

Smoke



No. 1,



JULY 1959.

Where there's SMOKE there's....

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Price 1/- (15p), but letters of comment, trades, material, artwork, or information on old s-f books preferred. Reviews appreciated.

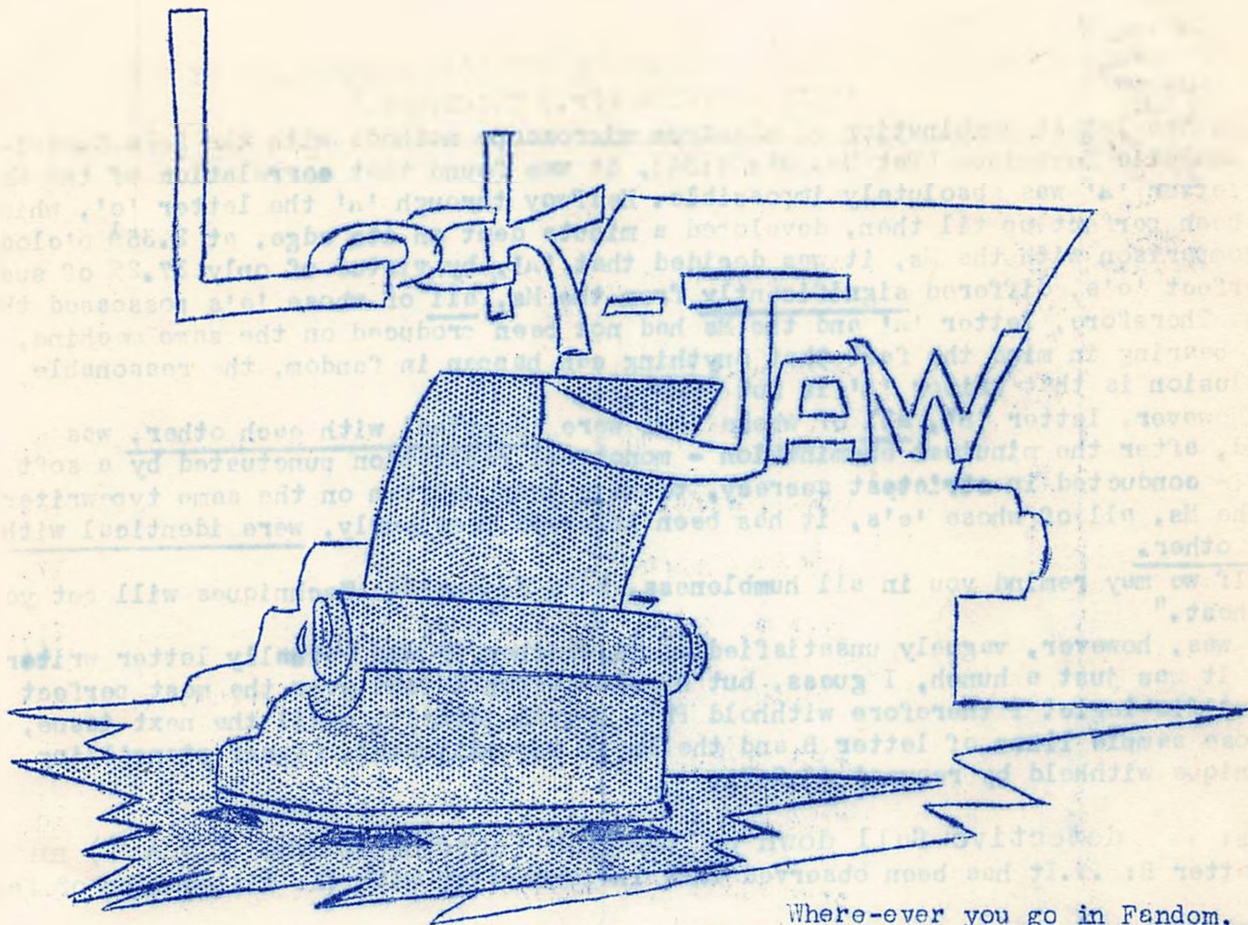
Material is urgently required, from both sides of the Atlantic and elsewhere. I would particularly like an American column. Fannish fiction, fannish articles, serious articles on s-f, articles on s-f collecting, convention reports, especially Detention. Artwork, especially cartoons.

Second issue out in October, tentatively

Guaranteed completely and absolutely unofficial.

FOR THE BEST PICKIT IN A BREWFLADE: FLOWERS.





George  
Locke

Where-ever you go in Fandom,  
you will always find a number of more or less  
philosophical controversies being discussed. Perennially:  
Should science-fiction and/or fandom have a definite  
Purpose? Current: Who are the truest fen - Fanzine or  
Convention fans? Some feel that fandom should take  
itself seriously, and others regard it as no more than

an excuse for a good old booze-up. With something like that wandering round the mind  
I picked up cheap in a jam jar whilst hunting for stencilling equipment in a junk  
shop off the York Road, I came to the conclusion that a new fanzine should not be a  
mere vehicle for a verbal booze-up, but should also add something to fandom. The  
first stencils I cut were those for The Old Mill Stream. And at once, my divine  
purpose evolved. The column was serious, adding to the extensive lore of biblio-  
criticism. A shame that 'she' should remain anonymous.

Eureka! What better purpose than to solve the mystery?

I had two prime suspects for the candidacy, and had actually received typewritten  
letters from both. So, when Sandy sent me a PF Ms., I rubbed my hands. I sent the Ms,  
after stencilling, to the Forensic Division of the Society of Fannish Research, known  
to all scholars as SoFa, together with the two suspect letters and a note: "To facil-  
itate your work, I can assert that neither of these fen are likely to have two typers."

And waited for the reply. It came, by truck, a week later. Tastefully carved in Old  
Roman face on old Roman marble, the roamin' heading read:



"AN ACCOUNT OF THE IDENTIFICATION OF PENELOPE FANDERCASTE BY THE  
'DEUX LETTRES' (Fr.) TECHNIQUE."

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"By the latest combination of electron microscope methods with the SoFa Cuddelsum Analytic Technique (Pat No. 35:24:34), it was found that correlation of the Ms and letter 'A' was absolutely impossible. Halfway through 'A' the letter 'e', which had been perfect up til then, developed a minute dent on its edge, at 2.35<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> o'clock. On comparison with the Ms, it was decided that 'A', by virtue of only 37.2% of such imperfect 'e's, differed significantly from the Ms, all of whose 'e's possessed the dent. Therefore, letter 'A' and the Ms had not been produced on the same machine, and, bearing in mind the fact that anything can happen in fandom, the reasonable conclusion is that writer 'A' is not Penelope.

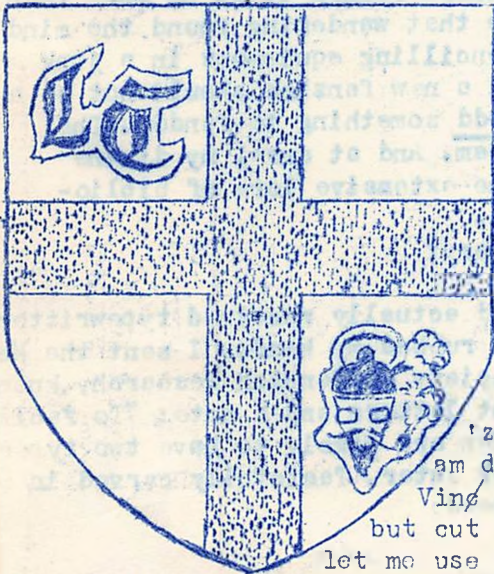
"However, letter 'B', all of whose 'e's were identical with each other, was found, after the minutest examination - monotonal recitation punctuated by a soft beat - conducted in strictest secrecy, to have been written on the same typewriter as the Ms, all of whose 'e's, it has been inferred previously, were identical with each other.

"If we may remind you in all humbleness, SoFa Scientific Techniques will get you furthest."

I was, however, vaguely unsatisfied as to whether PF was actually letter writer 'B'. It was just a hunch, I guess, but hunches often defeat even the most perfect scientific logic. I therefore withhold PF's proven identity until the next issue, and enclose sample lines of letter B and the Ms in the editorial. (Exact stencilling technique withheld by request of SoFa.)

Ms: ... detective fall down on the job (shades of the G.D.A.!) and  
Letter B: ...It has been observed that in connection with the dislocation of fan...

Please let me know whether you think they are identical. Also whether you think this shield of Ken Bulmer's is indeed of worthy design, the recording of which should be carried out by John Berry, as explained in his article. I am submitting it on Ken's behalf for that purpose, and as you see, it is a wonderful job. But there's a minute chance of refusal, for even the best of fan may err, and if so, I would like the backing of all fandom, if fandom deems it worthy, to persuade John to accept it. Thus true democracy. And may I add a plea that all fandom, and in particular, the clubs, submit designs for John's approval. Thank you.



I would like to thank here all those kind people who helped me. Those who wrote and did illos, especially John Berry and Jim Cawthorne, who'd never even heard of me, yet came with their best, Ken Bulmer, Bob Richardson (and Dorothy and Jim Rattigan, who transcribed Bob's taped report for me), Arthur Thomson. I hope you like Roger Rosier's piece. It'll be continued for the next two issues. Let me know what you think of it - and of the whole 'zine. I'll try and do better next time. Finally, I am deeply grateful to those stalwarts of Inchmerry, Joy Vine and Sandy, who not only supplied me with material, but cut endless headings and several illos for me, and let me use their duplicator, teaching me at the same time. Attribute the good pages to them, the bad ones to me.

George.



# HEN KNIGHTS WERE OLD :- AND TIRED.



BY HIKEN  
BULMER

BOBBIE WILDE: SANDRA HALL: BOB RICHARDSON: PETE TAYLOR:

ERIC JONES: TED TUBBS: PAMELA BULMER: BILL GRAY: ETC: ETC:



THE  
LONDON  
CIRCLE'S  
VISIT  
TO  
CHELTENHAM.  
WHITSUN 1959.

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Have you ever spent over a fortnight carefully planning and building various beautiful artifacts, to stand and watch cheerfully whilst they are bashed one against another until they are shattered? The mundane notion that all science fiction fans are slightly round the bend may not be strictly true - but when I own to doing not only that but of actually enjoying it and wishing there were more carefully constructed artifacts to shatter in mutual destruction - you may well believe the mundane world right.

Part one.

The London Circle descended on Cheltenham full of good cheer, spirits, grub and camaraderie. Whitsun, 1959, was spent in and around the Cheltenham clubroom and when it was all over the loudest calls were for another 'do' of a similar nature as soon as possible. Yes, the whole Elsie Horde safari was a fabulous success.

There were three main lines of advance. A scouting force of Bobbie Wild and Sandra Hall caught the milk-train down, were met by Bob Richardson and wandered around the rest of the time without seeming to care where their lost sleep had gone. The main body of Pete Taylor, Peter West, Mike Moorcock, George Locke, Ivor Mayne, Sandy Sandfield, Barry Bayley and Tikwiss Hall went down on the 9.5 from Paddington. Poker-dice, etc, occupied their journey. Apart from their own clobber they had two battleaxes and a couple of brass curtain rods. The rearguard set off with the liquor, the grub, the bulk of the weapons and the armour.

