



THE WALL Pt V

CONCLUSION

SCENE 5

BACK AT THE  
RANCH . . . . .

TAKE 12

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ALMA

The Wall Part 5 is dedicated to the following Truefans.....

Arthur Thomson without whose genius Lindsay zines would be so drab.

Frances and Brian Varley whose advice and encouragement are appreciated

Elinor Busby who..in the nick of time..propounded that "Hyper-space  
is a Literary Device."

Bruce Burn whose little Maori war chant "You must get it into this  
mailing!" is responsible for all the typos.

The Wall Part 5 is produced for the 31st Mailing of...

The Off Trail Magazine Publishers Association

by

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# THE WALL

## SYNOPSIS:

### PART 1:George Locke:

Things begin to happen to Ron Bennett. First, someone sends him a large ducking-stool; then one Ken Plitter informs him that he is being sued for infringement of copyright as Bruce Felz has copyrighted the term "elephant" and any mention of Cecil is now illegal. Before the shock of this has worn off he receives a post card from his London stamp spotter Chris Miller, that in the files of the British Museum Chris has discovered a fanzine stamped with a Victorian penny black. Chris warns that he has also notified Norman Shorrocks and "You Know Who" and that the race is on. The post card is blood stained!

Ron is still reeling when Bill Donaho mysteriously appears on the scene. But he recovers from this last blow and Ron, Cecil, and Bill start hitch-hiking to London to see Chris and the Victorian penny black. During the journey Bill behaves in a most suspicious manner and tries to arrange a detour to Archie Mercer's. He manages to lead the expedition off the main track and the travelers encounter a mob milling about another ducking stool. The mob attacks them but they manage to escape and reach London.

They can't find Chris Miller, but a guard at the British Museum takes Ron and Bill down to the fanzine room in the vaults. They find a fanzine, NIRVANA, which has the stamp torn off. "The Victorian penny black must have come from here." They find Chris's body tied tightly to another ducking stool and covered with severe lacerations from large claws. Ron decides that the claw marks were made by toe nails--and probably a woman's toe nails as he finds evidence of sheer silk stockings. Ron is just about to make another discovery when his flashlight goes out. The door clangs shut. A fusillade of shots rings out. Riddled by 45 slugs Ron crumples to the floor. Grabbing hold of the ducking stool he tries to pull himself upright. Sinking slowly to the floor he loses consciousness muttering, "Toe nails...sexy...toe nails." And the dust around him glows.

### PART 2:Ron Bennett:

Ron dies and is reproduced in another body. Chris appears--also reproduced in another body--and reveals that he is the one that fired the shots. Dying and being reproduced had been rather unsettling and he had been nervous. They leave their former bodies in Eney's vault--as the fanzine vault is now called--and move on to Kilburn to the Penitentiary. Present are Ella Parker, Archie Mercer, Pat Kearney, Ted Forsyth, Joe Patrizio, Jimmy Groves and Bruce Burn. Bill Donaho mysteriously reappears--this time with Ken and Irene Potter. Ken tells of the new play he is writing, about a group of people in a room where the walls start closing in on them. Ella decides it's time to have soup and



sends Jimmy Groves to the kitchen to heat some up. There Jimmy finds a penny black stamp stuck to the bottom of a saucepan. He goes to the door to shout to Ron about this, but finds that someone has shut it. He tries to open the door, but it won't open. The walls begin to close in on him and as he tries frantically to escape the stove dissolves into a pool of water and the door-knob turns to ice and comes off in his hand. Jimmy shouts for help and a voice on the other side of the locked door shouts back at him, "Fire, fire!" Run quickly; the lorries are here." A white staring face appears at the window, upside down and leering. "It's the scopy f'er he wrote about it," it explains. Then it yells, "The lorries have lost their sirens." The walls move in.

