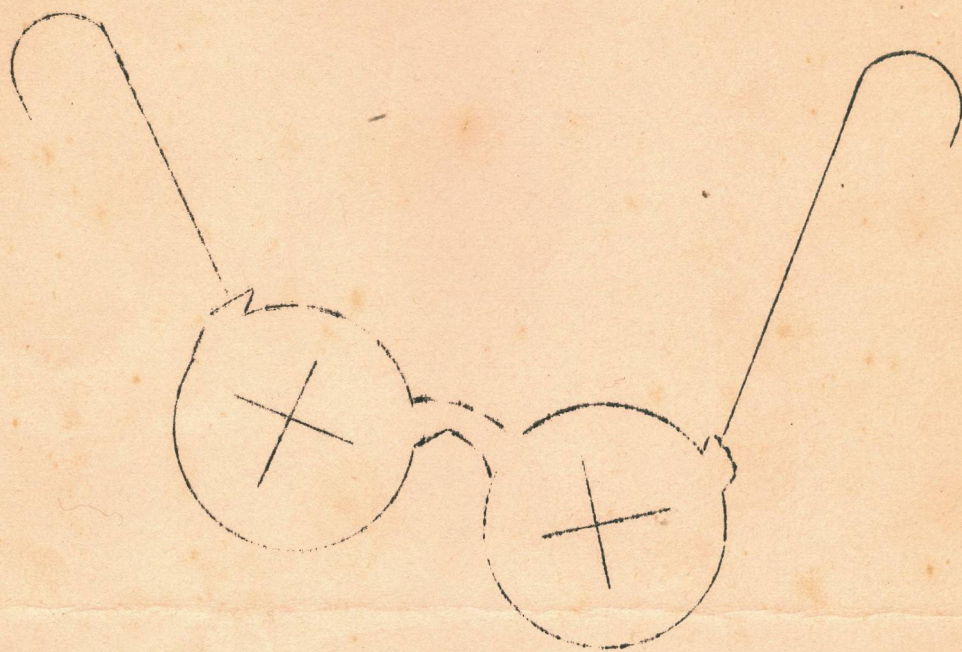


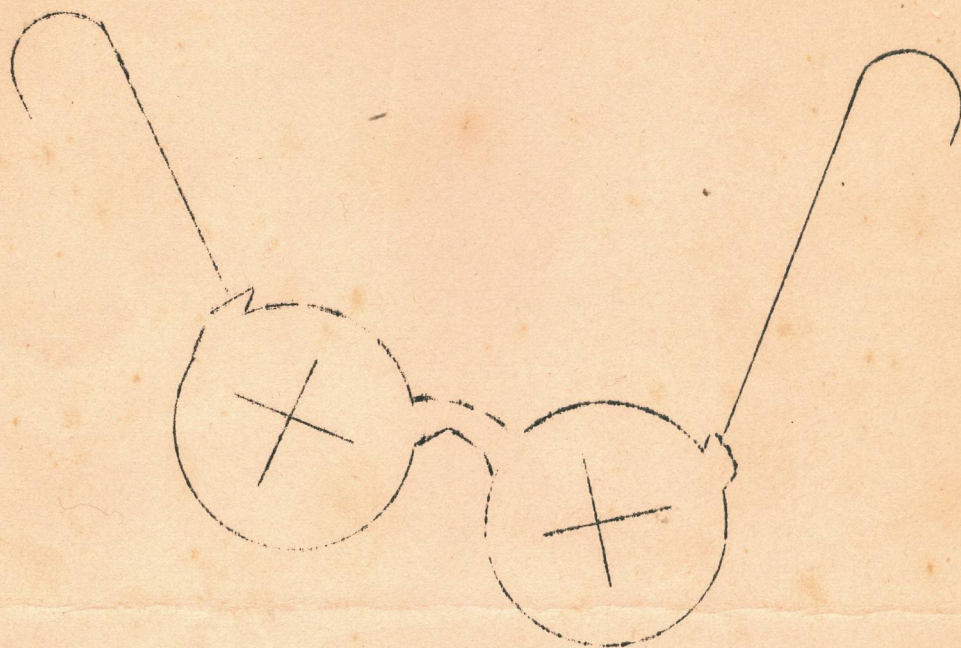
LOV



AUTUMN



LOVE



AUTUMN

## CONTENTS

### FAN-FICTION:

TERMINUS 2156.....	Ben Morency..	page 4.
IN THE BEGINNING...	Mal Ashworth ..	page 7.

### FICTION(?):

DESTINATION GOON.....	Don Harley..	page 19.
-----------------------	--------------	----------

### PARODY:

THE JOURNLY OF THE VACUUM BEETLE...	Terry Jeeves..	page 13.
-------------------------------------	----------------	----------

### VERSE:

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.....	Brian Lewis..	page 2.
PORTRAIT OF A FAN.....	Paul Enever..	page 5.

### ARTICLE:

THE UNPUBLISHABLE EDITOR & THE PRINTABLE FANS	Vinç Clarke..	page 11.
---	---------------	----------

### BIBLIOGRAPHY:

A KELLER CHECKLIST.....	Jack Smillie..	page 14.
-------------------------	----------------	----------

### REVIEWS:

A SERIOUS & CONSTRUCTIVE PHILOSOPHY..	Ken Potter..	page 22.
RIDERS TO THE STARS.....	Tony Fields..	page 21.

### DEPARTMENTS:

PLOYN SPEAKING.....	Editorial..	page 3.
HAGGLE.....	market supplement..	page 23.
OUR CONTRIBUTORS.....		page 24.
WREADER'S RIOT.....	Letters..	page 26.



The theme of this tale is in the best tradition of THE FOX AND THE FOREST, MR KOWTSHOOK, and Jack Finney's SUCH INTERESTING NEIGHBOURS, the story of the hunted attempting to settle in an alien society. Here for the first time is the story given a fannish twist...

# TERMINUS 2156

ben  
morency

Wilbur Theodore Hemingway parked his car and entered the club rooms of the Steelingham Science Fiction Society. His stepping in- to the main lounge caused an immediate and gratifying pause in conversation. He glanced round the smoke-filled room. The walls were adorned with the trophies of international fandom and past conventions...the original Tubb hammer, photos, a bust of Walt Willis in emerald green, a beard, water-pistols, a propellor beanie, a duplicator, a copy of NIRVANA, a bottle top, a letter from Ashworth to Bradbury...

Harry Rimmer offered him a drink. They began to discuss the latest books in the fantasy field..."Really an enlargement of something he did for Voice of the Imagination"...all about rats ruling the world"...Gillings told me"...New Worlds when it was a fanzine"...Shaver"...The old names, those old stories(When good stories were good stories and crud was crud)...nowadays you can't tell the difference"...flowed like Vargo Statten stories..."A 1940 Astounding for only 18/6"...a basement full of them"...a whole file in the British Museum"...and Bennett seems to be his prophet"...In the Sunday Observer"...Mene Mene Tekel..."...

The two Big Namo Fans reminisced, happily aware that by this time the entire gathering was hanging expectantly on the golden thread of their very words. Dick Storey nudged his neighbour. A new memeber he wanted to ask what most of it was about. Stan Moore turned and whispered an explanation,"I say, Wilb., meet Dick Storey our latest member. Dick's only been with us a fortnight." "Say, pleased to meet you, Dick,"offused Wilbur. "Only sorry I missed you last week...business,I know...Never start to work...no time for fanning...haha...you must come up some time and have a browse through my collection...I think we can manage to get you into the house...as it is I've to sleep in the garage...haha..."

And so the evening passed, a happy mixture of condescension, admiration, and friendliness. Above all friendliness.

Towards ten o'clock the gathering, pressed by liscensing laws, broke up. "Where do you live,"Wilbur asked Dick goodnaturedly,"Can I drop you anywhere?"

"I only live at Brotherton,"Dick told him.

"I'll drop you then,"decided Wilbur, putting aside all refusal, "I'm going up to my sister's. She lives a mile or two further out on the Brotherton Road."

The powerful car sped westward towards Brotherton. Wilbur was trying to bring his fandom-conditioned conversation down to the neo-level of the club's latest addition. This was merely superfi- cial wordage, perfunction in passing the time. Happy discourse on trufandom had passed for another week.

