nothing but cold sandwiches all day, and not too many of those; and the bar was well stocked with good peanuts and chips. ((end of part 2))



# AWAY TO LAUNCH

The Luton cinema was dark, but, belying the impression given by the red lights ringed round the walls, was not evil or vice-ridden. Certainly, the little man licking a choc-ice next to us could never have heard of vice, unless it was a metallic contraption for holding things in. During the interval he had worn a little moustache, which though intended to have the opposite effect, accentuated his meekness. We supposed he still had it, and speculated on whether it had increased in size by one or two microns since the ice-cream girl had come round. John, the Chief Flying Instructor, reckoned on an increase of one micron. Yours Truly, remembering the nutritional value of choc-ice, suggested two.

There was a second-rate British thriller showing. Suddenly the little man, who had been bubbling happily to himself, gave a sigh of awe, and said: "what a wonderful scene!" (London Airport at crack of dawn!)

John snorted, outraged. "The blithering idiots...that's not dawn, that is the middle of the day."

"But - it's still dusk," showing unsuspected arguing powers, I said, brightly. "Guess even film people wouldn't get up at dawn, they've used dark lenses or under-developed the film."

John snorted a second time. "You'd think they'd have the sense not to make a mistake like that."

"It looked alright to me," said the little gent.

"Did you see those whacking great cu-nimbs?" (sp?) John said.

I nodded. "Sort of lift under them, I imagine," I added, displaying my freshly acquired meteorological knowledge.

"And you never get clouds like that at dawn. You see, cumulous clouds and the big thunder clouds we call cu-nimbs, form as the result of rising particles of hot air. At dawn, there's no sun to heat the ground to make this happen. Understand?"

"Let's watch the film," I said.

Which is only to prove to you that gliding has some mundane purpose, if only to explain meteorological obscurities to meek little gents in cinemas.

About 5 miles from Luton and 40 from London lies the provincial, Teddy-boy infested town of Dunstable, stopping-off point for Whipsnade Zoo and the London Gliding Club. The two very often come into close contact.

# GEORGE LOCKE

Every time a glider has to make a forced landing in the Zoo grounds. The zoo is perched on top of a 300ft. high ridge facing, more or less, west. When the wind blows from the west, you get 'lift' on the hill and a glider can fly backwards and forwards until the pilot gets fed up, falls asleep, or wants to relieve himself. When the wind drops, so does the glider. Any fan who wants to fly over the zoo should be very careful in choosing his landing. It's not particularly safe in the big fields where the deer are kept, as they like barging into the aircraft. This can be unpleasant, especially if the creature's horns are long and sharp and you weren't sharp enough, taking too long to get out of the machine. The lion and tiger pits have certain hidden dangers, the trouble is, they don't remain hidden long enough. There is also danger from cows, whether in the zoo or in a meadow (the danger from cows in a byre is relatively small - small, that is, in relation to you smashing yourself to bits on the shed). This is due to the cow's strong liking for the dope used in covering the aircraft fabric. A couple of rasps with their tongues, and they'll have licked it all off, leaving the glider like a mechanical version of a plucked chicken.

Gliding is perfectly safe, by the way.

The first thing that strikes you is, that a glider, having no engine, can't suffer from engine trouble, and therefore, is safe. The fact that it's usually when you're in the air that you realise this, makes it a protective mechanism against terror or insanity. You say to the pilot( out of the side of your mouth), "no engine, no engine failure," and giggle a little hysterically. No reply. The nose of the aircraft begins to rise, no doubt as a result of you leaning back on the joy-stick. You remember that as the nose rises, the air speed falls off, and you stall. Still locking ahead, you wait confidently for the pilot to correct the aircraft's attitude. Then as the sound of the wind round your ears dies away when the machine nears the stall, you hear a faint shout from below, 500ft. below. It's the pilot you'd left behind....

Let us draw a veil - or rather, a shroud - over what happens after that, and state categorically that the ultra-efficient London Gliding Club never lets this happen. It's absolutely impossible for a novice to be stranded alone in a glider 500ft. above ground. He would have crashed before leaving the ground. Why?

Well, when you take-off, you don't just use your telekinetic powers and wish yourself into the air. You have to get something to lift you. Logically you might as well let the glider lift itself. As the glider moves forward it tends to lift in the air; if you can provide, therefore, a forward motion, it will rise. "Give it an engine," you shout, with the sort of genius that makes you feel great -- for a minute.

"My dear little twerp, if you give it an engine, it becomes a powered aircraft."

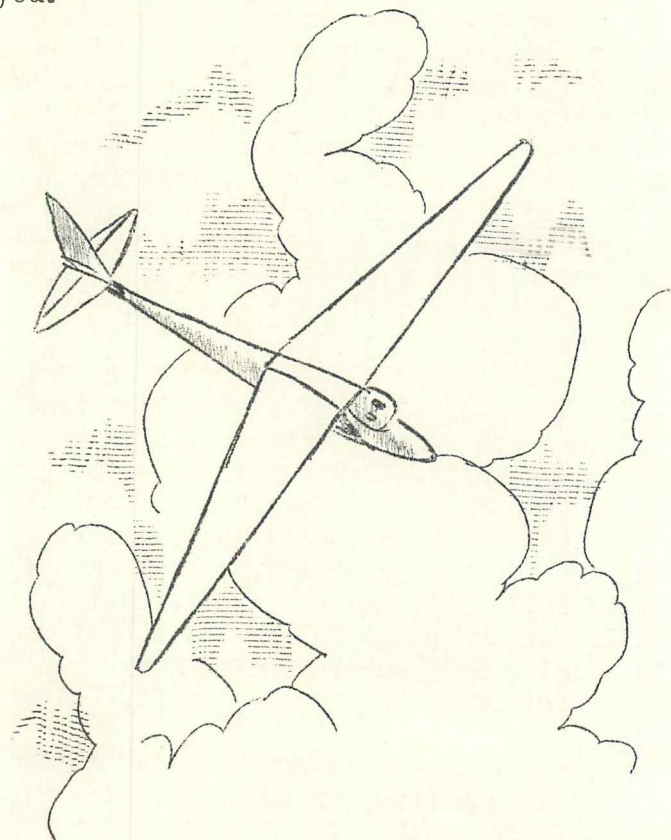
Another way is to drag the glider behind a powered plane with a short cable. This is very good, but expensive, and the usual method is to have a loooong cable, which is drawn in by a winch at 40-50m.p.h. This will launch the glider quite easily.

The impressions received on being launched are, however, slightly disconcerting. There is first a fairly massive jerk which nearly dislocates your neck. The pilot grins: "we're off."

You are - like hell. The machine is now hurtling along an extremely bumpy field, and your neck is now completely disassociated from anything else connected with your body. You don't speculate for the sake of your sanity, on where your stomach has got to.



Then the aircraft leaves the ground. The wind is now howling round your ears, but the journey into hell is smooth at last. You see the ground sliding away, and stop gnawing your left hand and cease clawing the wind-screen to pieces with your right. It is wonderful - until the nose rears up like horses are supposed to do and your feet, once nestling near the rudder pedals, want to wrap themselves round your neck. The pedals won't let them, but you are determined to let them have their way and draw them to you.



The pedals creak, the glider yaws energetically and bucks frantically. The pilot swears, struggles to right the aircraft...and doesn't.

"Get those blasted legs under control," he barks. Somewhere about now, the cable launching you - like the string launching a kite-snaps. There's a terrific jolt, the nose rears some more, and everything is a sudden hush.

The pilot says: "during the launch the aircraft is in a stalling position. If the cable pulling it forward snaps, it will stall very quickly. We must push the nose forward to gain air-speed if we don't want to go into a tail slide."

"If we get into one of those, what can we do to stop it?"

"Pray."

Thus assured that God, at least, might be on your side, you start the flight proper.

This was more or less my first ever flight in a glider - cable-break and all. It was six or seven years ago, while a cadet at school. We were flying at Hawbridge, on the Kent coast back of Folkestone. Hawbridge is the WRAF equivalent of Cranwell, and this is fairly fannish. It has a vast, flat airfield, and is an ideal place in which to learn to fly. Dunstable is not.

Dunstable is the result of somebody having a shot at folding a two-dimensional flat field into a 3-D folded one. It's folded, which makes it tricky to land on, and nestles at the foot of the ridge, which increases the difficulties. One of the folds spears out from the bottom of the hill 300yds., at the end of which is the club-house and hangar. During the war, these were used as a German P.O.W. camp - I pity the poor fellows. The premises have been vaguely renovated, and make a fairly pleasant, though rough and ready place in which to live.

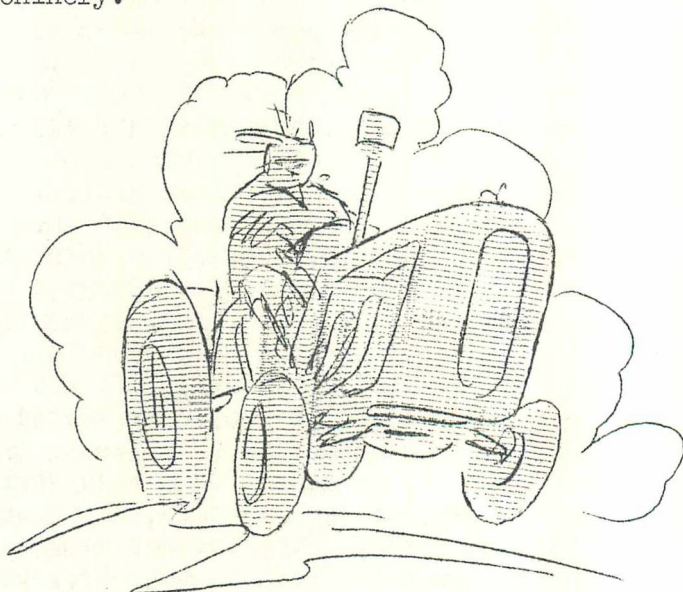
The necessary equipment to fly with are a glider, a winch, petrol for same, tractor (to tow the drawn-in cables back to the launching point ready

for re-use), petrol for same and a sufficiency of people to operate said winch. The minimum crew is a pilot/Instructor (if a two- water is in use), chap to work the winch, chap to hold the wing-tip steady, and a chap to make signals to the winch-driver. These last two often have to be combined. Oh, and a tractor driver. He is very important. Apart from towing the cables, he has to tow gliders which land a long way down the field and retrieve broken pieces of cable which are released from the glider. This entails belting round the field in a zig-zag pattern until it's found. He also has to keep a sharp eye on the gliders as they are being launched, and should try to keep out of the way of the cable. It can cut him in half if it falls on him, which causes him to lose his turn to fly. He can also put out a small fire, using the water in the radiator. You wouldn't think a glider could cause a fire, would you? It did, once. Pin back your eye-lids.

At one edge of the airfield is a power cable, which straddles the next field, a farmer's. He uses it for hay. One day, a glider was on the launch and there was a strong cross-wind. It was carried over the top of the power line when the cable broke. The winch-attached section was drawn in; the section the glider released fell into the power-line and earthed it.

The results were interesting, and consisted of blue sparks, one or two from the pilot who had wanted a decent launch. The sparks set fire to the hay. It was a smashing fire and delighted everybody, especially the pilot who used the thermal thus produced to gain considerable height. The farmer was annoyed, though, and didn't really appreciate the very fine flying the pilot was doing in that thermal.

The tractors are by no means racing cars, but they are driven as though they were. It's not wise to sit down as you drive if you value the seat of your pants; also they're not very safe. The two big ones aren't too bad, rarely throwing their drivers, but the little one, Buttercup, is a homicidal maniac. I've only driven it once. It's as uncontrollable as a ping-pong ball in a jet of water. When I had my go, I was vaguely aware of its reputation, but was drunk with power at being in sole charge of a piece of machinery.



I pulled the throttle out and let her rip. She leapt forward gaily and bounded like a spring lamb towards the centre of the field. The water splashing from the radiator, lashed my face. This and the brisk wind were joy to my whole being, I luxuriated in the power, the thrill of it. She was a veritable BRM racing tractor - I was Stirling Moss.

We came to the edge of a steep gully which chopped the field in half. Buttercup went crazy in anticipation, bouncing up and down, rapidly her speed increased. I cut the throttle, jammed on the brakes. Only one thing wrong.... no brakes.

"Help! Mum!"



BLOODBANK  
No.8.

THE

EXTORTIONIST

JIM  
NORRIE

I sat as still as I could. The sweat ran down my face as I tried to focus my eyes on something, anything, outside the window. Behind me, the slowly mounting footsteps clanged louder on the metal stairs. The sound of heavy breathing filled the air. It wouldn't be long now. I forced myself to feel reassurance at the presence of the six other persons near me. The footsteps behind me stopped, and the loud breathing of the shambling brute which I knew to be there could be heard quite plainly. After a few moments his breathing became easier, and he ambled forward, growling his well-known, fearsome call, peering quickly but intently at each person as he passed them. The sweat broke out anew on my face as I tried to hide my terror and appear absorbed in the ever-changing outside scene. The fear must have shown, for he stopped beside me. Slowly I turned my head and looked into his glinting eyes. At that moment I realised I had lost, even before he voiced his dreaded challenging words. They were few but they carried the tang of defeat with them. Few had escaped him, and those who had admitted it was because of some miracle which was not of their making. I had known the dangers when I started. I had known that the chances of escape were one in a thousand, nay, one in a million, but even so my defeat left a bitter taste in my mouth. However, I wasn't going to cringe and crawl as some did. I squared my shoulders, tried to look bored, and, without a word surrendered my treasure. The beast then went through the few, dreadful, well-known actions with his limbs, which all of his kind practised. After a few moments, when he had finished with me, he swung round and his eager eye fixed on another unfortunate victim. After he had dealt with another two, the brute turned and shambling towards the metal steps that led, no doubt, to yet more victims. We heard him move slowly down the steps, but none of us dare turn round. Every little while that terrible, merciless cry floated to us, going further away as he descended. But even when he was quiet, the call still rang in our ears, like a constant threat over our heads. I can hear him yet, the frightening words still beating on my brain: "ALL FARES, PLEASE!"

# The Parent Problem

# REVISITED

I hadn't really planned to write a follow-up to my article in 025, but some of the comments in the Letter Supplement of 026 have inspired me to re-visit the problem, if only for the sake of clarification.

As Alan Rispin said: "...all he seemed to do was pose the question and try to answer it, although his tries didn't seem to come off." To use a Campbellism, my comment on this is: Exactly! My obvious reason for writing the piece was to obtain comment and suggestions from other fans, and my suggested "solutions" were just that -- suggestions. I don't believe that there really is one over-all solution to cover each and every individual case.

Writing letters to the objecting parents requires a knowledge of the parents themselves if such letters are to be truly effective in changing their attitudes about the hobby.

A booklet giving the who, when, where, and how of fandom would be more desirable, as it might be effective in some cases. A printed booklet is much more impersonal than a letter, so that personality-clashes could be avoided. It is obvious from a couple of letters in 026's L.S. that some young fans really experience difficulty in explaining fandom to their parents. They aren't permitted to give a short lecture on the subject. Naturally, the parents interrupt, ask involved questions, cross-examine, and only a neofan who is a natural master at public debating would be able to hold his own. He must speak from the level of the child addressing the adult, and unless his parents are truly reasonable, openminded, intelligent persons, he has two strikes against him before he starts. If they are Good Parents (who treat their children as thinking humans and not as idiot pets ever likely to get into trouble), they will listen, and of course, the fan has no problem. But in obdurate cases he could hand them the booklet, ask them to read it, and refuse to discuss the matter further until they had read it. Sure, some parents might throw it back in his face, or otherwise refuse to co-operate, but human curiosity is a pretty potent thing, and sooner or later most parents would get around to reading it. This brings us to an obvious point: The booklet must be carefully prepared, well written, and neatly printed. It should be easy to read, but not "written down" as though fans were superior beings who had to explain in simple terms just what they were to lesser mortals. It should start with a brief history of s-f, hitting the high points, mentioning better known authors ...then bring in fandom, how it started, what it has done, what it is doing today. It should not omit references to crackpotism, but make it clear that



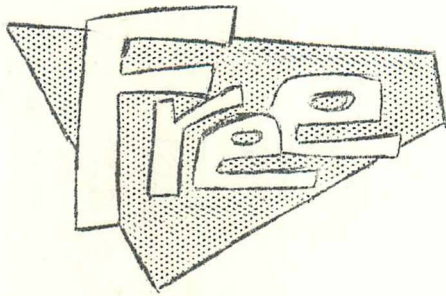
most fans have no respect for crackpotism. This booklet isn't meant as a cure-all, but only as an aide--to the neofan, and to any of us who want to explain our hobby to folks outside the field.

I do not believe in censorship of any kind, in or out of fandom. Individual fanpubbers can, as Ella suggests, try not to send possibly "offensive" material to fen who are known to have a parent problem, but this can't be made a hard and fast rule anymore than we can make a hard and fast rule to prevent fanpubbers publishing nudes, four letter words, etc. Further, I don't think we should advise young fans to not write in for mags containing nudes, etc., even if they know from reading elsewhere that the mags might be found objectionable by their parents. We can advise them to use their discretion. They have already reached the stage where they don't tell their parents everything they do, and there is no reason why they should. Each individual is entitled to a certain amount of privacy. If the youngfan has absolutely no privacy, has no way of preventing his folks from seeing material which might hurt, worry, or anger them, then he should use his noodle, as Bruce Burn put it, in the obvious way by asking his fellow-fen not to send him this sort of thing. If he has already received a fanzine which angers his parents, and if no amount of reasoning (including the use of the booklet) does any good--in short, if he is ORDERED to quit fandom entirely, then all he can do is exert patience until it is time for the apronstrings to be cut. As has been said, as long as he is dependent on his parents he will have to go along with their rules, no matter how unfair or unjust they may be.