### PART 3: Jimmy Groves

Using his keen scientific ingenuity Jimmy deduces that the walls aren't closing in. They look like they are closing in because when the stove and the door were turned to ice, as a side reaction quartz particles were deposited on the brickwork, thus creating the optical illusion that the walls were closing in. Further using his keen scientific ingenuity Jimmy drinks half a bottle of vodka and melts the ice of the door with his breath. He staggers downstairs. At the foot of the stairs he stumbles over the body of Ron Bennett. Ron is not quite dead yet and manages to gasp, "They got the Atom illos...and Ella." As Ron dies Jimmy accidentally drops the penny black into the blood seeping out of his side. At once the stamp begins to glow. Ron-3 then materialises. Bill Donaho appears again and after him all the rest of the party except the kidnapped Ella and Ken and Irene. The group decides to consult SoFa (The Society for Fannish Research--prop. George Locke) before things begin to get complicated. George decides that the anti-fandom deduced by Willis has at last appeared and that all the indications point to a parallel time line which broke away during the last century. This antifandom having conquered their world, now intend to conquer ours. As George declares that Royden, the Potters home, is probably a weak spot in the contina, the group go there to investigate. Using penny blacks they locate the Wall--the barrier and the gateway between this time line and that of anti-fandom. (It occupies the same space as the shed where the Potters keep theri inessentials like pots and pans.) Bill kicks a hole in the Wall and they all go through. The Wall dissolves in flames behind them. There is a cry of "FANAC" and a baying sound. Our heroes run, but Ted Job and Jimmy are captured. Bill gets away, he is winded and closely pursued by hounds, he seeks sanctuary in a concrete bunker. The hounds and hunters rush on by, he tries to leave but is locked in. He lloks around and discovers that this is where the anti-fans store their loot before destroying it. The bunker is packed with complete collections of prozines and fanzines. These were all he had to help him out. And he had to hurry--any moment now the hunters would discover their mistake and come back. "Eureka!" he shouted "I have it" And he set to work.

### PART 4: Bill Donaho:

By the use of a penny black Bill got back through the Wall safely, and then hurried back to London. There fans were gathering anxiously. With Ron, Chris and Bruce he went to the airport to meet George flying from Kilimanjaro. There they found Ethel Lindsay waiting for Betty Kujawa flying over to help when she

heard that Ella had been kidnapped. They all sit down to think hard. George decides that they must assume that all fandom is being attacked and that many anti-fans must have got through the Wall, he quickly gives orders to mobilise fandom. They split into various groups to try various investigations - some to Roydon, some to Berry for technical advice, and Bill goes with Betty and Ethel back to the British Museum. They try to think of other things to make the Wall materialise for they have n penny black. Bill tries shouting "Fanac!" and immediately there is a glow and a Gateway appears. Through this steps another Ethel. She says: "It's about time, we've been waiting for weeks. I'm Captain Lindsay pf the Space Marines. I'm from the same time line as the anti-fans, but we're on your side. In my world the fans have been driven from Earth but we still have our bases throughout the Solar System since the anti-fans haven't been able to acheive space travel." They follow Ethel-2 through the Gateway to Fannish HQ. There they saw screens used to spy on the ant-fans and as pointers for hyper-space tubes. Ethel-2 continues her explanation. "Our time line did split off in the late 19th Century. Our one advantage over the anti-fans is that we are able to use hyper-space and they are not" She goes on to say that in her world Walter Breen has used the power of the beanie to make himself dictator of Earth. Only because of their psi ability to use hyper-space were the fans able to escape into space. In this world Walt Willis is the implacable head of O.R.G.A.(the off t'Rails Gafiating Association)and Dick Ellington is the dread leader of the Beanie Brigade.The fans discovered the Wall by accident, but unfortunately the anti-fans learnt of it too. They made a raid in force on the Penitentiary and what Jimmy thought he saw was an example of the mind-warping effects of the Beanie. The three are taught how to use the hyper-space tubes in an effort to rescue their friends. Getting the focus was the difficult thing. They managed to get a focus on Ella but could not pull her through there was too much intererance. The O.R.G.A. technicians trying to gafiate Ella wore a harried look. She was telling them all about her trip to the U.S. As she was still talking about her stay in LA she seemed safe from brainwashing for some time. Ethel- tried to contact Ted,Joe and Jimmy, and got through. They were locked in a cell. Ethel-1 managed to establish a gateway. She heard Jimmy say "And Scotch is just an English dialect--". She leapt through the gateway and in her fury forgot she was focusing the tube which promptly collapsed. She was surrounded with an all-pervading grayness in which no form or shape whatever could be perceived. Slithering sounds crept into her ears. Her mind tried to reach out but it could not. Psi does not work in hyper-space. The slithering grew louder and Ethel thought she heard squeaks like those of rats. She nearly screamed as she felt insects crawling on her legs, and as the bitter cold began to seep in she lost all hope. "No one ever returns from hyper-space," she thought dully as her brain slowed to a halt as the timelessness of hyper-space acted upon her and she froze into a stasis of eternal now.....