(you're dead right.This is page 4)

you'll find the rest on page ten...



I read somewhere that all the best mags have them.....

Page 3.

EDITORIAL:

# PLOYN SPEAKING

Here at last is the second issue of PLOY. Unlike the traditional editorial opening I make no apology for the delay in producing the mag. In addition to being at College and therefore having other demands on my time, I thought it best that I wait until I had something worth producing. I hope you will agree that this has been worth waiting for. The mag is still definitely on an irregular basis because of these reasons and will remain so at least until I have finished with College, or College has finished with me. I can only promise that number three will appear. I think it only fair under the circumstances not to accept subscriptions for PLOY 3, at least for the time being, but if you want to be put on the mailing list for the next issue, please write and let me know.

As I am at College and am putting this out whilst under the cloud of receiving a grant of only £7 per year, I must state that it is of necessity to me that my losses should be as small as possible, and therefore there will be no free (or complimentary) copies of PLOY from and including this second issue. Every copy must be paid for in cash or kind. Excluding contributors, who have paid in the form of material, every copy will cost the reader one shilling (1/-) or the latest copy of any promag, excluding the BRE's. Fan-zine exchanges are also out, as I not only read them all down at the LSFA, but give them all good reviews in ORBIT, which ought to make the editors grateful. As many fen will receive this issue of PLOY without prior notice or warning of any kind it is only fair to state that if they can find any grumble in this pricing system let them please return their copy unread.

Letters of comment are welcome. State which featured you liked best. It is proposed that the perpetrator of the most popular item will receive a prize, as will also the reader whose analysis compares with the final listing. Each prize will take the form of an American promag.

In order to ensure that PLOY prints only the best from the best, contributions for future issues will be by INVITATION ONLY.

Sincere thanks are extended to all those who have made this issue possible, also to all the fen who chose to confuse me with title-suggestions for the mag...BOOGO, TYPO, REJECT, SYLUS, RAYBID (ray Bradbury Digest), B-Off, Hell, Sploosh and Mess!!

News from these parts is that the Leeds S.F.A. has moved from the Adelphi and that Mal Ashworth has had a crewcut. Could there be a connection? What ever happened to that FISSION-ORBIT exchange? ...Rumour has it that a BNF here and a BNF on the other side of the Irish Sea have fallen out...Liverpool mob advocating a Lannish get-together at the seaside...OMPA has had a successful beginning...no, I did NOT keep a copy of BURP and would be grateful if anyone could let me have his...Ray Bradbury is writing a new book for Doubleday and is re-editing Dark Carnival for Ballantine. My own Bradcollection is up to the 100 mark....Hope you enjoy the ish...g.

Ran Bennett



# BRIAN LEWIS: FIRST

"Oh, no, not ANOTHER fanzine?"  
 You will probably exclaim.  
 "Not another neo-fan-ed  
 Out in search of fame?  
 Not another silly fellow  
 On the grab for Ego-boo  
 A mere 'potential DNF'?  
 My Ghod! This day he'll rue...  
 I suppose I'd better open it  
 And quickly skim it through  
 I haven't time to read it now  
 I've something else to do.  
 I suppose he's on the grab for subs;  
 They always seem to be.  
 The mystery that I can't unfold  
 Is why they pick on me.  
 Perhaps he thinks I'm just a twerp,  
 Who'll part with ready cash  
 But anyway, I've not time now,  
 I'll really have to dash--  
 But wait! Suppose he thinks I'm known?  
 A sort of Big Name Fan...?  
 It's not improbable, you know,  
 I'm quite an actifan...  
 If I wasn't so rushed these days  
 I'd really go to town!  
 Contribute to Lyphen...  
 Turn Pandom upside down!  
 I'd really make myself a Name  
 The others couldn't match.  
 I'd load myself with Fannish Fame,  
 No need to start from scratch;  
 I guess I'm pretty well-known now,  
 Fling modesty aside!  
 You're kidding no-one, pal, you're good  
 This fact they can't deride.  
 So where's my pen? This fan-ed needs  
 Some really sound advice;  
 In sending me his fanzine new,  
 He's thrown some lucky dice;  
 A letter now, some comment fair  
 Would really seem in order,  
 But first-I'll just pop down the street  
 To buy a Postal Order."

# IMPRESSIONS



# EDITORIAL: PLOYN SPEAKING

Here at last is the second issue of PLOY. Unlike the traditional editorial opening I make no apology for the delay in producing the mag. In addition to being at College and therefore having other demands on my time, I thought it best that I wait until I had something worth producing. I hope you will agree that this has been worth waiting for. The mag is still definitely on an irregular basis because of these reasons and will remain so at least until I have finished with College, or College has finished with me. I can only promise that number three will appear. I think it only fair under the circumstances not to accept subscriptions for PLOY 3, at least for the time being, but if you want to be put on the mailing list for the next issue, please write and let me know.

As I am at College and am putting this out whilst under the cloud of receiving a grant of only £7 per year, I must state that it is of necessity to me that my losses should be as small as possible, and therefore there will be no free (or complimentary) copies of PLOY from and including this second issue. Every copy must be paid for in cash or kind. Excluding contributors, who have paid in the form of material, every copy will cost the reader one shilling (1/-) or the latest copy of any promag, excluding the BRE's. Fan-zine exchanges are also out, as I not only read them all down at the LSFA, but give them all good reviews in ORBIT, which ought to make the editors grateful. As many fen will receive this issue of PLOY without prior notice or warning of any kind it is only fair to state that if they can find any grumble in this pricing system let them please return their copy unread.

Letters of comment are welcome. State which featured you liked best. It is proposed that the perpetrator of the most popular item will receive a prize, as will also the reader whose analysis compares with the final listing. Each prize will take the form of an American promag.

In order to ensure that PLOY prints only the best from the best, contributions for future issues will be by INVITATION ONLY.

Sincere thanks are extended to all those who have made this issue possible, also to all the fen who chose to confuse me with title-suggestions for the mag...BOOGO, TYPO, REJECT, SYLUS, RAYBID (ray Bradbury Digest), B-Off, Hell, Sploosh and Mess!!

News from these parts is that the Leeds S.F.A. has moved from the Adelphi and that Mal Ashworth has had a crewcut. Could there be a connection? What ever happened to that FISSION-ORBIT exchange? ...Rumour has it that a BNF here and a BNF on the other side of the Irish Sea have fallen out...Liverpool mob advocating a fannish get-together at the seaside...OMPA has had a successful beginning...no, I did NOT keep a copy of BURP and would be grateful if anyone could let me have his...Ray Bradbury is writing a new book for Doubleday and is re-editing Dark Carnival for Ballantine. My own Bradcollection is up to the 100 mark....Hope you enjoy the ish.

*Ran Bennett*



page 5  
Dare we bill him as following in the footsteps of  
the great NGW...?  
Horrè he is..Fandom's Flotsam...

PAUL ENEVER

# P PORTRAIT OF A FAN

I am a Small Name Fan  
and though I do most earnestly aspire  
to rise to trufanship, or even higher,  
I greatly fear I can-  
not since the first requisite  
(aside from a due appreciation of the more exquisite  
esoterisms) is that these  
should truthfully boast an ignorance sublime  
of the sciencefiction of our present time  
whereas I read ALL the BRE's.

I am a considerate fan.  
It is not, therefore, my present intention  
to bore you with reports of the Convention  
which recently took place in Man-  
chester, nor do I wish it to appear  
as if I were the favoured pet of Bheer  
(whose ways are mysteries beyond description);  
yet one thing happened which was most  
exciting and a thing no other fan can boast -  
CHUCK HARRIS PAID ME A SUBSCRIPTION!

I am a generous fan,  
lending pro- and fanzines left and right with gay abandon,  
contributing freely to any fancause Varley can't get  
his hand on,  
subsidising ORION rather than  
overcharge for it, and yet I had no slightest expectation  
that such was being noised abroad, establishing my  
reputation  
among the rest of fandom -  
although it must be so, else otherwise  
why, instead of buying O should some fans(damn their  
eyes!)  
HAVE HELPED THEMSELVES AT RANDOM?

(more overleaf...)



