



ZIMRI 1 1/2

**ZIMRI
PEOPLE**



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EGOLIST

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ART

Cover collages by Harry Turner, also graphics on pages: 7, 9, 10, 11 & 13.
Ames p6; Harry Bell p23; Andy Darlington p28; George White p32; Dave Rowe 34

P O E T R Y: Paul Skelton - 14; steve sneyd - 15; John Hall - 16;lisa -17.

Vogue la galère!

A sort of Editorial

As we all know (and those who don't can take my word for it), editing a 'zine is a proud and lonely business as well as a lot of fun on occasions. The fun really starts when the LoC's arrive; yet this is just the time when one feels most lonely and in need of moral support, in the shape of a friendly ear to confide in and a stout shoulder to weep on. How I miss the odd word of encouragement from my co-eds (late), the fights over what to and what not to include, the hopeful planning... Today I miss the ear and shoulder most of all. Looking through the letters I see that I'll just have to give 'em summat different. My typos (or if you insist on 100% honesty, my spelling) are definitely not different enough. Zimri readers aren't that easily pleased or amused - they probably have 'zines like Lurk or Playboy for breakfast.

So what can Zimri offer in order to compete ?

An idea ! I'll give them themselves on the cover - on both covers - this should please those fen who appear (if I manage to identify them all), and that means I'm off to a good start with them at least.

So, sparked with enthusiasm, I dash over to Harry Turner's studio, seeking hints on the composition and assembly of a collage. I'd tried it once before and ruined dozens of photos in the process, so it seems as well to consult the resident expert before trying again.

As I arrive at the studio, odd sounds of a disturbance reach me through the door which no one rushes to open for me; I knock harder and the door swings open. Assuming it safe to enter, I do so, just in time to duck and avoid a large pot zooming past my ear followed by a tin of Campbell's Tomato Soup (Harry has a box full of these with forged Andy Warhol signatures on them to sell as souvenirs to gullible visitors). The heaver of the missiles, a rather angry looking nude, makes a dash for the screen, emerges fully clothed and stomps out indignantly, slamming the door behind her with such vehemence that an avalanche of old canvases cascades over Harry. I rush to the rescue and dust him down.

-- Sorry about that, he says, we just had a slight difference of opinion over a pose. Well, that seems to be the end of painting for today! He sighs resignedly, adjusts his specs and gives me a critical going-over... an odd gleam comes into his eye.

-- Oh no, I protest, don't ask me to pose for you. I've had enough questions already about that last cover.

-- Hmm, pity, he muses, I just wondered....

I do a bit of wondering myself... Why the devil he needs a nude model to paint abstracts..?! I'm curious, but it doesn't seem the right time to ask.

Meantime, taking advantage of a slight lull in the conversation, Harry slaps a reel of tape on the recorder and proceeds to light some joss sticks as the first slow serene notes of a sitar swell from the battery of speakers around the walls.

-- Let's listen to Ravi Shankar and Ali Akbar Khan playing a morning raga, Sindhu Bhairavi, he enthuses explaining that he's in need of something to recover his equanimity (or something). So saying he kneels down, eases into a half-head stand then moves into the shirshasana. I know all this 'cos Harry is so enthusiastic about his Hatha-yoga that he's even drawn huge wall charts compiled from some ancient Sanskrit manuscript, with diagrams and everything...

-- I like this opening. It's in the Ao-char alap style, with a very brief exposition of the raga to set the mood, he explains in a fairly strangled voice.

Ghod, I think, I ain't got time for a lecture - it's collages I want to talk about. But when Harry's wound up....

-- The thing that's special about this piece, he drones on, is that it explores the resources of two main instruments, the sitar and the sarod, in a relatively new Indian musical form called Jugalbandi..

-- How do you spell that?, I ask, my interest momentarily captured at the thought of blinding the Wandering Minstrel Thoth with this snippet of information next time I write.

-- T.H..A..T.... says Harry absentmindedly. I refrain from bashing him only because I see that he's already drifting into a trance. The music weaves soothingly round me and by the time Harry deigns to return to the mundane world, I am feeling at peace with the universe.

At long last we get round to the subject of my cover; it appears that I have asked at the right moment - having no model and unable to paint, Harry offers to do my collage for me. I sense he's decided that it'll be quicker and less trouble than trying to show me how. I heave a grateful sigh of relief, but there's more to come.

-- Maybe I can help you with the magazine as well, he offers rashly, until a real co-editor comes along?

I'm tempted but confused. I recall Harry Bell's dread warning in his last loc. No, I think, no... --Er, well, perhaps you're out of practice, and don't really know many of the fans nowadays...

But something has stirred in the recesses of his memory; his iron resolve to avoid the distractions of fandom seem to be rapidly rusting away. There's that gleam in his eye again as he mutters:

-- I feel an urge...I back nervously away behind a giant cardboard sculpture, labelled "Hexahexaflexagon", out of reach. He makes a grab at me.. I almost scream...

-- Careful, he yells, if you touch that thing it's liable to flex, and Ghod knows what dimension you'll disappear into (again my curiosity is aroused but I decide to explore that avenue some other time). He pulls me to a safer area of the studio; we sit on two trendy sacks stuffed with plastic off-cuts, and get back to the topic in hand.

-- I feel the urge to try my hand at a spot of writing, he resumes (fan-mail going to his head already). Why don't you put out an interim issue, a sort of Zimri-4, in which I can expose myself...

-- Not in Zimri you won't, I gasp, it's not Fouler y'know!

-- to the new fandom, and see if there's any point of contact.

So that's how this issue happened, why you have a photo-cover, and why Harry joins me in nattering between the loc's (if he doesn't find a new model and starts painting again).

But I'm still keeping an eye out for a "real co-editor", 'cos Zimri-5 is due soon!

HARRY BELL -- 9 ESKADALE GDNS, LYNTHURST EST, GATESHEAD, CO. DURHAM NE9 6NS

Sez: "I'm rather pleased with Z-4, as a matter of fact, a great improvement on the last few. For one thing, it isn't full of the fawning over the Contessa which contribute largely to a false sort of atmosphere in the previous issues. I feel I can breathe in this one, in spite of your non-use of white space."

/= As the issue was printed on "CHAMOIS" coloured paper it was difficult to arrange for "white" space... but I do my best to leave a few gaps between the wordage now and then. =/

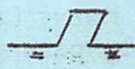
"I can't honestly say I care much for the cover, but that's only because I'm not impressed by OP - it's often admirable but rarely seems to get beyond being merely decorative. There's also something wrong with the high-lights down the right side of the face and neck. Williams, Maule and Pijohn liked it, tho'."

(+(Merely decorative?, gasps HT - what's wrong with being decorative?)+)

"Harry Turner could be quite a find if you could get him interested in fandom again. He writes in a style which is nice and easy, and you could do a lot worse than get him to write regularly for you. But don't frighten him off with offers of co-editorship."

"In my early days of fandom, when there were no fans Up Here but me, I started myself on a course of self-education. I tried to keep an interest in all forms of music, painting, literature, the Arts in general, while maintaining my interests in fandom. I prided myself on my broad out look."

"However, like Harry Turner, I soon found it's impossible to keep up with so many interests, and today I find I've made a choice - fandom, SF and painting. It now occurs to me that may not have been such a good choice and horizons are not where they ought to be."



OF THINGS THAT ARE LOVELY & THAT NEVER HAPPEN, OF THINGS THAT ARE NOT AND SHOULD BE...

Like everyone else here, I too found my other interests taking the inevitable second place to fanning. It had been ages for instance since I visited an art gallery... Recently however I have been making up for it, and managed to combine it all with fandom.

When in London at the Science Fiction Seminar a few weeks ago, I went to see the Rossetti exhibition at the Royal Academy. Before that there was the Stockport Art Gallery, one or two others, and only a few days ago I was off again. This time to see two of Harry's paintings being shown at the Manchester Academy Spring Exhibition.

Naturally the hanging committee hadn't followed instructions and hung one painting the wrong way. It should have been shown as a diamond, instead it

was hung square-on. Just as naturally, Harry muttered and grumbled until it was put right, but not, unfortunately, for the opening itself which was a pity, cos it does make a difference. But you know what some of these officials are like....

Amongst a lot of interesting paintings and sculptures, I noticed a title in the catalogue which caught my imagination. The painting itself, when I searched it out later, was a bitter disappointment, but oh that title: "Of Things that are Lovely and that Never Happen, of Things that are not and Should Be."

It only goes to add weight to my argument with a certain artist, that words can often, if not every time evoke much more than a visual experience. Take that title for instance, how many different images it provokes in a single mind; images which change with moods, experiences and people. The artist whose title it was gave us a family scene: man, woman and a child, and a landscape of greenery. The trio are standing on a small hill dominating the picture, looking into the distance. If (hah, such IFs!) if I had been the artist, and was determined to paint such a scene, instead of an abstract (which is what I expected this painting to be before seeing it), I would have at least one person in the group looking at the spectator, outside the frame... but then I wasn't was I..? Somehow, because the trio were looking into the distance, into a private dream of their own, it excluded me, I couldn't share their dream. Were it not for the title (words), I would not have stopped to wonder at what they might be dreaming about. Being a spectator, uninvolved, is a cold business; this is perhaps why I prefer abstract paintings where my imagination is allowed to interpret for me, rather than have the artist 'tell' me what to see and or imagine.