Don Allen agrees that fandom has its share of queers and odd balls, but he ceases to agree with me when he says fandom has more than its share of homosexuals. Of course we haven't determined how many a "share" is supposed to be, but speaking from my own experience as a fan for about 21 years, and as an ex-serviceman who met all sorts of people from all sorts of places, I've known homosexuals (not intimately, mind you) here, there, and everywhere. Not any great number in any one place, but enough to believe that if a nose count were possible we would find no more homosexuals in fandom than we would find in any other group of comparable size. As I said in my original article: fandom has its share of oddballs, queers, crackpots, feudists-for-the-sake-of-feuding, etc., but what hobby, group, or avocation hasn't?

I was amazed at the parent mentioned in my article who, with no knowledge of fandom whatsoever, decided that fans must be "queer." Perhaps the trouble is with the word itself, and its common-usage definition. Some folk seem to use the "logic" that anything that is different is queer and that anything that is queer must be homosexual in nature. The booklet I've proposed shouldn't be a long list definitions to explain fan lingo, and so on. If the parents or other readers work up that much interest and are favorably impressed, they can be shown Tucker's Neofan's Guide and perhaps, eventually, Fancy 11. But perhaps the booklet should contain some working definitions of such words as crackpot and queer, so the reader will know what we mean by such terms.

I can't agree with Rich Brown that the parent problem isn't worth working with. The fact that he and others have suffered this problem makes it worthy of our interest and any help we can give. Each problem as it arises, must be handled by the fan and his friends as an individual problem, certainly, obviously, without question. But we can be a little bit prepared ahead of time, so that the problem can be faced in a thoughtful and reasonable manner. Let's be prepared to help others learn, as we have learned, that fandom is a hobby of which we can be proud.



advert  
page

Orders are now being accepted for the ATomAnthology. To give you some idea of what it will contain, run your eyes over this little lot. ATomillos,galore, some few prose pieces from his pen, an introduction to the volume by WAW, a full page photo of ATom. All this produced on Gestetner linen-face paper which shows his work to very good advantage.

How to get your copy: \$1 or 7/- to: Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Indiana. U.S.A. BritAgent: Ted Forsyth, 11, Ferndale Road, S.W.4. ALL orders acknowledged by post. You should keep the letter I send, it is intended as a receipt for your money.

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Address as above....  
- - - - -

I've said it before and I'll say it again. The B.S.F.A. library would appreciate it very much if kindly disposed faneds would send a copy of each issue of their fmz. for the guidance of inquiring neos. Address them to:

B.S.F.A. Librarian,  
140, London Road,(Basement)  
Cheltenham.  
GLOS.



Strange how some things lodge themselves in the memory and others - perhaps far more important - lose every trace in the mists of the past. When Pamela and I left New York by Greyhound to stay for the week or so preceding the con with Don Ford and his family in Ohio, we could not help the feeling that we were once again leaving civilisation and friends and penetrating into the wilds of western savagery. Understandably that feeling had been strong as the good ship M.V. Inishowen Head neared Baltimore - but we met friends and felt at home. So now, as the Greyhound monster rushed glaring through the night we tried to understand that - quite apart from Don Ford himself - there would be other friends to meet us.

love land

Idyll

Ken

Bulmer

We were right. The Greyhound let us pause to take breakfast in Pittsburgh but did not allow me time to look up a chap I'd known in the 15th Air Force. Pittsburgh appeared to be a maze of broad streets piled on top of one another, and cars scurrying everywhere - naturally enough. We saw nothing of the industry there, tho'. The Greyhound restaurant place reminded me irresistably of a film set, with quick, hard-eyed waitresses flippant about the breakfast you wanted. Each price tag increase added something to the meal. We stopped low on the list.

Then off again through the day, stopping to change from the Greyhound proper into a feeder bus that took us into Cincinnati. The driver switched off the air conditioning because people persisted in opening the windows... so we all sweltered.

Now one reason, among others, I've refrained from writing about Don Ford before this is because no one would have believed me in Britain. Now you've seen him and know.

We crawled from the bus, exhausted, flattened, gasping. I noticed a man standing in the doorway of the depot. So tall, bulky and colossal a figure was he that I shrank back. He balanced a Hollywood film camera and equipment on his chest. He was wearing a brilliantly blinding tee shirt. I hunted around for a fan.....

Pamela and I did not find a typical fan to meet us and so we began to wonder if this whole story of there being a person called Don Ford was a gigantic hoax cooked up by WAW and Chuck to dispose of the Bulmer in wildest North America. It smacked of that, somehow, and we were about to crawl to the nearest British Consul or whathaveyou when - everyone else having departed and the depot being strangely quiet - I noticed that King Kong was still standing there, looking speculatively at us. I took the plunge. Man Mountain turns out to be fan - and this, mark you, after seeing Donaho.

Don couldn't have been kinder, whisking us away in his car - a Ford - along teeming roads filled with geezers turning out of work, under bypasses, over bridges, farther and farther into the country. At last we disgorged before a charming white frame house and clambered up the stairs to flop - dead beat - onto a low chesterfield. Margaret Ford came in to say hello and the two - at that time - children regarded us as no doubt as Livingstone must have looked at Stanley. You know; it was nice of you to come, but why? Margaret had turned out a really enormous and sumptuous meal of ham cooked with rare delicacies and looking like the front cover of a glossy cooking mag. We set to - it was as scrumptious as it looked. Don at that time was living in the upper part of the house and we admired the way the place was laid out. You all, I believe, know that Don is a camera bug? Enuff sed, then. Of our stay with Don and Margaret flashes of moments of intense pleasure strike the old memory chords now. Like finding that the shopping was done in a small shop - store - that would very nearly have fitted into our own local shopping centre - small and friendly. Of course, Pamela used to the bed in Dave Kyle's apartment which had a smaller mattress placed on top of a larger enabling her to wedge herself in the gap against the wall, had to imagine the same applied here and fell out of bed with a salutary thump in the middle of the night. I hauled her back in. Next morning she swore blind I'd imagined it all. Then she found the bruise.

The weather remained brilliant - one of our minor grouses was that for the first time in umpitty-ump years Britain had been favoured with a fine summer and we'd gone away. Still, minor that was, except for the times when one or other of us nearly passed out. Pamela went swimming with Margaret and the children and achieved a neat case of sunburn. On that day Don and I went into Cincinnati. The swimming pool where we left the girls had been dug out of a farmer's field and he'd filled it with water and charged admission. Such is private enterprise. In Cincinnati my strongest memory is of Don deciding I needed to sample a Rum Collins and of the drink appearing in a tall and frosted glass. We visited the centre of town where Don shot photos like crazy - and proved it by showing them in London last year. Natch, Pamela and I missed them as we were tending Debbie at the time.

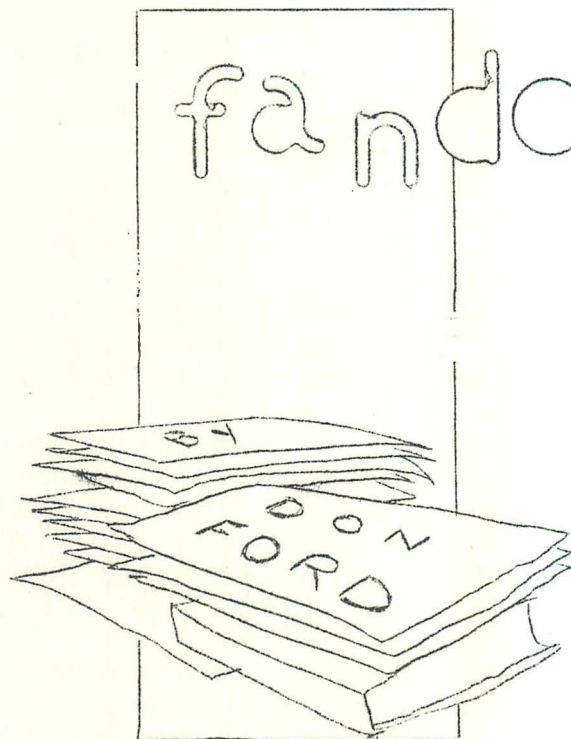
The centre of the city was a refreshing change from other cities, as far as I could tell, as it carried a restful air about it that one never found, say in li'l old New York. We had some fine views of the city from the country around, too, with one whacking great tower spearing up. Don was evidently proud of Cincinnati, and I think he had every right to be. Strange, too, when you recall that a small village of near-savages fighting grimly against all their neighbors should have created legends to help them and their descendants along, something over 2,500 years ago on a peninsular jutting into the Mediterranean, and one such legend - because I suppose it was apposite to the minutemen - travelled all that way in time and space and gave Cincirnatius' name - who left his plough - to a modern progressive city in a continent that even Plato hadn't dreamed up then. Oh, well.



The Ohio river is a marvel at night. I understand that as a river it stinks - literally. Sewage gets chucked into it that could kill a horse at fifty yards sniff type thing, and quite recently various cities up and down the waterway have been getting together to stop the pollution. Don was full of knowledge of the area, pointing out where various incidents had occurred. We went to a fireworks show. Now I'm not sure of the fireworks position in the States, but I believe you can't just wander into a shop and buy them as you can here. All firework shows have to be staged and run officially; and this is probably a good thing in many ways. If lacking the glamour typified by the annual Bonfire night blazes in Ted Tubb's garden. Anyway, Don took us to the show where there were many sideshows and, we were surprised to see, the Rotor type thing that had been at Battersea Festival Gardens, with pictures of it there and of British servicemen going round on it, that brought us up with a jolt. Here we were, slapped down in the middle of the US and gradually absorbing their way of life when we were jerked back to the Festival of Britain and all that. Still, the swings and roundabouts were sampled and they provided a deal of amusement - and also a bit of a mystery. Don claims to have a photo of Pamela on file showing her screaming her head off as she came down some shoot on a tray to skim onto the water below. Pamela and I have little memory of this; we suspect Don is having another of his lazy but devilish legpulls.

We wandered about eating popcorn and soaking up the atmosphere and being told that after Labour Day weekend all this sort of public entertainment ceased in the US as though chopped with a cleaver. Then the big item began. We found good positions in the crowd and watched as rockets soared (I think) and the set pieces blazed into life forming figures and scenes. They were really first class. There was obviously a high order of skill being employed. The dark sky above, the trees ringing the field, the old Ohio river sliding along over the bluff, the kids' oohs and aahs and the sheer beauty created by lines and whorls and cascades of coloured fire - yep, a real night to remember. When the last picture came on and as piece by piece it lit up and showed to be Old Glory - the Stars and Stripes - for all my British redcoat pride I still felt dam-fool sentimental and ready to cheer my head off for Uncle Sam and the very real traditions that have already been established. I think everyone just about had that feeling too. And, to digress, it is important that they should.

That's one of the ways the US knocked a scruffy load of immigrants of all nationalities into a first class proud nation. I found all over where we went in the US the readiness of people to talk about the American Revolution in terms of every day and up to the minute interests. They had a different slant on it from that they had on their Civil War. I could talk more about this and may when Dick Wilson's noble attempt to show me a Revolutionary battlefield didn't pan out - that damned Labour Day cleaver again. In one of the few remarks to Lee Hoffman about the Revolutionary War as opposed to the War Between the States, I indicated that my sympathies were with the redcoats having to slog through the awful heat. She went on to talk about Jesse James. Many people went out of their way to tell me that we here lost that war because our soldiers wouldn't fight their own folks and many deserted from the army to become good Americans. This is probably true - it



Once the science fiction fandom bug bites you I don't think you ever really get over it. Oh, one may drift out of active fanning, but it seems to me that a part of it stays with you the rest of your life. Once your name gets on an APA roster,

N3F roster, in a letter column or you publish a fanzine, somebody, sometime, is never going to let you forget it.

For the fans in my age bracket, WW2 was the big break in activity. Since almost everyone was either in active service or working long hours in defence industries, activity slowed down to practically nil. There were numerous changes of address, fans got married and started new lives, etc., so there were only a few relatively stable addresses with which to begin contact, again, after it was all over.

Fortunately, Korea didn't cause this upset. Fans pulled their military service and could come back and pick up where they left off, or, in many cases, continued limited activity. 1953 didn't see the same lack of enthusiasm that 1946 had. Things were booming in 1953. Not so in 1946.

When I was recalled to active duty in 1950, I was determined not to be without fannish contacts where-ever I was going to be stationed. There being no directory of fandom available at that time I decided to compile my own. Accordingly, a crash program was set up. With the aid of Stan Skirvin I drew up a geographical index of fans. I went as far back as 1946, feeling that prior addresses would be either military ones, or at least, not permanent ones. I used the Torcon, Cinvention, and N3F rosters as a basis. From there I added the addresses of all who had letters published in the pro mags from 1946 on, and then I went through my piles of fanzines for more; adding FAPA and SAPS rosters as I went.

This gave me a start and with this list I went off to Langley Field, Virginia, as my first stop. From there I was to go to MATS at Kelly Field, Texas. I wasn't so happy about going, but felt the blow was softened by my possession of the lists. At least I wouldn't be cut off from everything. As it turned out, I no sooner got to Langley Field than General Marshall issued orders that none of the reserves were to be called up involuntarily, I was given the big choice of going on to Kelly Fields for a year (and from there to where ever they sent me), or return home. I had no trouble deciding.



With this list as a nucleus, I merely continued and expanded it. I incorporated Lynn Hickman's Little Monster's, Chicon 11, PHILCON 111, San Francisco Con., Clevention, Fantasy Press, plus keeping up with all the pro mags and fanzines. I had to keep retyping and expanding the individual State listings, and now it's approx. 6,000-7,000 names. The last three years have been too much for me and it isn't up-to-date.

This, of course, leads back to my opening remarks. There are fans on this list who were active 20 years ago of whom fans today have never heard. Doc Barrett used to make a trip to Florida about once a year, and before he went he used to request a list of fans living in the area he'd be visiting and along the routes he would be driving. Many a fan got a start when a yellow Chrysler with a red top pulled up in front of the house, and out piled Doc.

Later on, I simply made a carbon copy for Doc. Then Lynn Hickman was on the move a lot and he used to keep writing back asking for fan addresses where-ever he was. Same for Hal Shapiro. Hal was in military service then. I'd see letters in the mags asking if there were any fans in the writer's vicinity; I'd look on the map and send them a list of names I had in that area and requesting any addresses or corrections that s/he might know of. It got quite involved there for a while.

Doc Barrett, Lou Tabakow and I, made it a point to stop and look up fans where ever we happened to be and our delight was in meeting the ones who'd dropped out and thought they were forgotten. Walt Marconette was one such. He lives in Dayton; about 40 miles away. It's on the way to Bellefontaine (where Doc lives), and eventually we tracked Walt down. He no longer had much interest in science fiction, he said; but I noticed he still bought most of the pro mags and read them. His main interest had shifted to Oriental Arms and Armour. Had the whole house full of weapons. The kids chased each other with daggers, Malayan crises, they scared the neighborhood half to death.

Married, and with three children, Walt had simply broken most of his old ties. Over a six or seven year period Doc and I bought out his entire collection of books, mags and fanzines. He never really wanted to sell, but then would come along another buy in Arms, and he'd liquidate part of his s-f collection to pay for the other hobby. His wife, Pat, used to bitch about all the space his s-f collection took up. This is a familiar spund(sp?ep) and I've heard it for years and years. In fact, my mother used to bitch the same way.

Arms and armour isn't quite so bad, I guess. After all one can show the neighbors and friends a collection of this type and they'll understand it. The idea of collecting that is; the less they understand about it, the more respect they'll give the collector. Not so with science fiction. Right away they start feeling sorry for the poor wife who is stuck with such junk around the house and also saddled with a fool for a husband. Of course when one collects apple boxes.....that's the lowest form yet.

Gradually our fan lives mesh in with our normal life and the two become entangled for ever. The friendships made with other fans now could go on without any assistance from fandom at all. People like: Dale Tarr, Stan Skirvan, Steve Young, Oscar Moeller, Mary Martine, Doc Barrett, et al are all members of the CFG and our friendships are quite strong. Stan belongs to the same camera club I do; the Tabakows and Youngs mingle in the Writer's Guild as well as socially; Lou and I often sell together; the Moellers, Dale and Tabakows are bridge fiends and play cards regularly, etc etc.

Last summer I took a week of my vacation at Indian Lake with the family. We stayed in one of Doc Barrett's cottages and he'd invited Doc and Jeannie Smith over for an extended stay. They made it a long week-end and Steve and Virginia Schultheis came up from Springfield for a night, while Mary Martin came up for Sunday. A small convention at Indian Lake, again!

My son, Jim, spent his time fishing from a boat and at the age of 11 he thought that was great. Terry Anne spent a lot of her time with Sarah Jane Barrett, leaving Margaret and John to go swimming, etc. With the two Docs handy I spent a lot of time talking. You constantly keep finding out new things about each other.

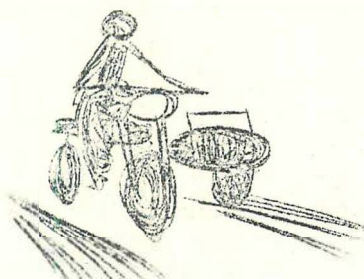
Doc Smith was challenged by Doc Barrett about the love portion of his story in the July ASF. Herein two people met and fell in love at first sight. Doc Smith replied that he'd met Jeannie only five minutes before they became engaged to be married. I asked him how long ago that had been, he told me 45 years. My reply was that you just can't trust these quickie marriages. The next day, Jeannie gave us her side of the story. It appears that Doc had seen her photo when he was working with her brother and had started a correspondence with her that lasted a year and a half before they ever met. She said she still had some of his early letters.