Paul Enever's epic PORTRAIT of a FAN, continued from overleaf....

I am a venerable fan,  
being well set in fannish ways, by heck !  
before St. Hugo handed on to Tack  
Amazing Stories and himself began  
to Wonder (and shortly after take the Air) ; so  
it's not surprising I should feel as though  
I'm living some old dream  
when Vargo Statten, with a joyous pride,  
announces he'll take fandom for a ride  
on this quaint 'League of Science Fiction' scheme !

I am an absent-minded fan,  
or - to be semantically pure - I forget  
things that happened not so long ago ( and yet  
I can remember SFN) ;  
thus, having paid a certain modest due  
to OF's agent at the Loncon, 1952,  
entitling me for one whole year  
to read the Hand and Books of Captain Slater,  
I am surprised when, two years later  
he tells me I'm a few weeks in arrears !

I am a disillusioned fan.  
It seemed the height of felicity when  
the postman called again and again and again.  
Eagerly did I scan  
the mail for its content of egoboo  
( and frequently found it, too)  
but such rapture brings  
its own dismay - I very soon detected  
a horrid sameness in these letters : I'm expected  
TO ANSWER THE THINGS.  
((Above stanza dedicated dedicatorily to George Gibson--RMBYY

I am a garrulous fan,  
finding it all too easy to say less and less  
about more and more, I must confess.  
This time my Remington ran  
on and on with little heed of me  
(my Rem's no sense of rhythm, as you see)  
and in consequence  
this new idea in columns(which is the first) may well  
turn out to be the last because - hell !  
it's totally devoid of sense.

It is one of Fandom's most admirable qualities that it does not take itself too seriously and can laugh at its faults. The writer of the Dashcon Report is again in satirical mood:

# IN THE BEGINNING...

MAL ASHWORTH

Mickey had everything planned to a nicety.

Wednesday was early-closing day at the shop and he had sprinted home, gulped his dinner and managed to borrow his father's typewriter, thus bringing off a 'coup' for which he had been subtly preparing for the previous three weeks. He had locked himself in his bedroom, oblivious to the blazing summer sun outside the window, in order to avoid disturbances and had begun to type. He typed slowly, with one finger, copying meticulously even the meanest comma from the pages of longhand scrawl at his side and as he tapped each key with a measured weight, he smiled to himself with an artist's satisfaction at his work.

Just over two months ago he had read his first fanzine. It had been just readable enough and just amateurish enough to whet his appetite for more and since then he had subscribed to eight fanzines, and had received, and read, six of them. At first, when he read the editors' pleas for material, he had said to himself, "I think I'll write for them just to see what happens" and had smiled at his little joke. Then, one week ago, evolution had done its work and in a sudden flash of insight he had thought seriously for the first time about writing an article for publication. Once that link in the chain had been reached only a world-wide calamity could have prevented the project being completed. He had bought a notebook and several hundred sheets of typing paper and had spent every spare moment at the shop, in writing or polishing his article. Words had been deleted, commas had been added, sheets had been thrown away and paragraphs had been crossed out. The notebook had been filled early in the week and he had taken to doing his writing on loose sheets of writing paper. The copy from which he was transcribing the opic into type was only his fourth full revision though. The title had given him a little trouble at first but after missing the Saturday afternoon football match and the Sunday evening Jazz concert he had finally decided on "What a Martian Would Really Look Like." It had a flavour of.... erudition, about it and, he felt, would catch the eye easily and pleasantly.

Although he was unfamiliar with typewriting it gave him little trouble really as he had discovered that by taking things slowly and selecting beforehand the key which he wished to hit, his percentage of mistakes was not unduly



high. In any event he had bought two typing erasers the day before and he made absolutely sure to rub out every small error and every tiny smudge. He remembered reading somewhere that editors were influenced by the appearance of a manuscript and that seemed only reasonable after all.

It took him the whole afternoon to type his four page article, together with the neatly spaced title-page giving the exact number of words, and the enclosing letter beginning, "Dear Sir...", and when he came to preparing the stamped, addressed envelope and folding the whole thing neatly, after affixing the letter with a paper-clip, he was definitely being obliged to hurry. He unlocked his door and raced out of the house and up the street to the nearest pillar-box just in time to beat the collecting van. He walked home slowly, ate his tea rather breathlessly and spent the evening rereading the article six or seven times. He felt in all honesty that he had made quite a good job of it and that it was, without being modest, at least as good as many of the other articles he had read in his fanzines. Some of them seemed quite pointless and often had little, if anything, to do with science-fiction. He took out his fanzine collection and compared his piece with every article he could find in the magazines; it stood up to the comparison remarkably well.

.....

Thursday was quite a pleasant day but it dragged interminably. Friday morning Mickey awoke half an hour earlier than usual, jumped out of bed feeling fit and vigorous, and prepared for the day ahead with gusto and a spirit which rather baffled his parents. Although he was ready to leave ten minutes before his usual time, he deliberately missed his bus and instead stood at the gate until the postman arrived. Mickey walked back to the door and handed his mother the electricity bill and the postcard from Auntie Sarah. There was nothing else and Friday was a black day.

No post arrived for Mickey on Saturday either but he had half prepared himself for that and smiled bravely, as he might have done had he had an arm amputated and wished to appear courageous, telling himself that after all editors would be immensely busy people and might not get around to dealing with some of their mail for two, even three days.

When nothing whatever in the nature of a communication from the faneditor to whom he had entrusted his precious material, had appeared by the end of the next week, Mickey became convinced that for some reason, about which he was very vague, the Postmaster General and all of the Post Office staff had decided that Mickey should not have his articles.

THERE IS NO GOOD LINE NOTCH AND CORRECTION IS HIS PROPRIET--Cecil.

published and had either intercepted his manuscript, or the editor's letter enthusing over the article and asking him to do a whole series of them. Mickey wasn't sure what he ought to do about the plot although he felt that he ought to do something. He decided to give them another few days before he wrote to the local M.P.

Two weeks later Mickey realised that what had in actual fact happened was that the fan editor had been tremendously impressed with the article and had decided to put out a special issue with "What a Martian Would Really Look Like" in the star place and giving the article a wonderful 'write-up' telling his readers to expect to see more of the work of this outstanding young author very shortly. For some reason, Mickey wasn't quite sure what, there had been a hitch in the production of the magazine and consequently the only thing to do was wait until it did arrive. It was certainly going to be worth waiting for.

When a month had passed since the pillar-box swallowed his almost legendary manuscript Mickey knew for certain that the fan editor had sold Mickey's story to a professional magazine under his own name and obviously intended to act as though the story had never arrived, thus reaping quite a large profit from the considerable price which the article would have fetched from a professional editor. (For just one fleeting instant Mickey wondered why he himself hadn't sent the article to a professional magazine in the first place.). Mickey recognised the fact that there was nothing he could do about having his story stolen in that way as he could not prove that he had ever sent it to the editor. A cynical, embittered Mickey resolved never again to send away any material for publication without first taking steps to protect his copyright.

Six weeks after originally posting the article Mickey just didn't know what had happened to it and considered calling on the fan editor in person to find out if he had received the manuscript. He couldn't quite see how he would manage this though as he couldn't afford the fare for the two hundred mile journey without saving up for another six weeks and anyway his only full day away from the shop was Sunday.

Mickey really had little hope of the article being traced after two months had elapsed and he wasn't very bothered about it by now anyway but he wrote a short note to the fan editor asking if he had received it and if he had and he hadn't been able to use it would he please send it back? The same day that Mickey had intended posting his letter the first copy of that particular fanzine to arrive since the fateful day, plopped on the mat. His breath caught in his throat as he pulled the magazine out of the wrapper and hastily scanned the contents page. Mickey had stood quite a lot of suffering and bewilderment with reasonable fortitude during the past two months but when he failed to find his name on the contents page that was



just a little too much for him to understand. In a daze he picked up the minute sliver of paper which had slipped from between the magazine's pages and strained to read the abominable scrawl written across it. "Thanks for your article. Will be using it in our next but one ish," it said.

For one moment the path of Mickey's life was in the balance as the image of his bicycle and a long, quite ride in the country tempted him; then he stole upstairs, furtively borrowed his father's typewriter and started his second article.