If you've ever lingered in front of a Klee, Kandinsky or a Delaunay - and who hasn't - to name but three artists I love best, what I wonder do you see?

To me they seem to offer a deeper kind of reality in a world of magic and colour. Paul Klee with his intensely poetic, delicate timeless worlds; neither reproducing nor rejecting the exterior world around him, but rather transcending it. A kaleidoscopic world, sensuous in colour, or alive with humour where little yellow birds look at you up-side-down, and you wonder, is it you or the birds that are laughing? You move your eyes to another painting or yet the same one, and you are in a world of dream-like quality..

I have loved and felt at home in Klee's world long before I read a thing about the man himself; having done so, I love it even more. There is so much of the man in his art. Where as Picasso may have arrogantly stated, 'I do not search, I find.' Paul Klee was more humble saying that it is not 'I' but something working through the artist which creates art.

And the first time I saw a Delaunay I knew I had never really seen colour before. For here colours were being actually created; muted and vivid, blazing with intensity or hovering just on the edge of awareness.. Some of these painting have almost a hallucinatory effect on me. I see Delaunay as an architect who designs complex structures and builds worlds of wonder, only he does it with pure colour not a slide rule.

And Kandinsky..? Well, he's my Stravinsky on canvas.

I hasten to add - needlessly I'm sure - that I'm pontificating here not as any kind of expert, or someone who knows more than most, merely as one who sees and responds. Just as one reads and responds or not as the case may be. It occurs to me that the authors and artists one does respond to have much in common.

Perhaps your experiences are similar to mine, on the other hand perhaps they are not, I'll never know, unless of course you care to write and tell me; which is exactly what I'm hoping you'll do, surprise! Surprise!! My intention now was to drift into Harry Turner's work, but since this artist can speak for himself I have asked him to do so, he said yes. Next issue

I hope. Meantime it might be interesting to compare an ordinary person's - mine - reaction to what the artist will tell us about his work later. So I'll continue in the same vein, ie seeing and responding - or not as the case may be.

Cross me palm with silver....

What then do I see in Harry Turner's paintings? I see:

Logic, reason, mathematical precision, deliberately controlled colour. Seriousness. Very firm shapes, patterns which repeat themselves, sometimes infinitely; often kinetic, where designs seem to move revealing each facet, each cube, while the spectator remains still.

It is 'science' rather than 'magic' which create the images here, the designs and structures are geometrical. Everything is worked out very precisely before it ever goes onto the canvas.

Therefore it is a frightening world I see; a world in which there is no room for mistakes, frivolity or humour. Because some of the paintings are variations on the same theme, as it were, I deduce from this that it is a search for some ultimate truth, for an ideal world. A world in which neither anger nor joy, love nor hate exist; where beauty is order, and God is a mathematical equation.

Well, this I see and imagine, and I'm probably hopelessly wrong because I'm still unable to comprehend or appreciate such order, thus remain on the outside looking in. And as I've said before, being a spectator is a very cold business.

/ = 1c = /

DAVID ROWE -- 8 PARK DRIVE, WICKFORD, ESSEX, ENGLAND.

"You say that there are many fen interested in art. Are there? For if that is so, there don't seem to be too many interested in Fan-art. Perhaps it's because Britfan-art is in such disrepair. Or fen take us for granted.

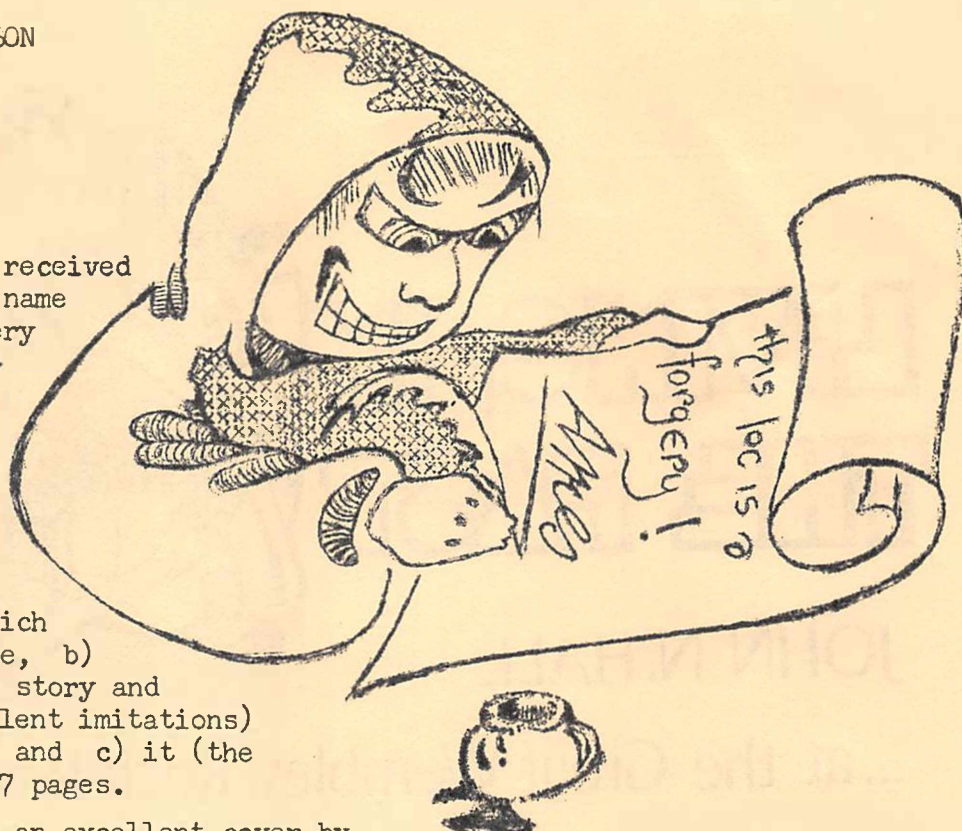
"Take Z-4, out of 24 loc's printed and 28 WAHF, only 5 have comment on 'artwork' that you felt were worth printing. Two of which were little more than egoboo, and you know my "burned -out" reaction to that. "

/= And I still say so David. However, there is a difference between art and fan-art. Personally I find it very difficult to comment on the latter, other than to say I like or don't, especially on the delightful cartoon-like creatures you, Atom, and Harry Bell create - which I love naturally. As for graphic illustrations of stories, articles, events etc, I find giving advice and such a dangerous thing, in my case because I do not feel qualified to do so. I suspect David that you too feel as I - different reasons tho, of course - since you did not comment on anything in this or any o t h e r issues of Zimri, artwise. =/

(* Surprisingly, I seem to agree with Lisa. I think it would save a lot of heart-ache if we used the term "fan-graphics" rather than "fan-art". There's a considerable difference between graphics and art - most fan illustration is essentially functional. At a lower level it's used to break up the type-filled page, as decoration - at a higher level it can be illustration or cartoon making a verbal point. This is graphics. And the only comment to be made perhaps is on technique or on how well the point made is illustrated. Take Peanuts - does one comment on the artwork or on the point Schultz makes? I think I enjoy Peanuts for the dry wit and comment, not the artwork. And yet the artwork is inseparable from the comment.)+)

ANDREW M. STEPHENSON
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"The other day I received a fanzine by the name of ZIMRI — the very same as yours! -- I knew it could not be the genuine article as a) yours was still waiting for my co-ex-dictorial (or whatever), which is half-baked done, b) there were only a story and a loc (both excellent imitations) by Rob Holdstock, and c) it (the 'zine) had only 47 pages.



"There was an excellent cover by one Harry Turner (another error - that lad's been out of fandom for years!) which was spoiled by a light (white) border: it should have been darker than the outer fringes of the geometric pattern; then the illo would have escaped being weakened by having to act as its own frame. Think about it." / = I have, and still am thinking, and thinking but... I think I'll just go on thinking. Mentioned it to HT, he's still thinking about it. =/

"I have naturally got some notion of the difficulites this other editrix had to work under, if her tale of ~~WHPA~~ woe resembles yours, and therefore I will not criticise content however, she fell down particularly heavily on two points: the mechanical side of repro and the organisation of articles... However, my sympathies are with this unknown plagiariste, so I cannot comment deeper. When are you going to show her how it should be done by bringing out the real Z-4?

"P.S. You should have included that verse from Pope with the fanzine reviews, then all would have been made plain ... about the title, I mean; and I still don't know wether you hate Kid Grog or not. " / = Yeah, well, there was a reason == I couldn't think of a better place to include it than here and now, also I completely forgot - what wiff one thing and another...Ahem. And as for hating, I'm only narsty to people I like, those I hate just dont exist....

A PERFECT JUDGE will read each work of Wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ:
 Survey the Whole, nor seek slight faults to find
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The gen'rous pleasures to be charm'd with wit.

From: An Essay On Criticism by Alexander Pope.

AND NOW THAT WE HAVE TALKED OF ART, POETRY AND OURSELVES, IT IS TIME FOR MUSIC. LET ALL TAKE THEIR SEATS, FOR JOHNNY HALL IS ABOUT TO TAKE US ON TRIP THROUGH TIME TO A ROCK'N'ROLL FESTIVAL. "AAAAUUUUHHHHWWWWWWCOOO!"