NOW READ ON.....

The squeaking sounds like rats suddenly became louder in Ethel-1's ears. She detected the voice of Ken Bulmer..he was telling her-"With our help you can open your mind." With her last flickering sense of consciousness she wrenched her mind wide open. Immediately, it was as if her mind would burst, her body shook in a spasm of great pain, her mouth worked and weird moans came forth. Gradually she ceased to writhe and then she could feel the other minds; shaken by her ordeal, but anxiously ready to communicate. There was so little time! To her bewilderment there were many minds-the Bulmers, the Buckmasters, George Spencer, Norm Metcalf, Ken Cheslin, John Roles, and what seemed like the whole of New York fandom. With one accord they were urging her desperately.."Push forward."

With the sort of heave a whale makes as it tries to leave the water Ethel-1 pushed forward and the grayness slashed apart and she was once more back in the cell where Ted, Jov and Jimmie looked up in amazement..t.They saw Ethel-1 slump forward to her knees whilst a bunch of what looked like small insects dropped rapidly from her hair to the floor. Then quickly she sat up, looked round with clearing eyes, and briskly told the boys to sit still lest they step on a fan. They realised that the small scurrying mites were fans: Ted looked dazedly at a diminutive Dave Kyle , whilst Joe goggled at a pea-sized Ken Cheslin.

Explanations took some time, but Ethel-1 discovered that she held good contact with all the small fan minds and was able to disentangle the story. When these fans had first entered hyper-space they also had been frozen into stasis, and in this condition had gradually drifted to a central focus which seemed to consist of many darting lines of light. There they gradually diminished in size and as they did so the stasis wore off and they were able to think and communicate. Roles had been the first to arrive, but beyond that they had no sense of time, and only as their numbers had increased to over 30 had they been able to plan by using their minds as a group. Psi did work in hyper-space but only in their diminished bodies and they had watched helplessly many fans drift to join them. Once they were able to plan however they had by painstakingly hard work been able to shift themselves over to the Gateway. They had noticed that a newcomer always entered hyper-space at the same Gateway, although their entry had been from many different parts of the world. So there they waited at last ready to use their group mind on the first fan to enter before the deadly effects of hyper-space began.

Whilst everyone sat around trying to catch their breaths back after all those strange happenings; the fans from hyper-space gradually began to assume their normal size. At first slowly; and then, towards the end, quickly-so that suddenly the cell was mightily overcrowded and Ethel-1 carefully pushed George Spencer's elbow out of her eye. "Where are we, boys?" she asked. "This is the headquarters of the Fanarch" answered Ted, trying to look at ease with Daphne Buckmaster and Belle Dietz in his lap. "Above us are the offices of those two fiends Willis and Ellington."