XXetc.  
 XX Something about the Saints going Martian In...YY

and here continued from page four is an epic piece of blurb.....  
Ben Morency's epic TERMINUS 2156...

"And so, Mr. Hemingway, "Dick was saying?" I was wondering if I might write something for your fanzine, 'Crudbin.' "

"Of course, Dick," said Wilbur, "Why not? As long as it's good I'll print it, though of course I'm already two issues overdue. Still I'll get round to it. What exactly did you have in mind?"

"Oh, just a piece of fiction. A skit on fandom. All about a Science-Fiction club which is very proud of its associations, and especially its own Big Name Fan. Right at the end of the story he turns out to be really a Venusian Grezord who escaped the Blockade, which is, perhaps, why he's such an expert on life on other planets."

Wilbur Theodore Hemingway had turned a deathly pale. He stopped the car. "A Venusian what-did-you-say? How did...?"

He was too slow in reaching towards his pocket, Storey was pointing a thin cylinder towards him. "I think you heard me correctly the first time, 2156. Don't you think we had better be going? We have a long journey ahead of us." He now spoke in a tongue which was strange and alien. His companion evidently understood every word; he shook noticeably then hung his head resignedly.

Neither Wilbur Theodore Hemingway nor Dick Storey were ever seen or heard of again. The police found the car empty in the morning.

the end.....

XXThis story carries the moral "Never trust your own Grand-Mother, she may be a Venusian Grezord" and is dedicated with all good wishes to J. Michael Rosenblum, a Leeds neo-fanYY.

"THE UNPUBLISHABLE EDITOR AND THE PRINTABLE FANS..."

# VINÇ CLARKE

"Write whatever you want to" says Ron, in a generous, open-handed and trusting way which will lead to him becoming one of the nicest people in Dartmoor if he's extended the same invitation to some other faans I know. But, firmly resisting the impulse to fill up this page with 4-letter Anglo Saxonisms, I'll just be my usual responsible self, and the first(and, to tell you the truth, the only) thing that seems worth a few words in a new fanzine at the present time is...new fanzines.

It seems to me that fanzine publishing is ceasing to be the simple, unsophisticated thing that it once was, and is moving forward with all the grim and relentless acumen and energy which the prozine puts into a search for hard cash. I find something vaguely depressing about the present state of fan-pubbing in this country and I'd like to try and pin it down.

Broadly speaking fanzines can be divided into two simple main categories; those under the heading of club magazines and official organs, and the free-lance, published-for-pleasure type. The former acts as an adhesive to hold the club together; the latter is for fun...period. But, casting a somewhat bewildered and bleary eye around the fanzine field, what do we find?

We find in the first place that most 'club' magazines are unashamedly 'national'. I wouldn't be a bit surprised to find a letter in the post tomorrow from the Aberystwyth H.G.Wells Club asking me to contribute to their club magazine. I wouldn't be startled if the next Isle of Skye S-F Bulletin had stories by Willis, Wansborough and Shirley Marriot in it. It seems to me that directly a couple of fans get together to form a local society, they immediately say "Well, none of us can write..let's ask X to help..he lives 150 miles away but it's the same country." The outstanding example of this trend in recent times is, of course, the late lamented SPACE TIMES, which, starting as a club magazine, rapidly extended its boundaries until, not only were its contributors from every part of the country excepting its own nominal area, but at the end it was being edited and published some 200 miles outside. This is, of course, an extreme case; it can be balanced by the striking 'clubbiness' (in the best sense of the word) of the MEDWAY JOURNAL, which is a strictly local 'zine and a good one.

The fact remains, though; those magazines which are supposed to be the official organs of certain clubs and societies are not only indulging in a form of deceit when contributions are solicited from outside the club; they are doing a dis-service to their own members. There are very few people who can write at even the friendly he's-split-an-infinitive-what-of-it level of



the fanzine world at the first attempt. What chance has young Joe Mudfoot of seeing his work in duplicating ink when some smooth BNF is spreading himself all over the village 'zine? I can understand the impulse that moves an editor of one of those cry-in-the-wilderness-publications to be known as Editor of The Stow-in-the-Wold Fantasy Gazette, with subbers from Brisbane to Weyauwega, but it's still a Bad Thing for fan writing as a whole that this particular ambition is so prevalent.

We turn, gracefully I hope, to the independent magazine, and find an even greater alteration from The Old Days. Then, a fan with an urge to join in the fun would start writing for other magazines first, finding his literary feet, getting to know what went on in the fan world and learning some of the long background of fan-pubbing by borrowing old 'zines. After he'd learnt some of the spirit of fan-pubbing, and if he had the money to do so, and if he was dissatisfied with all the other fan-publications, etc., then he would invest in a duplicator, usually a flat-bed, and start churning out his own. The first number he'd write himself (or with a little help from a couple of friends) and he'd give it away to everyone he knew, for free. The second number he'd be receiving more help, and he'd be able to sell some, and the third would slip into its niche as a regular Fanzine with a definite personality...that of the editor. He'd still write for it; it would still be his, and not guided very much by the readers.

This is, of course, an 'Ideal' pattern, and I'm not saying it was followed by any except the earliest 'zines, but in the last few years there have been very few fanzine editors who have followed it at all, especially in the...I would have thought natural...entry by contributing to some other independent 'zine first. Willis and Lee Hoffman, editors of the two most famous fanzines of recent years, wrote their first issues alone, but as far as I know neither had contributed to any other 'zine before. In fact, as far as my knowledge goes, no British post-war fanzine editor with the exception of Mal Ashworth and this magazine's editor, contributed material to another fanzine before issuing one himself!

I'm not implying that this is some terrible crime; I'm not saying that it's wrong to fill up your first issue with old-time fan writers and only leave yourself the editorial in which to show that your magazine is different from any other; you can even ask people to sub to you before you publish, with the proviso that if you don't get enough subs you don't publish!! Now, why didn't I think of that?—RonaldYY. It doesn't matter all that much to me. But it's a decidedly curious state of affairs.

One of the causes may be the Cult of the B.N.F. Once upon a time, fans became active for fun..for the hell of it. They wanted to write, they wanted to spread their opinions around, they wanted to enjoy themselves, and they didn't care whether it was in their own fanzine or in someone else's. But in the last few years, a thing that began as a joke..the awe-inspiring Big Name Fan with his prospects of immortality in the annals of fandom...has ceased to be a joke. Neo-fans have the impression that the sole purpose of fanning is to become known...to be a B.N.F. And there are few  
(if you really want to continue  
try page 20.)

Much has been said lately on the subject of fan reprints. Whatever your views will not prevent you from enjoying this classic piece which first saw print (literally) in the September 1952 edition of the COSMAG/SEIDIGEST and is reproduced here by kind(?) permission of its author.

# THE JOURNEY OF THE VACUUM-TERRY JEEVES-BEETLE

The planet was lonely and dark as it swung on its path through space. Lonely, because it was the only offspring of a dark star, and dark, due to an absence of light. High on the rocky ridge sat Gei-ga, one of the few remaining lifeforms on the planet. For many toks, he had been trailing the life odour emanating from a gaym. The gaym creatures were becoming scarcer, and in consequence, so was the source of Bhul which Gei-ga's stomach craved. Well he remembered the days when he and his brethren would flock to the hunting grounds, pass through the turnstiles to the accompanying 'click-click' of the Gei-ga counter, and then they would see the gaym. Those days were gone and it looked as though Gei-ga would follow them unless a new source of Bhul appeared.

Then it happened. A roaring filled the air, a sleek black spheroid screamed over the gooli bushes, there was a flash, and as Gei-ga's eyes readjusted, the object settled to the ground. He fearlessly approached it in time to see a recantangle of light appear in the sphere, and out stepped four dumpy figures. Gei-ga's tendrils stiffened...here was bhul, bags of bhul in fact! If only he could get aboard this craft, both he and the precious contents of his cranium would be saved.

Holton, skipper of the Vacuum Beetle, gazed around as he stepped from the ship. Suddenly he saw Gei-ga. To Holton, he looked like a very large flower. Holton stepped forward and plucked the 'flower', only to find it needed no plucking. Instead of roots, it had coarse tendrils, apparently a means of locomotion, possibly for movement as well. At the top, two finer tentacles appeared, surmounted by a large ball. "What do you make of it Juanita?" he asked. The Russian grunted, "Harmless, let's put it in the jam jar in the mess room."