Jeannie also added that Doc startled her after they were married by the use he made of his toes. It seemed he was lying on the couch and wanted a pencil or something which was on the floor. He casually reached out and picked it up with his toes (being barefoot at the time). Doc said he was about 20 or so before he ever wore shoes. He'd always worn moccasins or snowpacs. I told Jeannie that it was Doc's sexy toes that'd got her.

When I can get him going, I like to hear Doc Smith talking about himself. It isn't always easy to do. He's so interested in science fiction he wants to talk about ideas and concepts; not about himself. Every once in a while, though, he'll come out with bits and pieces that one can file away in the memory cells, hoping, some day to fit them together like a jig-saw puzzle, but all the time knowing that this is an impossible thing to do about anybody.

He did say that he ran away from home, when he was 14, I think it was. He lived on a farm and one day he and his father got into an argument. His father was going to whip him, but Doc grabbed a pitchfork and said: "no." When he was 15, he said, he was bossing a gang of bohunks on the railroad in Montana or Idaho.

When he wrote Skylark of Space, he was living in Washington, D.C. and was employed by the government as a chemist. He had a motorcycle with sidecar for Jeannie. They travelled 150,000-200,000 miles in it. Jeannie said that one day Doc's assistant got a car. She pointed out to him that it looked funny for the assistant to own a car and the boss didn't. They got a car.



Later on, Doc went into private industry and moved to Battle Creek, Michigan. He worked for General Mills, I think it was, as a cereal chemist. Then, it was in later years that he went to Chicago with Mid-West Donut Co. as one of five men in the country who knew how to make donut mix. But, while in Battle Creek, he was associated with the old "Slan Shack" in the days of Al and Abby Lou Ashley, EEEvans, and I think some of the others were: Earl Perry, Ed Counts, Jack Wiedenbeck, and Gus Willmorth. There were quite a few that came and went.



Some fans in the British Isles have felt that Doc Smith is not a fan, but simply a nice old man who happens to be a professional writer. Nothing could be farther from the truth and nothing gets our dander up more than that belief. With Doc Smith, writing is a hobby. In all the time he's been writing, he's averaged about one story every four years. You don't make a living at that rate of production. At conventions and fan gatherings Doc is always the biggest duck in the pond and tries to meet the fans and be available to them. He's a fan at heart and to deny him that fact sort of hurts him.

One thing in which Doc Barrett is active is the Shrine. This is a fun loving organisation that is an offshoot of the Masons. In order to be a Shriner, you have to be a Mason. Their only purpose is to raise money for their crippled children program and they maintain a hospital in Kentucky. To raise the money they usually sponsor circuses, etc. Each city will have their own costumes and the theme revolves around Oriental, Arabic or clowns.

Doc Barrett belongs to a unit nearby which has a trailer with a merry-go-round on it. They're going to build a Ferris wheel next. The other trailer holds a band and has been built to hold the bass drummer on the tail end....he weighs 300lbs. They dress up in clown costumes and participate in parades and events through out the midwest and eastern half of the U.S. Going from Atlantic City, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, etc. These trailers are pulled by jeeps and everything is a bright yellow and red. They did the work themselves and everything operates via separate power generators. They give the kids rides and pass out bubble gum and suckers. The kids love it.

To help advertise the catholic church's summer festival, they sent one clown unit up to the amusement park area at Indian Lake. They had an old model A Ford Roadster fixed up and just happened to stop by Doc's place that Saturday. I got some shots of the two Docs and the clowns. Kids swarmed out of nowhere and the first thing I knew there was quite a crowd gathered. With Barrett, things are never still. By some standards we didn't have a spectacular vacation, but we enjoyed it very much.

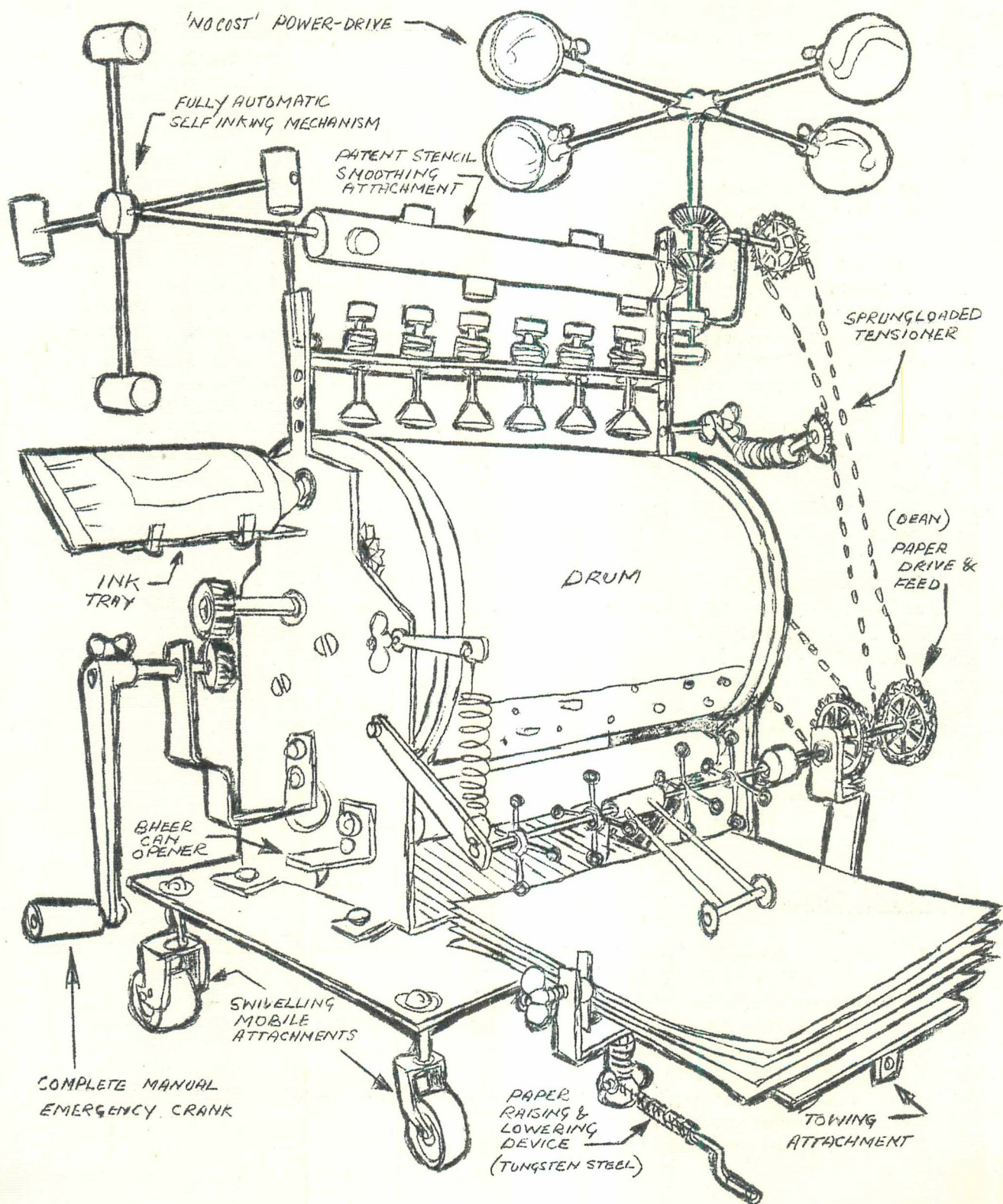
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#### LOVELAND IDYLL. (cntd from page 34)

I don't envy anyone having to fight in a red coat and leather stock under the conditions we met. Enuff of that.

This was only one of the many successful expeditions made under the kind but firm eye of Don and Margaret. Here also I was spoken to by the police as narrated in TAFF TALES 1. What should be apparent here is that Pamela and I spent not a fannish time in the States but a family time of meeting friends and sf and fandom featured small in most of our conversations.

But people are more important anyway, are they not?



DUPLICATOR (MIMEO · USA) DESIGNED AND BUILT  
 BY YANCEY BURPENSNAW TO REPRODUCE HIS HISTORIC  
 PANTHINE 'AARGH!' NOW ON SHOW AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON  
 MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY (LONDON)  
 AND THE BELFAST ART GALLERY (N' IRELAND)



WILLIS FOR T.A.F.F. IN '62-WILLIS FOR T.A.F.F. IN '62-WILLIS FOR T.A.F..F.

It is only natural you will agree, that we in Britain are already discussing among ourselves whom we should nominate for T.A.F.F. in 62. I make my choice quite clear up there, and let us get one thing quite clear. Though I know there are others of like mind, the opinions expressed on this page are mine and I speak for no-one else.

I can hear the screams of protest already. "What has he done in the last couple of years to deserve it?" and like questions. Frankly I don't give a damn what he's done or hasn't done in the past 5 years. I have never met the man and have had only a spasmodic correspondence with him but for my book, if Walt never did another thing for the rest of his fannish life the mere fact that he was one of those most concerned in getting the idea of T.A.F.F. off the ground is more than enough to get my backing and vote.

There are many things which have been done by Walt that those best qualified to tell of them will no doubt recount once he accepts our nomination. I'm sticking my neck way out in writing this as I haven't mentioned to him that I intended doing it. I hope he won't object too much. This isn't just a mad idea that I've come up with all of a sudden. Some of you already know how I feel on the subject as we've often talked it over at length. Are there any more supporters for the big push? Let's all gang up on him and insist that he stand.

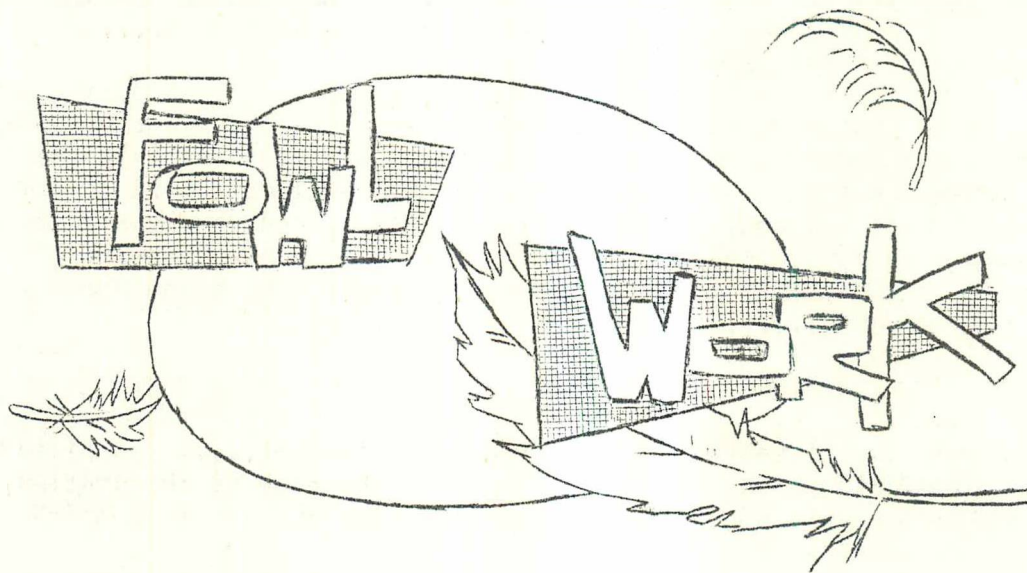
I'll leave it at that for the moment, but I would like to hear from those of you who are with me in this. Write soonest.

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DIKINI for Harrogate in '62

and

WILLIS for ChiCon in '62



The Sergeant was looking unusually pensive. His bees were working overtime, his tomatoes were like Jaffa oranges, his lettuce were like cabbages and his hens were laying like mad. The Inspector wasn't due to call for another week, and he'd just heard about his £300 a year rise. He should have been smiling....everything was fine and rosy....yet he was deep in perplexed thought.

"What's up, Serge?" I asked.

He looked round at me.... I don't think he'd even known I was there, although he had scrounged three cigarettes from me in half an hour.

"Oh, er, John" he said. Since I'd been at his station for some years, he finally had gotten round to calling me by my christian name. "I'm just wondering when this hen gang is going to strike."

I'd seen the references in the local papers. The whole county was in a state of siege. Whole hen houses were being robbed in the middle of the night. Pullets just bursting to lay were whipped from their roosts....and the dawn call of the cocks was silent all over the countryside. So far, we had been lucky. Our district hadn't been attacked. But the gang, a very well organised outfit, was getting nearer

"But your hens are pretty safe, Serge," I said. "After all, they'd hardly attack your hen house, it's in the station garden."

I mean, it was possible. Stranger things had happened. I had said his hens were 'pretty' safe.

"I've got the fence electrocuted," he grinned, the stubble on his chin glinting in the light of the 25 watt bulb in his office, "but what's going to happen if we get a series of raids in our district. They've been going on for



months, and the best brains of the police cannot track them down. I've heard a rumour the Inspector is thinking of calling in Scotland Yard. Trouble is, really, that so far my clearance of crime is one hundred percent....and a couple of hen-house raidings would spoil my average."

What the Sergeant said was true, although, frankly, it was just a matter of how you looked at things. We hadn't had any crime in the district so far in the year, therefore there was none to clear...Q.E.D.(according to the Sergeant's interpretation of the statistics) we had a clear record of detection.

"Anyway," he continued, "when you are on patrol, and when you're cycling home at night, keep your eyes open every time you pass a hen house."

I nodded, and returned to Lady Chatterly's Lover, which the Sergeant thoroughly recommended.....

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It happened two nights later. I'd been on a 'riser'....a patrol in the early a.m's. I hadn't met a soul. I'd signed in the book at the station, then I'd started to cycle home. I lived about a mile and a half from the station.

I was free-wheeling down a quiet country lane when I heard a hen fluttering about...and an excited chorus of clucks from a hen house about fifty yards from the road.

It wasn't dark owing to the full moon, and as I leapt off the cycle and peered through the hedge I saw a shadowy figure go into the hen house and the door close after it. The clucks became more pronounced, and I also heard muffled curses.

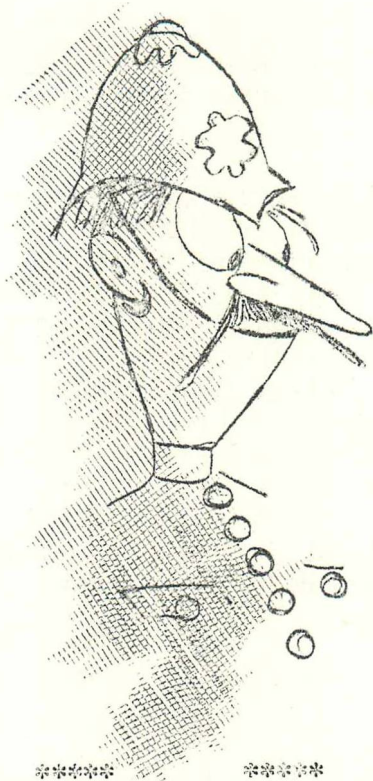
I knew I was on the verge of my biggest detection. Tail lights were all very well, but they got monotonous. An unlicensed dog is a change, admittedly, but it was common village gossip that the Sergeant's dog wasn't licensed, either, and it was inviting trouble to get a detection when a tricky question could be asked in court. In fact, from my experience, any detection in our district was tricky, the Sergeant had many peculiar facets to his character.....

But this was clearly different. A policeman's dream. But I had to stop and think how I was going to deal with the situation. There were several things I could do. It was only about half a mile to the station, should I go for the Sergeant??? The chances were that the thief would be gone when we returned. I could wait and follow the thief when he came out....I presumed that a car or lorry would be parked reasonably close, to carry the load. Or, thirdly, I could creep up to the hen house, open the door, and catch the hen thief red handed.

I thought for a few moments, then decided on the third of the possibilities. I got my torch, held it like a club, climbed over the hedge and tiptoed to the hen house. My, that thief could curse...such language....and the hens were giving no mean performance either.

My heart thumped as I reached the door...and as I had my hand on the latch it burst open and I was knocked backwards into the mud. A black figure ran like Herb Elliot across the field and over the hedge. Cursing, I picked myself up. Hens were running about everywhere....and the noise....

I had spoiled an almost perfect case...the sort that confronts a village constable but once in thirty years...and I had made a complete mess of it... then I felt a sharp jab in my back....it was Farmer Spindle...and the trigger finger on the double-barreled shotgun was quivering.



"Oh, its you, Mister Berry," he said, when I turned round, my hands clutching for the moon. He lowered the shotgun.

"Missed 'im, Bert," I said, "got 'in in the blasted act, and he shot out of here like a greyhound from the trap. No idea who he was, either." He tut-tutted, and opening the door wide looked inside.

"Let me go in there, Bert, in case he's left a clue," I said.

I flashed the beam of light over smashed eggs and piles of feathers, and there, trapped in the beam, lay the Sergeant's helmet....I'd recognise that jam stain anywhere. I stuffed it inside my raincoat, and told Bert I'd come round in the morning to see if anything was missing.

I hugged the Sergeant's helmet as I cycled home. I pondered for an hour in bed. This was really serious. An unlicenced dog is one thing...but pinching chickens????

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"Morning, Sergeant," I said next day. He looked at me in surprise. Since he'd been calling me John, I'd called him Serge....and he must have noted the tenor of my voice, I couldn't keep it normal.

He picked a little white feather out of his ear, and blew it away.

"Any word of the hen thieves?" I asked, looking him straight in the bleary eyes. He dusted white fluff off his muddy trousers.

"Nooooo," he said. "Er, any word yourself?"