Jimmy Rattigan was around Ted Tubb's house early and was shocked when Ted stuck his head out the window, pyjama jacket still on, and mumbled: "Whassa time?"

This was a lowdown Tubb trick - he was dressed and shaved but felt that a little Rattigan stimulation might not come amiss.

They arrived at my place about half after eight and we set off just before nine. As various details are mentioned I'll give you their history; as of now, we'd been up till some ungodly hour of Saturday morning packing the car so as to secure this early start. Picking up Ella Parker and more grub on the way, we at last bowled out of London, headed down the A40, with little traffic and a bright morning. Seeing people already lying about the edges of the road picnicking, we said: "Fancy picnicking there!" in a lordly and contemptuous tone.

A short word as to the kitting up of Ted's car. The boot was crammed with food and liquor, and with armour, weapons and suitcases so that the lid section was open and strapped down. There was armour and so on stuffed in among the bods inside - or we were stuffed in among the armour. One item consisted of large shoulder pieces (with wings) and an enormous helmet - a casque, really - bolted to that, making up a complicated structure that looked like the unscrewed head and shoulders of Adam Link glaring at one. I sat with our friend draped over my legs. In the back, helmets were worn and passing motorists tended to give us a wide berth.

Bowling merrily along the broad highway, Ted became a trifle unhappy with the steering. We pulled into the kerb - puncture. Oh, well, such things happen. Then the fun was revealed to us - in stages, so we'd not hurt ourselves laughing too much all at once. The spare wheel was embedded like a clam in his shell in the



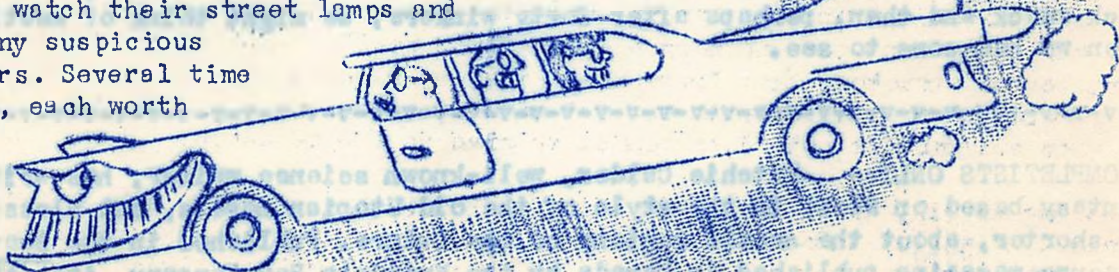
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boot lid. This was rammed down hard on the bumper because the lid was swung back. In order to pry the spare loose, the cover must be swung up the clear the bumper. One word sprang to all minds - 'Unload'. So - we unloaded. We spread the gear around on the grass and gradually lightened the load until the spare could be winkled out.

Thankfully, there were hydraulic fourwheel jacks. The car rose, the puncture came off - and then we learned that the spare must go on the front as it had a gaiter and wasn't tough enough to take the weight. So, a front wheel had to be removed and put on the back. The spare on the front. The puncture back on the clamshell boot - and then we could load up again. As we were doing all this, a large, shiny, finny Americantype car swept past and from it floated a loud and jeering laugh at our predicament. Our bent backs sagged even more. Then a little van pulled in and offered assistance, thus restoring our faith in humanity. We'd finished by then, true, but the thought was nice.

As we surveyed the armour, I remarked, in a lordly and contemptuous tone, "why are we picnicking here?" It comes to all, in their time, they say.

Having rewedged everything, including ourselves, aboard again, we set off once more, behind schedule, and slowed by the untrustworthy spare up front. The sun was still shining. We reached Gerrard's Cross. Here we found a garage. We went through the palaver of unloading to free the clamshell spare, and to replace all the wheels where they had been before. Jim was mumbling dire threats about his new hobby - the wheel hub had sprung off just before, in full flight, and, bounding like a jack rabbit across the road, had vanished in the hedge. Jim had darted out and collected it. As was said when he climbed back in: "Don't make a hubby of that, Jim." But he did.

At Gerrard's Cross, we had a wash, much needed, and wondered why people were looking at us askance. A newspaper item would have revealed the reason. Headed 'Light Fingers at Work' the cutting tells of police appealing to the people of Gerrard's Cross to watch their street lamps and report any suspicious characters. Several time switches, each worth





about £10, had been stolen. Apart from using it to regain lost time, we had no use for a time switch - but no wonder we were given the once over.

Setting off again, full of confidence in our tyres once more, Ted thrust the wagon along. Traffic lights up front. Quick stab on the brake. A satisfying screech of brakes from an American gangster film from the rear, then - wham! Now we'd been bashed up the bumper. Ted hopped out whilst we speculated how much armour had been dented and what had been smashed...

A horrible thought occurred to us all. The thought of golden pools of whisky trickling into the gutter...

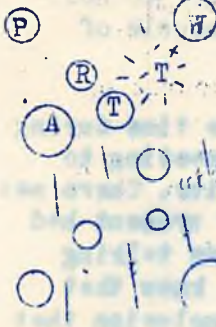
Wiping the sweat from our brows, we reassured ourselves on that. Ted had a few friendly Tubbish words with the bumping driver, and we set off yet again. Around this time thirst and hunger began to do their insidious business, and then High Wycombe stretched like an all-engulfing monster before us. A desultory consultation of the map convinced us that there was no valid bypass and so we pressed on. Negotiating High Wycombe consumed an hour or so jammed into the stinking carbon monoxide fug and then, waving limply at the golden ball atop the church over Hellfire Caves, we bowled on to the next stage of the adventure.

Skirting Oxford, we cracked up seventy or so, and then, mercifully travelling at a lower speed, the familiar puncture sensations once again bunged us into the kerb. We pulled off the road and - unloaded. Armour and swords scattered on the grass, we went through the wheel-changing drill. Jim went off to find a puncture mending geezer down the road, and returned with a tale of a three-hour wait. It was decided to chance it and press on on the gaitered spare. With everything once again reloaded we set off, only to have Jim darting about catching flying hub caps as they sprayed across the road. By this time our schedule had been shot and I remarked to Ella that, at anyrate, all con reports concern themselves mainly with the journey there and thus we were in the right tradition. We were hollow and famished by now, and then a garage hove up which would, with suitable greasing, mend the puncture so that we could travel fast again. Unload! We had the spare back in its clamshell, the back wheel on the front, the punctured wheel, mended, on the back, and we started once more. About this time we still thought we would make it in time, but this final emergency had made us irrevocably late. We began to talk despairingly of camping out and having our own joust - having all the liquor and grub aboard we couldn't have cared less. We resisted temptation in a remarkably noble fashion and thanks only to our self denial was the liquor brought through unscathed. A spare bottle of wine was cracked and we speculated what might happen if the road cops saw Ted driving along with a bottle upended at his lips. We were past caring, though. We were late. So we were late. The way we felt, Cheltenham would be lucky to see us at all. All we wanted was a wash and brush up at the hotel, a quick snack and then, perhaps after forty winks, we might think of meeting all the fen we had come to see.

-v-

FOR COMPLETISTS ONLY:- Ritchie Calder, well-known science writer, has written a 'fantasy based on fact' in the style of the old Utopian novels, but blessedly a lot shorter, about the Arctic regions of the future. Published in the Beaver, an obscure magazine published in Canada by the Hudson's Bay Company, it's the sort of thing some fool anthologist, making like Judith Merrill, will probably grab.





What actually happened happened through force majeure. Passing 130 London Road, Cheltenham, the CSFC Headquarters, we thought we'd have a quick look to see if anyone might be there. Jim and I nipped down the steps and hammered on the door, shouted and, as there was no reply, decided we'd better leave and carry on as planned to the hotel. Then the door opened and a group of London Circleites swept out, all furiously angry, shouting at us to keep quiet as the 'ceremony' was 'on'. We said rude words about the ceremony; but then, dazedly, decided we'd better change since we were here. The rest of our mob had gone down to the clubroom at 3 as arranged and we, naughty, naughty, were late. So, see us stagger in. Ted, Jim and I were kitted out as knights, with helmets, armour, swords, shields, and nightgowns and cloaks. Ella was togged up with a long train. Pamela in a bright blue gown and a tall, brilliant hat that kept swinging in wide arcs. As you can imagine, we were hot, dusty, tired, hungry - and thirsty.

The Cheltenham basement is damp. They have to have huge fires blazing all the time. It was a hot, sunshiny day. And, to cap it all, there were hundreds of those filthy joss sticks, incense-burning things, scattered everywhere. Ted likes these. No one else did.

We had to stand up against the wall - thank Ghu there was a wall! - and some part of the ceremony was re-enacted. I have very vague memories of this section - Pamela nearly fainted, the room was going round Jim and I nearly passed out - but after a turn-up in an inner room that I won't mention because it may happen to you lot one day, Ted and Sandra were initiated. The CSFC gave Ted to drink what was obvious to all of us water. He parried the questions as to whether it had warmed him or not, and then Eric Jones, in mock anger, said that he'd failed and told him to get out. Ted strode for the exit. Seeing the chairman of the Elsie Horde being thus contemptuously dismissed, I struggled to my feet in my nightgown, with my shield and sword wrapped about me and my helmet at a drunken angle, and said: "If he goes then we all go!" and started out. Only then did the suddenly serious aspect of this strike me. I had an apocalyptic vision of the battling starting right there and then. But Eric showed savvy and said that there had been a mistake and 'Come back, all is forgiven', and amid a mutter from the LC Ted went back and was duly made Sir Edward. Only then, blessedly, could we get the gear off and get back to the hotel.

The Belle Vue is a nice hotel and the manager was a personal friend of Eric's. When we reached the clubroom again Bob Richardson unfortunately had gone. This was bad. I know he is writing a report to go along with this so I'll confine myself to the LC side, with the proviso that the Cheltenham group really put on a fine time and we all meshed well. We were ONE group, not two, during Whitsun. Margaret Jones, Audrey Eversfield and Pamela got cracking on the grub. Sandra had bought most of this, the ham, beef, chicken and so on, and Ella had bought the bread, tea, sugar, etc. My only real complaint about the whole affair was that Pamela spent too much time working in the kitchen, and these chores will have to be distributed more fairly in the future. But all in all everyone mucked in as they saw fit and, I am thankful to report, there were no ugly incidents as have marred other conventions.

Ivor, however, managed to slice the carving knife into his thumb instead of a



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roll, but Frank Herbert turned up trumps and whipped the wounded hero off to hospital with Margaret acting as Florrie Nightingale. He came back with a couple of stitches and seemed none the worse.

BSFA Committee members Archie Mercer and Doc Weir were there and some time during the evening Doc called what everyone present agreed to as an official meeting to discuss a) Ken Slater's proposals for Eurofan, and b) next year's consite. There was some conversation on the first point, but when I asked how many people present had received Ken's leaflet, to be told that only a handful knew what we were talking about, and when it transpired that there were only about 4 present who knew that such a thing as Berry to Detroit existed, I reluctantly came to the conclusion that that the meeting was not competent to discuss this project. But we did, anyhow. On the question of next year's consite, a good deal of discussion may result in the fan press, so I will content myself with repeating a proposition I made and which was carried. The London Circle offers to run the next national Con at Whitsun 1960, in London, in conjunction with the BSFA, the BSFA to make up any difference in entrance fees for BSFA members, and the London Circle and the BSFA to split both profits and losses 50-50, the London Circle having complete authority in every phase of running the Con.