One hour later, a crew member was found sneared to the



mess room ceiling. A search for hiding places disclosed three more, all treated with the same smear technique. Gophknaw, the only Neckist on board, pronounced them dead, and after X-raying their bodies with a multiple Singloscope, called the skipper. "Molton, this is hot stuff, these men haven't a trace of brain matter left in their bodies. Either someone in intelligence slipped up, or our little Pansy has done it. I suggest we kill the thing." Molton was not skipper for nothing, he drew 263 a year. His trained brain quickly summed up, and he explained to Gophknaw, that no crew man was expected to have brains, that the smearing was part of an undercover campaign to discredit him, and that Gophknaw was barking up the wrong plant. He spat out the last, and Gophknaw wiped a tear from his eye, and began to act. He immediately hypnotised the crew by means of a Vogtometer, and set out to catch Pansy. He toured the ship, and returned to find it picking the Captain's brains. With great presence of mind, he threw a handy bucket of weed killer over the monstrosity. Gei-ga calmly planted a cranium cell in the skipper's remains, and attacked Gophknaw. The latter grabbed a Tommy-Gun from a hook on the wall and let Gei-ga have it. Gei-ga refused to be bribed by gifts and chased Gophknaw down the corridor. The Neckist snatched a half brick from his pocket and hurled it at Gei-ga with no effect. Passing through the hydroponic garden, he scattered a handful of radioactive dust behind him. Gei-ga chattered in anger, but still came on. He next tried a baseball bat, a hand grenade, and a pair of the cook's socks. All to no avail. Gei-ga still came on. As a last resort, Gophknaw energised all the floors, ceilings and walls, first putting on dry socks to avoid energising himself. Gei-ga copied him and continued to advance. Nearer and nearer he crept. Gophknaw pressed back against the wall, something burned into his back. Reaching behind him, he grasped the object and waved it in Gei-ga's face. It was a fanzine, the name PLOY blazed on its cover. Gei-ga took one look, screamed and shrivelled up...no wonder thought Gophknaw as he fainted, fell to the floor and bashed in his skull on the carpet. He never recovered, so the crew of the Vacuum Beetle are still in hypnosis.....

(yep, the end)

XX

A Checklist is usually an item which is welcomed avidly by the fanatic or ignored completely by the disinterested. Now YOU receive this is your own affair. This article is published as a work of art for its thoroughness. That it will be invaluable to collectors is without doubt...

COMPILED BY

# A BIBLIOGRAPHY

JACK  
SMITH

When invited by Ron to conjure up an article on fantasy for PLOY, an article dealing with the amount of fantasy in present day science-fiction, I promptly sent him a blank quarto. Of course he wasn't & was nonplussed over this, being fully aware of his grammatical mistake. Rather deflated, I thought, 'hell'!

(This was nearly PLOX) I'll still be awkward and give him a Bibliography. I like Bibliographies don't you? I liked the one in the 'Ray Bradbury Review', Jack--RonYY. Good! Now that that's settled let us rabid collectors gather round David H. Keller M.D., Associate Editor of the old Wonder Stories and a director of the S.F. League. Alphabetically placed and including those written under the pseudonym Amy North are the following titles by this old master of the genre...

Air lines	Amazing Stories	Jan 1930
Ambidexter, The	Amazing Stories	Apr 1931
Aunt Martha	Dath Weekly	1895
Battle of the Toads, The	Weird Tales	Oct 1929
Bindings de Luxe	Marvel Tales	May 1934
	Weird Tales	Jan 1943
Birth of a Soul, The	The White Owl	Jan 1902
Biological Experiment, A	Amazing Stories	Jun 1928
Bloodless War, The	Air Wonder Stories	Jul 1929
Boneless Horror, The	Science Wonder Stories	Jul 1929
	Startling Stories	Nov 1941
	Life Everlasting (Anth)	1947
Boomeranging Round the Moon		Fall 1930
	Amazing Stories Quarterly	
Bride Well, The	Weird Tales	Oct 1930
Bridle, The	Weird Tales	Sept 1942
Burning Water	Amazing Detective Stories	
		June 1930
Calypso Island	Stirring Science Stories	Apr 1941
Cerebral Library, The	Amazing Stories	May 1931
	Life Everlasting (Anth)	1947
Chestnut Mare, The	Scienti-Snaps	Apr & Summer 1940
	Uncanny Stories (Title change)	
		Apr 1941
Conquers, The	Science Wonder Stories	Dec 1929
		and Jan 1930
Cosmos. Ch2, The Emigrants, New York 1933,	supplement to S.F. Digest.	
Creation Unforgivable.	Weird Tales	April 1930
Damsel & Her Cat, The.	Weird Tales	Apr 1929
Dead Woman, The.	Fantasy Magazine	Apr 1934
	Strange Stories	Apr 1939
	Nightmare by Daylight, London	1936
	Life Everlasting (Anth)	1947
Death of the Kraken.	Weird Tales	Mar 1942
Devil & The Doctor, The.	Simon & Schuster. New York	1940
Dogs of Salem	Weird Tales	Sept 1920
Door, The	Arkham Sampler	Summer 1949
Doorbell, The	Wonder Stories	Jun 1934
Dust in the House	Weird Tales	Jul 1938
Eight, Sixty-Seven	Ten Story Dook	Nov 1929
Eternal Professors, The.	Amazing Stories	Aug 1929
	Tales of Wonder	Autumn 1938
Eternal Conflict, The.	Les Premieres	
	July, Aug, Sept, A Oct 1939	
	Primo Press	1949

Euthanasia, Ltd.	Amazing Stories Quarterly	Fall 1929
Evening Satr, The	Science Wonder Stories	Apr & May 1930
Face In The Mirror, The	Life Everlasting (Anth)	1947
Feminine Metamorphosis	Science Wonder Stories	Aug 1929
Fireless Age, The	Amazing Stories	Aug & Oct 1937
Flying Fool, The	Amazing Stories	Jul 1929
	Les Premieres	July & Aug 1937
Flying Threat, The	Amazing Stories Quarterly	Spr 1930
Free As The Air	Amazing Stories	Jun 1930
Garnet Mine, The	Ten Story Book	Nov 1929
Great American Pie House, The	The White Owl	Apr 1902
Greatness of Duval, The	Ursinus Weekly	Oct 1902
Goddess of Zion, The	Weird Tales	Jan 1941
Golden Bough, The	Marvel Tales (Vol 1 No 3)	1935
	Weird Tales	Nov 1942
	Garden of Fear.	Los Angeles 1945
Growing Wall, The	Science Fiction Quarterly	Win 1942
Half Century of Writing, A.	Fantasy Commentator	Spr 1947
Half Mile Hill	Amazing Stories Quarterly	Sum 1931
Headsmen, The	Ten Story Book	
Hands of Doom	Ten Detective Magazine	Oct 1937
Helen of Troy	The Futurian	Jun 1939
Heredity	Life Everlasting	1947
Hidden Monster, The	Oriental Stories	Summer 1932
Horrible Pantomime, The	Scienti-Tales	Jan 1939
Human Termites, The	Science Wonder Stories	Sep Oct Nov 39
Island of White Mice, The	Amazing Stories	Feb 1935
Ivy War, The	Amazing Stories	May 1930
	Les Premieres	July, Aug & Sept 1935
	La Gueere du Lierre	25 May 1936
	The Best of Science Fiction	1946
I want to be an Author.	Scientifiction	Mar 1938
Jelly Fish, The	Weird Tales	Jan 1929
Judge Not	The Red and Blue	Nov 1899
Key to Cornwall, The	Stirring Science Stories	Feb 1941
Keller Interviewed by Himself.	SFDigest	Jul 1933
Last Magician, The	Weird Tales	May 1932
Life Detour, The	Wonder Stories	Feb 1935
	Startling Stories	Jul 1947
Life Everlasting	Amazing Stories	July & Aug 1934
	Life Everlasting (Anth)	Avalon 1947
Lilith's Left Hand	Helios	Oct 1937
Little Husbands, The	Weird Tales	Jul 1928
Literary Corkscrew, The	Wonder Stories	Mar 1934
	Startling Stories	May 1941
	From Off this World (Anth)	1949
Living Maching, The	Wonder Stories	May 1935
Lords of the Ice	Weird Tales	Oct 1937
Lost Language, The	Amazing Stories	Jan 1934
A 1950 Marriage	Paris Nights	Dec 1939
Men of Avalon	(Pamphlet)	1935
Menace, The	Amazing Stories Quarterly	Sum 1928
	Ibid.	Win 1933
Menacing Claws	Amazing Detective Tales	Sep 1930