"Nooooo," I said. "Nearly caught a chap last night trying to steal Farmer Spindle's hens...but he got away."

"Too bad," grinned the Sergeant, wiping a spot of yellow fresh egg yolk off his tunic sleeves.

"I got a clue, though," I hissed.

His eyes rolled.....

"Mmmmmmm?"

I found a police helmet," I said quietly.

"Ah...whose.....?"

"Yours," I said, quick-like, to try and shake him.

"Mine?" he said, incredulous. He was a gifted actor...superb really, considering the way I'd handled him. "But here's mine," he said, his face white.

I looked at it. The jam stain was in the right place, but the helmet was new, even though an attempt had been made to make it dirty, which was the normal state of the Sergeant's helmet.

"I must have made a mistake," I said, playing for time. I pretended to go out on patrol....then opened the office door quickly. The Sergeant had the helmet on. I could just about make out his chin. The helmet was seven sizes too large.

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I was in a tough spot. I knew beyond doubt it was the Sergeant who had been in that hen house, but what could his motive possibly be? Spindle had told me that all his hen were there, although they'd never be the same again. But I had appeared on the scene quickly, and even though I'd tried to be quiet, he must have heard me and bolted.

During the next few days, the Sergeant's behaviour was strange, to say the least. More and more egg yolk was on his tunic each succeeding day, and at the end of the week his office was ankle deep in feathers. This was accounted for by the fact that I'd followed him every night, and he'd visited the hen houses of Farmer Poltice, Miss Blissard, Farmer Trelawney, the Squire and the Vicar in that order. This only confirmed what I already knew, but an even more serious aspect was the fact that the Sergeant was always chewing legs of chicken, and his dustbin was filled with feathers and bones. The butcher said that the Sergeant's wife usually came in every day for chops and steaks and things, but for the past week she hadn't been near, which was very strange.

I built up possibly one of the strongest cases any policeman has ever built. It was cast iron...irrefutable...magnificent in its detail. I filled eleven pages of evidence and had three sacksful of exhibits.

But my loyalty to the Sergeant was so strong, I just didn't know what to do with it?

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Next day, he really went too far.

The Squire's hen houses were raided once again, but this time five hundred laying pullets had gone.

The Sergeant had a smile of sheer triumph on his face. On some pretext, I sneaked down to his own hen houses, but there seemed to be the same number as usual. Maybe one or two extra, but most definitely not 500.

"Shall we go over to the Squire's and look for clues?" I suggested.

"No need," he said. "Er, just come with me."

We cycled out to the main road which divided our district into two.

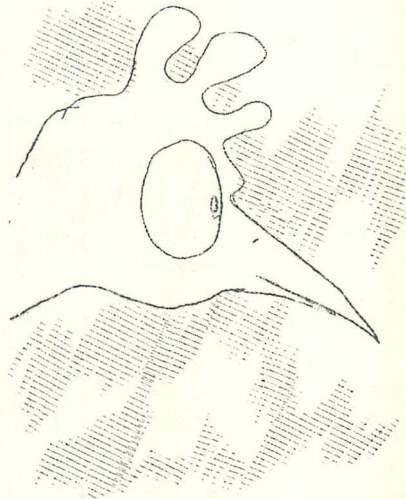
We stood there....for hours....and everytime a poultry van came along, the Sergeant stepped out into the middle of the road with his hand held high. He asked for the man's driving licence. Always that, nothing else. And he was terribly polite. He didn't bother about other types of vehicle, just poultry vans, and he didn't say anything to me. He wouldn't let me speak to the drivers, he did it all himself. As the day went by, he became more and more agitated.

It was half six in the evening, and the sun was low, and, as a dozen times before, he stopped a small dirty-looking poultry van.

"Good evening, sir, may I look at your driving licence?"

"Certainly, Sergeant," grinned the driver. He handed it over. The Sergeant didn't even look at it. Quick as a flash, he got into the seat next to the driver. "Hop in the back, John," he shouted. We were back on christian name terms. I snuggled up to a bewildered goose, and we drove to the station.

The Sergeant had the driver in a Half-Nelson. He rapped at the station



door, and when it was opened, he flung the man down the corridor to his office.. He told me to come in.

The Sergeant took off his tunic. The beer stains on his shirt were vibrant. He put his face to within an inch of the driver's, and then held a knotted fist in front of the frightened eyes.

"Care to make a voluntary statement?" he hissed.

The driver was obviously startled by the turn of events.

"Voluntary statement about what?" he whispered.

"About swiping the Squire's pullets this morning, 500 of them....and don't bother to deny it. I know it was you."

The driver allowed the sweat to drip off the end of his nose.

" 'Swelp me, I didn't pinch any....but I bought 500 White Leghorn pullets at market this morning."

"Who from?" the Sergeant hissed.

The driver gave the name and address.

The Sergeant crossed to his desk, and flipped through the telephone directory, then nodded. He asked the driver's name and address, and phoned through to the man's local station and spoke to the Sergeant there.

"O.K. You can go home now," he said, rather more kindly. Your local Sergeant will be round to take a statement from you tomorrow."

The man drove away in fourth gear, and the Sergeant picked up the telephone once more. He looked proud and noble. He winked at me.

He spoke to the Inspector. He told him he'd cleared all the big poultry stealing jobs. He gave the name and address of the van driver, said he was the chief witness, then gave the name and address the van driver had given him, the details of the person from whom he'd bought the pullets at market that morning. He told the Inspector that he'd got the information from an informant, and when the case was cleared, he would be applying for a cash settlement for the informant.

"Bottle of beer?" he asked me.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Inspector walked down the steps, got into his car and drove away.

The Sergeant was in great form. The case had been successfully completed. The police had gone to the house, and the man and his brother had finally admitted doing all the poultry jobs for the last few months. It was a magnificent clearance of crime.

"I've claimed twenty pounds for the informant," grinned the Sergeant.

"But who was the informant?" I asked, incredulous.

"Me," he grinned. "I think I deserve it."

"But how the hell did you.....?"

He laughed out load. "Ever hear of Malacite Green?" he asked.

Of course I had. It was a very potent green powder. It was usually used in cases of larceny....if money was missing, say from a shop, money was dusted with Malacite Green, and when on examination, someone was found with green hands, there was the thief. It is a permanent dye.

"You mean...?" It was fantastic, incredible. It was impossible, and yet...

"Yes, I put Malacite Green on the legs of all the chickens in the district. Hell of a job. I nearly had twins when you spotted me. Yes, it was my helmet."

"But why didn't you get me to help you?"

"Didn't want anyone to know. I don't ever want anyone to know. Christ, I'm glad it's over. No one but an idiot would think of it, would they? And yet it worked." I chuckled. No-one but an idiot would think of it, powdering 3,000 pullets legs. "Come here," he said. He led me to his cellar where about 15 hens were hanging. "Take a couple," he said. You know, I just couldn't resist the temptation." Neither could I.....



# OUTLANDISHLY YOURS

RORY  
FAULKNER

There is a lot of fun in buying a pig in a poke. The auctions of unclaimed items, by the big storage warehouses can provide an unlimited source of adventure for those who are fortunate enough to have some money they are willing to gamble.

Everything in the household furnishing lines, from electrical appliances to grand pianos and Oriental rugs may be found in the lists. One could furnish a whole house quite handsomely if he had a mind to (and the cash), and had no objections to second-hand goods.

But the most intriguing items are the boxes, trunks, etc. which have never been opened, and are sold, sight unseen. Here is where the gamble comes in. A fine leather suitcase, looking as if it contained a handsome wardrobe, may turn out to be stuffed with old magazines and some Gideon Bibles. Some suddenly poverty-stricken hotel guest has probably employed this shabby trick in order to skip without paying his bill. (Most likely a fan!)

On the other hand, a friend of mine once bid on a modest suitcase for a small sum, and found in it a complete and expensive layette, still unused - a pathetic hint of a forgotten baby, eagerly awaited and lost at birth.

While I attended these auctions rarely, I did once take a flyer on a sealed wooden box, and found, to my delight, a collection of old juvenile books which I remembered fondly from my childhood days. I was sorely tempted to go for a sturdy, old-fashioned trunk, but was suddenly struck with a horrible thought which dampened my ardour at once.

Suppose, when I got it home, I should find it contained a 'headless corpse!

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It has become sort of a tradition in this country to give recognition to outstanding achievements in certain fields by the presentation of small gold statuettes. The cinema and TV make a big thing out of this annually. Not so well known is the business mens' equivalent of this ceremony.. Every year proper recognition of the ten best salesmen is given in the form of a little golden statue called a "SAMMY." Who knows why? Unless the name is derived from a novel popular some years ago, entitled: "What Makes Sammy Run?"

This award business bids fair to get out of hand. We wouldn't be surprised if every trade and profession adopted similar tokens of recognition to outstanding members. No doubt a truck driver or oil-field worker would be overjoyed at the prestige he would gain by such an award, even if in his private thoughts he might prefer a more tangible mark of appreciation. Say, something that could be traded more easily for a few cold beers. Something like cold cash!

We are all for this award stuff ourselves. Let's start it off by giving proper recognition to that unsung heroine, the secretary and office worker. For the best part of her life she serves faithfully, laughing at the boss's bum jokes; buttoning her lips and pulling in her ears when he is on a temper grouch; providing alibis for his mistakes and domestic slips.

The movies have their Oscar, the TV their Emmy, the salesmen their Sammy. So what shall we name the golden statue for the lowly secretary and what form do you think it should take? Like this?



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The most pathetic sight you can imagine is the man who has decided to stop smoking. He has been scared by the reports of the high incidence of lung cancer, and he figures that, anyway, think of the money saved if he can lay off the filter tips permanently.

He displays infinite cunning and crafty subterfuges to persuade himself that he is conquering the habit. His first real try is a heroic one. After many false starts, such as deciding that when the cigarettes in his possession are all gone he will buy no more, he finally manages to begin one day with a clean slate. There is not a cigarette in the house.

Instead of lighting up as soon as he gets out of bed, on this his day of decision he goes down to breakfast feeling full of a superior smugness. This isn't going to be so hard after all! His self-conceit lasts until he has finished his second cup of coffee, and instinctively reaches into his pocket for the pack which is not there.



At once he becomes jittery. He wishes he had kept just one lone far to tide him over this first surge of desire. For an hour he wanders like a lost soul about the house.

It's no use. He decides he will taper off gradually instead of making a clean break. He makes a bee-line for the nearest store only to find it is not yet open. After restlessly pacing up and down in front, he finally makes tracks for the nearest gas-station where the nearest vending machine is, and pays a nickel more than usual for his favourite brand. He consoles himself with the thought that he will really be saving money, as he intends this pack to last him three days with careful rationing. It doesn't. He is back at the store that same evening in a "the hell with it" mood, buying a whole carton. He is hooked again, but good!

But this time he buys the cheapest brand he can find. By Gor', if he is going to get lung cancer, at least he intends to do it economically!

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In America the manufacturers of ladies shoes have decided that we women have had it easy for too long a time. For the last decade we have been stepping out lightly in soft round-toed shells that hugged the ground and made walking a pure pleasure.

But alas! It's all over now. Fashionable shoes have narrow, needle-pointed toes, and three or four inch spike heels - the slenderest that can support the weight. Try and find anything else in the shoe stores. Are we women victims of a plot to keep us from "getting there fastest with the mostest?"

The chiropidists are doubtless rubbing their hands with glee over this trend. The corn-plaster tycoons, whose business had taken a decided slump in the era of comfortable, loafer-type shoes, are now due to experience a great boom in their sales. Dr. Scholl, the great "foot-saver," will become the Man of the Hour, while BlueJay corn-plasters will symbolise relief, if not happiness.

Here, in California, while these instruments of torture are bought and worn in public, it is a safe bet that milady will be shuffling about at home in her bare feet - a favourite custom of this fair land. And those of us who, unfortunately, have been designed by Nature more for endurance than speed, will stubbornly refuse to adopt the new styles at all. Not for us the old slogan: "My feet are killing me!"

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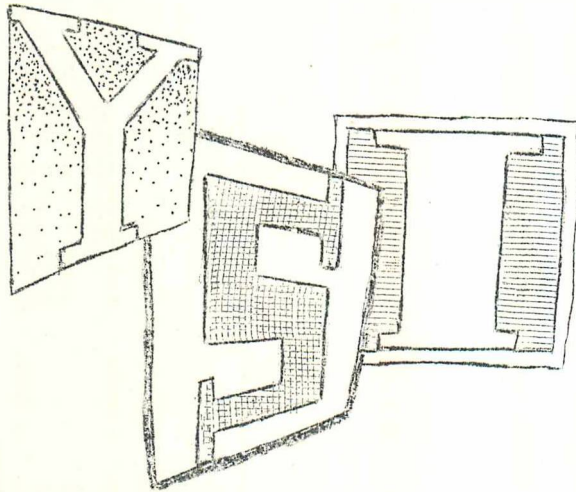
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The Doc. Weir Memorial Fund.

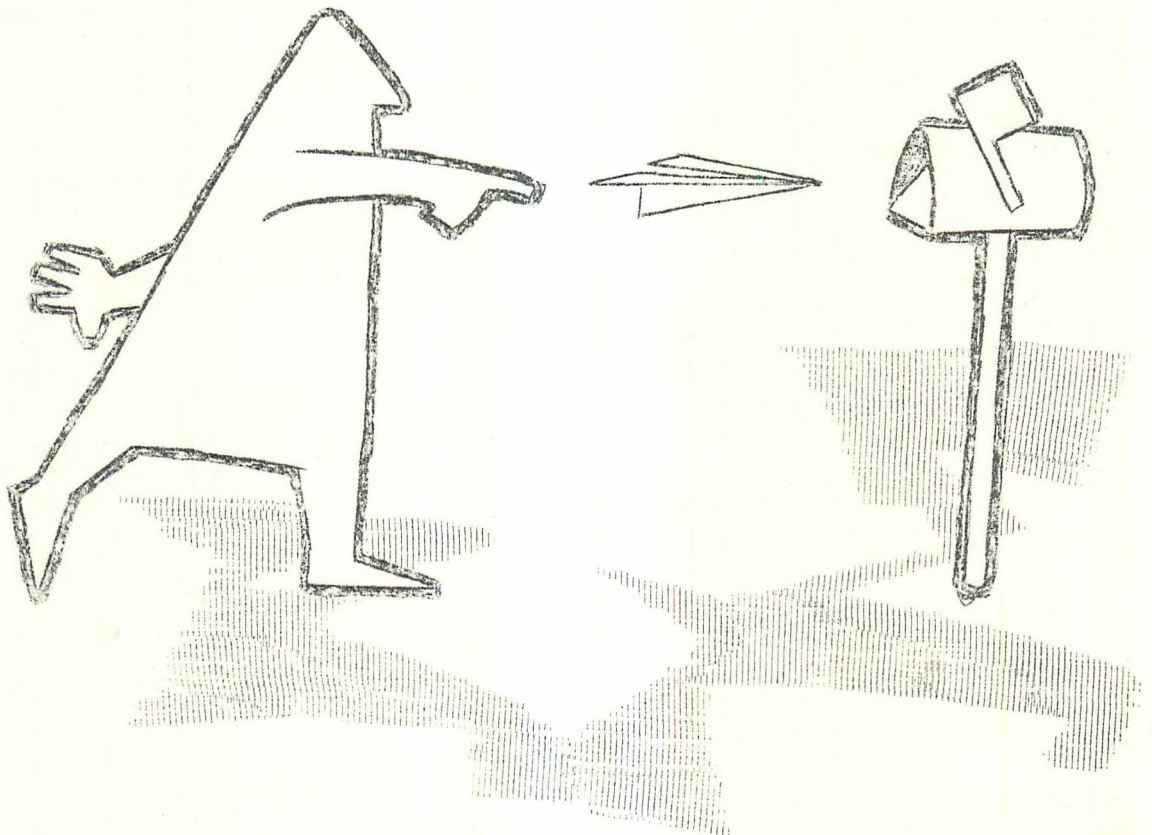
Those of you who would like to support this fund - you don't have to be members of the BSFA in order to do so - please send their donations to:-

Archie Mercer,  
434/4, Newark Road,  
North Hykeham. Lincs.



Well! He hasn't left me much room for an introduction, has he? Not that this, your section, needs one, really, but I hate to think of him getting the best of me and succeeding in keeping me off the page altogether.

On then, to the next page and to the first of your letters which is from:





Bobby Gray.(FEZ.)  
14, Bennington Street,  
Cheltenham.  
GLOS.