The BSFA committee, all present, agreed to this and no doubt by the time you read this the LC will have ratified the motion.

Then followed an evening of roistering, punctuated by the first fight.

First, though, a few notes on the armour. Ted had challenged the CSFC and Bob had replied with a letter giving details of weapons, etc. We decided that we had to have armour if we were to be struck by swords.

We had thusly prowled around Gamage's and other stores, trying buckets on our heads and holding up wire mesh strainers before our faces. We attracted odd looks. When two men dressed in sober business suits stop a car, step out, paw through a refuse dump in High Holborn and then solemnly place cardboard containers on their heads I think it fair to say that the LC is lucky to still have them around - free. So it was that Ted and I made armour from hardboard, pegboard and thick lino. This simple statement covers over a fortnight's solid work, bending pegboard, designing, cutting, fitting, bolting, etc. We had a magnificent lorica and tasses (I think they might have been) with a couple of helmets - casques - with eyeholes from the pegboard. We had a corselet and arm pieces. We had three shields, eight swords and two axes.

When we discovered there were no crusading Red Crosses on our nightgowns Ted was persuaded by Jim that he could fix one on in no time with his red holed-paper and my Copydex. So Jim laid the white parachute silk provided by Sandra on the floor, slapped copydex on, then the red cross. Only when it came time for Ted to try the rig on did they realise that the red cross, the front, the two middle pieces and the back of the surcoat were now stuck together in one solid mass. Ted carried an interesting copydex cross on his back throughout the weekend, and a close observer could see that it exactly matched the red cross on the front. They finally got the constricted surcoat unstuck...

Pete Taylor and Ted dressed up and went at it, hammer and bash, on the grass outside. Decent promenaders of Cheltenham Spa paused to watch. No one thought of taking a silver collection. We were all too busy dodging the wild swinging blows. The axes we had always assumed as being too heavy to use. Ted had bashed me in the



armour; but lightly. Now Ted hit Pete and his sword shattered. He immediately drew another and charged on. The armoured giants battled and swayed across the green, tangling in bushes, smashing weapons, hitting and being hit. It was magnifique. This was the stuff of fantasy, straight from Unknown.

Certainly, the blows were solid enough, as witness that the too-heavy axe we had brought merely for show had one blade smashed off. The armour stood up to its work wonderfully, except that a hole was punctured in the blue helmet just on the cheekbone. When a number of weapons had been smashed and the fighters were wet and breathless, we retreated indoors. Somebody had thrust Bob Richardson's beautifully made wooden axe into one of the fighter's hands and this, too, was unfortunately broken. There were very few weapons left.

Then Bob Richardson returned and nothing would satisfy him and Ted but that they should have a bash. Had Cheltenham had to rely on their own armour in the fighting they would have been murdered; as it was we lent Bob the big blue helmet and lorica. And the titanic battle began again. Bob had his own beautifully chased metal shield, but this was a trifle on the small side and an early axe blow dented in the edge and numbed Bob's arm so that he couldn't grip the shield for some time. We lent him our metal shield (with LC and the cross on it) and Ted was still using his own hardboard shield. Bushes were trampled down, spectators scattered, plumes severed, and the combatants were now really putting some beef into their blows. Ted, being tall, took most of the blows on his shield; Bob got most on his helmet and breast. Ted's shield eventually split right down to his arm and he suffered grazed knuckles.

Have you ever seen that trick in fencing where one swordsman disarms his opponent? Well, in the first flurry of crossed swords (when the axes had been smashed) Bob's sword rose sweetly into the air, turned over and over, and he stood there, disarmed. It was very neat - but Ted didn't know that it had happened. Vision tended to be a little restricted in the casques.

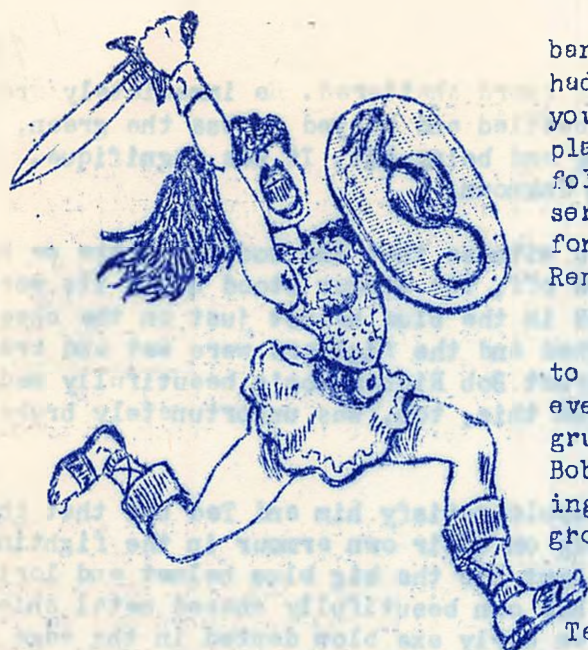
Robert E. Howard's Conan must have looked on approvingly as the blades flashed and glittered in the sun; with what emotions the citizens of Cheltenham looked on I dare not say.

Then Ted thrust with his sword, the point struck the lorica past Bob's shield, glissaded off and went smartly into his biceps. Ted was restrained and Bob stood there; slowly he buckled at the knees, the great casque bent and for all the world he looked like the Stricken Knight.

But he recovered and only when all weapons had been finally wrecked was the day of battle over. For sf and fantasy fen this sort of gentle exercise is quite suitable; just as much as is jazz and chess and the other intellectual pursuits from time to time taken up by them.

The clubroom had to close at midnight, and the landlord and landlady arose just before. Eric turned on the charm, and pretty soon they were inviting us all up to their house above. The clubroom was cleared up by a volunteer group before we left, and then we ascended, too. This was where Doc Weir began telling Ivor and George about Meropis and I bent an ear to listen but was past it. All I wanted was bed. We staggered back to the hotel and then congregated in room 22 for a poker session which I did not join but kibitzed. Drink flowed, the noise was restrained, and





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banter was passed back and forth. Peter West had ideas that varied from those of Ted on how you play poker. Barry Beyley said he'd not played before and went on to win. Ah, well. The following morning in the breakfast room we were served by a Polish waiter who had to be asked for everything to be brought to the table. Remember this.

The keys of the clubroom had been entrusted to me and we intended to turn up before 2, when everyone had been told to arrive, and prepare grub. Jim, Ted, Pamela and I went out to see Bob. Having walked into Ted's room that morning and seen a grey-faced corpse lying there groaning, we were all worried about Bob. Not that we'd all seen Ted; but you get the idea. So we rode out to Bishop's Cleeve in Ted's car and, after cruising about and finding the wrong address, we discovered Bob living in a charming modern house most tastefully decorated. The highlight of this little gathering was hearing a tape Bob had made which related the experiences of such great regiments as the Cotswold Dragoons, the London Rifles, Shorrocks' Horse and the Birmingham and Sheffield Field Artillery at work fighting Yngvi, the mad mullah, on the North West Frontier. This was truly great stuff and Bob is a great find in the fan fiction field.

Persuading Bob's wife that we desperately needed him in the afternoon, we left, returning to the clubroom to organise grub. Mike and Tikki went out foraging, returning in triumph with baked beans, spuds and bread. In the meantime Eric and Margaret turned up with more provisions. Another gargantuan meal was cooked up and the bods rolled in. Sharp on 3.15 Eric turned up with the coach and we went off to the secret rendezvous which Pete Taylor, through prior inhabitation of this corner of England, knew, to the consternation of Les Childs, was Bourton on the Water. I made a weak crack about Burton and Water but was howled down. Sandy was making sweet music with a comb and paper and this was the best I've heard him play; when I told him this he didn't know whether it was a compliment or an insult. Fact is, I enjoyed it.

The day was brilliant with sunshine although in London I hear it was dull and cold. The Witches' Exhibition was filled with gruesome relics of men's ignorance and folly and we spent some time afterwards discussing the pros and cons of witchcraft. The torture exhibits made one sort of ashamed to be a member of Homo Saps. One display of the Tanst mob with a wax model of a nubile girl spreadeagled with only a strip of scarlet cloth for covering drew a certain amount of technical interest. Apparently the young lady's abdomen was used as an altar in some form of fertility rite. We began a serious





discussion of adapting some of this for future LC gatherings...

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The general impression of this Witches' show was that it was high time the cleansing winds of science wafted through people's minds and a thorough sifting of evidence take place. If a modern surgeon can stop a man's heart, bypass it and substitute a machine, can cut up his brain and heal him and tell you what he has done, why, and how, then a bit of filthy skin and bone hung on a doorstep or the intestines of a rat used as a neckerchief might conceivably be used also - but you never hear of genuine, authenticated results. A spot of applied psychology, some herbal remedies, a whole bucketful of mumbo jumbo to impress the peasants, and: 'Oh no, you shouldn't do this, it's much too dangerous' seems to be the stock in trade. Dangerous to who - the con boys taking the graft?

After this, a stop was made at a pub, but we had to rush back to enable Doo Weir to return to school. The evening festivities then began. There was some grub left over after this the final feast - throughout the weekend there had been ample food and liquor for all, fortified by the CSFC punch - and this was auctioned off by Ted. Now, Ted hasn't been on good form in the auction ring over the past few years. This time he hit and surpassed the peaks he achieved at the Royal cons. It was nothing less than superb. This was one auction Bloch that was truly superb. Useless to try to capture the golden words, the flow of repartee - the obvious pickled onions and witchcraft eyes, the bonus additions of a piece of cheese, the offer of a bottle of onions to kill the vinegar smell of sauce, etc, etc, etc. Truly a fine fannish performance.

Then I poured a libation to the gods and followed Ted's example in catching everyone with a full glass and ordering a toast to the CSFC by calling for a toast to all of fandom. I then called on Sandra to present the small offering to the CSFC in token of our appreciation. Added to the bottle fund and the auction proceeds, we felt that we'd seen the CSFC right for all their outlay and their good fellowship. Ted explained that this offering came from two LC members who had paid for goods and refused to accept the cash. The spirit of amity was remarkable throughout, and the whole affair was like an enormous room party, with food and drink laid on, where you could buttonhole an individual and have a good ear-batting session and yet know you were one with the larger group. It was as good an example of a Gestalt as I've seen, and this showed up particularly well in the last evening and during the auction. This was the true stuff of which fandom is made.

The mob then went off at Bill Gray's kind invitation to carry on at his place. Audrey, Pamela, Eric and I stayed to set the place to rights. Cleaning and sweeping and setting the chairs ready for the next meeting gave me some idea of what a real clubroom for the LC would be like, and this idea had got over to the rest of the LC safari. Haven't said a great deal on the CSFC clubroom here; Eric has covered the formation of the club, etc, in Vector and no doubt will give a run down on the rooms. They have a wall for signatures, similar to the one started at Tresco at the beginning of 1955; but this one is giant-sized, with running cartoon fights and comments over the wall, which Bob paints in afterwards permanently.