22-12

Metal Doom, The	Amazing Detective Tales.	June & July 1932
Mist, The	The Gollion	Oct 1935
Mr. Sumner's Adventure.	Ten Story Book	Jan 1930
Moon Artist, The	Cosmic Tales	Sum 1939
	Stirring Science Stories	Jun 1941
Moon Rays	Wonder Stories Quarterly	Sum 1930
Mother Newhouse	The White Owl	May 1902
Mother, The	Fantascience Digest	Jan 1930
Mystery of the 33	Stolen Idiots, The	
	Ten Story Book	Sep 1932
No More Friction	Thrilling Wonder Stories	Jun 1939
No More Tomorrows	Amazing Stories	Dec 1932
	Life Everlasting	1947
No Other Man	Weird Tales	Dec 1929
One Way Tunnel	Wonder Stories	Jan 1935
On The Peezer	Ten Story Book	Sep 1933
Parents, The	Ten Story Book	Jan 1931
Perpetual Honeymoon, The.	Science Fantasy Cor-	
	respondent	Nov 1936
	Les Premieres	Jun 1930
Personality of a Library, The	Reading & Collecting	Aug 1937
Penthouse, The	Amazing Stories	Feb 1932
Phases of Science Fiction	International Observer of Science & SF	Nov 1935
Phenomenon of the Stars. The Mirror		1897
Piece of Linoleum, A.	Ten Story Book	Dec 1933
	Life Everlasting	1947
Pit of Doom, The	Future Fiction	Feb 1942
Pourquoi	Les Premieres	Feb 1937
Psychonic Nurse, The.	Amazing Stories	Nov 1920
	La Guerre du Lierre	25 May 1936
Rat Racket, The	Amazing Stories	Nov 1931
X Ah, sorry, folks...YY		
Question, The	Fantastic Worlds (fanzine)	undated.
Red Death, The	Cosmic Science Stories	Jul 1941
Revolt of the Pedestrians, The.	Amazing Stories.	Feb 1928
	Beyond Time & Space (Anth)	New York 1930
Rider by Night	The Fantasy Fan	Jul 1934
Science Fiction and Society. The I.O.C.F.		Jan 1937
Scientific Widowhood. Scientific Detective	Monthly	Feb 1930
Seeds of Death	Weird Tales	Jun 1931
	At Dead of Night	London 1931
Serious Error, A	Ten Story Book	Jan 1931
Service First	Amazing Stories quarterly	Win 1931
	The Outer Reaches (Anth)	1951
Sign of the Burning Hart, The		Paris 1930
Silent One, The	The Red and Blue	Nov 1900
Sleeping War, The	Wonder Stories	Feb 1931
Solitary Hunters	Weird Tales.	Jan, Feb & March 1934.
Steam Shovel, The	Amazing Stories	Sep 1931

Stenographer's Mantis

	Amazing Stories	Quarterly	Fall	1920
	Tales of Wonder	No. 2.		
	Les Premieres.	Jan, Feb & March		1932
	La thetre du Lierre		25 May	1936
	Avon Fantasy Reader	No. 2.		1947
Tailed Man of Cornwall, The.	Weird Tales		Nov	1929
Telephone, The	Ten Story Book		Jan	1932
Television Detective, The	(Pamphlet)	Los Angeles	Mar	1936
Thing In the Cellar	Weird Tales		Mar	1932
	Kensington News & West London Times		10 Apr	1936
	(Pamphlet)			1940
	Grin Death			1932
	The Coronation Omnibus			
	Life Everlasting			1947
	Avon Fantasy Reader	No. 6.		1948
Third Generation, The	Ten Story Book		Sep	1931
Thirty and One, The	Marvel Science Stories		Nov	1938
	Life Everlasting			1947
Thought Projector, The	(Pamphlet)			1929
Threat of the Robot, The.	Science Wonder Stories		Jan	1929
Three Link Tale, A	The White Owl		Mar	1902
Tiger Cat	Weird Tales		Jul	1938
Tine Projector, The	Wonder Stories		Jul & Aug	1931
Toad God, The	Strange Stories		Jan	1939
Ton Cat Reforms, The	Ten Story Book		Mar	1934
Tree of Evil, The	Wonder Stories		Sep	1934
Tree Terror, The	Amazing Stories		Oct	1933
Turn of the Wheel, The	Ten Story Book		Oct	1930
20th Century Homunculus	Amazing Stories		Feb	1930
	Prize Press			1949
Twin Beds	Ten Story Book		Jun	1930
Types of Science Fiction.	Science Fiction Digest		Mar	1933
Typewriter, The	Fanciful Tales		Fall	1936
University Story, A	Presbyterian Journal		Dec	1901
Unlocking the Past	Amazing Stories		Jul	1928
Unto Us a Child is Born	Amazing Stories		Jul	1933
	Life Everlasting			1947
Valley of Bones, The	Weird Tales		Jan	1938
Value of Imagination, The.	The Meteor		Mar	1933
Virgin, The	Ten Story Book		Sep	1930
Waters of Lethe	(Pamphlet)			1937
White Collars	Amazing Stories	Quarterly	Jun	1929
Winning the Bride	The White Owl		Mar	1902
Wolf Follow Bubbles	(Pamphlet)	New York		
Women Are That Far	The Story Book		Oct	1931
Worm, The	Amazing Stories		Mar	1929
	Strange Ports of Call	(Anth)		1948
White City, The	Amazing Stories		Mar	1935
Worst Men, The	Amazing Stories		Apr	1926
	Tales of Wonder		Summer	1937
	Tales from Underwood			1950
	Avon Fantasy Reader	No. 14		1950

(The bulk of this list was published in the Fantasy Commentator 1947 and has been brought further to date with additions from my own collection--JS).

Labelled 'Not to be opened until Xmas 1975-a present from Disraeli' and 'Suez Canal Shares' this came through the post bound with blue ribbon and sealed-yes SEALED-with a real old-fashioned seal and certified 'that the reader must be screwier than the writer, signed Lyner H.X.Diot II.' It turned out to be...

ESTIVATION GOON by HARLEY

My name is Major Bloodnok. Last night I was sitting in my chota peg drinking a uru when my faithful servant Abdul dashed in. "Hooray, long live rule Brittania poor old Scotland," he said. "What the devil ah ah ah do you mean by rushing in like that?" "Well, sah," he said, a telegraph boy has just been and left an envelope with a message inside." "Oh, what a pity," I exclaimed, "I can't read a word of Sida." quickly ducking for shelter as the readers throw their digests, I opened it and read: "Can you be ready to come on a trip to the moon in two days?" It was signed 'Lord Hairy Seagoon.

quickly Packing my space-suit and pausing only to write a five-hundred thousand word dissertation on the habits of the Outer Maldonian square headed crossing zebra, I rushed to Seagoon's palatial Nissen hut in Belfast.

When I arrived I found he had with him his faithful servants Eccles and Bluebottle, and Professor Henry Krum. Making his obeisances he introduced me to the others and quickly he told me of his plan. We were to look for the Man In The Moon!

He immediately began to load the material for the expedition into the massive asbestos and tinfoil rocket which Krum had evolved after thirty years research. Twenty-nine had been spent in finding a tree large enough to cut as a stick. I read out the supplies we would need from a list supplied by Seagoon

29 hippopotamus-hide whips for scorpion beating.

371 pairs of green velvet beard covers, with platinum nose wipers attached.

504 tons of mousetraps (these were very important if we were to live on the expanse of green cheese known colloquially as the moon).

A lifesize statue of Pat Doolan carved from lemon jelly and inscribed "It must be jelly as jam don't shake like that."