LIVING IN THE PAST

JOHN N. HALL



...at the Great Wembley Rock Revival Show

Y'know... it was one of those shows. You drive back at night with amps still humming in your ears, the soaring sliding notes fading into feed-back wandering between your eyes. A pity you don't go to concerts like that as well as coming away from them.

As it was we had just a little angst that morning, bright and early at around 11. Well, if you were running a concert in a football stadium at which you expected as many as 80,000 people and you'd advertised an 11 o'clock start, you'd open the gates a little before 10.50, wouldn't you?

Now, whether it was the promoter, Ark Festivals, or the dreaded Wembley Stadium management that was responsible for the chaos, I presume not to judge. I had my own problems. There we were, some 4,000 maniacs, all trying to gain access through 3-foot-wide holes at once, gradually crushing each other to death, until our buddies in blue came to the rescue. On horses. One of them bore down on us, easing through on his monstrous beast only to halt his progress with his horse's arse in my face. It was worrying for a time there, for I was clad in my finery and didn't fancy smelling of horse-shit, as well as talking it.

It was nearly 12.30 before we were in the stands. And when we got there we felt a trifle bitter - we were at the opposite end of the stadium to the stage, and the sound was lousy.

It's difficult adequately to describe the crowd that day. Ultimately there were only 50,000 of us, and, at a guess, up to 2,000 of this total were Teddy Boys, in full regalia... drapes, crepe soles, duck ass hair and ear-rings. Very hard men, average age around 28 to 30. They brought their women; chunky birds in short flouncy skirts with lots of petticoats, or clad in mini-skirts and leather jackets. All kinds of groups were there - Rockers and Angels, their emblems gleaming in the morning sun, even drag racers and other old mates, nylon racing jackets weaving through the masses of freaks, pot-heads, and pseudo intellectuals.

The first notable came on after a suitable warm-up by the day's session band. Joe Brown went straight into Picture of You and everyone knew it was alright and gave him vocal support. Well, you couldn't help it. You know it too:

I think I must have been about twelve then. That was the great thing about the whole show - "Christ, remember this ?" Henry the Eighth had everyone going, a good sign since it was still only minutes after our ordeal at the gates, and Brown himself jumped up and down with his maniac grin. He got a good noise for so early in the day, did better than some that were to follow.

Emile Ford came on. Most thought this guy was dead. To be honest, we could have done without him in 1961 and we could do without him now. He pranced through a string of weak covers of Buddy Holly numbers, looking more like a reggae star than a one-hit man from the Rock'n'roll era. Inevitably ending with What Do You Wanna Make Those Eyes At Me For? and left to a reasonable ovation; indicating that some at least were glad he wasn't dead.

The place erupted. Teds leapt about with glee, various heads tried to argue nearer the stage, the rest were just convulsed with laughter. With fiendish cackles, Milord strutted to his box of goodies stage right, threw big rubbery octopus-like objects into the audience and launched into a desultory chorus of Dracula before releasing a flock of pigeons over the stadium. And then he told us that we were here to celebrate the greatest music ever played---Rock'n'Roll.

8





Gary Glitter was pretty horrible --- as was Roy Wood's Wizzard who followed ---GG himself has a taste for the theatrical, and after only two numbers. . had to ask (guy must be off his head) if anyone wanted to touch him. As one man the Teds sent another barrage of cans and bottles, and Gary Glitter found himself glittering a little faster than usual, dodging what was coming over. Finally, with the parting line "In the end you'll love me!" he minced off. Another barrage of missiles rained, this time other factions helped with mouldy sandwiches, half chewed Hot-Dogs etc., Great stuff, haven't had so much fun in years.

Rosko was more direct about the objects which happened to fall near him. "You've heard me on the Radio enough to know I don't crap around," he announced. "I don't care who you hit, and I know it's like a tradition with you guys down the front there, but you gotta know that the first bottle that hits my equipment" --- Loud cheers and cries of "Piss. Off" --- I'm gonna find whoever threw it, and he won't leave here in a hurry." --- Cries of "Get you, ducky.." However, the missile throwing did cease.

A half hour break was announced. We lay back, swigging drink and eating sandwiches. It was beautiful and warm with the sun blazing down. A few Rockers found time for a bundle, old records were played and the Teds danced. Then it was a quarter to seven and time for Bo.

He came on, a grand old man ("I been in this business eighteen years!") and instantly found his band had trouble with the amps. So while they and the Duchess fiddled with the electronics, Bo Diddely just stood in front of the mike and put his hands in the air. Everyone went wild. He just stood there, a balding middle-aged American black, in his white jacket and wide-brimmed hat, radiating charisma. A real hero.

Eventually, they were off. AWOMPBOIMPACHOMPBOIMPACHOMPBOIMPACHOMPPEE!! It reverberated around the stadium. Everyone was on their feet, leaping. He stopped. "That loud enough for yer?" The place roars and he takes off again:

Bo Diddely, Bo Diddely where have you bin?
Been up the house an' I'm a goin' agin.

He did them all. Bo Diddely, Man, Pretty Thing, right up to Shut up, Woman with the Duchess. And the solid stone of sound went around and around. He apparently plays with just one hand; the other stays fixed to two or three

positions on the fret, and he stands dead still most of the time, occasionally shifting his legs when he goes into a solo break. He's superb. Only Chuck Berry, much, much later came near him for such thundering good stuff.

He went off. They brought him back. He goes off again and has to return. When he finally went, the noise continued for ten minutes or more, by which time the Jerry Lee Lewis warm-up had begun...

Linda Gail Lewis --- the man's sister, not his wife as is popularly supposed --- strode on; six feet tall, in a long black dress split down the sides to reveal ice-white legs; rows of flashing teeth and an All-American Bust. For all that, she could sing, striding from side to side of the stage, while the Memphis Beats backed on numbers like River Deep, Mauntin High, Got my Mojo Working, Woman W-o-m-a-n and Chain of Fools. Good stuff. The place was bopping again as she told us to hang on here comes Jerry Lee. Yeah, but where?

First, the delay was because Jerry Lee Lewis was stuck in a traffic jam. Then he was in a pub. Then he was getting changed, Then no one knew where he was...

Then he was on stage. "Hellooo people, this is the iller speakin'." And off he went, pounding the piano for all he was worth with both hands and a foot, on Chantilly Lace (a number which everyone cheered so much, you'd have thought it was his own). Then he did the whole thing with Great Balls of Fire and Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On... He really moved, I've never seen anything like it. He never stayed still for a second and at the end he slammed the lid of the piano down and ran off.

Stupendous. Amazing. It just defies description.

I wasn't expecting too much from Bill Haley and the Comets but I was wrong. Bill Haley is about 40 now, and looks it. If ever there was a blast from the past this is it. Most people forget that he had hits as early as 1951. He is the living evidence of a world where Rock'n'Roll was a world beater. A world where each Sunday the papers would be full of new scandal and criticism of this noise, this monster. So he wades on first, and like Bo Diddely earlier, the crowd goes wild before he even opens his mouth. Then one by one he introduces the Comets and the crowd goes frantic without a single note having been played. As they go into Crazy, Man, Crazy the place explodes!

To be honest, this was dire, but it was fun. And he just laid down this one tune for ages while the place lept about at fever pich. The Teds jived, the Rockers did some curious group dance with their hands on their hips,



and the rest of us just bopped. He wound it up, and said "There's a song I bin carryin' around on my back now for more years than I care to remember." Then he did it.

One, two, three o'clock, four o'clock rock
Five, six, seven o'clock, eight o'clock rock

You know the rest.

"You've made an old man very happy." He cried as he came back for his third encore. And he was. It was probably as unexpected a reception to him as it was to me. And he was good. Charisma again.

It was darker now and everyone was hyped and high. Zoom. No one could wait. Gotta keep going.

"Ladies and gennelmen, the incredible, the King of Rock and Roll, the amazing LITTLE RICHARD !!!!!"

The light came on and there he was.

Bamalamabamagotta girl called Linda,
They call her the great Lucinda
Gotta girhirhirl called Linda,
They call her the great Lucinda
And when she hollers
She goes bamalamaloo
Bamalama abamaloo
Bamalama abamaloo

Right words or not, everyone was leaping and singing, really going for all it was worth. But the man himself had other ideas. After the first number he had to tell us how great he was, how much he loved us, and how Rock'n'Roll was going on forever. He started the next number in total silence therefore, mostly I would guess because the Teds were still reeling with shock. On he went with Good Golly, Miss Molly, and the place was beginning to move again, when would you believe it, he stopped to ask us how great he was, again!

For some time now various Ted heavies with names like 'Tongue Tied Danny' and 'Little Bopper' had been up on stage with Rosko and Tony Prince, and had been entering into the spirit of things, doubtless a clever ploy by the organisers to keep the Teds in check. So when Little Richard did these things they, along with the DJs, Roadies, Ronan O'Rahilys and Allen Kleins had been egging him on from the wings. Now, a curious thing. The Teds were divided about the reception to be accorded to this turn of events. Half were for pelting him right there and then, half including the ones on stage were for taking it anyhow. The backing band carried on but Little Richard merely bellowed whether or not we were feeling alright. A goodly proportion were not. Fists flew in the front ranks and pandemonium seemed about to break loose.