At Bill Gray's place we lay about drinking and talking and then walked back to the hotel in dribs and drabs. We had to pry Ted away from a rifle shop's window; smashing display, but a little out of chronological order. Back in room 22 began the last and greatest session. Poker languished and died, the drink was still



flowing. What to do?

14  
Directly below the room (Mike Moorcock's and Pete Taylor's) was the room of Sandra and Bobbie. Although Pamela was Morgan le Fay, the two damsels below were witchlike enough for the lads, at that hour of the morning, to try a few experiments consisting of a rope of sheets, ties and so on, dangling a bunch of keys, to tap, tap, tap at the window. This they did, with a row of bottoms upended over the windowsill and much bad language as various happy fen nearly fell out. Nothing resulted. This annoyed the lads. From later knowledge we know that the girls had firmly decided not to react; but in fact they did. When there was a procession down the stairs to their door, howling, Bobbie was standing behind the door with sword and shield at the ready. These were useful adjuncts to her Amazonian costume.

Ted suggested that we scratch on the door to scare them (from the witches' exhibish), but that we'd better knock first so that they'd know what was going on. So, very quietly, we were saying 'Let's scratch on the door' and hammered away to let them know we were scratching.

Pete Taylor, with orders to creep in and grasp Bobbie's foot in bed, caught a single glimpse of an upraised sword silhouetted against the window - dawn was yawning - and incontinently, we all fled upstairs. The night porter was in room 22, well stewed, and the succession of forays up and down the stairs didn't seem to bother him. Then the phone was jolted on its bracket outside the door.

Up the stairs we all fled. Creeping down once more, the night porter was heard in converse with the manager, who had been aroused by a mere four complaints, plus the flashing phone we had dislodged. I nipped back and spread the word, telling Ted that the manager was about and that I was off. I left Ted just outside his own door. Foo!! I should have known the Tubb better than that.

He and Barrington Bayley - who was playing his recorder and sending long ululating wails echoing throughout the hotel - were now outside the girl's door. Ted was on hands and knees, howling, clawing at the door. The sounds were most edifying. Then, possessed by some strange and compelling force, Ted turned his head.

The manager said: "Are you completely insane?"

Barry hung his head. Ted drew himself up to his full height and said: "Non comprenez Inglese," and turning to Barry, went through the motions that although he might not be able to speak English, he felt that this strange man wanted them to go to bed. They shambled off.

As I said earlier, the manager was Eric's friend.

Had the drama been allowed to continue another five seconds, the manager might have been further edified by the sight of a young lady bursting from her room, shrieking, and wielding a sword and shield with murderous fury.

Sandra and Bobbie weren't really on speaking terms with the menfolk that morning.

Paying the bill, Ted was informed by the manager that he was disgusted by the noises at night. Ted said we were disgusted with the service offered by the breakfast waiter, and the two ended up hearts and flowers. Well, more or less.







## ROOKIE ROCKET

ROGE

## FOR THE VERY YOUNG

HELLO KIDDIES! THIS IS AN HYSTERICAL MOMENT. THE COUNT DOWN FOR THE FIRST MANNED FLIGHT INTO SPACE IS TAKING PLACE IN THE DIMLIT CONTROL ROOM AT 'CAPE MISFIRE'. ALL IS TENSE AND QUIET EXCEPT FOR

TEN  
NINE  
EIGHT  
SEVEN  
SIX  
FIVE  
FOUR  
THREE  
TWO

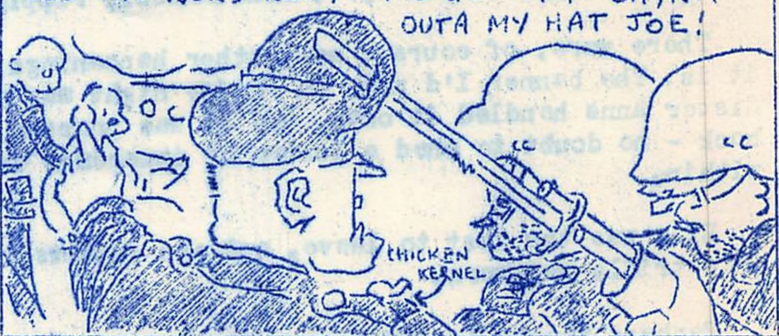


FACE!  
I'VE  
GOT MY  
PATIENCE  
OUT

GET THAT CIGAR OFF THE TERRA, DOPE, OR LAUDRYTON AINT GONNA GIVE ANOTHER RED CENT TOWARDS THE POKER RESEARCH FUND



GET THAT GUY MEN! SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITY\* HE USED THE WORD RED! AND GET THAT BAYNIT OUTA MY HAT JOE!



CHICKEN  
KERNEL

KEEPBACK! NO BUDDIZ GONNA SEND ME T' THE PEN T'RITE T.V. BLURBS FER GENEVA CON TABLES!



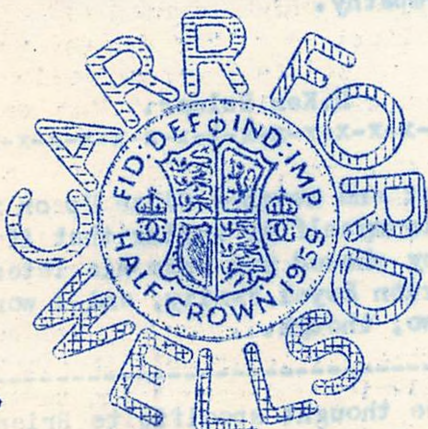
KLUNK

A BURST OF SMALL ARMS FIRE. A STRAY BULLET HITS THE ON/OFF SWITCH



AND OUR KIDDIES TALE IS ORF WITH A BANG!

STAY TUNED FOR THE COMMERCIAL FOLKS!

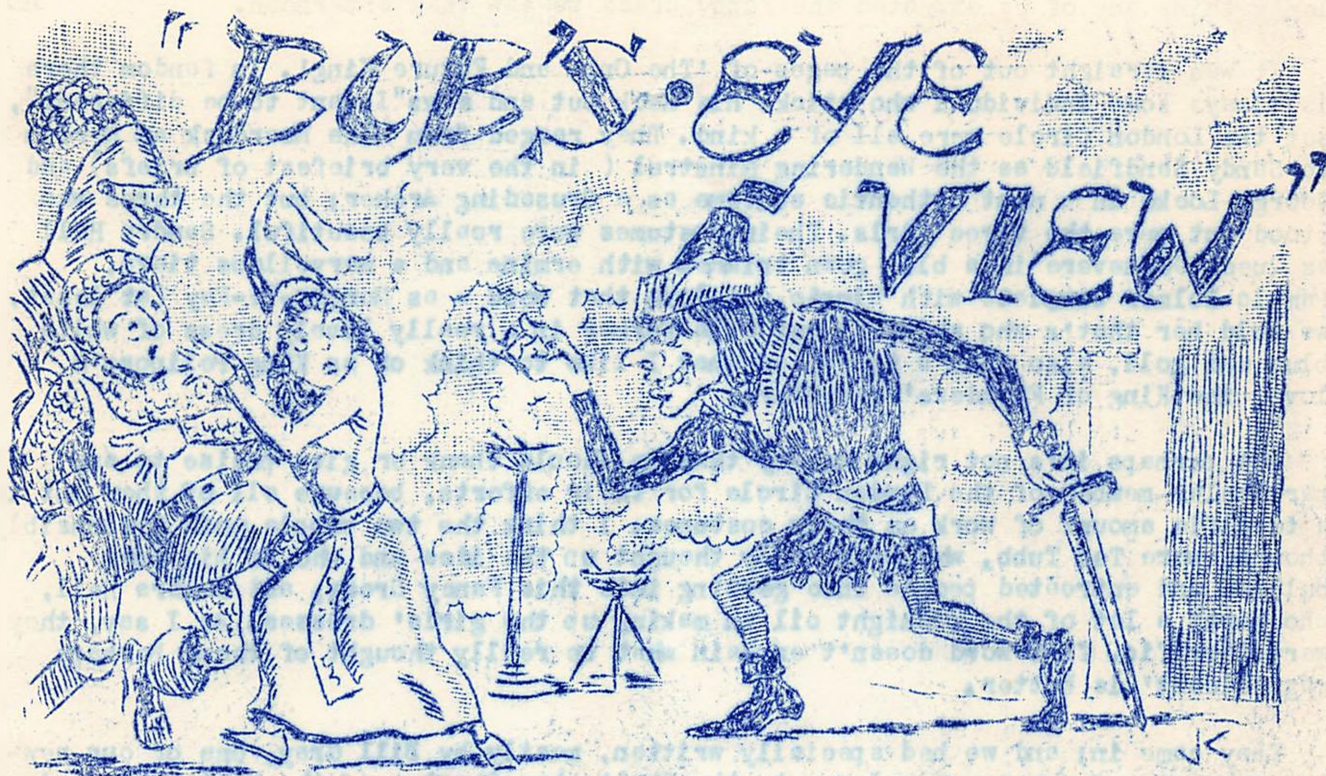


RON BENNETT  
7 Southway  
Arthurs Ave.  
Harrogate.

BOB MADLE  
3608, Caroline St,  
Indianapolis,  
Indiana.







by Bob Richardson

If I was asked to put my impression of this week-end into one word I think the only word I could use is 'WOW'. It was a terrific week-end! Perhaps I had better start from the beginning and say that it started for me at ten minutes past five a.m. on Saturday when Bobbie Wild and Sandra Hall rolled up at the house to have breakfast with me. Well, we had breakfast and then listened to some most interesting semi-pornographic records until 11 o'clock. Then I took them into town to the Belle Vue Hotel, saw them settled in and directed my footsteps towards 130 London Road, the St. Fanthony Shrine and the Cheltenham club rooms. That was the last I saw of the London Circle until they burst in - and burst is the word - with an impact which stunned all of us, because I think we Cheltonians rather thought we had the edge on this ceremony and fancy dress business. I suppose I had better start from the beginning of that as well.

THE LOCO-  
MICRO-  
CON. 1959.  
WHITSUN  
CHELTENHAM

The London Circle first shocked Cheltenham Town by proceeding from the hotel to the club rooms - a ten minute walk - in fancy dress and make-up. They were met at the basement door by our Herald, John Humphries, who escorted them to the door of the main club room, where he was then challenged by the Grand-Master and the Inner Guard, played by Keith Freeman. The door was opened and in they came. Now, it seems to be the general rule throughout fandom that when one says we will commence with such-and-such a thing at such-and-such a time, it invariably starts half-an-hour late. It was largely due to Sandra Hall's bullying and entreating that the London Circle arrived spot on at 3 o'clock. So much so that I was literally caught with my pants down. Anyway, I managed to scramble into the rig and we all got set in time to greet the London Circle. We knew they were coming in fancy dress, but I



don't think any of us expected the fancy dress we saw that afternoon.

It was straight out of the pages of 'The Once and Future King'. In fandom there is always some individual who sticks his neck out and says "I want to be different", but the London Circle were all of a kind. They ranged from Mike Moorcock as Merlin to Sandy Sandfield as the Wandering Minstrel (in the very briefest of briefs) and George Locke in a most authentic costume as a Crusading Archer; but the three who stood out were the three girls. Their costumes were really beautiful. Sandra Hall as Queen Guinevere in a blue gown trimmed with ermine and a marvellous tiara, Pamela Bulmer complete with Wimple - I love that word - as Morgan-le-Fay (at least, we told her that's who she was) and Ella Parker in a really lovely dress of white, blue and gold, also with a tiara, as what I like to think of as King Pelinore's love, the King of Flanders' daughter.