"Right" said Ethel-1, "let's have that door down first." All eyes swung to the door and she discovered to her surprise that she was able to control and direct all their minds with ease. She felt a mental tug from each one similar to the tug you feel when someone pulls your hair. "Stop!" she said in conf-



usion, "What's this?." Ken Bulmer excitedly said that the effect of their mind group upon her whilst in hyper-space must have greatly increased her mental power, and given her the ability (willy-nilly) to focus the minds of all around her. Ethel-1 became more confused still: everyone was talking in her accent! "Please, Ethel," pleaded Jimmy, "we haven't got time to think about that just now." Repressing a giggle at the sound of Jimmy with a Scots accent, Ethel-1 agreed. Once again all eyes turned to the door, with a slight creak it slowly swung open.

They were in a corridor of cells; at one end they saw the Beanie Brigade sprawled out at rest after another terrible day's work. The mind group focused upon them and after two deadly silent seconds they relaxed as they felt the Brigade crumple into a mass of terrified idiocy. They set to work to free the other prisoners and out surged many fans. First came Bobbie Gray-"Why" gasped Ethel-1.."then it wasn't you I saw through the hyper-space tube! There is an anti-fan in your place." Grimly Bobbie replied, "Let me deal with her personally!" Another commotion and out came Ella unhurt, but with a haggard looking guard who winced as she promised to tell him about Philly later. Last came Dick Eney. Ethel-1 shook his hand madly. "Oh Dick," she cried "to think I had to go through hyper-space to meet you! There is a terrible man in your place who keeps confusing all fandom with Roman Numerals and saying that every thing is Eney's Fault" Dick shuddered, his Truefannish mind immediately grasped the significance of the dastardly effect of Roman Numerals. "Bless you for rescuing me" he said, "I will waste no time in ending that fiendish scheme."

"Shh, shh," cried Ron Buckmaster, naturally taking command, "we must move forward in orderly formation. Ethel..you act as spearhead and we come in lines of four behind you. Now focus ahead!" Quickly the fans moved into order (no kidding now...) and focusing ahead they all sensed that beyond the defeated Brigade rose a stairway, many guards on each floor till above on the sixth lay the offices where the foul fiends Willis and Ellington carried out their dreadful work. Silently they climbed the stairs stopping halfway each time to deal with the guards on the floor ahead. Each group was left sprawled in a snivelling heap. As they reached the sixth floor Ethel-1 tiptoed forward, picking her way among the prostrate guards and bent forward to peer through the keyhole, the others grouped noiselessly around her.

What Ethel-1 saw made her face blanch white: seated in metal chairs, their arms clamped by iron bars and their heads in metal beanies were the Potters and the Ashworths. Their minds were being pounded with the loathsome doctrine of the Fanarch: no more fannishness...gafia forever...the Fanarch is supreme...fanzines are foul...fans who fan are evil...gafia forever! Irene's lovely and expressive face was twisted with the effort to deny these horrible words, but Ken - his face already looked sodden and from his lips dribbled the words, "I'd rather write a play than pub a fanzine." Ethel-1 gasped, they were just in the nick of time - Mal's sensitive fannish face had blurred and Sheila, poor girl, had fainted.

Willis was standing over them with a look of real pleasure upon his face, (whilst in far-off Belfast Walter-1 was puzzled at the load of grief that every now and then washed over him,) Willis-2 smiled - and it was dreadful to look upon. Suddenly he stiffened, a look of real bewilderment shone in his eyes and soundlessly he began to fall like a tree at the cry of 'Timber!'. Ellington screamed and tried to grasp him as he fell, but at the same moment he too was struck by the mind group so that the two foul fiends fell in a heap together.

As the fans rushed into that loathsome room, Irene blinked and moaned softly - "I shall fan, I shall fan. Quickly the brainwashing Beanie was switched off and the others started to revive. Whilst rubbing Irene's wrists Bobbie said admiringly, "It just shows how a truly fannish mind can hold out." The fans seethed around happily gabbling and it might well have turned into a good room party had Ron Buckmaster not said decisively. "Fans! there is work to be done..We ought to be able to use this Beanie network to contact Fannish H.Q. and also to contact the fans that are under the Fanarchs' power and set them free." Which reminded evryone about the two foul fiends. When they looked they saw(with no sorrow at all) that the mind group had been a little too strong this time and they were both dead.