1 packet of crisps (in case of hunger)

3 boxes Martell Dubla cigars.

Everything was ready. All that remained was to get the formula of the secret fuel which Krum had invented, and make up the fuel we should need.

Seagoon went over to the table and picking up a ring-tailed monkey he unlocked a ring-tailed mon. "The formula!" he cried, "The formula. Where is it?" "Mmm, er, ah, um, er, yuh, well it's er umm er ah in the er ah umm umm ah er invisible box in there..." "But I can't see the invisible box," said Seagoon. "Ah, well it's er, ah umm still er there then," re-



ployed the scientific genius Krum indubitably is.

Bluebottel was most annoyed when the fuel he was stirring over the fire went wrong. Erum could not understand why it had exploded. "There was," he told us, "only potassium chlorate, phosphorous, nitroglycerine and petrol." We too were amazed at Bluebottel's clumsiness in allowing it to explode.

But with Bluebottel's curses ringing in our ears we got into Krum's invention one by one. As each of us climbed in we put on our space helmets (cut from the packet of a well-known breakfast cereal). We closed the door as we did not want to be outside when it began to move. The profundity of that one beats me--Ed. Eccles had the task of closing the door behind us, lighting the blue touch-paper and without opening the door rejoining us inside. Giving him the signal he struck a match, held it to the blue paper and Max Miller's script was ruined.

**We were off.**

(To be continued).

This missive was found on Swillington Common weighted down by eight copies of Authentic. A message attached said it had been dropped from the "Goonrocket".

Any resemblance 'twixt this and the Goon Show is not only extraordinary but intentional--DH. (Big-head-Ed).

VING CLARKE'S the unpublishable editor & the printable fans  
Continued, I make it, from the foot of page 12...

better ways of getting known than to publish a fanzine.

I've just had a look around the work-room/study, and found copies of the latest issues of certain magazines. Not all of them, because some I've lent out but I've found ten, all different. They have the magnificent total of seventeen editors, and of these only three are represented in any other fanzine by anything other than letters!

So we have one of today's Great Problems. On the one hand we have a small horde of editors who, to satisfy their desires to publish, (and, I must admit, in some cases to hold a club together) issue a 'zine which is ostentatiously local but to all intents aimed at the national market, and, on the other hand, the fan who desires to publish because he's got his own ideas as to how a 'zine should look, and, in the process, partly bankrupts himself and has no time for writing to other fans. And, with the number of fanzines at present being published(I'd estimate sixteen), we're back to the problem of the pro-zine reader; with so many being published, how can you be sure of not missing something good if you don't get them all? And, even if you can afford it, why should you have to get so many?

I have a solution, but I'd like to get some other opinions first. Write to Ron and we'll have a small symposium in the next issue. Unless, of course, most of the fanzine editors run true to form and are too busy to write in!

**PLAYPLA' PLON' PLON' PLAYPLON' PLON' PLON' PLON' IVE SONANTIL JENNOESPT.OYPL.OY**

Film reviews? They spoil the picture? They add to the enjoyment? They're good publicity? They fill up a page?

# RIDERS TO THE STARS

REVIEWED BY  
TONY FIELDS

Weighing the good with the bad this is in all quite an enjoyable picture. Take your wife. The chances are ONE of you will get in a few laughs. No, don't get me wrong. I do not mean the film stinks. Well, not all of it. As I said it's an enjoyable film. The acting is not over or under -done and even if certain members of the cast do appear to be fed up with the whole thing on occasions, there are no grumbles in this department. Besides the thing's in Technicolor.

The theme is somewhat novel, even to 6th circles. Rocketship development is retarded because the metal of a ship's hull deteriorates in space. Then it is discovered that meteors of a certain swarm fall to earth with their metal(raw) shells intact before they finally hit the planet's atmosphere and burn out. Problem is to capture one of the said meteors before it hits the said atmosphere and said burns itself out. Three men are finally chosen to go up and capture a meteor, but only after exhaustive tests, all of which were extremely authentic. Up to the actual take-off scenes the science side of the film was very well handled, but what a pity those space shots could not have been faked better. I winced every time a rocket, with complete disregard for changing attitude, turned a corner, but when the meteors did the same, then played tag with the rocket...I came out with a mouth full of carpet.

The V-2 shots were superb but the model sequences reminded me of that Abbot and Costello film...ooogh! The rockets were supposed to be identical too, yet two V-2's and a Viking took off. There was absolutely no excuse either for making the control cabin of the rocket about twenty feet in diameter, when the external diameter of a V-2 is only just over five feet. They showed bods peeping into the business end, too, thus setting the scale.

There were other boners too. The hero shouts that he is "Coming down at 2,000 m.p.h., altitude 1,200 feet." I calculate that roughly 4 seconds later he would have been a little red smear. A pull out of that vertical speed in that time would not have been much improvement.

And the boner to end them all. If the metal of earlier rockets had deteriorated so much in space, why didn't the same thing happen to these ships?

There may have been others of course...I said one of you should get in a laugh somewhere.

In all a sincere effort, but...oooh, those floating meteors. A mixture of Clarke and Statten.

What are the demon forces at work which make a young and popular fan-cum-pro write in such a serious vein?

# A SERIOUS AND CONSTRUCTIVE PHILOSOPHY

KEN POTTER

There are some things in my life to which I can apply the word 'perfect'. They are each perfect in their own distinctive ways and are not dependent on any other thing. Two of them are books.

That paragraph is obscure, abstruse, vague and not even fannish. It could be enlarged upon, criticised, torn to pieces, approved of, misunderstood or merely ignored. Let's ignore it shall we? And let's concentrate on the statement that two of the things are books.

One of these books is the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Those who have read this will appreciate that it could take a darn sight more than a fan article to comment on this adequately. To me it is perfect in that it expresses every facet of a philosophy which is in itself a complete thing and it does so poetically.

But it is the other book with which I am concerned here. The prose in this book pales before that of Bradbury, or even before that of sturgeon or Leiber. It does not 'stink'; it is merely adequate. It 'has to do'. As a work of art I suppose I must admit that this book has no place. It is not even toe-high to Shakespeare; it is not fit even to wash Steinbeck; it can crawl easily between Dostoevsky's toes.

Yet it does express a philosophy which is a complete in itself and it does it as well as I ever want to see it done. Now this is a damn queer philosophy. Nobody is expected to base his whole life on it. Those who don't like it can go to hell (or stay away as they please).

Anybody who hasn't guessed what book I'm talking about is a fugghead. But for the benefit of any fuggheads in the audience ~~[[Sir?]]~~ the book is THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR.

Now that you know this beyond all doubt its up to you to decide whether the foregoing is meant to be mildly humorous or I mean every word. I'm not sure myself.

I wrote it because your editor has asked me twice, yes, twice to review T.E.D. I know I'm a conceited beggar and that I do have a bee in my bonnet about my doing high class fanzine reviews. Possibly I'm so conceited I told Ron about this, but that's no reason why he should spring the supreme test on me out of the blue. Review the Enchanted Duplicator, he says. And I say Hah.

And tough.

And moreover tosh.

Reviews consist of criticism preferably constructive but destructive if the reviewer thinks it is called for or couldn't find his collar stud that morning. T.E.D. is not a thing to be criticised. ~~[[~~ Just the thing for an interlineation there folks. One thing you've forgottted, Ken, is the meaning of the word. To criticise means to examine critically or so it says in my dic-



**aglaglaglaglaglaglaglaglaglagla**

KEN POTTER'S critique, continued from page 22.....

tionary. Which means a critic CAN have it both waysYY.

True there is a typo here and there and the duplicating (in my copy at least) is not all it might be (tho the layout is). It might be improved by the addition of a few illos but it would take a better illustrator than Bob Shaw and a better medium than stencil to get them across.

These things are the only faults. Since in some future era when T.E.D. is published in a fabulous reprint edition, when there is a real genius capable of illustrating they could be easily rectified, they do not matter. T.E.D., in any way, is perfect.

So how I can take it further I don't see. I'm sorry if I've failed to dissect the plot, guess the brand of the ink, give the number of pages or tell the author what to do. In most cases I would do some of that. But with T.E.D. I can't.