This is a letter of comment on ORION. // Thank you, Joe, or Ted, or Jim, or Fred, or Bruce, or whoever the hell is there, coerced into slip-sheeting or something, for reviving Ella with a cuppa. // Like I said, this is a letter of

comment on ORION 26. PASS THE TEAPOT TO HER, QUICK!! // As a kid I didn't know any fans - I used to read about them in letter columns of the s.f.mags and thought what a lot of fun they had, but if anything, I think my mother was rather relieved that I had my nose in S.F. magazines rather than the tripey women's magazines that there seemed to be so many of when I was a kid. I know she did ask once that if those magazines taught science why did they have such lurid pictures on the front, but neither my brother nor I told her that the 'zines were fiction. She was firmly convinced that we were learning all about science and I suppose I must have picked up quite a lot from the books subconsciously, as my mother was taken aback (so was I), when she saw on one of my school reports that I'd got 98% for science. // Picking out highlights I think I found Harry Warner's article on Creation most interesting. "The gall to follow Ceasar" - ha, I liked that. As for those flowers that Sid Birchby was talking about - at the Crown Agent's office our telephonist brought one of those queer turnipy looking things in to see what would happen. The whole staff became morbidly interested in it and many were the cracks passed. The days passed, too, and we watched the thing with bated breath and at last it showed signs of flowering. It looked positively obscene. More of the petals appeared - quite the most leprous looking petals I have ever seen. I was away from the office the day it came to full flower, but from what I was told I was glad I was away. We had Billingsgate Fish Market not far from the office and I was told the market smelt like Kew Gardens when compared to the Thing. // When I was stationed in Germany we were only about 18 miles from Belsen, actually in the town where they at last caught up with Irma Grese. The 5th battalion of the Royal Tank Regiment were stationed in Belsen and I remember the night we went over there to a dance. I felt horribly depressed all evening. The boys did their best, but no matter how cheerful they tried to be there seemed to be a gigantic and unpleasant shadow. Some weeks later we were invited to another dance there and I was most unwilling to go. At some time during the evening I felt so oppressed that I decided to go outside for a breath of air. Joan, another WAAF, came with me, and her fiance and his friend said they would drive us round in the jeep. We seemed to pass mile after mile of gaunt blocks. Then I suddenly bawled at the driver to stop - I couldn't take any more of it. He had driven us into a part of the camp never used by the R.T.R. and the feeling there was like receiving a physical blow. Actually it was a mental blow that went far deeper. It is difficult to describe. How can one describe a desolate and utter silence. There were none of the normal little sounds that one associates with the country or a camp, only a deathly stillness. A stillness compounded of hopelessness, despair, terror and death. That may sound like an exaggeration, but if anything I have understated - to feel the atmosphere there is to feel hell.

//Well! And after all this time too. In view of this and the other item you sent me I suppose I'd better forgive your long neglect, and let you off the hook at last. // The more I hear about the atmosphere prevailing at Belsen the more curious I become. Morbid? Maybe, but I hope not. Joe was telling me his brother feels pretty much the way about Belsen as do you. "The evil we do lives on...." //

Wim Struyck,  
Willebrordusstr. 33 B  
Rotterdam 11.  
Holland.

Thanks a lot for ORION. Just a few days ago, I tried to explain to some other nice girl, why the practice called "commenting on a fanzine" always gives me so much trouble. // (1) I haven't got the slightest notion of the technical side of editing and printing a fanzine. I wouldn't even know how to produce one page, if I had to do it myself. So how could I judge? // (2) I know that some editors have the time/money, and can thus afford to use electronic stencils, atomic mimeos, and multi-colored inks. Others have, it seems, to hammer out each page in granite blocks, and work years to find the right inks that don't blot under the pressure of the granite. Now would it be honest to compare the products of those different people, with their different financial possibilities? // (3) I seem to like every fanzine I get. Why? I've been thinking about this for some days now, and I think I've found the answer at last. It's not the fanzines in the first place I like (or might dislike), but the person(s), (ideas, character), behind the fanzines. And though there have been (or still are) some really nasty characters in fandom, generally they are kicked out or found out rather soon. They are found out through their fanzines, and then I don't like such a fanzine, even if it's technically perfect, we sense something wrong. For the most part, however, fans (especially the girls) are quite nice, if not lovely people. I just can't help liking their fanzines, even if there are unreadable pages. // I always wonder how other people can find things to say about this article and that story, and about this fine illo, or that worthless cover. I tried that myself once. Hopeless! // After all this, now comes your big moment. I can say more about ORION. I never saw a fanzine with a letter column so big that it fills a whole extra fanzine, as does yours. I always like letter columns, the first thing I look for in any fanzine. For the first time in many years I get a fanzine full of people I really and actually know. I've never been a very active fan, but these past years I seemed to get out of touch more than ever. ORION made me feel at home again. // Old friends, all of them. Well, all....at least, a lot of them. Betty Kujawa, Alan Dodd, and Don Allen. Alan Dodd doesn't exist? Hear Betty about this! And Andy Young was my first and only American visitor here in my home. // If I don't get ORION any more, I'll go and ask Betty for her copies. She'll send them, the dear one. And you wouldn't want to rid her of her copies, now would you? And I like your name so much, it being a mixture of my favourites, Ella Fitzgerald and Charley Parker. // I forgot to mention Harry Warner, an old friend too, and H.K.Bulmer, not an old friend, but I just got one of his books from the U.S. (Earth Gods are Coming).

// Omighod! Not you too! Here, John Baxter meet Wim Struyck; you two ought to get on well together. Me? I'm changing my name. // I like most fanzines I get, Wim, but I must admit there are some I like better than others and not because of any dislike I may have for their editors. You aren't arguing that all femme fans are nice, are you? There must be exceptions, surely? // I'm glad you felt at home among the crowd you met in O, I like to keep my readers happy if possible. I even change my editorial quote marks to please them, don't I, Redd? // I don't always send out a letter supplement with the 'zine, only when the page count is so large that I'm not sure I can trust the wad of paper to my stapler. There's nothing infuriates a fan more than a fanzine falling to bits as soon as it's opened, so I play it safe. If this issue gets much bigger it means I'll have to do it again. Drat it! I'm jinxed. Betty wouldn't dare part with her copies of O. Would you, Betty? Oh! //



Ken Cheslin, (Les Spinge)  
18, New Farm Road,  
Stourbridge.  
WORCS.

I don't really need to say "thanks" for ORION  
and the L.Sup; you know I like to get them  
(which is really a cunning thank-you slipped  
in under disguise). A BIG one this time, huh?

Dear me,...I mean, like don't damn Weber  
unheard. I have it on good authority that he worships the ground you tread  
on....he don't care for 'ee, tho'!....but it's a start. //(Darn it, you'll  
have to wait awhile, I'm reading it again.) // "The first thing that every-  
one notices about ants is their strength."....Oooooohhh, arrrggghh. Jimmy,  
Jimmy, Jimmy....ants aren't stronger than homo sap...not if you work out  
the ratio right...you've been unfortunate in not finding a book with the  
wanted info in it...I know roughly that the impression of strength given by  
an ant lifting things several times its own weight is merely a matter of  
mechanics...there's also something about mass which comes into it, like the  
ants smaller body is less affected by gravity than a larger mass, I think  
that it has something to do with the way gravity acts...y'know, square of  
the distance etc. Anyway an ant the size of a man would...NO, stop....  
not "the size of a man" but "having the same mass as a man" would not be  
stronger..probably, because of its heavy extoskeleton it would be weaker..  
or less agile. // Laugh with Rory...goes to show tho' that there's no  
such thing as a list of surefire rules which can be applied to all kids.  
Some need gentle persuasion and explanations...others just need a right  
bashing. And any of those silly @!& who say "the children today  
aren't as good, obedient, kind etc., as they were when I was young" need  
thumping too...blame the parents of yesterday for the kids of today. Aw,  
every new generation has been looked upon with horror by the preceding one.  
Why, back in Lizzie the first's time no woman (or unarmed man either) dare  
walk the streets at night for fear of the bands of young hooligans...worse  
than Teddy Boys, these lads, huge great staffs and wicked daggers...and  
they seldom hesitated to use them either... In the words of the Prophet  
(not Fred P), Man...you aint never not nohow had it so good...like. //For a long time I lived by "your elders know best"..then I got a little  
unhappy about it when I started seeing contradictions, and eventually  
started thinking for myself. My method now is to listen as respectfully as  
possible when cornered, and use advice/info if it's good, or go my own way  
if not. Far, far too many people equate age or experience with wisdom. If  
everyone "followed in father's footsteps" we'd still be swinging in the trees  
now, or mebbe have become extinct. As for religion, if I had children I'd  
not mind what they were taught at school, but I'd hope that they'd have the  
sense not to accept everything they're told and to enquire, nag, search,  
peck away at anything they were curious about. //Gertcha, Cheslin. I have  
it on good authority that Weber worships the ground I've got coming to me! //We'll be having more about these ants, so I'll leave that for the moment. //Are you sure about the thugs and hooligans in the time of Liz 1st? I wouldn't  
know, I'm not quite as old as that. I've always understood that thieves and  
vagabonds were always so gallant to the ladies from whom they stole, and then  
it was always from the carriage trade and not as now, from poor old women who  
probably had only a few shillings to their names. Rough, the old time foot-  
pads may have been, but I don't think they were half so cowardly as those that  
terrorise our lives today. Maybe it's our own fault? We would demand  
equality and now that we have it there are certain aspects of it for which  
we don't have the stomach, tho' who has the stomach for getting beaten up,  
I can't imagine. Nice letter, Ken. Keep it up. //

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

Jim Grove's report on the ants intrigued me. I'd forgotten all about the surface-tension of liquids--that sure enough should forestall any minute creatures from leaping up the scale of progress and intellect in many ways. All very, very interesting.

// Yeeeeeaaah--and the Saga of Andy Young---oh goody!--now, see, this is nice and long and meaty--and am eagerly awaiting the next section. Tons of stuff in it covering scads of things I wanted to know about, too. Goody! // I looked and looked--thru my father's library of sailing books and our Ency Britt. and can't come up with the deal on the odd looking object' the cutty sark' on board the Cutty Sark ship--hope someone else out there will find out that info. While at that lush motel in Pompano--on the fire-place mantel of its coffee shoppe was a hand made miniature reproduction of that very ship! I, myself, have made a Mississippi river boat model and the H.M.S. Bounty, you know--quite interested in ships models as a matter of fact (anyone else out there as I?), and oh gawd, the chore of stringing that rigging on a miniature ---yikes! // Was croggled to find Andy, an American, so untouched by WW2-- I beg to say he is an exception--at least, I pray he is! I mean I'm happy for him that he hadn't the loss of friends or relatives--but I hope that will not keep him from appreciating what a cost in life and bloodshed it all was. // I lost friends---so many, in fact, I still can't really talk about it rationally, I suppose--I lost a blood relative--I lost mere acquaintances-- I can see in my community and elsewhere the terrible loss to us all by the ones who never made it home--and the ones who will never get out of the veteran's hospitals or who will never be physically or emotionally productive again. And I knew so many many boys in those catagories---so very many. // I hope I'm not alone in feeling this way. I see kids in fandom glibly hooting at patriotism and griping at service duty--and I look at who I knew and miss and think of them and others (plus all the kid brothers who died in Korea) and I think that those underground died just so the smarty "blow you Jack, I'm alright" wise guys can flippantly sneer at their freedom and try to wriggle out of National Service..and...I could personally wring some fuggheaded fannish necks. // Purely frightened out of my wits by Andy's report on British plumbing!! Am shuddering in fear. // Ohmighod--can't you see Bill Donaho getting the Sterling Kansas Bulletin instead of ORION???? And the thought of the issue going astray and ending up ghod-knows-where is croggling--imagine the consternation, mystification of whoever received it!!  
[ ] Yes, our own Ken Bulmer is intensely interested in old shipping, I know. I can't say for sure if he makes models, but I know he has some. He's also interested in old armour and weapons and the like. // You really did your nut, didn't you. I think you've misunderstood what Andy was getting at; namely that the sight of our bomb damaged buildings brought the war home to him as nothing before had done. Personally, I think it disgusting that so long after the event we should have so many unhealthy eyesores still lying unused and unbuilt upon. These bomb sites are used as dumping grounds by all in the district for old tin cans, prams, shoes, dead animals, dogs and the like. It makes you sick to see them. We seem to wear these dumps as we would war medals. We need houses, not reminders of the war. We aren't likely to forget that in a hurry. [ ]

Fred Hunter,  
13, Freefield Road,  
Lerwick,  
Shetland Isles.

The star article, I thought, was Harry Warner's. I was absorbed right up to a couple of paras from the end. Then the man goes and speaks about jazz records which are 'unbearable after the tenth hearing.' Now



Fred Hunter.(cntd.) I know you're entirely in agreement with him and have no intention of letting ORION's letter column be turned into a battlefield whereon the age-old jazz arguments be fought. I must say, though, that H.Warner, Esq., can't have listened to much MODERN jazz or he'd have realised that in some cases ten hearings of a disc wouldn't be nearly enough for a full understanding of its subtle complexities. Take, for example, jazz works by Miles Davis, Thelonius Monk, Lennie Tristano etc. For sheer harmonic and melodic invention, plus a supreme knowledge of their musical instruments, these boys could polish off the Boston Phil. Ork. any day of the week. Or any other symphony orchestra for that matter. Why, I could.....no, I won't. Jazz arguments can be interminable. // ATom's guide to Curly Monster drawing, was great. I overdid it, though. I went and drew a big, BIG, BEEG one, and, you know what?...I'm F-F-FRIGHTENED. // No, Fred, I don't mind you arguing about jazz in ORION, just as long as you don't expect me to take part in it. I didn't recognise one of those names you mentioned, you name dropper, you. It's an odd thing, but most of those who commented on what Harry had to say, picked on the same point; maybe it isn't so odd, tho'. // Many thanks for the article, it will be in next ish. Keep 'em coming..//

Bob Smith,  
1 Timor Street,  
Puckapunyal,  
Victoria.  
Australia.

Jim Groves was most interesting. It's the kind of writing you'd expect to see every day in a fanzine, but you don't - at least, not nowadays. One thing I didn't know: ants grow accustomed to people, and will even co-operate! // Andy Young should write like this more often. This bomb damage business in old London amazes me. There is something morbid about all this rubble from a fifteen year old war still cluttering up the city. There will always be bitterness towards former enemies as long as such obvious reminders are lying around. I was born and bred in London; the house I was born in was flattened by German bombs, in fact, so was the whole street, but you cannot build a future on memorials - be they the result of war or man's desire to revive his memory. // Haw. This business of young fans and the home situation is getting a good going over in Q26, I note. I am trying to imagine what the reaction would have been in my family, say, some ten years ago, if items like HABAKKUK and JD-A had been available to me then...my Dad, a sternish Freemasonry type, would have no doubt climbed up the wall! // I certainly don't agree with Don Allen's statement that there are "more queers, homos...in fandom than the average fan realises." Isn't fandom continually open to inspection? My Ghod, a fan can't go to the toilet without someone writing it up as a fannish event! Oddballs (as Ella said), yes, but queers, etc., uh huh. // I can't agree with you, Bob, that the sight of bomb damage acts as a constant reminder of our enemies thus leading to bitterness against them. At least, I've never seen or heard any evidence of it. The sentiment most often expressed is resentment at the local councils for taking so long in clearing them away and using the sites for housing. Nice letter. //

Archie Mercer,  
434/4 Newark Road,  
North Hykeham.  
LINCS.

European Pumble - fabulous. I find this of particular interest because of the candid commentary on British institutions and ways that feature prominently, and as if that was not enough the man seems to have a fabulous sense of humour too. One of his references prompts me to further specific comment - where he says (p38) that "Ella and Ethel --- my first intensive session with a U.K.

Archie Mercer.(cntd.)      accent." Yeah. Ethel's is pure Scotlander of course, but I think that with you he's nearer the mark than he realised. With its blend of Scot and Cockney that I must surely have remarked on before, as representing the two original Kingdoms that United, yours must be about as thorough-going a "U.K. accent" as one can imagine. //

Harry Warner - Jazz "hits you, at first hearing as good music does after the tenth hearing" - ignoring the blatantly loaded term "good music", may I just quietly suggest that possibly in the latter case the first nine hearings could have been an utter waste of time? Particularly if a jazz item that's good at first hearing can be equally good at tenth, twentieth or a hundredth hearing. As, for those who like such, it most certainly can be. I speak as one, incidentally, who likes some jazz and some of what Harry terms "good music" and who also has dislikes in both catagories. [ ] I told you I didn't like what I heard the first time I ever heard me on tape. Ghod knows how the rest of you put up with it; I couldn't if I had to hear it all the time as it sounds to you. // You know, all this argy-bargy about jazz V good music, is just a lot of nonsense. It's purely a matter of taste, after all. I could listen for hours to the resounding tones of a church organ while I loathe a cinema one. My favourite kind of music is a church or cathedral choir in full voice; I could listen to them all day and not weary of it. Do you know who is my very favourite singer? Frank Boggs. Who out there has ever heard of him? He's an American, from Texas, I believe. Why, I even like The Yellow Rose of Texas, don't I, Archie! None of this may be "good music" using Harry's or your definition of the term, but it's what I like. So what? [ ]

Patrick Kearney,  
33, Elizabeth Street,  
London. S.W.1.

Despite the fact that the editorial was so good, it was so all-fired long, but as you say, this isn't a regular occurrence. //

Nope, I think the Psychology method is better.

The old fashioned way is too primitive. Why, I remember when I was at school, I had the cane. Did I improve? No, I went downstairs and mined the toilet with metallic sodium. Mind you, I got the cane again, but that is beside the point. Corporal punishment has little effect today. I'm not saying that the cat wouldn't have any effect, though, because I should imagine that that can be a very unpleasant form of punishment, while a hefty clout round the ear or a good whack or two with the cane give nothing more than a few minutes pain, and is soon forgotten. // I have not read anything by John Berry before, and as I have heard so much about his work I read this story with eager anticipation. I was not disappointed, one bit. The humour in this Sergeant Saga is really great, and the conclusions the Sergeant draws at the end of the story are logical, and make me feel simple. "Why didn't I think of that?" sort of feeling. // Arthur Thomson - you stay away from me! Curly Monsters! Lovecraft wrote a story 'bout an artist who drew curly monsters, and he used live models! [ ] Well? You've been to club meetings, where do you think he got his inspiration? // You know, Pat, I don't think this is a subject on which one can generalise. Each child has to be treated as suits his temperament best. Some would benefit from a caning, while to others it would be of no great moment, certainly not a punishment. I am firmly of the opinion that if boys today were kept in short pants for a lot longer time than they are, they wouldn't be half so cocky or precocious. A very young child can be left to come out of a tantrum without recourse to the cane, but put a boy of 12 into long pants, and bighod, he thinks he's grown up! Try telling him he's not. // Shorter editorials for ORION! [ ]



Joe Patrizio,  
11, Ferndale Road,  
London. S.W.4.