Then Little Richard suddenly swung into Long Tall Sally. All appeared well again until he ceased playing and leaving the band to play on, climbed atop his piano and began to strip. Just as he'd ripped up his gold lame trousers to widespread disinterest, the lights went out, the power shut off, and a dark cloud of Roadies presumably told him to get on with it.

Back came the lights and power and the man asked if we were ready for Tutti Frutti to boos and rude signs. Everyone, bar the Teds who were laying into each other like Ghod know what but apparently in fun, was shouting "We want Chuck! We want Chuck!", and Little Richard had to go. So, with a rush, Roadies escorted him off to more boos and raspberries. Rosko was grinning like a hyena and said he thought this was the best concert he'd been at since he couldn't remember. Tony Prince went home.

..

And the place went wild.



Ovations accorded to Bo Diddely and Bill Haley paled by comparison to that for Chuck Berry. He waited for it to die down and then announced kinda slow "Good evenin' y'all. Are we gonna have us a good time??!" Uproar. With one of those famous intros he flashed off into Mabellene, and went on and on without a break. Everyone leapt and yelled, girls even screamed.

At one point he told the place to hold up lighted matches and lighters and see how the place glowed in the dark. Inevitably, not only the matches and lighters glowed, but burning programme booklets, souvenirs, evening papers, lunch bags, baseball boots, chairs... the lot. Marvellous. Two small conflagrations started down in the Teds' area, one of which they refused to let marshals put out. The rest danced on flames to douse them. Chuck Berry looked off-stage and remarked "I think we started somethin'."

We had indeed. A few numbers later the Wembley Stadium management switched off the stadium audio and put on the floodlights all the way round and above, to indicate that in their view it was all over.

Berry played on... "An' you will be the leader of a big Roll Band,
People will be comin' from miles around,
Hear you play ya music when the sun goes down.
Maybe some day ya name will be in lights
Sayin' Johnny B. Goode tonite."

Now the management cut the power, but in seconds the organisers had the emergency generators in play --- full marks for foresight! Berry played on, ending to magnificent applause and five encores in his own good time.

And then we went home. What a day. It's worth noting that despite all kinds of complaining noises from the management, a good-humoured police force stayed outside. Not a single arrest. Amazing, considering the place could have been burned down back there, Fun really. It would have served the bloody management right if it had burnt down. They have as little idea of how to handle the business as they have of running a public convenience. And those are pretty disgusting in there, as well as being too far away. What do they do at the Cup Final....? The parking was ludicrous too... thousands of cars and bikes all trying to get out at once, no supervision whatever.

All the credit should go to Ark Festivals who did it all and made a profit. Let's hope there's more where they came from, only not at Wembley. The Oval, Stamford Bridge... anywhere but the vast echoing concrete Wembley.

We'd have gone to Reading the following week.

[illegible]

poetry

Like spirit to the senses
the numbness spreads
creeping
along every fibre
to the pores
Ethereal edges
and quiet
contentment

Paul Skelton -'72

74

MARIA BATHA

like a trobriand islander
she made love on meeting or
departure

just like a handshake to her
a ritual greeting

also sometimes to smooth
her skin & improve
muscle tone

& sometimes even
just to clear her mind

steve sneyd -73

WHAT IS YOUR RIGHT HAND FOR?

or say Babylon ended as a zoo?
then o how lucky was its King
who all-contented ate the sand

didn't he escape easily
as all around
the town fell down
and air turned to dread devils on
the lathe of that burden,
intelligence, in other words what
Atlas gladly swopped for
far heavier earth -

since THAT at least
he had no need
to try to find a reason for -
or use for it anymore than
the beerglass need by concerned
what Babel its contents will produce

and round the dying creature
madly chewing food for which it
has no cud

the great foundations of the tower glare
as silent and enlightening as a star

for those wise enough to come share
the cure found here for Reason.

steve snayd --72

ENCORE

Time is running out on me and you boys,
We can't play at children forever,
Unwilling to graduate to Adulthood,
Can't keep getting blasted and fucked;
-----no matter what.

You can't blame me 'cos you know,
How bad its been for a long,
Long time now, and you won't help me,
You just want me to grin and bear it,
-----and I won't.

Tommy is hearing me and at last I shall be saved,
Gonna see action and stop playing at the seeker,
Maybe I'm still a pinball wizard and maybe I'm not,
But in teenage wasteland I'm ending my days,
-----and I'll miss you.

VALENTINE POEM (somewhat disjointed)

I
Yes, I'm very articulate
About everything that doesn't matter,
All kinds of rubbish can pass my lips
And not a tenth of it will be about anything at all.

II
Can I help it?
Is it my fault if the mental block that won't let me vocalise
Is winning hands down again?

III
I'm running through great galactic spiral arms for you
Through a multi-coloured universe that won't stop spinning
A huge metallic winged bird is singing in the blue sky,
Calling and calling so the whole galaxy can hear.....

IV
Singing for me, singing for you-
Shall I tell you what it says?
Can you help knowing the answer in advance?
Its singing "I love you, I love you"

JOHN N. HALL 1973

Historia de un Amor

He told her of birds women machines
She about the skin of a summer evening
He stroked her belly whispered of a pink grotto
She said silver sail in the grotto
They went to Europe visited Madrid and the Costa Brava
She lost her umbrella they looked at the stars
They bought furniture he told her dirty stories
She praised him for meat like a flint
They talked of the weather and the dripping tap
They opened the window she listened to cats creaming at March
The bread wasn't delivered he bought her a ring
 He spoke of love
 She of love

She killed herself in the afternoon

Shell

Now a turtle-shell for me
the shape of light as thick as flesh
stone-like uncomfortable to carry
Bleeding under the skull - sometimes

The flickering light thick like flesh
Getting more and more brutal
beating out in the muddy air
pleasing shapes
Forged into smoothness
Fashioned to the shape of a skull
and worn

A shell of a turtle now for me
His shape stands brightly
A light as thick as flesh

The shell is in hell
burning in fires
cooling in ice
Whipped by telephone bells
Cuddled in bandages of sleep
Fed with paper words
Washed by memory
as cool as a mountain stream

The shell is in hell
He is in hell
and hell is in me

lisa conesa

Reflections of a DEPRESSION DEBEEZTION Reflections of a

Ian Williams

Several fictions by:

To begin one must start. This sounds like a platitude, it may well be, it is also true. How many times, Ian Williams, have you mentioned in conversation a story that is still bubbling around in your head. Always in your head, never on paper.

If one is serious the risk is run of being called pretentious.
If light and amusing, superficial.

At Chessmancon, Fred Hemmings refused to believe that I was myself. You're too big to be Ian Williams, he told me.
This seems to say something about fandom and fannish jokes.

Lisa sent me Zimri today. And a fannish evening at home was called off due to colds and flu on the part of my guests. I spent the day at a quiet branch library. I had chips for my dinner. Now I am playing a tape of Mahler's Tenth Symphony. Sometimes I despair of any significance in my life at all.

This is a regression.

I write in the style of Evan S. Connell Jr's 'Notes From a Bottle Found on the Beach at Carmel'.
Fragments that connect, albeit elusively.

A girl I once knew cultivated emotions like roses. Or wallowed in them like a pig at a trough.

She enjoyed the all enclosing grey gloom, wrapping it around her till she would huddle alone on a corner of her room cowering from the world. Or dance, shriek, sing when joy descended on her.
What worries me is I know how she feels.

Every day I grow more like a fan in a barrel.
It isn't easy to be a walking Harry Bell cartoon.

I am sick of the general inept poetry of fans. They are so full of high sounding phrases, empty images, and trite cliches of obvious emotions. In none can I find any form of insight into humanity. They are clever-clever masquerades for silly-silliness.
Why are so many fans like the writers they admire empty of perception?

I have been amused by many fanzines but rarely have I learnt anything of worth from them.

From people I learn continually.

This week the sketch of a novel came into my head. A young man is about to kill himself. He begins writing his reasons for wanting to die and discusses different methods he may choose. Each method leads his train of thought into a new understanding of an aspect of his life. At the end he decides not to kill himself. Being an atheist this is the only end I could possibly write because I believe that a living hell is better than no hell at all.

Isn't that naive of me?

"I am like a deaf mute with a message
of the utmost importance
addressing someone ignorant of my fantastic language,
who must resort to a frightful pantomime
of sighs and gestures.
Laboriously, I am transcribing reality."
I wish I had written that instead of Evan S. Connell, Jr.

"A treasure house is not one
where gold and jewels wait to be gazed on
by the eyes of lascivious men,
but a place where discoveries can be made.
Perhaps I shall find mine tomorrow."
That's me there.
Did you notice?

If a story is a lie,
then how can these be fictions
unless I am deluding myself?

My magic is a new face smiling
because I have spoken to it.

In the words that have been written and the words to come
I have been exorcising myself.
Or am I stating the obvious again?

I'm sick, said Ian Maule heavily.
Who isn't, said I cynically.

Now that's fiction.

The sun rises.

The sun sets.

Somewhere in between that is my life and I can find no meaning in it.
Can you in yours?

Somewhere in Greg Pickersgill's vulgar, rum-swilling self is a broad
streak of kindness. I've seen it.
If he can be inconsistent so can I.