But perhaps it's not right to say that we should thank or give praise to any particular member of the London Circle for their efforts, because all of them put in a terrific amount of work on their costumes. I think the two people most responsible, though, were Ted Tubb, who originally thought up the idea and who in his turn bullied and entreated people into getting into this Fancy Dress, and Sandra Hall, who burnt a lot of the midnight oil in making up the girls' dresses. As I say, they were terrific. That word doesn't explain what we really thought of them. Perhaps 'magnificent' is better.

They came in; and we had specially written, mostly by Bill Gray, one of our newer members, a Ceremony of Welcome to the Cheltenham Chapter of the Most Noble and Illustrious Order of St. Panthony. The London Circle members were duly sworn in and they then proceeded one at a time to visit St. Panthony's Shrine, which was presided over by Bill Gray in a really astounding costume rather resembling Richard III. His make-up, though, surpassed his costume. He really looked like Richard III! I hope he didn't frighten too many people. They left the shrine by another door - we have more than one in our Clubroom, fortunately - and waited outside for the initiation into the Knighthood of the Order of two of the members.

Unfortunately Ted Tubb's car had had inflicted on it three punctures. (I wonder if that was deliberately done by disgruntled fen who hadn't been invited to our Whitsundo.) However, Ted and his companions soon got into fancy dress in our spare room, and we repeated the welcoming ceremony for them, and allowed them to visit the Shrine, before proceeding with the ceremony of Knighthood.

I think at this point I should say a word about Ted, Ken and Jim's rig. The three chaps were dressed very much alike, a mixture of Crusader and Arthurian Knights. Ken had a very interesting shield. Besides having built into the back of it a place to hold his cigarettes, he also had near the bottom a small compartment with a penny inside covered by glass. This he informed me was for 'maidens in distress'. Unfortunately, he was unable to assist any distressed damsel as our toilet does not require a penny! But their dress - it's marvellous what you can do with some silver paint, harboard, cardboard. And hardwork!

Ted was then initiated as a Knight of St. Panthony and Sandra Hall as a Lady of St. Panthony. That concluded the ceremonial part of it, and Ted, assisted by willing helpers, then went out to the car and brought in some interesting bottles of liquor and the victuals. It's been a long time since I last saw a table laden as it was



that day. Some returned to the hotel to get out of their costumes, but not before we had had a chance to examine them in detail. Barry Bayley was very tastefully dressed - I am not sure what as - but what I like about Barry was his recorder - not tape recorder, but the musical instrument which he played rather well. Ivor Mayne was dressed up as a foot soldier of that period. Archie Mercer was, I'm afraid, only a serf. He was dressed in sheepskin jacket with Saxon-type bound legs, and went around informing everyone that he had the Plague, the Black Death, etc. Quite a number of people not wishing to catch the Etc. kept clear of Archie for a while. Doc Weir was dressed up as a Barbarian, wearing a fur cap with a Mongol-Chinese type jacket.

After a short while, those who had gone to the hotel came back and we settled into the Loco-Micro-Con proper. I unfortunately had to leave because that weekend we were entertaining my in-laws and I am nothing if not diplomatic! But I returned again in the evening and was informed by all and sundry I should have been there as I had missed this and that. Therefore I called over a couple of individuals to fill me in. Well, I missed all the jousting for a start. It was organised by Ted Tubb and on looking at the litter of broken weapons around the clubroom I must have missed quite a bit. But the most important thing I missed was a discussion held between our mob and the London mob about the LC's proposal to submit to the BSFA their wish to hold the National Convention in London next year.

As Pamela Bulmer said, quite a number of people in fandom regard the 15th World S-F Convention 1957 as the London Con, when in fact it wasn't, and it has been quite a number of years since a Con was held in London. And as Ella Parker mentioned early on, the London Circle has been regarded, rightly or wrongly, as the Black Sheep of Fandom. I look on that as the London Circle of the past; this 'new Circle' that we have seen, although containing essentially the same people as before plus a few very lively new members, are organised, they are under a strong chairman, and they have an excellent secretary who has shown that she is willing and capable of carrying out duties other than secretarial. The way they entered into the spirit of this weekend shows to me, at any rate, that the LC is a completely new organisation - although it's got old members they've new ideas, and they've big ideas! I hope they will go through with their proposal to try and hold the next Con and I for one will certainly be there. It will be quite a pleasure to attend without the worry of getting things organised.

Ted Tubb then took me away to show me the magnificent double set of jousting armour he had brought up and, with a few words here and there, before I knew it I was being dressed in it by Ken Bulmer. Ted and I went out on the lawn and jousted. Well, I must admit that Ted wields a very nifty and heavy weapon and after a while I'm afraid I had to retire with a slightly damaged left arm. We still have the evidence in the clubroom to show how strong Ted's blow is because I used a steel shield - not a made-up one - an actual steel shield and Ted used a wooden battle axe, and the shield is dented on the edge. We are going to keep that as a memento. Anyway, the arm was rather painful at the time, but I had an administering angel who massaged it for me, bless her, and roundabout 11 p.m. I thought that as I had come along on the bike I had better return home before the arm got too stiff to use - not being experienced enough to ride with one hand up hills. That was the end of the evening for me and unfortunately I missed quite a lot of what was going on because I understand that there was much quaffing of liquor, high jinks, and dancing.





On the Sunday morning I was very pleasantly surprised to see Ken and Pamela Bulmer, Ted, and Jim Rattigan come to the house to enquire after my health. I was happy to inform them that the arm wasn't too bad so they came in and had a cup of tea, listened to a tape, before returning to town. I followed not long afterwards, because we in Cheltenham had organised a mystery coach tour out to Bourton-on-the-Water. The attraction there besides the Model Village was a Witchcraft Exhibition. I think everybody enjoyed that - in fact four fans were in there an hour and a half where it only takes you five minutes to walk round, so they evidently wanted to study the thing. I had rather a nasty shock in there. There was a wishing mirror you were told to gaze into, and so on, and when I gazed, I beheld Ella Parker's face - bless her. But not to worry! We went outside, had tea, and before we knew it, it was time to return to the coach and we never did get to see the Model Village. From there we proceeded to the Frog Mill Inn where we had a few jugs of wallop and a few of us got into a nice little argument about Witchcraft. We had to hurry away though because Doc Weir had to return to College where he teaches - they are truly Barbarian in as much as they commence teaching on Whit Monday. Ugh!

Again I had to return home so I missed the goings-on, both at the clubrooms and at the hotel - it needs somebody else to tell that story. I returned early on Sunday morning to see off a few members, making that about the total of my recollections of the weekend.

Before I finish, however, I would like to make a special mention of Bobbie Wild's fancy dress. She came dressed as an Amazon, and that gave us a full opportunity to notice, many of us for the first time, that Bobbie has very nice legs. She's far too often in slacks and it was a pleasure to see Bobbie dressed as she was, and we all hope to see her in some sort of fancy dress again. She has nice legs and should show them.

Well, to sum it up, I would say that the Con from the London viewpoint was a success, all that they had hoped it would be. From the Cheltenham viewpoint, this Con - I will call it a Con. I don't see why we shouldn't as, after all, we had as many people in our clubroom at one time as we had at the George Hotel, Kettering, in 1957 - was more than we had hoped it would be, and we are all the happier for that. The work, the money spent and the effort put in by these members of the London Circle - well, I think somebody else should write about that as I am incapable of expressing exactly how I feel about it. But to me the important thing was that the LC entered so whole-heartedly into the spirit of the weekend. Nothing was too much trouble for them, there was nothing they wouldn't do if asked. They made this weekend a complete success and we Cheltonians are proud to have contributed, although in a smaller way, to the Con. We hope we will see the London Circle up here again. We established bonds of friendship which will be maintained for a very long time, I think. This new London Circle is going to be a force to be reckoned with in Fandom, and I think that's all to the good.



-----Bob Richardson.



# FANZINE

## REVIEWS

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ABAS 11. Boyd Raeburn. 9 Glenvalley Drive,  
Toronto 9, Canada. 25¢. After his editorial, Boyd  
leads off with a Solacon report which is funny,  
fascinating and downright fennish. From a personal  
point of view I would have liked a bit more gen on

the beats and Ferlinghetti's bookshop, but apart from this, the report is great, and the Rotsler cartoons are no drawback, either. Then, after three pages of Derogations and a short thing from DAG, there's an intelligent but somewhat biting article by Walt Willis on the differences between fanzine fans (who are sensitive and intelligent) and convention fans (who are loudmouthed exhibitionists). The writing in this is a joy, but somehow I don't think I can accept Walt's conclusions. Still, Madle was at least as unreasonable and not nearly so literate or entertaining. After Walt, we get extracts from the epistles of one Rich Kirs, who goes on about various things, chiefly Rich Kirs. I don't agree that 'On the Road' is a lousy book. Most of the layabouts I know over here ARE interesting and amusing. Then there's a satire by Bob Leman, which naturally is good, and another by Bob Tucker, likewise. There's an article on John Lewis by Ted White which I found especially interesting. It's a pity that other fanzine articles on jazz aren't so well written and critically alive, although possibly I only feel this because I agree with nearly all of what Ted says. In case you haven't already decided that you must get ABAS there are also 12 pages of letters. This fanzine is an everlovin' rave.

OOPSLA 26 & 27. Gregg Calkins. 1484 East 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah.  
Mailed together. 15¢.

Parts 4 and 8 (!) of Ron Bennett's COLONIAL EXCURSION are featured in these two, and this is as fascinating as usual. Harry Warner contributes some good, really interesting fanzine criticisms, as opposed to reviews such as I'm grinding out now. There's a Berryarn and a column by Walt Willis, which, like all Willis, is a joy to read. Personally I get quite a few of the current prozines but I never feel that I want to read them, to the exclusion of anything else which I have on hand to read, so they usually just don't get read. There's a very funny article by BT, and a very serious article by DAG. Sorry, Dean, but I'm just not interested in future firearm developments. Seven pages of letters round out the two issues. I think a contents page would have been a help to find one's way around the zine, but it remains definitely a 'must'.

ORION 22. Ella Parker. 151 Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, London, N.W.6. 1/-.

Two articles by Ken Bulmer, one on the London Circle and one on some of the fen he met in New York, conreports by Brian Jordan and yours truly, a Berry Sergeant story, fanzine reviews, and illos, chiefly by Atom. Plus a twelve page letter supplement. Orion has some very good material, well presented.

PLOY 14. Ron Bennett. 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorks, England.  
1/9.

Bob Tucker appreciation issue, with, not surprisingly, two articles by BT, one dealing with a new series of fannish stamps and the other, much funnier, with the screwball letters he got when Bantam published THE MAN FROM TOMORROW. Bob Bloch has a serious appreciation of Tucker's abilities as a writer. I'm not sure that I go along with this very far, and certainly think Tucker doesn't compare with Graham Greene. Gregg Calkins has an article about some of his brushes with Tucker, and Bob

Coulson tries to persuade us that Tucker doesn't

by IVOR V. MAYNE



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exist, anyway. There's Part 7 of Ron's COLONIAL EXCURSION, which deals with his meeting with Tucker in the States. Also in this issue Ron manages to get two columns (by Sandy Sanderson and Phoenix) and 11 pages of letters. This issue of PLOY is definitely a good thing.