Re-reading your account of the fan party on the Saturday of the BSFA Committee meeting, really brought it all back to me...my first real fan party. What a lot has happened since then...I should have stayed in Scotland. // A well thought out and presented article by Jim. I'm not sure that I agree with him when he says that intelligence equals tools, though. I don't know whether it is possible for intelligences to be without tools, but I'm sure that some animals use tools and can't really be called intelligent. But wait a minute, one of the most intelligent creatures on Earth uses no tools, and that's the porpoise, which is, of course, unable to do so. Now let's see if I can go the other way and think of some animals that do use tools. Well, the thrush uses a stone for an anvil when it's breaking snails open, and other birds do similarly for breaking nuts and snails. Other birds use the equivalent of a needle and thread in building their nests. Beavers use levers, and I'm sure there are others that I can't think of at the present. Anyway, Jim didn't define intelligence. // One point about fire that Jim didn't consider, was that fire is made to produce energy, that energy in the form of heat, and heat doesn't need to be produced by burning wood. It can easily be produced, is produced in fact, by rotting animal or vegetable matter. Heat produced in this way would be easily controlled by ants. I don't think Jimmy should write off ants for a while, as potential competitors. // I can't say that I agree with Rory in every respect. As with many other things, I happen to be a middle-of-the-roader in this child psychology lark. To my mind, children should be treated as human beings, and intelligent human beings, not morons as many parents seem to think their kids are. Striking a child should be necessary only in the last resort. It is much better to reason with the child and tell it, in terms it can understand, that if it doesn't stop acting in an anti-social manner then your hand is going to be applied to its back-end, and it will hurt. I had some measure of success using this technique with my young brother, I must admit it doesn't work any more, but then, he's bigger than I am, now. // Fanlights are probably the best fmz reviews on the go at present. I hope you realise that while you are busy taking over the CRY, Arthur is sneakily taking over ORION...note the way his contribution gets bigger with each issue. His intent, obviously, is to make ORION so big that you will go bankrupt, so enabling him to take over. Here's looking forward to the next hundred page issue. // Oh Ghod. I've written more than a page, and I've just realised that I have got about half way through the main mag, and I've still got the letter supplement to do after this. Hell! It'll have to wait 'til tomorrow. // March 2nd; back to business and Andy Young's thing. Really good, but then it's always interesting to hear what other people think of us. Andy managed to get the whole atmosphere of his visit across extremely well. // A really wonderful article by Arthur, but it's all lies. Lies, I say. It doesn't work like that at all. If you do what Arthur says, you don't get Curly Monsters, all you get is stacks of inky paper. I know, I tried it. All lies. Lies. // Letter column. It won't be long before 'You Said It' is as long as CotRs. I have just been rereading YSI and I still think it interesting, but I'm not going to write anything about it. WHY, did you ask? Well, there's such a thing as the SFCL Combozine to cut stencils for, and that's just

Joe Patrizio. (cntd.). what I'm going to do now. // By the way, when I think of all the things I've got to do, I haven't the faintest idea why I've been wasting my time writing to that god-knows-how-many pages of sweetness and light, that you call ORION. But I suppose, that it's just as well, or I'd never hear the last of it. // Well, that's it. If there are a lot of typosandmisspellings, then I hope that you will kepp them to yourself, 'cos I don't want to hear about them. To hell with them. I don't care, I tell you, I don't care. I gust bluddy wel doent cair. // P.S. I just don't....oh, hell. // No, you don't, do you! Look, mate. It makes no odds to me where you live; you're a ruddy menace no matter how near or far. 100pp Os! What you trying to do, work me out of fandom? I've had a brilliant idea! Why don't you, Ted and Arthur get together and produce 200pp Os??? Now that really would be something. // You are well up the creek as any mother of childers would tell you PDQ. I'll go along with you about reasoning - or trying to - with children of school age. Under that you just wouldn't be able to reach them. Can you imagine telling a child of between 2-5 that it has been 'anti-social'? It wouldn't know what the blue blazes you were talking about. You must remember that kids are quite naturally savages until they've been in the world long enough to acquire a social veneer; some acquire it faster than others. Even when they know what the word "naughty" means it doesn't stop them acting defiantly just to see how far they can go before you'll stop them. Once they know the line beyond which they cannot step with impunity then the first lesson on living with others has been learned. Some never learn. There have been many intelligent crooks so you can't equate intelligence with a wish to behave as you or society would have them behave. //

Sid Birchby,  
1, Gloucester Avenue,  
Levershulme,  
Manchester 19.

Re Jim Groves on insect intelligence. Did he really do any of those tests? If so, what about some quantitative results? // Also, I don't accept the logic of his conclusion that ants cannot possess psi powers because that would require physical energy and they are so small. I have read many books on insect behaviour, especially ant behaviour, and so far as I know, there has not yet been a satisfactory explanation of how the ants, and other social insects, manage to co-ordinate their societies. And so psi is as good an answer for ignorance as any. Something certainly tells the humble ant which way to act, and to call it 'instinct' is no more satisfactory than calling it "the emanations of the ether" - which someone once did, I believe. // Incidentally, did you hear about the teacher who said to her pupils: 'A triangle has 3 equal sides: name it.' Dead silence. Then a little boy said shyly: 'Shall we call it Fred?' // A last ominous word. All that seems to be holding back the insects is their size limitation which is due to their inadequate breathing systems. They don't carry oxygen in the blood stream as we do, but get it through a series of breathing tubes called spiracles, which transmit it by osmosis, very slowly. One minor mutation would cure this. // Oh, ta very much, Sid. Jim finished his article on a consoling note and now you come along and smash us back down again. I have a letter from him here and he goes into the matter a bit further. We'll see what more he has to say before I make any comment. //



Jim Groves,  
29, Lathom Road,  
East Ham. E.6.

I can't remember writing that last para - odd.  
I didn't discuss giant ants to any extent,  
don't know why. Someone's bound to bring them  
up so I'll answer in advance. It's odds on  
that someone'll dig up the fact that they've

unearthed fossils of giant dragonflies with wing spans of up to 3 or 4 feet, and if dragonflies, why not ants? A little digression on the way

that insects breath will help to explain - insects don't have lungs like animals, instead they have a number of holes in their chitin skin through which air can enter the body. From here it is absorbed into the 'blood' and carried to various organs of the body. This 'blood' is not circulated in tubes like ours but just fills the body and is only slowly circulated. The size of the insect is governed by the necessity for all the organs to have oxygen. Therefore, the size is governed by the number of breathing holes, the circulation of the blood and, finally, the composition of the air. This last is because now  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the air is nitrogen and so useless, so that only a  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the air reaching the body organs can be used. If the oxygen content of the air is stepped up, then the insect could grow bigger (over a period of time, of course). The reason for the giant dragonfly was probably a combination of all three. One day I'll have to check up on that fossil just to see. Ants have six such breathing holes, two on each segment of their bodies. If they could get more they could probably increase in size. // I've always been fascinated by ants and I've got my own theories as to their level of intelligence now. Don't let anyone try to sell you the idea that the ants represent totalitarianism carried to its logical conclusion; they don't. Admittedly they have little individual character (probably due to their size. There just isn't room for the necessary number of nerve cells in that small brain), but they don't show much sign of being controlled from any central point. Within their range there are smart and stupid ants. Their system resembles nothing so much as anarchy, there are certain ants which have been called excitement centres. They are the ones that do all the exploring. When one of them finds food she comes back to the nest with it; leaving a trail behind her. Her bustling around seems to affect the other ants so that they follow her out and also collect food. The same sort of thing occurs with all other jobs. When Spring comes and the nest wakes up, they are first out of the nest. They seem to remember the old trails and food haunts, and they have to blaze the trail before the others begin to stir. If they are removed from the nest it is severely handicapped. I've not heard of anyone continuing to remove such ants to see if they could kill the nest in that way, but it's an experiment that should be made. Another one for my list. One of these days I'll have to try my hand at an ant story and explore these ideas in detail. // Sid Birchby writes very entertainingly. I don't think that there are any clear-cut divisions between living and non-living matter in reality. Only man draws lines like that. There are probably quite a number of odd things on the border-line if only we would look for them. // Dick Schultz: I don't know how you'd rate me. I don't make a fuss, just go away and stay away. Freedom of choice is still with us, thank God! That's an interesting address you have. A long street, no doubt. // Freedom of choice you may have, but how is a proprietor to know you are dissatisfied with the service in his establishment unless you make some complaint?

Jim Groves. (cntd.)

// Having read and enjoyed your original article it was even more interesting to see the comments made on it by others. There's one thing for which I've been looking but which so far, you've all left unexplained. Just suppose the ants got to be of a size where they could take over the world....of what ruddy use is it going to be to them???? I'm playing this your way. You admit they don't use artificial tools and any difference in their size won't alter their incapability in that direction. They don't really need us for slaves; which is the popular conception of our fate under the insects. They have their own workers and soldiers. They have absolutely no use for any of the things produced by us. No, if it ever came to it, it would mean death for us because all they would want is room in which to live. Now I've really scared myself half to death! Over to you. //

2683784 John McGovern, A.C.  
Block 42 C.C.S.  
R.A.F. Changi,  
Singapore 17.

Being stationed in Singapore means that my mail sometimes gets backlogged, and then usually arrives en bloc, as it were. Well, last week, Friday, to be exact, SKYRACK arrived and inside was an advert for O26. "Hmmm!" I thought, "I'll have to send away for that." It arrived four hours later in the afternoon post! I trembled at such OMNIPOTENCE! // The first ORION you sent me, back in '59, I think, I didn't like. I'll be frank. It wasn't quite what I was looking for. Fandom in general was, well, I dunno..They seemed to have similar tastes to me and yet..... And this business of S.F. when the genre was hardly mentioned. Well, one of two things happened in the interval...(a) I've changed my attitudes, considerably. (b) Fandom and fanzines have become a darn sight more interesting. Perhaps, as Thea Grade pointed out, fandom for some people has a long incubation period. // Consider Her Ways: Huh? Whadesay?? I couldn't make up my mind whether Jim was being serious or not. It became interesting when he described his experiments with harnesses and pulleys and amputations then it wandered somewhat towards the end. And if the Ants do have Psi powers, let's hope they never start writing fiction. I mean...whoever heard of Psi-Ants Fiction??? // Oh Ghod, no, she groaned. Not another addicted to puns! // I don't know how many zines you get these days, John, but I suggest you try and sub to at least CRY, HABAKKUK, and ESPRIT. They will give you a selection of the zany and serious from which to form some opinions of what is to be had. This reads more like a commercial than a letter. //

Bill Donaho (HABAKKUK),  
1441-8th Street,  
Berkeley 10.  
California.

Rory Faulkner's article on child raising is a symptom of the new trend in the field. Unfortunately she attacked the whole school of "permissive upbringing" by listing the practices of the lunatic fringe. Permissiveness has much to be said for it, but only when handled correctly. And one of the cardinal points is to teach the child to respect the rights of others. // I greatly enjoyed Harry Warner's article on "The Ways of Creation," but one statement of his left me puzzled. "It might be significant that much of the creative work of children....falls into the purely cerebral, intellectual kind of creation....Children are notorious for creating things solely through the intellect...etc." While I have not made any intensive study of children's art I have read widely in the field of child psychology and theory of art. I have never come across a state-



Bill Donaho (cntd.)                      ment remotely resembling this. In fact, just the reverse. Children's art is supposed to be more instinctive and less cerebral and intellectual than that of adults. And they are notorious for painting things as they see them, not as they are taught to see them as most adults do. // As for the parent problem I agree with Elinor Busby. She said that society requires us to water-down our lives entirely too much as it is and that she definitely does not want to see fandom reduced to the material that would not shock sensitive parents. Of course none of Elinor's material would and she would be the last to deny that on occasion her reactions are quite prudish, so I think her stand is especially significant. // In the first place many parents would object to almost anything and it would be impossible to get them to accept fanzines anyhow, especially if they are the type that goes around opening their children's mail and generally prying into their business. // Yes, I would be upset if one of my teen-age friends got into trouble with his parents because of my fanzine, but I'm not going to censor myself to try and prevent it. I regard that as an intolerable invasion of personal liberty. I'll hyphenate words and only use certain words when necessary, but that's as far as I'll go. And just as many people seem to be offended by hyphenating shit, as my spelling it out. Jim Groves said, "If you must use words like that, don't hyphenate them....." // Also, of course, any fan who gets into parent trouble over fanzines would have gotten into trouble with them over something else. Domineering parents are like that. If the kid has any spirit at all and is able to get any independence at all, trouble. // I didn't finish the "quote" from Jim for obvious reasons; this has to go through the mails and is liable to inspection! // I've come up with an admirable solution to this problem of what to put in the fanzines, but I'm sure you'll kick just as hard against it as you've done against anything else I've said on the subject. Why not restrict the kind of material we are discussing to the APAs? Alright, you missed me, I ducked. So it means that membership to any of them should be refused to any fan under a particular age....for the sake of argument let's say 17? Anything could then be discussed as fully and luridly as you pleased within the strictures of the reigning obscenity laws and without the danger of young fen and their parents being able to get hold of it. As I've said before, this is a problem that each has to solve in his own way and while I may have sympathy for your side of the argument there are still certain things I wouldn't publish under any circumstances, even at the cost of being thought a bit of a fugghead. // Yes, you must agree, even though there may be lots that Harry says with which you disagree, he still writes it interestingly. I have yet another of his reprints for nextish. How are you doing, Harry? Better I hope. We are all thinking of you and wish you all the best. //

Jill Adams,  
54, Cobden Avenue,  
Bitterne Park,  
Southampton.

All those lovely fannish natters and parties, makes me go green just to think of what I'm missing. You bet we enjoyed having the Bruce Burn WelCommittee down, and Bruce of course. Only wish they could have stayed longer. //

Rory's piece was good. I just can't understand these parents who go around reading books on child psychology. One of the easiest ways of going psycho yourself. I heartily endorse the "thump around the lug" theory. You can only reason with someone who is reasonable, and for the most part, small children are not. I don't believe in telling kids

Jill Adams (cntd.) unnecessary lies and like giving them true answers to their questions. But how do you answer a four-year-old when they ask questions like, why is there a moon? How does it stay in the sky? Explain Hoyle's theory of the Universe and Newton's Laws of Motion? (Always supposing I knew them!) // The letters on the Parent Problem seem to confirm what my mother always said; namely:- " it's impossible to stop a child reading what it wants to. If they can't do so at home then they'll read it some place else." When we picked up something she disapproved of, she would tell us and say why and recommend us to leave it till we were older. If we went ahead and read it, she never said anything but nevertheless made us feel very uncomfortable. Clever! // See, Joe, what did I tell you? Jill, you should try telling Penny when she is being naughty that it's anti-social and see how she reacts. // I don't want to suggest that you arrange for anyone to be ill, but when do we see you up here again? //

Dick Ellington,  
2162 Hillside Avenue,  
Walnut Creek,  
California.  
(note change of address).