"I didn't understand that at all." R.A. Lafferty.

The achievement of true incongruity
is a fine art.

I sit in a room,
scattered around are comics, books, cassettes, a pipe leans idly
against the hearth, a tobacco pouch sits on the arm of a chair, an
empty beer glass stands in the middle of the floor, sounds of the
Grateful Dead come from my cassette recorder out of sight behind me,
sheets of typing paper lay scattered around, dirty ash trays stand on
a table.

This room is a collage of me.

I'm half way through the second volume of Katherine Kurtz's Deryni series. It is a fascinating book, but there are some realities that even I do not find preferable.

The day is grey and cold.
An identification.

It is nearly two years since I last wrote a poem.
Have I remained unmoved for that long?

A German girl said she would tell me a very funny joke.
"There were two Englishmen standing at a bus stop
and the bus came.
'After you' said the first.
'No, after you,' said the second."
And she burst out laughing.
"I don't see the joke," I said.

Once I sat on the top of the mountain Blencathra at a point overlooking Sharp Edge which I'd just climbed. An eagle swooped some fifty feet below me. The wind blew gently ruffling the grass, its sound more like an echo of reality than the thing itself. The day was cool, the sun benevolent rather than harsh. I felt myself become one with the grass, the wind, the earth and the sun. A part of instead of separate from.
I haven't been there again.

I prefer to draw no conclusions
but to accept what comes.

Sometimes I lie to myself
trying to convince me that I possess
attributes I do not have
but would like to own.

I greatly enjoy cigarettes but gave them up a week ago. I fear I have a deep masochistic streak.

I like to think I'm a manio-depressive but I'm not, merely moody. It raises one's own self-image to have identifiable disturbance rather than simple feelings of general dissatisfaction.

In conversation with a girl I work with on Saturdays at a branch library I told her that I found life generally pleasant and simple but was a little worried as nothing exciting seemed to be happening.
"You're getting old," she said and laughed.

Time passes
The world moves on
Once more my mind returns to barrenness.

Night.

Ian Williams - Feb.'73

SPOKEN like a FAN!

In the last issue of ZIMRI I published a very short dictionary of 'fan-slang' culled from already existing fan-language. In my introduction I suggested enriching the said lingo; below are some additions sent to me by the more inventive minds in British Fandom ie Rob Holdstock, Fanny B. Riot and Jo Whithisone, not to mention Messrs Anonymous Incorporated...

WANTED! - A word for promises unkept, such as faneds' predicitions for next issues and the like. Something I've been very guilty of, and henceforth promise never to do again....

Fannish Terms of 1990 & Others:

Kettling: the act of being so self centred that you become intolerable.

GillyPicking: throwing a spontaneous and unprovoked depression and sitting in a corner moaning Simone.

Do a Gilbert: throw yourself critically at some aspect of fandom and become oblivious to the fool you have made of yourself.

Raise Hell: extend your boring life to the pages of a boring fanzine that you produce yourself.

AMES (- to ~~go~~ AMES.): Artistic Mammoth Entity's gone a Sunder! (= Gafiate).

F(h)andfull: Linda Partington, Simone Walsh, Maddalena Fortey, June Marsh, Christine Edwards, Brian Burgess and other beautiful Sheilas.

Meat your meat: decide that all that's wrong with fandom is it doesn't have a fanzine called Fouler. Edit a magazine called Fouler. Cop out. Go to jail. Do not pass go.

Shitzine: the worst fanzine on the scene. Can be Speculation or Madcap depending on your degree of stupidity and according to whether you live in Manchester or Birmingham.

Shatzine: a two minute old copy of a shitzine.

Fanmouth: Roy Kettle

Fanzyne: Thom Penman

Ratfan: Not yet classified. No microscope with magnification high enough to show them up.

CeeBees: Convention Blues. That period from Monday after a convention, when you think 'Gee what a great bunch of people - I really have some friends in fandom' until the arrival of post con fanzines and you read what that great bunch of people has written about you, and you turn rabid.

F-Loo-Entrance: Gateway to fannish hell.

All but two additions to this esoteric vocabulary were sent in by Rob - which two should be fairly obvious. No prizes offered. The only reward for contributing are my thanx and your approval.

The following are some assorted quickies from the anonymous group already mentioned. Again the reason for the cloak of anonymity should be obvious, and if you think they ain't so hot, why don't YOU show us how, eh? EH??

Outtwit: to do better than t'wit before.

Fanarce: an extravagant article, statement, whatever. Comedy marked by absurdity. Fanarcist: joker, comedian, etc. Fanarcially: (adv) ludicrously, shamefully....

PeP'zine: vigorous, energetic, irritating, corny type zine; one which is often pelted with abusive, tho friendly, missiles. PeP = xenial.

Dwarf: is a person of unusual powers, bodily and intellectual---a giant amongst fen. Fen who earn themselves this title are also referred to as Goblins or Teddy bears.

Goblin: a mischievous demon; sprite invoked by rogues... (This is all I've been able to discover, the reasons being clear and easily understood. having made acquaintance with one such Dwarf/Goblin creature. But Teddy bear?! Here's where my research led to a cul-de-sac; unless of course his middle name is Theodore...?)

Gannet Fandom: a group of fen who live in Co.Durham and meet once a month (or more frequently) in a tavern by the name of GANNET - which is supposedly where the name originated from. They are an active bunch of greaks and Goblins, Mad Maulers, Professors and robots who produce some of the best 'zines around (British of course). MAYA: produced and edited by the Mauler himself is a good example, likewise GANNETSCRAPBOOK a gestalt production headed by a mythical creature who pretends to be the real Robert Jackson.

Thoth; unlike the mythical creatures mentioned above, Thoth really exists under various disguises such as Thom Penman, The Travelling Minstrel (travelling: as in going round in circles, blowing up tires and never getting there - there in this instance means here..), Aurora Borealis, etc., etc.

Anidea: something which has suddenly struck me; I have realised that this thing is running away with me into realms of personalities, which might be a good idea for future issues, right now however, let us get back to fan-slang.

Collyphan: an individual; aggressive, forceful type fan. A dangerous enemy.

Collyseur: a Competent Judge, especially in fine arts; An Expert.

Griper: a person who tries to enthuse members of apas (and things) to more vigorous and productive action. One who doesn't let water flow under bridges or grass grow under his feet ...

Pru Freda: one who reads and tries to spot the odd mistake - spelling or otherwise - particularly applicable to stencil Pru Freding. (am)

Conesaspelling: spelling which leaves much to be desired - or worse.(am)

Piskled Onions: Cornish for pickled onions, or an ideal adjective to apply to a lousy Pru Freda. (am)

LoC: Letter of Comment.

"gray boak" reviews



○ MOEBIUS TRIP-15 from Ed Connor - 1805 N. Gale - Peoria, Ill. 61604 - U.S.A.

It has been said of Moebius Trip that it is more like atypical British crudzine than a typical British crudzine. This is unfair & comparisons are odious, yet.. There is a familiar feel to the magazine. Crowded layout inferior artwork (though some Rotslers are present and lesser Kirk), duplication clear yet lacking the crystal clarity of ENERGIUMEN, the familiar devotion to the pseudo-sciences: (psi and the Loch Ness Monster here) the familiar whining Roje Gilbert letter....

There is, however, truly superb "interview" of James Schmitz by Paul Walker. Walker interviews a leading writer each issue, but this one is probably his best to date. Leon Taylor does book reviews normally, but misses out this time; Bill Wolfenbarger blows his mind to little purpose; Walt Liebscher his fun with movie titles, weird quotes, etc Good writers all, but not giving of their best this time around. There are book reviews, and a lettercolumn.

With the exception of the Schmitz interview, this issue is a lemon. It reads like a cross between CYPHER and something left over from PaDS. My initial statement fits, but MT is usually better than this.

- AFRICAN - from Nick Skears, 52 Garden Way, Noethcliff 4, Johannesburg, South Africa. Price is 20 p or 50p for 3.

Australian Agent: Ron Clarke, 78 Redgrave Road, Normanhurst 2076.

Lisa tells me that she is British Agent for this fanzine, and has so far found no-one to subscribe, so will I please review it here? Gladly, though I suspect that there has been at least one more issue (May 1972 for a quarterly - that's almost CYNIC's schedule). It is perhaps worth pointing out that there is a cross in the box marked "This is your last issue..." on Lisa's copy.

AFRICAN is clearly if somewhat untidily produced, the fault seemingly to lie with the stencilling rather than the duplication. It is an untypical first issue in that it has a lettercolumn carried over from Nick's previous 'zine ENTROPION. I admit to being a sucker for letter columns. Give me a nice long letter column full of talented people chatting and I'm happy. AFRICAN does pretty well.

The rest of the magazine has various international fannish happenings interspersing large amounts of talk about Ray Bradbury. For Ray Bradbury fans this magazine is a must, to those who can't stand his writings it is best avoided. I, and I expect most of you, fall between these two extremes. It was interesting to read, but went on a bit too much. Later, less single-minded, issues should prove well worth reading.

- SPECULATION - 31 from Peter Weston, 31 Pinewall Avenue, Kings Norton, B'ham 30. 20p (50c) per copy, 5 for £1.00. Overseas subs 4 for \$2.00.