Ron, and a few kindred mechanically-minded spirits, set to work on the machine whilst a sudden clamour arose from the New York fans. Freed from the dread Beanie influence they now found they all loved each other very much and were all excitedly telling each other so at once. "Wheesht now," said Ethel-1, "plenty time for that later, let's take a look at the guards." The mind-group focussed and found a babbling idiocy wherever they looked. "Tch," she tutted, "what a waste," and she poured a healing stream of thought upon them. Gradually the idiocy quietened and stray thoughts of intelligence appeared. "With time and good nursing they should be normal fans once more.. only we'll have to watch out that too much revenge isn't taken. After all even the Beanie Brigade were as much victims of the Influence cast by the Fanarch as anyone else. Once we have dealt with the Fanarch there will be no more violence and horror." ordered Ethel-1.

"We have contacted headquarters" called Ron, "they are coming here by a hyper-space tube." Soon headed by Captain Ethel-2 they began to arrive, at once George Locke and Achee joined the group around the machine and a happy buzz of mathematical formula arose from that corner. Jimmy pounced upon Bruce Burn as soon as he arrived but after hearing a few words in Jimmy's new accent and realising that everyone(including himself) was talking in the same manner, poor Bruce fainted dead away. Ethel-1 briefly shot a Healing Stream at him as she turned to answer Ethel2's excited questions.

"You certainly must be an asset to the Scotch Terrorists." said Ethel-2 admiringly. "Just what is the Scotch Terrorists?" asked Ethel-1 "we don't have them in my world." "Why, we terrorise people" came the answer. "Oh, I don't think I'd want to do that" replied Ethel-1.. "I like to be liked."



Ethel-2 turned away in disgust at such sentimental ways and was soon seen talking earnestly to Ella. However as the words "Avram, Philly, Buz" were also to be heard it was doubtful who was making headway.

At last the group around the machine were ready, they declared they could now switch off the Fanarchs main Beanie and leave him at the mercy of their mind group. He was, they knew, esconced in splendour on the seventh and top-most floor above them. "Oh, Walter Breen" growled Bill Donaho, "just you wait! Let us confront him before we attack." So it was arranged..fans at the machine ready to switch off at a signal, fans upon every stair, fans along the corridor, fans ranged outside his door..a veritable chain of avenging truefans come with right and justice on their side.

With one accord the two Ethels flung wide his doors -there he lolled on his throne with a terrified neofan at his feet, by his side sat Lee Hoffman sharpening up her imitation sexy toe-nails ( a low growl of anger from Irene at this sight). There was time for only one horrified look from the Fanarch before his mind-power was switched off and the true-fan mind focussed upon him. As he clutched his head one terrible scream he gave that shattered every window in that apartment, visibly he congealed into a quivering mass of purple putrescence. The Fanarch had been destroyed!

As the fans stood aghast at this sight a figure darted through the doorway; Irene bent upon Lee with mayhem in her eye. "How dare you imitate my sexy toe-nails," she cried, "take that, and that.." "Here now, here now." the two Ethels moved automatically forward -"No more violence and horror I said," declared Ethel-1, "clear that putrescence from the floor, Lee, we are going to have a wing-a-ding party to celebrate our fannish victory." Lee scurried to obey as the fans all began to dance and sing and shout with glee. They sure were tired of being organised!

And a wing-a-ding party they held alright; one gigantic spree celebrated all over the world. People of all shades of mundane angfannish danced and sang and drank and played whilst the bells rang out. Everyone lived happily ever after..but there were problems..

For a long time Ethel-1 was puzzled how to deal with folks who wanted to join the Scotch Terrorists, till she decided to make it another apa(Bruce was OE). Then everyone talking in a Scottish accent like her own made her feel very self-conscious. But in time, she got accustomed to it.

Ethel Lindsay.Mar.1962

THE END