I really dig Ken's TAFF TALES the most. I'm actually beginning to believe this sort of thing is much preferable to a onepiece saga. Ken has episodized (this is a word?) // Not in my dictionary it aint. EAF // his most deftly and each one stands alone quite properly. I really

can't imagine anyone who has ever met Ken, even briefly, accusing him of being nasty or overly critical about the U.S. // Central Park does indeed have a bad reputation and I guess most of it is deserved. I don't believe either Saha or Donaho carried weapons or do for that matter, but Dan Curran habitually did carry a cosh - a printer's type jack of cast iron - and I always have and always do, pack a knife, purely through habit which dates back to the times when I really needed it - I'd actually feel a little out of balance without one. Yet it's been ten years or so I guess since I had any need to pull it out and use it on anyone. I'm quite handy with a shiv and just feel a bit safer with one on me. // Locke's bit was minor key but pleasant and I enjoyed reading it. Rory on the other hand I found a definite enjoyment in reading and hope she'll continue. // Moffatt's article poses a definite problem and his suggestion of a neat little booklet, slanted at parents of neos I think is one of those things that people will continue to talk about but that will probably never see the light of day. I've also heard it suggested that fans should censor themselves in their writings, illos in fmz etc. but this grotches me no end. One of the really fine things about fandom for me is that there is true freedom of expression here. I would be sorry to see any youngfan plucked out of fandom because he had bluenosed or easily shocked parents who disapproved of a Rotsler nude or That Word in HYTHEN or something like that but I am prepared to leap like a chubby tiger at the throat of anyone who tries to tell me such things just mustn't be done. Frankly, I don't think much of a parent who would censor such things or find them so horrible but I realise that we can't pick our parents either. // YSI: Dodd: I'm really surprised some smart merchandiser over there hasn't got on the dental floss kick. It's really not too recent over here - I've never used it myself, having a complete set of army issue dentures. I think that the extra charge for visiting the





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

Thank you very much for my first PAPA mailing. Although only consisting of two 'zines, a loose page and a couple of Christmas cards, it was most entertaining, and I'll be looking forward to future bundles. PAPA? Oh, that stands for Parker apa - I presume ORION, with its letter

supplement and associated trivia is now attaining apa status, and future issues will have each article stapled up separately. It's a fine and unique idea - to my knowledge, nobody has ever had his/her own apa before. Again, Britfandom leads the way, with our Ella right out in front, chanting slogans and waving a tattered banner. // I think Jim Groves tends to convince himself rather than his readers in CONSIDER HER WAYS. All the evidence is loaded on the side of his theory, and a lot of contrary facts are carefully disregarded. Sure, there have been a number of stories written about our race being over-run by ants or other insects - Philip K. Dick's EXPENDABLE, Leinster's THE SOLDADO ANT (which has about three other names, none of which I can recall at the moment) as well as THE SIMPLE WAY, which made up part of Simak's CITY, but, so far as I know, only the latter has ever postulated insects forming a mechanical civilization. In most stories, the insects over-run us by sheer weight of numbers. After all, surely their astounding profusion is the insects most powerful weapon. One tiny little crittur is easy to squash, but put every fly in the country into one swarm and set them onto a town - the result isn't hard to imagine. Spraying doesn't do any good when more than a few insects are involved, bullets will pass through a cloud without doing much harm, and even gas is a risky proposition when it's used in a populated area. For some more ideas on the effectiveness of a bug battalion, I suggest you read THE GOLDEN BUGS by Simak in June '60 F&SF. // Andy Young writes of his travels in a far more interesting way than a lot of fans I could name. I like the way he displays that characteristic American bafflement on encountering British mores and manners for the first time. The English - and the Aussies, too, I guess - are a far cry from the present-day Americans. // Harry Warner is working hard to prove his contention that fan writing is the last refuge of the imaginative essay, and, while I admire his devotion to the theory, there is no temptation to accept either this or the ideas he puts forward in THE WAYS OF CREATION. As a work of literature, I have no doubt that this item is excellent. As entertainment, however, it's way out of my area - and I venture to suggest, way out of fandom's sphere also. Warner's writing is as formal as a minuet, as traditional as sherry before dinner, as dull as Dickens, I hate it - but it's good. // Ghod - every time I read one of her letters, Betty Kujawa becomes a more and more improbable figure in my little mental Fan Folio. Her English is completely catastrophic, I don't see how any one person could possibly crowd into a life all the things she is supposed to do (not the least of which is hopping into a private aircraft and flying off into the wide blue yonder), and, most suspicious of all, her letters exhibit what must be the world's most unique system of thinking. This last appears to be based on Kafka's more esoteric fiction, cross-bred with Dave Brubeck's stream-of-consciousness piano solos and the whole shoved through a computer to make it sound vaguely reasonable. She's impossible - real people just don't think like that! But seeing that she's (allegedly) a jazz fan, I'll forgive her these shortcomings. No-don't write me, Betty - I'll write you. // About glasses,



John Baxter (cntd.)

you seem to be the lorgnette or pince nez type -  
so...well, Whistler's Mother-ish. // Fans, neo

or otherwise, don't write about their off-beat experiences because they don't have any. (I'm on to John McGovern's letter now) Life is dull for most of us, and the Russian fishermen are few and far between. Though I have to admit that dull old Aussie is starting to warm up now. Real people are actually coming here - guys from America and New Zealand, and lo, they tell of great marvels. Like movies where Brigitte Bardot actually gets to take all her clothes off. And tv without commercials. (I'm sure this is a fairy story - did you know that Australia has the highest ratio of advertising: broadcasting time of any country in the world, including the USA? And you think you're badly off!) And sf clubs where the members talk to each other. It is all very peculiar and a little frightening. Anyway, as I was saying, we get the occasional visitor these days, probably because Australia is relatively unspoiled and simple. (i.e. deadly dull and blessed with a low rate of taxation). Mervyn Barrett, the Kiwifan and editor of FOCUS, came by here on his way to and back from Hong Hong and other Asiatic places of interest. Unfortunately, Merv has settled in Melbourne, the only place he could find a job. And what a job! He sells plaster gnomes in a department store. Plaster gnomes! The sheer fannishness of it makes one gasp for breath. Bob Smith decided to drop by the store one Saturday morning recently to meet Merv and stand him to dinner, so, armed with a current copy of CRY, he sailed into the shop. The plaster gnome department was easy to find, but there didn't seem to be anybody around who corresponded with my description of Barrett. Bob wandered about among the gnomes and cast iron nymphs and ornamental pot plants, ostentatiously displaying the front cover of CRY. However, there was no response. A floor-walker came over and enquired if there was anything he could do to help. Bob shoved the cover of CRY in his face - it was 145, with the Pittcon photos on it; Norm Metcalfe looking like last week's leftover corpse, Earl Kemp, resplendent in green paint and futuristic costume, Buz Busby..... eccch! The floor-walker looked a little wobbly about the knees, but said nothing, so Bob gathered this wasn't the man he was looking for. As it turned out, Mervyn was off work that day, but Bob eventually managed to dig him up (metaphorically speaking - the illness wasn't that serious) and a good time was had by all. // Say, I've sent you copies of both 1 and 2 of BUNYIP, but you don't mention them at all in the acknowledgments It's not that I'm hurt or anything, but it would help to know if we still trade or not. // As long as you continue to send me the kind of letters I've come to expect from you, John, you have no need to send me money. One day I'll administer another shock to your system and write you another letter myself. // I don't want to take up space that rightly belongs to the readers by answering you here as fully as you deserve and frankly I just wouldn't know where to begin. Needless to say I don't agree with all the points you make regarding Harry Warner's writings, for instance. Most of the readers found him of more interest than you apparently did. Besides, I like Harry's stuff. // It is entirely out of my control where Paul Enever chooses to live. As he has decided to take himself off to your part of the world, don't get above yourselves just because you have another fan coming to live among you. // Once a fnz is accepted in trade it remains on the list for as long as it is published. Sorry for the omission. // For the Whistler's Mother crack: Grrrh to you, mate. //

?????????  
Box 685, F&M.,  
Lancaster,  
Pa.  
U.S.A.

Noticed the Groves article in the late (apologies,  
the most recent) ORION. Menace from the ants?  
ISHAW! Must admit that he did a good technical  
job of debunking the ant menace, but why all the  
emphasis on ants or other insects? // My nomin-  
ation for the role is the spider: variety

tarantula. This noble household pet comes in a size large enough to perform  
its own chemical experiments, without having to worry greatly about surface  
tension. // The social organization of the tarantula is highly suited to  
building a lasting civilisation. Not being a creature that engages in  
organized warfare, it unlike us, runs very little risk of self-extermination.  
Its solitary habits are another factor in its favor. The world would not  
face a Malthusian disaster, because of the simple and efficient habit of  
obtaining nourishment from the excess population. // P.S. Les Gerber  
instructed me to tell you, that although we attend the same institution,  
we are not the same person. // Well, who the blazes are you??? //

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

Jim's article on Ants was very interesting.  
His points are not based on the normal argument  
of the cube/square law which shows that you  
can't have fleas as big as an elephant. He

considers more subtle things like the change in quality of effects when  
the size is altered. The example of surface tension is a very good one,  
and one that would probably be ignored at first sight since, as he says,  
the effect is negligible for a human being. // In considering fire I  
think one can bring in the cube/square law. The rate at which a substance  
burns depends on the surface area. For instance, a piece of wood thrown  
on to a fire will burn slowly but the same weight of wood in the form of  
sawdust will, if sprinkled into the fire, burn very much more quickly.  
On the other hand, a pile of sawdust will smoulder for a long time without  
actually bursting into flame if there is not sufficient ventilation. It  
would seem that doubling the dimensions of a piece of combustible material  
increases the surface area by a factor of four while the amount of material  
is increased by a factor of eight. The small piece has a greater area/unit  
volume and so might be expected to burn more quickly than the larger piece.  
// If this is true then the ant would have to cope with a faster rate of  
burning and so would have to feed the fire more often. The smallest fire  
I can think of at the moment is a simple match but even this would be huge  
for the ant. Anything smaller would burn at a terrific rate. From the  
point of view of the ant I think the word 'terrific' was the right one to  
use. // I have been wondering, though, whether there might not be some  
method of generating heat by combining materials other than carbon and  
oxygen, say, for instance, lime and water. That particular instance is not  
one that would lead to fire but it would give out heat. Are there any other  
reasonably common substances that give out heat on combining, preferably at  
a suitably slow rate and possibly with a fairly high peak temperature?  
There would still be the difficulties of mixing sufficient quantities even  
if suitable materials exist. // On the theme of manipulation of water, has  
Jim thought about Beavers? They use water in much the same way that humans  
do. i.e. by building a dam to form a lake. The Beavers do have an advantage  
over the ant in that water is a normal part of their way of life. I can't  
think of any instances where chemically pure water is manipulated. // One  
possible source of power that has been ignored by Jim is that of magnetism.



Ted Forsyth (cntd.)

Natural magnets do occur and the effect is not too changed by size. Again the difficulty of utilising heat arises if the making of wire is considered in order to get electricity from the natural magnets. // Before agreeing with Jim's conclusion that ants are not likely to take over the Earth I'll suggest that he has neglected to mention the possibility that Psi power might use the energy obtained from conversion of mass. If this were so then a 'whole nest of ants' acting as one might put out a respectable amount of energy. // I enjoyed reading Jim's article and I hope he has some blood left that you can extract at some future date. // Rory Faulkner is getting into the same bad habits as Ella Parker. It is time the message was passed on that it is expected that columns in ORION will be long and rambling. The longer the better. // Andy's trip tale is very interesting and I'm looking forward to the other episodes. He's a real ORION man...lo-o-on-n-g articles. My sympathies lie with Andy in his struggles with English plumbing. I had exactly the same difficulties when I came to London. The feeling of \*A\*~~C~~\*H\*I\*E\*V\*E\*M\*E\*N\*T when one carries out a successful operation is beyond words, it is also a little frightening as Andy shows. Did he find similar oddities on the continent or in Ireland? A nervous breakdown is a hazard that travellers over the face of England have to beware. // I wonder whether the products of subconscious activity depend wholly on the range of knowledge and experience of the person whose subconscious is active. (Whew!) If this is so then the quality of the products could presumably be raised by 'educating' the subconscious. Perhaps a writer could develop this faculty by having played to him while asleep records of suitable subjects. Very little of the information would be retained consciously but most of it would enter the subconscious 'store'. A person whose store contained much material would have brilliant ideas whenever his subconscious was 'triggered' by an outside stimulus. Well, that is what might be expected in theory but I seem to remember reading of an authoress who awoke from a dream in the middle of the night, hurriedly wrote down a brilliant piece of verse that had occurred to her in the dream, then went back to sleep. In the morning she eagerly reached for the piece of paper and found a limerick containing a rather weak pun. I imagine that many 'purely cerebral creations' have a main structure that was deliberately thought out but that most of the filling-in of details owes much to the subconscious prodding. There is one sentence on page 44 that I agree with to a great extent: "They paint like that because they have no ability to paint in a manner that bespeaks diligence and discipline." If this were said of the Abstract, Cubist, etc, types of painters then I think the subject is as likely to start arguments as a discussion about the definition of SF. // Arthur's article was hilarious. I think the best comment is as shown. // Now look, Forsyth. I'm on to your little game. You and Joe are in connivance to write me l-o-o-ng letters so my page count will go way up. I WILL NOT PUT OUT A 100pp ORIONS. So there. If you don't watch out I'll co-opt Wally to do my lettercolumn as well as CotRs and then where would you be? He doesn't have to see you often as I do and you know how merciless he can be. // I remember Walt once said he had a wonderful idea that came to him in a half-sleeping state which he hurriedly put on paper. He was very disappointed in the morning to find what utter rubbish it all was. I who dislike poetry intensely have written some very fine verse while in this same half asleep condition. Don't you dare mutter that I'm always half asleep. It just isn't true. //







Colin Freeman, (SCRIBBLE)  
Ward 3,  
Scotton Banks Hospital,  
Ripley Road,  
Knaresborough.  
YORKS.

I'm a bit scared of commenting apart from telling you that I enjoyed it. I don't know the first thing about S-F or fandom and I'm sure to put my foot in it somewhere. I'm pretty safe with the Atom illos, one doesn't need to be a knowledgeable fan to recognise how good they are, but I gather that this is news to nobody. // I've been

sent the enclosed quote-card. It was sent me by a young fan, I'd guess his age to be about 14, which brings me to the discussion in your lettercolumn of the parent problem. Most of the letters on this subject seemed to complain about the parent's lack of understanding and how they should be dealt with. Isn't it possible that in some instances the parents might have a bit of a case? // My only experience is limited to a brief correspondence with a couple of young fans, but both of them seemed to have attached themselves to older well-established fans, to an extent that I can only describe as hero-worship. To a young teen-ager fandom must appear as a kinda high-brow secret society. The general public is more or less completely ignorant of the existence of S-F fandom and the only way that a youngster can get into the act' is by getting to know an existing fan, which incidentally explains the lack of young blood in British fandom. I certainly never suspected that such a set-up might exist until I met Ron Bennett. // The youngster has just discovered this new sect and he adopts it - almost as a religion. He attaches himself to a fan (who is probably in his early twenties) who, if not God, is at least his administering angel. This fan has had letters printed in the zines or even possibly publishes a zine of his own. He is an expert in fannish code. Is it so surprising that the youngster is impressed? The older fan must surely exert a tremendous influence on his disciple. Is this entirely for the good? My impression of fans has been exceedingly favourable, but even in the best of families there are black sheep. // I'm afraid that I possess few facts to support my argument, I'm standing on a hypothetical leg. However it does seem possible that parents could have some justification for their opposition. // I don't think that I dare make further comments on O. I'll wait until such time as I might have a better idea of what I'm talking about. // I'm looking forward to seeing OKION 27 pretty soon, or are you another Ron Bennett, you only publish on Leap Years?

// No-one, but no-one sticks to anything like the same publishing schedule as Bennett, not even BRENNCHLUSS! (ask Ron). Stand by while I kick that hypothetical leg out from under you. I share your opinion that parents may have some justification for their attitude toward fandom, but what we are arguing is that they adopt it for the wrong reasons. I don't for one moment <sup>think</sup> that the older fans are regarded as anything like Heros or Ghod's administering angel by the younger element discovering us. More like they immediately set about showing just how wrongly we've been doing things all this time. Pretty strong willed they can be about it too. No, the whole thing about parents which causes so much annoyance to us is that they should imagine that because an older man takes an interest in their young son's hobby (which the parent considers a waste of valuable time and money) then he must of necessity be one of those 'queer' fellows who delight in corrupting young people and leading them into a life of debauchery. Not a thought is given to what they might teach us! // Glad to hear you liked O. Stick with it. One day it will make sense to you and you can argue with the best of them. Writing real soon. //

Les Gerber, (METROFAN)  
Box 223,  
Franklin and Marshall College,  
Lancaster,  
Pa.  
U.S.A.

I am the young teenage fan of whom Len speaks, except that I started even earlier than most, at about the age of 14. Now, still two months short of 17, I am free of parental control, going to college - although I find that my fanac is still restricted, by the

demands of school work. My parents usually did look somewhat awry at my fanac; they thought I was wasting a lot of time on trash. And there really is no way to convince parents that fanzines are not junk; to a nonfan they are junk. Arguments like if I didn't spend time on fanac I'd be buying cigarettes, don't work. Len's explanatory booklet might help, but I'm skeptical. It is just too hard for mundane adults to realize that grown men would associate with kids on an equal basis for any reason other than their being queers. And the oddballs in fandom, plus the usually liberal attitudes, are the clincher. I think that the only thing for the kid to do is prove that doing fanac will not detract from schoolwork. his health or anything else the parents may think important, and eventually they will accept it as a necessary evil.

// Well, if anyone should know about how to tackle them, it's you. I don't really know just how far we should be prepared to go in order to help them change their minds about us. I'm not out on a campaign to 'clean up fandom', but I do feel that if we were to make sure that a young fan didn't get the more outspoken fnz or those addicted to 'girlie' pics there would be less objection from that quarter. I could be wrong about this, but I don't think that British parents are so quick to suspect 'queerness' in a man who shows an interest in their young sons as do the parents on your side of the water. They are much more likely to look askance at an older woman who shows the same interest. It's all very difficult, isn't it? // By the way, Les. Who is the goon who sent me a letter from your college without giving any indication of identity? //

This, I'm afraid, is where I lower the axe, and among those in the

HONOURABLE MENTIONS we have: Bob Lichtman, U.S.A. // Paul Andrews, Kent.// a postcard from Dale R. Smith, U.S.A.// Giovanni Scognamillo, Turkey.// Craig Cochran, U.S.A.// Terry Jeeves, Sheffield.// Chris Miller, Barrow in Furness.// Don Geldart, Tidworth.// Bill Temple, Wembley.// Les Nirenberg, Canada.// Bruce Burn, London.// Bob Smith, Australia.// a postcard from Jean Young, U.S.A.// Mal Ashworth, Bradford.// Ron Bennett, Harrogate.// and, finally, Don Allen, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.  
=====

I am planning a long holiday for myself this year when I shall be completely GAFIA. I don't want to put out a full-scale issue of ORION before then, but I don't want your letters to become dated, so my plans are as follows. I shall issue an O27<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> which will be a letter supplement, SPECS, and fanzine acknowledgments. Sighs of relief from my contributors. My regrets to Andy Young, whose trip report will thus be delayed some months. We'd you rather I gave it to someone else, Andy, who will finish it sooner? let me know. Deadline for your letters is absolutely the last week in July. After that I shall be clearing up last minute business and won't have time for fanac. I'll tell you this, I'm going to \*E\*N\*J\*O\*Y\* myself!!!!