What happened to SPECULATION? One time Hugo-contender, this latest issue seems to confirm a recent trend: SPEC is not as good as it was. It hardly seems necessary to add that it is still bloody fine. A bad SPECULATION is unthinkable.

That the pressures of work and marriage forced a reduction in the number of issues is perhaps the major cause. To be in the fore with a review zine, it helps to be up-to-date, and SPEC seems all-too-often six months old when it appears. Then again, the writers don't seem quite as good as they were. Shippey & Pringle are not the best reviewers around, though Barbour is good, and Stableford falls below his usual high standard with little more than a chronological listing of Silverberg's novels. Aldiss's humorous piece is best overlooked, Frederik Pohl's speech seems bland, and at the time inane ("Heinlein /is/style free"). Only the letter column seems up to scratch.

There is a long editorial, which is normally a Good Thing, but even this somehow fails to inspire the issue. Perhaps this is because SPECULATION was always a serious magazine for the hard-core enthusiast, a razor-sharp product of critical integrity. Pete's chattiness and Aldiss's fun have blunted the edge, and the lack of solid criticism in the remainder of the issue shows up the error.

SPECULATION's main problem is its reputation standing behind each issue and perhaps blinding our eyes. SPEC-31 would have been a good issue of almost any other fanzine.

- ALGOL - 19 from Andrew Porter, P.O. Box 4175, New York, NY 10017, U.S. of A. Subscriptions: 4 issues for \$3.00.

British Agent: Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue
Surbiton, Surrey KT6 6QL at £1.25 for 4 issues.

ALGOL is a fine serious fanzine, professionally printed and appearing twice yearly. A19 contains the latest episode of Silverberg's travels; a column by Ted White on the expenses of publishing; a long article by Marion Zimmer Bradley on experimentation in SF; shorter pieces by Frederik Pohl, George Turner, Ray Bradbury. Dick Lupoff reviews SF books and there is a thriving

letter column.

Fine, you say, it must be pretty good. Does it always have names like that? Well, yes it does. So why isn't it a Hugo contender? Andy Porter would like to know that himself, and poses that very question in his editorial.

Could it be because of the professional printing, the black-on-white appearance, could it somehow produce a "cold" feel to the magazine? It could, but RIVER-SIDE QUARTERLY was nominated with a very "old" feel, and SPECULATION has always been black-on-white. For a serious fanzine, this is no great drawback. The twice-yearly publishing schedule doesn't help, though, as ALGOL is rarely around, so its only occasionally in the forefront of a fan's attention. This is part of the answer - the other part being competition. There have been some very good fanzines around in recent years, SFC, RQ, SPECULATION, ENERGUMEN, OUTWORLDS, ... and of course the winners WARHOON, SFR and LOCUS.

I don't think ALGOL is of Hugo-winning standard, but then that's not what Andy asks. Given more issues a year, I don't see why it shouldn't displace such zines as GRANFALLOON (good as the latter is) from the nominations. Read it.

HELL - 7 from Brian Robinson & Paul Skelton, 9 Linwood Grove, Manchester M12 4HQ and 185 Pendlebury Towers, Lancashire Hill, Stockport SK5 7RW
3p per issue - (stamps preferred), an OMPA-zine.

My thanks go to Lisa for providing me with this issue. HELL is a regular, enthusiastic and clearly produced; as a result of those virtues it must be considered one of Britain's leading fanzines. Until this issue, however, the quality of the material used weighed against its acknowledged qualities. HELL's 1 to 6 were pretty crummy.

Looking coldly at the contents, HELL-7 is a little better. John Piggott provides a piece of fan writing that fails to provide any real atmosphere, but he has the right idea, merely needing more practice in the genre. The final episode of Mike Meara's seemingly never-ending saga of the jazz guitar appears, salvaged by being largely unreadable due to the use of red ink on white paper - a good sign, experimentation like that. It failed, due to insufficient contrast, but fortunately it was attempted on an article that was quite happily missed.

There are fannish mumblings from Brian, Cas, Skel and Pete Presford, in descending order. They insist on writing in a slap-happy joke-forcing tell-it-as-it-is style, distressingly common to the MaD Group. This is obviously meant to show what great-folks-we-all-are, and what-a-great-time-we-have-here. It has the flaw of making them appear illiterate. Brian manages to hold his sides together long enough to slip quite a lot of information across. Cas does manage to impress the reader with her personality, and Skel's experiments with layout make his work interesting, at least.

It is really the artwork that saves the 'zine, and Skel's artwork in particular. It is difficult to realise that this is the same artist as appeared in the early HELLS. The use of Letratone has done wonders for his style. He is also (presumably) responsible for the experiment in layout: borders around pieces of writing, good separation for locs, double columns, two page artwork, all of which improve the magazine.

HELL-7, in short, shows a remarkable improvement over the early issues. It is perhaps a shame to imply that they've taken their time about it (seven issues, after all)(or to point to a certain lack of content), but they are undoubtedly moving in the right direction.

LURK-4 from Pat & Mike Meara, 61 Borrowash Rd, Derby DE2 7QH. 50p per issue.

Lurk began rather like HELL, but has improved rather more rapidly, if in a different direction. It has taken for itself the role of reprinting convention speeches, and does it quite happily.

For the benefit of all fenkind this issue has the James White speech from Novacon, and should be a must for all fans with a sense of humour and an interest in James' work.

LURK itself is an example of what appears to be a growing trend in British fanzines. Artwork is rare, layout is stark, there are pages and pages of pure words. It tries to avoid messiness by playing completely safe, has no failures in layout by abhorring all experiments, and pays for this with a monotonous appearance.

It takes James White to overcome this effect. Poor Philip Payne, the book reviews and the letter column are buried completely. The editorial escapes by being first; the fanzine reviews by being competently handled (if far too sharkily) by Mike. However, I'd like fanzine reviews anyway.

LURK also needs a little more attention paid to the duplicating, as some pages were prone to fading. With some attention in the layout, LURK could become a leading British fanzine. /This is an OMPA-zine./

○ Graham Boak



EGG 7 - published for aardvark fans everywhere by Peter Roberts from:
87 West Town Lane, Bristol BS4 5DZ - sub 15p a copy.

Orycteropus capensis holds no fascination for me. The only animal that has wormed his way into my affections is Snoopy, that undependable ally of Charlie Brown.

But to the matter in hand - Egg 7. When Lisa gave me this copy for review, she kindly informed me that it is one of Britain's finest fanzines. Hovering as I do on the outer fringes of fandom, I can only bow to that informed verdict, and pass it on. It could well be true, but as I read through the pages I began to feel I'd never drifted away from the scene at all.

"Gray Boak is a hoax!" claims the lead article. My memory stirred and I recalled the hullabaloo created when Joan Carr, one-time prolific fanzine publisher and indefatigable correspondent, achieved such popularity that she was invited to a con as guest of honour, only to be revealed as the invention of Sandy Sanderson. From where I'm standing, this expose may be a true revelation, or could itself be a hoax. All good for a pre-Eastercon gasp!

Pete voices fans' worries about the state of British fandom. Some fans have always been preoccupied with the gloomy present and the doomy future of fandom. The obvious point is that there is no Golden Age but the present - so enjoy yourselves for ghodsake and stop brooding. Fandom survived a world war, and it survived sf breaking thru the respectability/popularity barriers many years ago. All of which doesn't stop Eric Bentcliffe adopting a Canute-like posture against an imaginary tidal wave...

Ian Williams describes a visit to the Globe (as countless fans have before him) and drops the right fannish names (as countless fans etc.). There's a lively lettercol, the obligatory quota of "fanart", and all in all it's an entertaining and easy-on-the-eye production.



CYNIC - 5 From Gray Boak 6 Hawks Road, Kingston upon Thames, Surrey 1KT 3EG
@ 20p an issue or the usual.

Two items held my attention - the views of Mike Glickson and Lisa (what breathless ingenuousness!) on fanzine publishing in the lettercol, and Jim

Linwoods succinct, admirably fair-minded 'zine reviews. I delighted in his shrewd put-down of the Bradbury cultists and the brevity with which he describes his progress from Bradbury to Kerouac. Yet he generously praises where due --- very mature comment.

▲ Harry Turner

A short P.S. on CYNIC-5 from your editrix (Lisa Conesa - in case you're forgotten!).

This being another one of the best fannish 'zines in this country (~~one~~ which Gray might discontinue I'm afraid -- or so he says -- replacing same with something else perhaps) is not a fanzine for the neo, or the resurrected BNF. At least, one needs more than one issue in order to get to know fannish goings-on and fen, & after 5 issues I still don't know Who is This Gray Boak!?

Besides the items Harry mentioned above, Cynic-5 also gives us a splendid article by Jean Finney, 'The New Messiahs'; in which Jean invites us to join in a new religion and become 'Scifists and choose who you want for God. I must admit that were it not for David Rowe's excellent portraits (hand cut!), I would not have been able to recognise all of them. 'The Dandy' for instance I thought to be Chris Priest, only to find out over the page that Chris was in fact 'The Hush Puppy'. However, the article and the idea were fun, to read and to make up one's own Ghods thereafter.