SLANDer 4. Jan Sadler Penney. 51-B McAlister Place, New Orleans 18, Louisiana. Free for demonstrators of interest. The best things in this issue are the ones Jan writes herself. She has a very nice, smooth style of writing. The letter column is also good, with several interesting letters, including one from G.M.Carr. Dave Penney has an article complaining that there are too many kinds of fan who just aren't in tune with each other. I wouldn't say that this was true of this country, at any rate. The other articles didn't appeal to me much, but I'd say that this fanzine was definitely worth showing interest in.

YANDRO 76. Buck and Juanita Coulson. 105 Stitt Street, Wabash, Ind., USA. 15¢. Most of this issue is given over to satirising the current crop of Monster mags. Probably funnier for those who've read any of them. Anyhow, I don't really go for the anti-Ackerman feeling that seems to lie in YANDRO at the moment. Within this framework Leman and Tucker both manage to be very funny, but there isn't very much else in the issue. YANDRO does have good material, but I don't like the attitude in which it's presented. I'd rather read SLANDer which has a friendly attitude and not such good articles.

HYPHEN 22. Walt Willis. 27 Clonlee Drive, Belfast, Northern Ireland. 1/-.. Bill Temple on You-know-who and Leman parodying Fort lead off. Then there are the regular columns by Vine and BoSh and 10 pages of letters. As I've remarked before, '1-' isn't as good as it used to be, but it's still great. It's worth getting just for the bacover quotes, and then there are Atom's cartoons... HYPHEN is another must.

-----Ivor Mayne.

Just Arrived!

NEW WORLDS 86. Ted Carnell. Maclaren House, 131 Great Suffolk Street, London, S.E.1. England. 2/-.. A thick 'zine featuring mainly fiction, including part 2 of an interesting serial by Ken Bulmer. This part produces startling surprises and deeper mysteries as the field of operation against the Shangs and their sycophants is widened. Also, a novelette by Peter Hawkins, building up to a fine climax of suspense, and shorts by Philip High, and others. The cover is curious, as though Lewis were unfamiliar with stencil cutting. Editorial, an An-Lab type rating of a past issue, and an article round out a rather routine issue. No letters, though, which is a great pity. A letter column, in my opinion, is the life and soul of any mag. Layout uninteresting - the pages and pages of elite type are a hell of a pile to wade through without any illos to break it up, particularly as on the later pages the letters are coming through very faintly. Can't say I blame Ted, though. Close to a hundred pages of stencil cutting would make anyone tired. And all in a month!! Recommended.



# THE OLD MILL STREAM

I was rather pleased to see that Sam Youd's latest book received some mildly enthusiastic press notices. It's becoming increasingly difficult to keep up with Sam's pseudonyms, but, of course, his science-fiction under the name of John Christopher is pretty well-known and he appears to be branching out quite nicely under the label of 'Peter Graaf'. Sam's latest book is the third Graaf mystery. All three concern an American detective living in England. This is the Joe Dust who gave his name to the first Graaf novel, "Dust and the Curious Boy" which moved along in a swift style the News Chronicle likened to Chandler. The second was of the 'Country House' school and was called "Daughter Fair". The latest offering is "The Sapphire Conference", which is referred to by the Chronicle as a 'Blake-Innes'.

"The Sapphire Conference" is the story of a group of scientists who meet at a university to read and discuss papers on Aloxide. It's pleasing to see Sam using his own professional knowledge as background material, but this is no fan convention. A scientist who proves to be unpopular to practically everyone concerned disappears (a classic treatment) and two of his closest contacts are shot. There is a strong political angle and a slight sex motive. Red herrings are strewn about unconvincingly, and the whole story lacks the meat of the first two Dust books. There is less action, less provoked thought and less logical deduction. Dust, the hero, does nothing that the police don't do equally as well and is virtually a background character for much of the book. This is permissible of course if the intention is to be realistic. Ninety nine out of a hundred mystery stories of the whodunnit variety possess detectives who are able to outsmart the police and the other one percent try to produce realism by having the detective fall down on the job (shades of the G.D.A.!) and the police step in to save his bacon. This is hardly true here, though there is no doubt that Mr. Youd-Graaf intended this realistic factor to creep into his writing. It's a pity he fails. Once the police start working in collaboration with a private detective of little standing, then it's about time to pack up and move along to the next book. Following the promise of the first Dust novel and the realisation of that promise in an excellently treated theme in "Daughter Fair", this latest mystery is disappointing and below the standard we have come to expect from this writer.

And the next book to which we move is the latest novel by John D. MacDonald. This is "Death Trap" which concerns a construction engineer who, after being abroad for some time, returns to a small mid-western American town to look up the girl he wronged before going to Europe. He finds that her younger brother has been accused and convicted of a particularly nasty murder, and for the sake of the girl, begins to nose around in the township's affairs. From the way the plot hatches it seems pretty certain that the brother is innocent and has been meticulously framed, but there times during the novel when the unexpected ending - the logical one, you know - looms near. The ultimate conclusion is a minor point, however. This book



is formidable for a most mature treatment.

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Hugh Mac Reedy, the engineer, looks up the brother's circle of friends, and their friends. He finds them to be the kind of teenage hoodlums who think nothing of running in gangs and carrying knives. I'm forced to parallel this novel with Harlan Ellison's "Rumble", which I heartily panned in an earlier column, much to the chagrin of Harlan's many fans who insist that Ellison is being realistic. MacDonald too is being realistic, and his treatment of a sordid theme is one which Ellison and his supporters would do well to study. MacDonald also uses the sex crime, and like the overall brutality that MacReedy meets, this treatment is an integral part of the theme and is not employed as a sensational hook on which to hang the sales.

What impressed me most about "Death Trap", which is, as you may have gathered, a novel I heartily recommend, was MacDonald's treatment of crime per se. The solution to the murder does not, after all, lie in the circles of teenage nonentity, but amongst the adult section of the populace. Superficially the characters he writes about are 'good guys', family men who go about their business and crack the old worn and dependable jokes, who are members of their community's social life. Yet, beneath this heartiness, these people are the overgrown children who are brutal sadists. These are the people who can don Ku Klux Klan masks or drag unconvicted prisoners to be lynched. It is a frightening and yet perceptive study of character and probably its only fault is that the message the book carries is part and parcel of what can be little more than a mediocre mystery.

Another writer who has improved beyond all recognition is John Boland whose first book, "White August", was a stilted science fiction essay. His second book, "No Refuge", began as a very logical and entertaining thriller in which a bank clerk absconds with a large sum of money and flies off in a specially chartered plane to the interior wastes of Canada. Unfortunately the plane crashes in a hitherto undiscovered and enclosed civilisation which smacks heavily of James Hilton's "Lost Horizon", and with the journey into the fantastic the novel loses all contact with the reader's suspension of disbelief, which, after all, is the first ingredient of reading fiction.

Boland's promise as a writer of thrillers was immediately seen, however, and he followed "No Refuge" with "Queer Fish" which involved smuggling by helicopter. This novel was in itself stilted however, and an improvement was made in the rather ingenious "The League of Gentlemen", which concerned itself with the fictitious robbery of an actual London bank, a robbery which depended on that bank's situation and time table. This robbery was perfect, too perfect, and Boland had to ensure the triumph of Right at the conclusion of the book by having the crooks fall out among themselves. If the robbery reminded one of Jack Finney's "Five Against the House" then the parallel was drawn even closer by the fortuitous discovery of a false number plate by a passerby.

Boland's latest is "Mysterious Way", which concerns a young police detective who is so prejudiced against a suspect that he takes risks out of all proportion of the results they warrant. He practically loses his job, his home life and his self respect. His theories are concerned with "The Butcher", an unknown psychopath who cuts up pet animals and sends their remains to their owners. Detective Sergeant Asterbrook, our blue-eyed boy, believes that The Butcher will sooner or later turn



The Butcher is young Frank Smith who is kind and polite to those to whom it pays to be kind and polite. In himself he is as nasty a piece of work as any writer can make a character. His cousin, Ted, is a giant of a youth who is simple minded to an ultimate degree and who leans heavily on Frank. There is an element of Mice and Men about the relationship, though here the trust is betrayed, not kindly as in the Steinbeck work, but with sadism.

This is not a brilliant book. The characters are just on the credit side of being stereotyped and the author has a tendency to tell his readers facts which can all too readily be implied. To say "The lad's face was completely innocent" is not good writing, particularly as the boy's next words bear out that statement. "Mysterious Way" is, however, a book worth reading perhaps as part of a writer's continued development and for an unusually logical progression of situations, a progression which continues up to the book's last line.

- Penelope Fundergast.

STORM MAIDEN IN WILD NIGHT.

First Thursday night at the Globe after Cheltenham. A thunderstorm began to rage around us. Bobbie Wild's face lit up with a joy only excelled by Sandra Hall seeing a tall dark fan in her crystal ball, and she hurried out into the electric night. And among the furies of the storm she stood, her face lifted, the lightening limned about her wind-torn hair. "Drawing power from the storm," murmured a fan who had, as it were, ~~torn~~ the brunt. We do not comment.

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## ANNOUNCEMENT.

Some little while ago, there was a young fan named Jim Linwood, who was staying a while in London. Now, it came to pass, that one day - or it may have been night - Jim, as it happens to so many, had a problem. I'm not clear as to the nature of the problem, but that is unimportant. (It may not even have been a problem at all). And it came to pass that a fan who shall be known as Auntie Ella, became acquainted with the problem, or Jim, at any rate; and she solved it neatly, quickly, and efficiently by sloshing him one with an empty bottle. We are hoping to secure the services of Auntie Ella for the second and subsequent issues of SMOKE, so if you have any dire and dreadful problems which need solving, write in. Ella's methods are most versatile - she does not always use a bottle. All communications treated confidently. Short quotes only will be used.

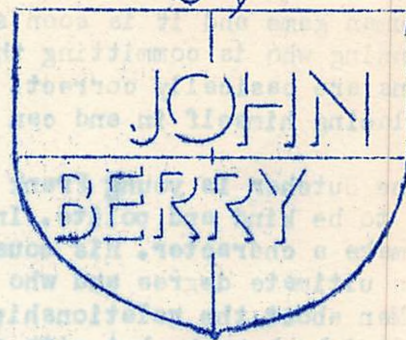


# HONEY SWORE KEY

With fandom becoming more and more complex, and more and more a way of life, it seems to me only fitting that fandom should have a rigid background of unb-

breakable tradition behind it. A concrete foundation, such as has stood the proud and noble families of Olde England in such good stead through those troublesome years when sur-tax and Death Duties rear their ugly heads, to stand alongside the Yobber and the Poo!

# MALLY PENCE



With great daring, therefore, plus a considerable dash of apprehension, I hereby publicly nominate myself as:

KEEPER OF FANNISH HERALDIC RECORDS AND OFFICIAL APPROVER OF TITLE AND VESTMENT.