FANZINES

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Here we go again, with a pile so high I can't see over them. Few, if any have received letters of comment, and, in case you are a new reader, that's the real reason for a column such as this. Some fen issue a special zine to do the job; I'm too lazy for that so this is all most of them get. I seldom mention them in ORION, but I get them regularly, so let's begin this time with:-

CRY 145-147. write to: Box 92, 920 3rd Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington. Subs. at 25¢ per. or 5 for \$1. Britsubs at 7/- for 5 or 10 for 14/- to: John Berry, 31, Campbell Park Avenue, Belmont, Belfast. N.Ireland. There's a gang of them in Seattle who spend all their spare time churning out issues of this Very Fine Fnz. so that people like me can get nothing done for trying to keep up with them. I have no doubt whatever there will be one if not more issues out before this ever sees the light of day; that's the way they are. The balance between the serious and the zanily fannish is beautifully held each time round. Come on in and join the CRYgang. While you're about it you should send for the book edition of The Goon Goes West (TGGW), the report Berry wrote when he visited the States year before last. Both highly recommended. PSI-PHI 7. Bob Lichtman, 6137 South Croft Avenue, L.A. Calif. 25¢ per or 1/9 from Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6, Langley Avenue, Surbiton. Surrey. I liked your editorial, Bob, but it still beats me that you boys can find time to do all that studying and still publish as much as you do. Nice to see Bill Meyer back. Hang on to him and try to get him to revive SPCTRE, yes? I don't know why, but the illo on page 3 reminded me of Les Nirenberg. SHAGGY 53. BJohn Trimble, 2790 West 8th Street, L.A.5, Calif. 1 for 25¢ or 5 for \$1, or 1/8 per. 5 for 7/- from: Archie Mercer, 434/4, Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincs. This is a clubzine, and a very nice one too. SHAGGY is fast becoming one of my favourites, especially since they've managed to keep RonEl chained to the typer. One of the funniest letters in this issue came from Archie. It sounded painfully familiar to me who has had many such from him in the past. Included with thish was the enormous Fanart Folio and a perfectly gorgeous calender. Words fail me when it comes to trying to describe these last two items to you, I can only urge you to send for them. DAFOE 3: John Koning, 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9. Ohio. 20¢ per. PP19-20 were missing from my copy, which was a pity. I like John's method of editorialising and I liked his profile in one, Eugene Hyrb, whom I suspect of being a hoax without having a clue who he really is. Don Franson has an overly long tale in thish about the neo who wanted to be a BNF, and went about it the hard way. This has been done so often by others, it wouldn't have suffered with a bit of cutting. Much enjoyed was the piece by rich brown & Paul Stanbery. I agree with you about justified margins and lovely layout, John, if only I had the time to give to it I'd have a bash at it myself. Alas. SATHANAS 1: Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan. 25¢ per, or 45¢ for 2. BritAgent: Ken Cheslin, 18 New Farm Road, Stourbridge. WORCS. It makes for some kind of logic that Ken should be BritAgent for this zine, they are very much alike, his and Ken's, in tone. The best one can say for this first effort is that Dick has enthusiasm and decided ideas; I wish tho' he'd give up whining that people don't like him, even if he is kidding. Bob Lichtman's item is the best of the lot



tho' the latter half of Dick's editorial makes good reading. I hope next time out he pays more attention to proof reading, and rids himself of the habit he has for deliberate mistakes; they are a bit wearing. A couple more issues should iron out the bugs and it could be a good zine. Keep trying, Dick. I don't know for sure if it proves how lazy I am or if it just emphasizes how shot my schedule is, but too many fen have published at least two issues of their zines since O last shocked the fan world. Among them, it surprises me to tell you is HYPHEN 25-26: Walt Willis, 170, Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, N.Ireland. 1/- per. Since Walt sold himself into the evil hands of Ian McAulay he's had no peace. It rejoices us all to see "-" appear regularly again; now, if only Ian can use whatever fiendish device he has to make Walt write a bit more, we can rejoice even more heartily. 25 was a bitter disappointment, being mostly stuff never intended for "-" in the first place. 26 is more like the old time zine. It has a BoSh front cover and numbers James White once more among its contributors. Walt's editorial is a bit more on the serious side than it has been of late and I'm damned if I can say I like it any less than the more humorous vein he often employs to such good effect. All I ask is for MORE WILLIS, glutton that I am. Ian has a fairly long piece to himself this time which shows him to advantage as a fannish writer to be watched (who said carefully?). I hear they are working on 27!! SCOTTISHE 23: Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6, Langley Avenue, Surbiton. Surrey. (no price mentioned). This is an OMPazine which is gradually getting for itself a wider audience and I can't think of a zine that deserves it more. I'm going to annoy Ethel, I know, when I tell her I've always like SCOT but lack the time to send her the LoCs her heart desires. In what I assume to be her editorial she asks if she is expecting too much by looking for more personal comments on her zine, and makes an attempt to analyse the comments of the past. Ethel, one of the main reasons I have repeatedly refused to join OMPA has been that I found too many of the zines sent in so deadly dull. All those mailing comments! To do these in a way that would give you the satisfaction you are seeking, it would only be fair to do the same for all the other zines in the mailing; if they don't, then the ones neglected will in their turn shout that they are being ignored. Where do you draw the line? Mention a topic at some length that has been of particular interest to you, or just a brief mention of all the zines in the mailing so that no-one feels left out? Yes, for the kind of commenting you feel you deserve you would have to make SCOT a genzine. Why don't you? I still like it. SMOKE 5: George Locke, 85, Chelsea Gardens, London. S.W.1. 15/- or 1/- per. By rights I suppose I should stand on my head to write about this, as the lads of Ferndale Fandom (what do you mean, "you haven't heard of then?") collated my copy from back to front; they probably sang "I'm walking backwards to Xmas" while they did it. The funniest thing in my opinion is Bob Lichtman's fanzine review column in which he discusses his pets and nothing else. That was a review? The more I see of Sid Birchby's stuff the better I like it and this item was no exception. Altogether another good issue of SMOKE and tho' George has now been sent overseas (write to his home address), I'm hoping he'll continue publishing. SCRIBBLE 3-4: Colin Freeman, Ward 3, Scotton Banks Hospital, Ripley Road, Knaresborough, YORKS. 6d or 10/- per. Colin and his Merry Mates have taken to this publishing lark with joyful abandon. First we have a very lucid explanation from Colin why he had to publish at all, or was he looking for someone on whom to pass the buck? The letters read like something from MAD only madder, if you follow me. In a reckless mood they printed their New Year's Resolutions for everyone to see. I wonder how many of them have been kept? I repeat what I said to you in my letter, Colin; I would like to see something with a bit more substance to it from any one of your lads. How about Ken telling us how and why he took up learning Russian?? I.O.U. a letter, don't I? Not until after Easter now I'm afraid. There just isn't time. Sorry. I'll get to it, tho', one day.



THE GOLDEN APPLE: DAGrennell, 402 Maple Ave., Fond Du Lac, Wis. This came as a rider with DISCORD, so if you're not on that mailing list then I don't know how you'd get DAG's zine. I got more pleasure from those two pages than from many a zine of larger size. His prose is sheer poetry. DISCORD 7-9: Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis. 21, Minnesota. This is a zine to make all faneds blush for shame. Content and production are impeccable and range from the serious to the lighthearted. I can't possibly do justice to it in such limited space. I suggest you write to Redd and see if he has room on the m/1 for you. It'll be worth it. LES SPINGE 4&5: Ken Cheslin, 18, New Farn Road, Stourbridge. WORCS. 1/- per. SPINGE is becoming even wilder and more abandoned with each succeeding issue. Mainly the trouble seems to lie with stencils that slip while in the typer and an uneven touch on the keys even worse than usual, resulting in uneven printing. At least there's good humour in the mag in abundance, but that hardly makes up for a lack of worthwhile material. Come on, you budding fannish writers, send some mss to Ken for the next issue. QUE PASADO? 2&3: Les. Nirenberg, 1217 Weston Road, Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada. 25¢ per or four for 75¢ I like Q.P? From a one-shot it has assumed the garb of a regular quarterzine, which cheers me immensely. I can't begin to enumerate the whacky cartoons, interlineations etc. Not all of it is zany, mind you; he has some eminently discussable stuff there too. Write and get a copy. I think he appointed a BritAgent but I don't know yet who it is. Get it, somehow. INNUENDO 11: Terry (FANAC) Carr, 1818 Grove Street, Berkeley 9, Calif. In this, the last issue to see daylight, Terry runs the first instalment of Ron Ellik's History of FANAC. To get the following parts we have to sub to a new zine he is publishing called DARK STAR; no trades. Oh well. ESPRIT 3: Daphne Buckmaster, 8, Buchanan Street, Kirkcudbright, Scotland. 1/6 or 20¢ per. No USAgent named. This could be one of the best serious discussionzines going today, if only it weren't so self-conscious about being a discussionzine. I seem to detect a more than slightly sneering tone from those who write bemoaning the faannishness of some of us. There are so many points made in this that have made me angry, I must write to Daphne later at greater length than this; or I'll see you at Easter, Daphne? Suffice it for the moment to say: I welcome a zine that isn't wholly fannish, but I deplore the holier than thou tone used by many of the writers, who seem unacquainted with their subject matter. Relax. Onighod, here it is: HABAKKUK 5: Bill Donaho, 1441-8th Street, Berkeley 10, Calif. 50¢ per two for \$1 Where to start! 116 solidly packed pages of goodies for all tastes. If you keep up your record of every issue BIGGER, Bill, I hate to think how much it will cost you in postage by your 20th. Eunice Reardon I liked, while it was a long time before memory dimmed, even a little, after reading EN PASSANT. A capsule comment on a zine this size is impossible; I can only urge you to send some money to Bill. You won't regret it. BHISMILLAH! 6: Andy Main, 5668 Gato Avenue, Goleta, Calif. 15¢ per. ZYMURGY 1: Richard Koogler, 5916 Revere Place, Dallas 6, Texas. No price mentioned except letters or trades. GAMBIT 37-39. VOID 22 pts. 2&3. FANZINE 1: Ted & Sylvia White, 107 Christopher Street, New York 14, NY. 25¢ or 1/- per. BritAgent: Ron Bennett, 7, Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, YORKS. The best of all these is VOID 23 in which Ted reprints a lot of material about Walt Willis and a couple of pieces by him in preparation for the big campaign to get WAW and mate to the US Convention in 62. It doesn't seem to have gained much momentum as yet. What gives, you fen? CAMBER 12: Alan Dodd, 77, Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon. HERTS. 1/- or 15¢ per. Always the best thing in a Doddzine is the artwork, and this is no exception, leaving out, maybe, the front cover which is gruesome in the extreme. I'm only glad it didn't repro any clearer. That is a honey of an illo on page 18, Alan, by Metzger, I spend hours just looking. PARSECTION 2&3: George Willick, 856 East Street, Madison, Indiana. If only all zines



PARSECTION 2-3. George Willick, 306 Broadway, Madison. Indiana. 8 for \$1.  
 Both these, George, are beautifully ledgible, now how about some material worth the reading? I don't know how much of that article about Degler was true and how much was tongue in cheek, but it was interesting. I'd like to see a series of items about past cranks in fandom written in a straight forward way so we get to know the truth about them...or as much of the truth as is known to present day fen. How about it? SF-NYTT 15 & International SF-NYTT 1. Sam Lundwall, Box 409, Hagersten 4, Stockholm. Sweden. As you know, Sam, most of these I cannot read, and the Dodd columns leave me cold. Isn't there anything else but horror films and the like about which Alan can write? It would make a pleasant change. RET.16. John Berry, 31, Campbell Park Avenue, Belmont, Belfast 4. N.Ireland. Well! It's like old times having RET. back with us again. It's hard to say what was best in this, but I think after consideration I must plumb for your description of the day you spent with George. It'll be a long time before he forgets it, I know. Nice 'zine, John. TAU CETI REPRINTS 1. Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington. Illinois.  
YANDRO 96-98. Buck & Jaunita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash. Indiana. I don't feel qualified to vote in the YANDROPoll, Buck, but if I did it would be for the two editorials again. They are without fail, always the best thing in the 'zine. COLONIAL EXCURSION. Ron Bennett, 7, Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate. YORKS. 7/- or \$1 to Bob Pavlat, 6001 -43rd Avenue, Hyattsville, MD.  
 Yes, it's out at last, and no-one more pleased about it than Ron, I'll bet. I just daren't stop to read it before the Convention or I'll get nothing done. 93pp of Ron's account of his trip to the States with photos and ATomillos. Well done, Ron. BUNYIP 2. John Baxter, 29, Gordon Road, Bowral, New South Wales. Australia. 1/- or 15¢ per. I agree: "Oh no, not Alan Dodd!" again. I didn't read anything to draw comment from me, John. I'm glad to hear that you and Bob Smith got together, at last. Things are certainly stirring in Australia these days. Soon there might be enough of you to hold a Convention! SPECULATIVE REVIEW vol.3 No.1. Dick Eney(FOR TAFT), 417 Ft. Hunt Road, Alexandria. Virginia. 3 for 25¢ or 3 for 2/- to Archie Mercer, 434/4, Newark Road, North Hykeham. Lincs. Of real interest to the SF reader who likes to read the opinions of reviewers and such. Since Pemberton no longer plows his furrow, Dick's 'zine is all the more welcome. GAUL 1. Steve Tolliver, Lloyd House, Caltech. Pasadena, California. GAUL is produced by three of the lads at Caltech; I named Steve as editor because his is the only name of the three known to me. And here I thought he'd gafiated! Nice to see you back, Steve. I don't have time to write Ls o C these days, but when I'm less busy, we'll see. HYPHEN 27. WAW & Ian McAulay, 170..darn it, look up the other mention for address. What are you trying to do, Walt, burn yourself out???? I've never had much good to say for McAulay as yet, but if he can fire you with sufficient enthusiasm to bring "-" out this often, I'll have to change my opinion of him. Not such a hot cover this time, by ATom. The 'zine I haven't had time to read yet. I'm always extra busy just before the Convention and this year is no exception. Don't let him get you down, Walt. Swing a mashie at him. SAM 2. Steve Stiles, 1809 2nd Avenue, NY28. N.Y.  
 About the only ledgible thing in my copy was Kujawa's letter, for which the Lord be thanked. Betty writes a most enthusiastic and refreshing letter, doesn't she? I too have had fannish dreams...or do I mean nightmares?  
EMANATION 1. John M.Foyster, 4 Edward Street, Chadstone S.E.10. Victoria. Australia. \$1 or 8/- sterling for 6. I'll reserve judgement until I see further issues, John, but can't you do something about the layout? This was pretty awful. Hope the duper works better next time round. Keep trying, it's worth it. You'll see. This is all, unless I get more 'zines before Easter!!



Well, it was just as I suspected. Before I could get ORION off my hands more fanzines have come in. I hope you editors will realise that though I am mentioning them here it doesn't mean I've read them. I haven't had the chance to do so. But I will.

I haven't got them in order of arrival, and they've been thoroughly sorted through by visiting fen. So as they come off the stack we have: CRY of the Nameless 148. Address and sub rates on the first page of these mentions. I don't know when I'll be able to write to you lot, Buz, Wally, but I'll do my best to get round to it before long. F.& S.F. Book Co. P.O.Box 415, Staten Island 2. New York. I've given this a quick glance and it seems to be some sort of check-list of pro-mags or something of the sort. Richard Witter appears to be the person behind it. Could be useful. From the fanzine and letter factory run by Bill Donaho there came VIPER 2. Bill's address is also on another page nearby. This was his OMPAzine, but Bill is making of it a subzine and you can get it from him or Jhim Linwood for 25¢ SKOAN V.2.No.1. Calvin W.Demmon. 1002 East 66th Street, Inglewood 3. California. GEMzine 4/29. G.M.Carr, 5319 Ballard, Seattle 7. Washington. (FAPAzine). ESPRIT 4. Daphne Buckmaster, 8, Buchanan Street, Kirkcudbright. Scotland. 1/6d per. Some trades. DISCORD 10. Redd Bogs. BEDLAM 1. Mike Deckinger. 85 Locust Avenue, Millburn, N.J. (Oops, after April 15th. it's: 31 Carr Place, Fords. N.J.). SCRIBBLE 5. Colin Freeman. Colin. Ron will probably tell you just how busy I am so don't fret if you don't hear from me for a while. I'll write as soon as I possibly can. Cross my heart. SHAGGY 54. LASFS. The Golden Apple 2. Dean Grennell. ROVER 10. Art Hayes, RR3, Bancroft, Ontario. Canada. That seems to be the lot for a while, but I'll play it safe and leave the rest of this stencil until I'm actually ready to put it on the duper. Someone's bound to try and beat my deadline.

What did I tell you? I finally got myself a copy. Yuk, yuk. WRR. Vol.3 No.1. Published by WWWeber and edited by Otto Pfeifer, 2911, E.60th. Seattle 5, Washington. LsOC, contributions or trades. It only came yesterday and as I'm in the throes of getting this out I haven't read it yet. LXICON Programme Booklet. With a front cover by EDDIE and produced by Norman Shorrock to whom much praise is due for the work he always does at our Conventions. Contents include an introduction to this year's GoH Kingsley Amis by Brian Alldis, and an obituary to Doc Weir by Eric Jones, this year's ConChairman, also there's a column by Ken Slater and the usual stuff you'd expect to find in such a publication. Wonderful souvenir. The SFCoL Combozine for 1961. edited by Ethel Lindsay (our Chairman), but obtainable for 1/6d from: Ted Forsyth, 11 Ferndale Road, London. S.W.4. I'm ashamed to admit it, but I must be the only member of the club who hasn't yet read the mag. They'll kill me! There's an item from Paul Enever which looks like being his last appearance in a British zine for some time, or any other zine for that matter, besides articles from most all the club members except yours truly. Worth getting and that's no bum steer. The SFCoL are publishing a regular fnz for which we invite you to write. Send your contributions to me here or to any of the club's members to whom you may be writing. We'll see it reaches our editor whose address I've forgotten. He only moved recently., by name Bruce Burn. That really is all for this time. I'm whipping the stencil onto the duper before I have to eat my words. Bye for now.

DIKINI FOR T.A.F.F.