'The Long Trek' by Gray, describes some fannish experiences whilst he (Gray) and some of his friends go in search of sunrise and the Brunel Bridge. This type of article is something Gray is really good at & a Dick Geis-'zine from him is something I'd really like to see.

The 'zine is as usual nicely laid out, with many artists contributing; covers designed by Andrew Stephenson; the front of which was a bit disappointing, and his illoes on page three very, very mysterious!

In the next issue of ALGOL Andy Porter will have a nude centerfold of Astrid Anderson (whom Pete Weston mentions in his lot - somewhere in this issue); Andy's address is also somewhere here: 'Gray Boak' reviews. There will be a picture of Andy (nude?) and others 2. How about having a picture of Poul Anderson in the next issue of Zimri - in the nude of course.

Eternal means forever and forever is today

The month is APRIL, the year 1973 -- This was supposed to be an interim issue of Zimri, hah! Next issue of Zimri will probably come out at Nova-con time but your contributions and or LoCs, artwork etc., are requested to arrive at this address (see EGOLIST) not later than August, please?

If anyone out there could lend, sell or exchange for summat fanzines by Walt Willis their place in heaven will be secured - I promise !!



GALACTIC POT-HEALER

by

Philip K. Dick

Published by PAN.....@ 25p

Reviewed by: Chris Morgan

No other writer in the field of SF except Robert Heinlein is the subject of as much controversy as Philip Dick. To some people Dick is the best writer around; to others he is one of the worst. I believe that both points of view can be substantiated, depending upon the books which are cited, because Dick is the most variable of authors. He can, and does, produce good and bad books with equal ease and in no particular order. To amplify this point it has been strongly argued that he did his best work in the early 1960s (which was when he won his Hugo with The Man in the High Castle), and certainly his most recent novels have been hammered by the critics.

Galactic Pot-Healer is a curious mixture. (OK, so which Dick novel isn't?) It will be enjoyed by Dick fans but is unlikely to convert his critics. It concerns Joe Fernwright, a 21st century mender of ceramic pots whose trade is no longer required; a dumb, hidebound character who lives a miserable

life on an authoritarian Earth. He exists on state aid and spends his time playing word games; he is familiar with the titles and authors of books, but not with the books themselves; he can spout philosophy but does not know its meaning; he is divorced, lonely. Then his big chance comes: he is offered the job of pot-healing on a grand scale for an incredibly large fee -- and the book plunges into a succession of fantastic, dream-like happenings with no warning and little explanation.

This lack of an integrated plot or of any logical sequence of events is not quite fatal to the book. It does seem disjointed in places, as if it were being written not to a plan but to satisfy the author's changing whims. However, Dick's brilliant inventiveness keeps the reader interested. Some of the ideas which he produces then passes over are so fascinating and mind bending as to warrant separate novels. (It is possible, though, that he passes over these ideas because he has not the scientific knowledge to apply them properly to a story. Certainly he does make the occasional bad scientific blunder, such as to completely ignore decompression stops when surfacing from a deep scuba dive.) His descriptions, too, are good, though offbeat. It always seems to me that Dick cannot write about an alien or a robot without poking fun at it (and at us all) by endowing it with certain human feelings. Thus a vein of humour runs through the book, but this some times falls flat and never manages to lighten the sombre tone of the action; rather it serves to make Joe Fernwright look more ridiculous and pitiable.

For Joe is the small man, caught up by forces he does not comprehend, who appears in most of Dick's books, and who is part of most of us. Big brother who watches Joe's every move is Glimmung, a huge whale-like creature which inhabits Sirius V but is able to project itself in various forms onto any other planet (or onto many at once). There is also Mali Yojez, an alien, though humanoid, girl, whom Joe falls for. Despite his trip to Sirius V, his participation in a huge archaeological salvage project and his interaction with Glimmung and Mali, Joe remains himself: a small man and a failure. If Galactic Pot-Healer has any message it is that none of us can escape our built-in limitations, however much of a chance we are given.

Chris's 5 star rating: **½

THE PRESERVING MACHINE AND OTHER STORIES by: Philip K. Dick -- PAN @ 35p

It is always annoying when British publishers arbitrarily omit stories in reprinting US collections or anthologies. In the case of The Preserving Machine, Pan have left out 'What the Dead Men Say', the longest of the 15 stories in the collection. Even worse, on the title page it says "Unabridged". I thought there was a law against that sort of thing.

Pan books please note!

Among the 14 stories which have survived are some of Dick's very best. They portray a variety of futures - all of them either downbeat or offbeat. The longer stories are similar to the better Dick novels, describing complex, regimented futures. 'War Veteran' is an excellent thriller about an old man, scarred by fifty years of soldiering, who tries to tell people about his exploits in the great space battle of 2187 - but this is 2169. 'We Can Remember it for you Wholesale' is the marvellous, oft-anthologised tale of a bored, frustrated clerk who has always wanted to visit Mars, but realises that he will never be able to afford it. So he goes along to Rekall Incorporated, who will, for a small fee, implant in his mind the memories of a trip to Mars. But when the Rekall technicians dig into his mind they find that he has been to Mars. This clash between the real and illusory memories appear in another complex piece, 'Retreat Syndrome'.

There are several stories in the book that deal with life after the big bang: 'If There Were No Benny Cemoli' is about political necessity; 'Pay for the Printer' shows that there are right and wrong ways to re-establish a technological civilisation; 'Captive Market' portrays a hard businesswoman intent

on making a nasty future even nastier.

The collection shows Dick's horrific side in 'Upon the Dull Earth' and 'The Crawlers', a couple of real chillers. Even his lighter pieces contain black humour ('Beyond Lies the Wub' and 'Oh to be a Blobel!') or satire ('Top Stand-by Job'). And there are several other stories, (including the peculiar title story and 'Roog', both of which seem pointless to me), which go to make up this large, mainly good collection, that might well have been titled 'The Best of Philip K. Dick'.

Chris's 5 star rating: ****
or, if you can get the complete edition: **** $\frac{1}{2}$

GREY LENSMAN by E.E. 'Doc' Smith (256pp) Published by PANTHER (586 03845 0) @ 35p

Reviewed by: Jim England

Reading Grey Lensman was quite an experience. Not a particularly pleasant experience. Just an unusual experience!

Let me make it clear that I knew in advance that Grey Lensman was a part of a classic series of "olde worlde" SF novels, a little before my time. I knew that many who read this series as adolescents look back on it now with nostalgia and admiration for its epic quality. I guessed it would be action-packed adventure stuff full of gadgets and gimmicks. I did not suspect that it would be as completely devoid of literary merit and scientific interest as it proved to be.

Grey Lensman is the fourth in the "Lensman" series of seven novels. It starts with a ten-page foreward summing up the previous three novels. The very first sentence of the foreward embodies a now-outmoded theory -- that planets are formed when stars pass close to each other. Shortly afterwards, we hear of a "brief war with the Nevians, a race of highly intelligent amphibians who used allotropic iron as a source of atomic power." The "Lens" itself is described as "a lenticular structure of hundreds of thousands of tiny crystalloids, built and tuned to match the individual life-force." We hear of somebody called Virgilia who "was the most accomplished muscle-reader of her time." (Nobody explains what a "muscle-reader" is.) We learn that Valerians are "men of human ancestry, but of extraordinary size, strength and agility because of the enormous gravitation of the planet Valeria." (Enormous gravitation would necessitate small size.) Finally, we encounter :-- "Trenco, the tempestuous, billiard-ball-smooth planet where it rains forty-seven feet and five inches every night, and where the wind blows at eight hundred miles an hour -- Treco, the source of thionite, the deadliest of all deadly drugs." (Can anybody explain to me how a drug -- presumably obtained from a plant -- can exist on a "billiard-ball-smooth planet" under these conditions? It must be one hell of a tough plant!)

So far, I have quoted only from the foreward. Chapter I starts on page 18, which refers to "a many-tentacled creature indescribable to man" and then proceeds to try to describe it!

It is not my intention to point out bits of ridiculous pseudo-science and claptrap for its own sake. Simply to illustrate that this is pulp SF of a most unsatisfactory kind, written by an author showing a lack of respect for his readers' critical faculties.

The readership aimed at seems to have been blood-thirsty and retarded adolescents. The writing is Batman comic strip stuff, full of "grunted" exclamations like "Holy Klono!", "Great Klono's tungsten teeth!", "Klono's whiskers!" (Klono -- a mythical god), and catchphrases like "QX" (O.K.), "It checks... to nineteen decimals!", "Don't burn out no jets!" The characters are cardboard -- hard-bitten spacemen uttering "sizzling space-oaths" and "geniuses" conversing like inmates of the ESN special schools. The jokes are silly (she was "so low she could walk under a duck". p68). The writing is careless. (He was "off of women forever." p.63)

So far, I have said very little as to what the book is really about. In a nut shell, it is about the adventures of a sort of Errol Flynn of the spaceways (Kinnison) in a cops-and-robbers and transplanted Western movie environment. The adventures involve interminable spaceship battles against various kinds of "baddies", from which Kinnison always emerges unscathed. The spaceship battles become terribly boring, despite all the "turgid incandescence", "Q-type helixes of pure force", melting bus-bars, buckling plates and girders, etc. And the 'Doc' seems incapable of describing anything else. Nowhere in the book is there a decent description of anything,-- not even the omnipresent backcloth of space. (We just have to assume it is there, somewhere.)