Before going into details about the complications of this new appointment, and the vast responsibilities it encloses, I feel it only proper that I should give you some idea of the form which I shall allow these Fannish Heraldic Records to take.

I mean, it is patently obvious that with fandom composed of such numerous groups as The London Circle, The Liverpool Group, Fabulous Berkeley Fandom, Bob Madle and his Old Stagers, Supreme Seattle Fandom, the New York Rabble, etc., there should be a symbolic representation, embroidered into heraldic design, depicting the glories of these organisations.

Fandom will live on, and if only for that reason, it must be steeped in tradition, so that in aeons ahead, little neofen will gasp with awe as tales are told of valiant fannish deeds - Ken Bulmer at Cobh - Stumac in Berlin - Don Allen in Belfast - and Chuck Harris in Piccadilly!

Here are a few explanatory rules for my new organisation:

1. Each fannish group is entitled to design an official heraldic coat of arms, which shall be subject to the provisions of Appendix A.
2. This design must be submitted to the Keeper of Fannish Heraldic Records and Official Approver of Title and Vestment.
3. If the design is officially approved, it can be publically exhibited in the fan club room, and be impressed on stationary and fanzine front covers, for example.



4. It is desirable that a Latin motto should accompany the coat of arms. There is no limit to the scope of the phraseology, as long as it does not conflict with the rules as set out in Appendix B.
5. Each year, on a date to be later announced, the Keeper of Fannish Heraldic Record, etc., shall cause to be published, in one-shot format, an illustrated booklet depicting all officially approved coats of arms and the abridged mottos, together with a short account of the formation and history of the club.
6. Additions and alterations to the coats of arms can only be effected if approved officially.
7. In a few important cases, individual BNFs can have their own coats of arms, but the list, made up by the Keeper, etc., shall not include more than 10 BNFs (7 from the USA, 2 from England and 1 from Canada), and the list shall be amended, if necessary, every twelve months.
8. Officially approved coats of arms are copyrighted, and any switches of ideas will be ruthlessly investigated by the G.D.A.
9. The word of the Keeper, etc., shall be regarded as final.

#### APPENDIX 4.

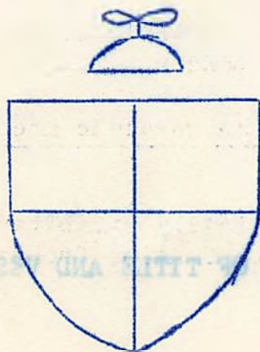
Suggested designs which may be incorporated in fannish coats of arms:-



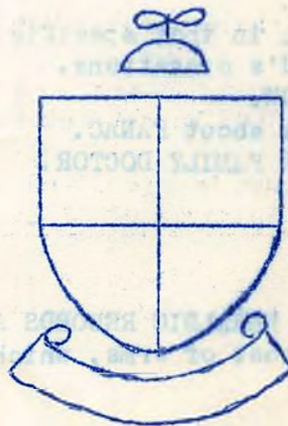
(a) The design should be incorporated into this shield motif.



(b) The shield should not be divided into more than four segments.



(c) A beanie may be placed on top of the shield.



(d) The motto shall be inscribed below the shield.



Appendix A, cont.

(e) Each segment of the shield shall conform to a design which, in its way, typifies the activities of the group, i.e.:-

A bag, on yellow background, denoting the total of the club finances at annual audit.

If the treasurer has absconded, put in warrant number and photograph.

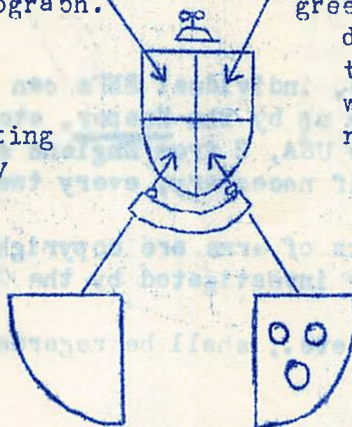
Blank white space, depicting the pureness and chastity of the female members of the group.

(Better prepare an emergency design, just in case.)



Duplicator duplicating handle, on green background. If more than one duplicator in club, arrange in tiers. If a club like Seattle, which has seventeen duplicators, number may be inscribed below.

On blue background, gold spots to depict the number of BNFs and/or vile pros in the group.



You see, these are only suggestions. I don't want to tie you down. I must stress that as young neofen make up quite a percentage of club members, it is unwise (not a bad idea, understand, but unwise) to depict naked girls on your designs. So, if you have a few choice poses which you were seriously considering incorporating, well, send them to me to keep for you.

APPENDIX B.

Mottos. It is not compulsory, but desirable, to have the motto in Latin. It not only looks intellectual, but it makes people think that I am too, because I have to approve the motto. (Send an English translation in plain envelope, don't forget.) You must not refer to or include any of the following:

1. That MANA word.
2. Ella Parker's age.
3. The letters S-E-X, in that specific order.
4. Any of Bobbie Wild's operations.
5. Your opinion of NGW.
6. Derogatory phrases about FANAC.
7. Any words from THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

APPENDIX C.

As KEEPER OF FANNISH HERALDIC RECORDS AND OFFICIAL APPROVER OF TITLE AND VESTMENT, I am entitle to my own coat of arms, which is depicted below.



Order of the Blood-  
stained Shuttle-  
cock. (Relic of Irish  
Fandom Ghoomdinton  
days.) ((My own blood))  
(White shuttlecock and  
red bloodstains in  
green background.)

To commemorate the  
award of the ~~FIRST~~  
QUIXOTIC GINK AWARD  
1959. (Pink  
background.)



This segment  
denotes my artistic  
appreciation.  
(Miss Ekberg's  
statistics below.)  
(Red hands on  
green background.)

Number of fanzines  
to have published  
my stories.  
(Puce letters on  
orange background.)

So let's rally to the cause, chaps.  
Let's do it.

Let's give fandom an undercurrent of kulture. Let's show them that behind it all we have a serious regard for our fannish heritage, and intend to do all we can to maintain its fine and noble traditions.

With all this behind us, we can hold our heads high, confident that, in years to come, we shall live again in the eyes of our grand-children. They will look back proudly at what we have prepared for them, and they will rise to even greater heights, knowing that, in spirit, we shall be there, urging them on.

-----John Berry.

# WANTED.

Old Argosy, All Story, Blue Book, and other similar magazines featuring s-f by A. Merritt, E.R.Burroughs, Austin Hall, Homer Eon Flint, Ray Cummings, George Allan England, Garrett P. Serviss and other writers.

Hard cover books by Frank Aubrey, Robert Cromie, Ray Cummings (Pre-war), E.F.Eddison, H.M.Egbert, George Allan England, George Griffith, M.Y.Halidom (Dryasdust), Fred T. Jane, David Lawson Johnstone, Andre Laurie, Talbot Mundy, Garrett P. Serviss, M.P.Shiel (1sts only), Jack Mann, Lord Dunsany. And a large number of other antique s-f titles.

Thrill Book magazine also wanted.

And an enormous amount of fanzines. Particular wants: The Enchanted Duplicator, App's Numbers 1-4, Slants, Hyphens, Insides, Crys, Shaggys, Copslas, Ploys, Eye No 3, Abas, etc., etc.

Apply to the editor, all ye hucksters.



So who cares  
about what's  
over there?

VINÇ CLARKE



"... a creature of a historyless culture..."  
-----VAN VOGT

Once upon a time someone - I think it was Forry Ackerman when finding a spare shelf in his garage - was going to start a Museum of Fandom. In it would be mementoes of significance, not only copies of old fanzines and Convention programmes, but the ten of clubs once lost by Bob Tucker, a piece of the bomb let off on the lawn of a Washington fan home, a tuft of Arthur C. Clarke's hair, and so on.

I'm all in favour of this idea, and am sorry that it vanished into the limbo of forgotten Projects. I regard fandom as a definite little culture on its own, and a sense of history and continuity is needed in any society. We can remember again past pleasures and try to avoid repeating past mistakes. Also, a Fan Museum would give me a chance to unload my shelves of some junk, which includes a tin of Boots fumigating cones taken to the ManCon in '54 for use as incense in the London part of the programme (see HYPHEN 9), a copy of the Rosenblum 1944 Fan Directory, and, amongst other things, a small piece of bicycle inner-tube about 6 inches long.

I fished this piece of tube out of my pocket today, when I was searching for some change for an office colleague. Being a Thursday, I had to dig deep, and in the middle of my excavations I brought this piece of tube to light and laid it on a gathering pile of keys, pieces of envelope with quotations on them, bootlaces and other junk.

My colleague picked up the piece of tube, turned it over, examined the two patches covering punctures in it, turned it inside-out to look at the original holes showing on the inner surface, and then asked me why I was carrying the thing about. I answered, truthfully enough, that I'd been carrying a roll of film in it, and the film being sensitive I'd wanted to keep it from the light. He looked vaguely dissatisfied, so I amplified. The film, I said, was an exposed one of my dear daughter.



my current ambition being to make the wench pay for her upkeep by selling her innocent fannish features to some commercial body such as Cow and Gate or Nurse Harvey's Burp Mixture for advertising purposes. After all, I said, she'll have to learn to support her poor old parents and a couple of fanzines at some time, and if future Home Secretaries are as interfering as Mr Butler she might even have to do it legitimately. Why, here might be the Shirley Temple of 1967...

Yes, yes, I know, said my colleague, wistfully stirring a couple of halfpennies which had rolled out of the pile. But how did you happen to have this tube around in the first place?

I had it around the platen of my typewriter, I said. Years of stencil cutting have made their impression on the cork, if nowhere else, and in an endeavour to even the surface I fitted this piece of tube around it. It turned out to be too thick and too soft, and now I'm using sheet acetate stuck with acetone. I thereupon added two pencil stubs and a ticket for a 1957 Christmas draw to the pile, also a round metal disc which looked as if it might be a sixpence but was actually (on examination by my colleague, who had pounced on it with a small cry) the end cap of the number indicator for my Gestetner.

That tube does remind me, however, I said, that those punctures may well be of historic importance. I seem to remember the rather plain material used for those repairs...Yes, those punctures represent one of Pate's last efforts to prevent a post-war s-f magazine being published in this country!

My colleague mumbled something which was almost certainly an invitation to proceed. It was way back, I said, about '48, and I was a serious collecting and constructive fan. Every Saturday I would go out on my bicycle searching for old magazines and books - cycling is the only way of covering adequate territory with sufficient examination. Well, one day I saw an advertisement in EXCHANGE & MART of a shop in Stoke Newington which, from the advert, was figuratively paved in pre-war ASTOUNDINGS and other Genuine American S-F. Being at that time some 14 copies short of a complete collection, this advert acted on me like so much catnip to a moggy, and the following Saturday I started out on the bike.

As I lived in Welling at the time I decided to cross the river on my way to Stoke Newington at the Rotherhithe Tunnel, and just as I was going down the long sloping entrance of the tunnel, there was a sharp his, as though Ted Carnall were meeting Peter Hamilton. Immediately afterwards the back tyre went as flat as a pub beer at 11.15pm. Not to keep you in suspense, I had a puncture - or two.

I guessed that, said my colleague, coldly.