It is the fannish philosophy, way of life, or mere hobby, summed up in well chosen symbolism with humour so well presented that you almost wish it were true.

I believe in some measure that it achieved its original purpose. It gave fandom a shot in the arm and helped to renew the enthusiasm of some fen who had been a little turgid in their activity. But although Walt might not think so I reckon it did a lot more.

It made clear what fandom should be; it was not hidebound. It didn't condemn everything but like the Quandry-Dyphen type zines it simply expressed fandom. And if fandom should collapse tomorrow there is still "The Enchanted Duplicator."

---

If you're really interested these are the people to blame....

## ==OUR CONTRIBUTORS==

21 year-old co-editor of BEM, the fanzine which MALCOLM ASINORTH shook fandom in May by printing a GOOD firstish.

Before churning out his own zine Mal's name could be found in the letter column of any fannag. Now charges union rates for even his income-tax forms. The county's leading popsie chaser, he writes: "I was born. Somewhat later I entered fandom. Recently I met Ron Bennett. I am now recuperating but my faith in human nature is irreparably shaken and I am thinking of emigrating to South America." What has South America done to you, Mal?YY. Is also a follower of the true prophet.

This prolific fanwriter was voted to the head of A.VINCENT CLARKE: the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund this year. Vinc has appeared in practically every fannag and has edited, amongst others, SCIENCE FANTASY NEWS, IMPHEN, NIRVANA and i. Association Editor of OMPA, he says he is "32 years old, insane, unmarried, slowly ceasing to read s-f, deep green all over, telepathic, intelligent, witty, modest," and that he "loves mixing truth and fiction. Hates work too." A pro-cum-faned.

the suckers who wrote this, continued...

The hard-working editor of ORION, a magazine which  
**PAUL ENEVER:** continues to break all the rules of Fandom by appearing regularly, on the eighth of every other month. End of plug. Paul is something of a mystery character in ignoring constant demands, requests, invocations, for a potted biography. Certainly the name on the contents page of Nebula 4 matches.

A new name in fanzine contributions. Actually **PLAY**  
**TONY FIELDS:** must admit that the name is a pseudonym. Our film review is a combined effort from two well-known(?)  
 fen. The clue to their respective identities is in the name, natch.

I might have expected it. I asked for a potted bio-  
**DONALD HARVEY:** graphy. I got the following facts in an ointment bottle: "(the odd pong is due to the bottle, which with my customary good taste, has not been washed). Born Huddersfield 18.11.34. Educated Hebden Bridge G.S., Calder High School, Castleford G.S., Bristol University. Hobbies: Jazz, jazz, jazz, cricket and giving gratis advice to all. Work: History, history, history. Attracted, nay dragged, to SF by an uncouth person of disreputable appearance!! Gee, tanks!! who is a bus-conductor. Legal action taken at the slightest offence!! He should talk!! Likes: putting heads in vices, screwing arms, bending fingers, gouging and money. Dislikes: Socalled 'progressive' jazz, pop tunes and bop; Also work and parting with money. Distinguishing features: Specs, bald patch, violent behavior, and a habit of forming horrible noises from anything remotely resembling a musical instrument." So now you know. Don did forget to mention his height, six foot, three!

A leading light in Fandom for some years on whom the  
**TERRY JEEVES:** truth is now revealed. He says: "I was born in Sheffield October 1st 1922. Attending school required number of years. Matriculated (NOT a dirty word) and began my working career!! as a steel analyst. Later volunteered for RAF and served 4 years in India, Ceylon, and the Cocos Islands. After the war went through Training College!! No comment!! got married, a mistake later rectified, and began teaching in March 1948. Took a first in Higher National Maths at evening school and an Art Teacher's Diploma the same way. Began reading S.F. at the age of 10 and got roped into Fandom after the war. Hobbies are S.F., radio, art and popsies." Terry has had an illo in Nebula, his soul professional appearance, whilst he recently won the FAS award for a bookmark design. Is one-third of TRIODE.

Born May 1934 but hardly looks his years. By occupation  
**BRIAN LEWIS:** is a shipwright apprentice at Chatham Dockyard. He also finds time for dancing, listening to Ted Heath, amateur dramatics, drawing, painting and "-er-oh yes! Science Fiction." His ambitions are "to break into pro-mag illustrating and eventually become a freelance commercial artist. Oh- and to get married!" Brian is another of our professionals in that some of his cartoons have appeared in the Vargo Statten Mag.

(continued..)



Three more contributors...

The twenty-one year old secretary of the Yorkshire  
**BEN MORENCY:** Wanderers Science Fiction Club, the group of bus-  
conductors who read the stuff. His contribution to  
**PLOY** is his first for a fanzine and was a direct result of his  
reading through a pile of fanmags I lent him, combined with a  
conversation in which the Mancon featured prominently. Says he  
hasn't the time to enter fandom seriously.

One of the country's youngest and most promising  
**KENNETH POTTER:** actifans. A leading light in the now-defunct Jun-  
ior Fanatics and editor of the J.F.'s mag **PERI**.  
Is at present engaged in putting out **BRENNSCHLUSS**. Poor kid, he  
doesn't even collect rejection slips--his first attempt was pub-  
lished in **Nebula**!

In order to cater for fantasy-lovers and -collectors,  
**JACK SMILLIE:** **PLOY** gave Jack a run. Jack is one of the genre's most  
thorough experts and writes a regular column on fan-  
tasy in **ORBIT**. Secretary of the Leeds S.F.A., Jack is married, with  
one young son. Aged 32, if you're interested; If not he's still 32.  
Diesel engine repairer.

so now you know who to gun for at that next con.

Every fanzine has a letter column so I suppose I'll have to buy some  
more stencils and get cracking....

## WREADERS RIOT

The following goodwill messages arrived just too late to catch our  
firstish:-

"From a neo-fanne to a neo-fan, best wishes for **PLOY**"--Joan W. Carr.

"I do hope you get lots of fun out of **PLOY** and make it a consid-  
erable success"--Eric Frank Russell.

"Good luck to you with your magazine"--Ray Bradbury.

The longest and most detailed letter is reprinted in full:-

"Very many thanks for the copy of **PLOY**, but before telling you what  
I think of it in detail, I have one general criticism. Don't you  
think that the very limited printing of your first issue will tend  
to hamper future sales? After all, very few fen will have heard of  
the 'zine. ~~XX~~ See your point, Terry, but in actual fact exactly the  
reverse occurred. Time and money were against me at the time, hence  
the small number of copies put out. Word got around. Result was a  
reasonably large mailing list for thish, even before I'd got to  
thinking about the thing-RonYY Now to detail. Cover. I thought this  
was terrific, but how on earth did you manage to get a Quinn illo,  
or is it traced from a mag? The second colour is well-used; pity



# THE LEEDS SCIENCE-FICTION FOUR MAG ASSOCIATION

Quarterly publication.

## ORBIT

GEORGE GIBSON, Little  
London, Aberford,  
Nr. Leeds.

Official Organ of the Leeds S.F.A.

Contains 'something for everybody'

Serious and humorous articles and  
stories connected with Stf or sci-  
fantasy are found in every issue.

1/-  
per  
copy,  
5/-  
for  
six

## PLOY

containing  
'the best  
from the  
best'. Very

irregular publication. one  
shilling a copy from RON BENNETT,  
at either his home address,  
"Ronhill," Little Preston Hall  
Road, Swillington, Nr. Leeds or  
his college residential address,  
"The Grange," Beckett Park,  
Leeds 6.  
BURP! OMPA's only crudline, also  
comes from the former address.

Bennett's title, Bradford's mag...

BEM's slant is towards humour and  
fannishness.

produced entirely independently on  
the club's dunders, at 9d a copy  
from:

TOM WHITE,  
3, Vine Street,  
Cutler Heights,  
Bradford, 4. and  
MAL ASHWORTH,  
40, Makin Street,  
Bradford, 4.

(Quarterly)

## BEM

the phocnix itself...

## THE NEW FUTURIAN

Quarterly. at 9d a copy, from J. MICHAEL ROSENBLUM at 7, Grosvenor Park  
Chapel Allerton, Leeds, 7... devoted to fantasy fiction.