So I went into the nearest cycle shop and bought a roll of puncture repair rubber, and proceeded to a nearby park to do the necessary. I was pretty gloomy, and almost decided not to go on, but the thought of those old ASF lured me, and I eventually ended up in Stoke Newington about half-past five. There I located the shop, and met Frank Cooper, a strange character with a lined and rather grim countenance. I later found that he was a strong Marxist but had decided that in a capitalist society you had to adopt the weapons of capitalism and act like the worst if you were to survive. He had, however, picked up from somewhere a strong personal interest in science fiction and being in the happy position of owning a bookshop and a small library was



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able to use his specialised knowledge to create the Fantasy Book Centre, which was to come for a time the major London shop in this market.

Talking about markets, broke in my colleague, do you happen to have change...

I bought some s-f that first afternoon, I went on, but, most importantly, I told Frank Cooper of the London Circle and its meetings at the White Horse in those days. He expressed immediate interest and said he'd come along. The next Thursday I cornered Ted Carnell, in a corner with Ken Chapman and Eric Williams gloomily discussing the prospects of floating a company now that the original publishers of NEW WORLDS had folded it with the third issue ( and themselves as well - remind me to tell you about that some time)... Where was I?

You'd cornered someone.

Oh, yes. So I said that there was a real live professional bookseller interested in s-f and he might be coming up that night. Ears pricked up all round me, and when Frank did roll in a few minutes later his know-how accomplished the miracle, and NEW WORLDS 4, published by Nova Publications, was being sold. As you know, it didn't last in its original form, but it was the advent of Frank Cooper that started the ball rolling. And if I had been discouraged about that puncture and not visited the shop - would he have found out? There are some things which man is not meant to know...

Such as whether you have any change, growled my colleague, getting up.

As to that, I've now finished my search, and if you have an 8<sup>th</sup> piece you want changing...?

But he had gone..

((((( )))))

Once upon a time - let's pin it down in a scientific manner, then - December 1953 - it would have seemed highly unlikely that I'd be a strong advocate of a proper Committee for the London Circle, with Chairman and everything. In fact, in SCROOGE ON ICE printed in the Xmas issue of SPACE TIMES I enjoyed myself with some cracks at the Manchester group, replete with Chairman, gavel, minutes and all the paraphernalia.

However, times change. The old independant London Circle had wilted badly, and to infuse new life into it some radical <sup>changes</sup> were needed. The old group spirit went away and died somewhere, and something was needed to draw the scattered and disinterested separate entities which made up the London Circle circa '58 together again. My own solution, after seeing the Liverpool club room last summer, was that a clubroom was needed in London; public houses are always too public. This sort of venture needed a strong and enthusiastic leadership, and Ted Tubb provided it when he enthusiastically launched a fee-paying Circle in December. Immediately, though, we came up against a fresh set of problems. Taking subscriptions involves taking on responsibility, and, even more than in running a fanzine, it involves giving a fair deal in return.

Now, fandom contains numerous ambitious individuals who, fired by reading stories of the young scientist building a rocket in his back garden, are filled with the desire to Do It By Themselves. Where fanzines are concerned, the result of failure



is annoying to those who have paid subs or helped out in some way, but at least there are plenty of others to be had and the amount of time and energy and sheer work hours consumed in fanzine publishing is never counted in the cost. (If Sandy and I had to pay ourselves our regular rates for the hours taken in producing APORRHETA the thing would have to cost 6/- a copy to break even.) The result is worse where a fanzine is bound up in the prestige of a group - we remember the annoyance caused when Stu Mackenzie gaffed on EYE. But when individuals try to master-mind clubs or get themselves into a responsible position and then gaffate, it can really foul things up. Dave Newman is a good recent example; as far as I know he still has some of the books of the Liverpool Club, although he has vanished entirely from the fannish scene during the last 9 months - and the BSFA suffered too. This sort of thing has happened time and time again (with acknowledgements to Clifford Simak) and it is obvious what preventive measures are needed. Where group activities are concerned there must be equal responsibility amongst a Committee (at least) to ensure that the results of one individual deciding he hasn't time for the activities he's taken on don't lead to utter chaos.

Therefore, if the London Circle is going to indulge in group activities (and the acceptance of a subscription implies that it will) then it needs a Committee to insure against the man who'll suddenly quit when all the reins are in his hands. I've recently bought a small book, COMMITTEE PROCEDURE, by Kay Gilmour (Methuen, 3/6) which makes this elementary point on the second page. "When a number of people find themselves united in a common object or interest, how can they best promote that interest? By forming a Society or Association. On the orderly way this is done will depend the progress of the Society. But, large or small, distinguished or humble, the fundamental rules governing its formation and procedure are the same. And the first requirement of a society will be a Committee.

"Why a Committee? I've no time for Red Tape. It's easier to do it myself!

"Who has not heard such remarks from well-meaning individualists - usually competent in their own sphere - who have failed to realise that any organisation built round the personality of one or two people lacks foundation and continuity and is built on shifting sands? It flourishes for a while, only to fade with the waning enthusiasm or departure of its organiser."

Miss Gilmour goes on at length, cheerfully demolishing some of the anarchistic beliefs that I recently held. "The novice...finds (Committee) laws (are) evolved by the combined experience of constitutional bodies down the centuries, and by keeping to them strictly, organisations save themselves endless time, labour and muddle. He soon finds behind every formula a well-grounded reason. Agendas are sent out to ensure each member having an opportunity to give mature consideration to the business of the meeting. They are followed so that unscrupulous people may not spring unconsidered business on the meeting by rush tactics. Minutes are kept, not as a useless formality, but as the best guide to the next meeting; and passed and signed to ensure their accuracy as a record of the Committee's transactions..."

I can recommend this book unreservedly to those interested in the apparatus of Committee procedure. It makes a good change from space-ships and mutants.

HEADACHE REMEDY.

If the reading of fanzines sometimes induces in you a feeling of reading badly-translated Sanskrit; if some of the allusions floating unexpectedly in mid-air as



you turn a corner make you nervous - such as the title of this column - and if you<sup>34</sup> feel that you are missing something if a remark about G.M.Carr sends all the fanzine readers in your neighbourhood into paroxysms of interest...Relax. You are being taken care of. In the US, Dick Eney of Virginia is preparing the second edition (the first was in the early forties) of THE FANCYCLOPEDIA, a massive work which spreads out the whole culture of fandom on the operating table. CY2, as it is being familiarly called, will be out in September. Watch this column for further information.

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#### PROFESSIONAL REPRINT DEPARTMENT.

##### Conversation at Breakfast in the Year 1930.

(From T.P.'s WEEKLY, Jan.30th 1903, taken from an original MS of 1825.)

Tell John to put the kettle on,  
I want to take a drive,  
I only mean to go to Rome,  
And shall be back at five.

Tell cook to dress those humming birds,  
I shot in Mexico,  
They've now been killed at least 2 days,  
They'll be un peu trop haut.

I'll try that wine too, a la Rose,  
Just brought from Espahan,  
How could those youths of other days,  
Endure that vile Champagne?

And Tom take you the gold leav'd wings;  
And start for Spain at three,  
I want some Seville oranges  
Twixt dinner time and tea.

Fly round by France and bring a new  
Perpetual motion gun,  
To-morrow with some friends I go,  
A shooting in the sun.

The trip I took the other day,  
To breakfast in the moon,  
Thanks to that awkward Lord Bellaize,  
Has spoilt my new balloon.

For steering through the milky way,  
He ran against a star,  
And turning round again too soon,  
Came jolt against my car.

Such fellows ought to keep below,  
And never venture there,  
If he's so clumsy he should go,  
By no way but the Bear.

But Tom, get you the car repaired,  
And then let Dan and Dick,  
Inflate with ten square miles of gas,  
I mean to travel quick.

My steam is surely up by now,  
Put the high pressure on;  
Give me the breath-bag for the way,  
All right - hey - whiz - I'm gone!

And on the same page of this magazine, now defunct and old enough - I hope - for its contents to be public property, is this interesting news item.Ghod's own truth! Page 376, if you ever track down this mag. This and surrounding issues, Haggard fans note, contain the serialised version of his fantasy Stella Fregelius.

AN INSTRUMENT FOR THE DISCOVERY OF TRUTH. - An American chemist has, we understand, invented one of the most remarkable of all the many later day contrivances - a kind of tube for the registering of truth or falsehood. The person speaks down the tube, and, according to the real emotion felt, the breath causes the chemical solution in the tube to change colour, and in this way, apparently, it is possible to detect a false statement or a sham emotion. One wonders how popular the discovery will prove? But its use for criminal investigation is already suggested as likely to prove invaluable for the detection of false witnesses.



THE BEGINNINGS OF A LETTER COLUMN.

JIM CAWTHORNE. 4 Wolseley Street,  
Gateshead 8., Co. Durham, England.



Thoroughly enjoyed the Cheltenham reports, particularly Ken's, also the atomic clock article thrown in gratis. And what was the fascinating fragment on the back of the "Supplementary paragraphs" page? Was the 'Jack Chandler', written in pencil, the author of it - and is that Bertram Chandler? Sounds vaguely like his style, especially with boats and captains figuring in the action. (X( Well, Ken, what was on the back of that report? anyhow, for Atomic clock,

see cover.)X)

ELLA PARKER. 151 Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, London N.W.6. England.

I am no end bucked that you have decided to take the plunge into faandom at last. For someone who has been attending the Globe as long as yourself (you were there before me), without participating in things actively, you'll find this change will not only enlarge your circle of friends, it will give you lots of fun - and headaches.

As this is a sort of double celebration I feel we ought to make an official occasion of it. All members of the LC should attend in their best bib and Tucker to witness the launching - not only of a new London-based fanzine - but of yourself, into the life called by its devotees Faandom.

We could begin the ceremonies by initiating you into that world-wide brotherhood known as Fan Editors. This is, I believe, usually done by smearing the hands and forehead of the novice with ink (black for preference, blue comes off too easily). The BNFaneditor with the longest service record would then make a solemn presentation to you of the cranking handle from the duper used in running off the first issue of the very first fanzine published. This you receive with due humility, promising to cherish it, until the day should come for you to return it so that, in turn, it may be handed to the next new member of the fraternity. This may not be for years; it may be next week. In any event, you will be expected to keep it in the glass case provided for the purpose.

Then comes you Big Moment. The first public appearance of your brain child SMOKE. You will advance with slow and stately tread to the seat of the BNFeditor. Offer for his approval and inspection this, your contribution to our rare culture. While opening a bottle of the antidote, without which no faneditor would travel - Correctine - he might condescend to glance at it before ceremoniously pouring the red fluid, steadily and evenly over the front cover. If the lettering and illo don't immediately disappear you will know that SMOKE has been found worthy and is acceptable as a regular publication. You will be expected to produce an issue at intervals of not less than 3 months. This is known as a publishing schedule, and will haunt you for the rest of your life. You are trapped. May the best of faenish luck be yours. You will need it. (X( Thanks, Ella. I'm not sure it wouldn't have been better to stay in a corner of the Globe hugging my beer. But haven't you forgotten something for the ceremony, or are you as oblivious to the beauties of music as all that? May I, in all humbleness as the One To Be Initiated, suggest The Funeral March as accompaniment? ...And that's the lot. Next issue should include a much larger letterool than this. Please write in.)X)