To sum up; if you read this you are likely to say one of two things, either "Yuk! Ugh!" or "Gosh, wow, boy-oh-boy-oh-boy!"

TIME AND STARS by Poul Anderson (169pp) Published by PANTHER (586 02109 4)@ 25p

As the blurb says, Poul Anderson is "a natural-born story-teller" and this is a collection of 5 of his best stories published between 1962 and 1963. I had read all of them before and liked them. If you like Poul Anderson you will like them too.

What else can I say about them without giving away too much of the plot? No Truce with Kings, set in a future America, is on the aliens-are-almost-us theme. It poses a question, which may interest advocates of internationalism and "multi-racial" societies:-- "Why not a world of little states, too well rooted to dissolve in a nation, too small to do much harm....keeping their identities -- a thousand separate approaches to our problems. Maybe then we can solve a few of them...!" Turning Point is about a planet inhabited by a race which, although backward, is potentially capable of advancing further than Mankind. Escape from Orbit -- the title summarizes the plot. Epilogue -- a marvellous story about a future Earth "inhabited" by robots. The Critique of Impure Reason -- another marvellous story about a robot which develops a passion for highbrow literary criticism and is tricked into doing useful work by a most amusing stratagem. This is a story that succeeds brilliantly in being humorous, satirical and thought-provoking simultaneously.

Poul Anderson's SF tends to have a boistrous exuberant quality, exemplified by the opening lines of the first story:--

"["Song, Charlie! Give's a song!"
"Yay, Charlie!"
The whole mess was drunk..."]"

I must admit that he has written stories in which this quality grate on my nerves. His passion for history and fondness for swashbuckling "sword and sorcery" action at times is not shared by me. But these stories are good -- ingenious, thought-provoking, appealing to the sense of wonder. There is poetry in them. Since nobody is paying me £x a word, a healthy ovation might be fair:

p.66. ["Night had fallen when he left her. Power was still out in the city, so the street lamps were dark and the stars stood forth above all roofs. The squad that waited to accompany their colonel to barracks looked wolfish by lantern light. They saluted him and rode at his back, rifles ready for trouble; but there was only the iron sound of horseshoes."]

Like the man says, we have here "a natural-born story-teller".

- Jim England -

[Otherwise known as JIMINDIRA GHRANDI, from "Houndel" Wolverhampton - for those unbelievers amongst us who thought Jimindira's loc in the last issue was all a hoax or 'something'.]



MORE LETTERS OF COMMENT & 'ITS THAT MAN
WESTON WITH HIS 25TH THEOREM

(Peter r. - 31 PINEWALL AVENUE KINGS
NORTON BIRMINGHAM B38 9AE)

"You really can't blame Greg Pickersgill and his little friends for being bewildered; just what is an attractive girl like you doing in fandom anyway?"

/=Now, if you were a film producer instead of a magazine editor Peter, I'd know how to answer that one; as it is, I think I'll leave you to your er.. Speculations?

"On the few previous occasions that good-looking girls have appeared on the scene, they've fairly swiftly realised that fandom has lean pickings and they've moved on to the Young Conservatives or something. I specifically exclude wives and girlfriends who get dragged into fandom, they have little choice!

"I've long thought that the absence of girls in fandom causes most fans to over-react to the presence of women. It still goes on today; note the references to the 'fabulous Jean Finney', the wonderful Astrid Anderson', and sundry other supposedly gorgeous girls in Australian/American/British fandom.

"And yet what is the truth? With due respect to the ladies mentioned above (and you!) whom I specifically exclude from any slight, one usually has a terrific come-down when one actually sees a photograph of supposedly beautiful damsel. I remember that for years, West Coast US fans talked about this cracking-looking femme-fan who moved in their midst, yet when I finally saw a picture I was incredulous. Of course it may not have been a very good picture...

"The moral is, that homely girls can draw far more attention in fandom than they would in some other, less women-starved, branches of life. Call me a male chauvinist pig if you will, but keep this observation (Weston's 25th Theorem) in mind in the future. You'll come around to agreeing with me, if you don't already."

/= I suppose I ought to know better than to answer something which neither deserves nor requires an answer. Simply because I'm here and enjoying fandom is in itself sufficient... However, that last paternal (patronising?) echo has had its desired effect!

If your 'moral' is in fact correct Peter Weston, is it not because a pretty girl is popular merely because she is pretty; whereas your 'homely girl' may well have more in her head worthy of fannish attention anyway? Especially since one doesn't have to be a raving Beauty to write a LoC or produce a fanzine!

Even so, all this is a very sorry state of affairs perpetrated by men whose phenomenal egos need a constant diet of pretty female faces to feed on and exhibit to other males. Is it still beyond a man's comprehension to see that women - pretty, homely or ugly - are also people?! Just as men are, some attractive, some damned right ugly, but a woman can see a little farther than her libido, and recognise men as people - intelligent thinking beings. And believe it or not, some of you lot actually are!

Fen are people first, male or female second. This is what attracted me to fandom, and this is why I'm still here; there, put that in your pipe and smoke it, you man-fan, you! =/

B.T. JEEVES -- 230 BANNERDALE ROAD SHEFFIELD S11 9FE

"I was particularly taken by Harry Turner's cover....the work and care in putting on that letratone alone is worth the price of admission..and then a picture of the editor /= eh?! =/ to finish it off makes the thing simply great.

"The Turner Story was without doubt a scoop and the best thing in the issue all at once. You have hit on a lovely idea there...why not go about rooting out some other of those old fannish greats and interviewing them? /=My main problem is shutting up HT, he's done nout but talk since I found him.=/

"That bit of stupidity by Dave Britton. I accept he is entitled to his opinions, as I am to mine....but when he mentions my name, he goes a bit beyond this. He implies that Mercer and I are old fuddy duddies...no talent and pontificating as they did ten and 20 years ago...mediocrity too we're accused of. Now let's be a little fair. Archie and I are just as entitled to air our views as young fugghead here. Just because we're older is the only reason we have been airing them longer...does he intend to take a vow of silence in another five years?? It might be a good idea..at least until he learns sense. No talent..well that is dependant on what you mean by talent...and how you judge it. Personally, I am quite content to stack my fannish talent's output against his...or my non fannish talents if he comes to that. But as far as fandom goes, I write things ..article; letters, stories, etc...and send them off to faneds. I have no big whip which makes sure they accept 'em...so either they must like 'em..or feel their readers will find something interesting in them...so they can hardly be depressing....and I'm pretty sure that the same applies to Ah Chee...otherwise we'd get a lot more rejections. I would like to know what Dave Britton has done for fandom lately...apart from knocking it like hell in letters such as this one...it must be a miserable life for someone who can't find a good thing to say for anything at all. Give him a lollipop and pension him off. "

ARCHIE MERCER -- 21 TRENETHICK PARC HELSTON CORNWALL

"Of course, according to Dave Britton I needn't bother to LoC Zimri at all. I don't know - I've always had Dave "typed" in my mind as strictly a weird/horror fan. Possibly I overestimated him. Possibly he gets his kicks from Cookeen - I mean Trex, and Ally Scooper, Andy Warthog, and so on. That means I have even less in common with the lad than I'd thought. However, he hasn't yet persuaded me not to LoC Zimri - don't you wish he had!?! "

/ = No I do not, and I'm sure this wasn't Dave's intention anyway. It's odd how people who speak their minds tend to create a completely wrong image of their real selves. This happens often in fandom, methinks Greg Pickersgill and Dave have this much in common; in that they both seem to antagonise folk by the forcefulness of their opinions - or could it be their honesty? Of course I don't know Greg as well as I think I know Dave, but I have heard rumours. And before I ever met David I too knew him from his writings and artwork, thus immediately expected him to be somekind of wierdo who'd swear every other word, and rape every other female in sight..Instead I have found him to be a warm and gentle human being and one of the realest people I know. This is not to say we agree on everything, in fact we seldom do, but he's one of those people with whom a conversation/discussion/whatever is not a battle of words. Here is a guy who really listens to what one has to say, instead of just waiting for one to stop talking so that he can say his own piece and blind you with its brilliance. I respect his honesty, knowing that what he says he means when he's saying it... That you must admit is rare these days, at least in my experience it is. And I hope Dave doesn't pass-out in horror when he reads this;

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long Have done my credit in this World much Wrong; Have drown'd my Glory in a Shallow Cup And sold my Reputation for a song.

"I myself reckon that that editing a fanzine is probably like writing a book---only very rarely can you do it with someone else....

"Pickersgill will be heard at this point with sundry oaths to the effect that certain members of his editorial board are.....

"I thought that interview bit was terrific to say the least. Indeed, I keep re-reading page 9 with a kind of deadly fixation---that's the end you see there. Its coming for a great many of us, I suspect."

(+(Well.... not entirely! Perhaps I was too sweeping in my dismissal of fandom... the urge to join in again is hard to repress.)+)

"A reasonable Holdstock story is marred by either appalling geography or an inability, perhaps unwillingness, to make clear just what views or locations he has in mind. I can cite in particular the piece where he juxtaposes Aldgate, The Tower and Westminster a double boo-boo because he ignores the local subdivisions of the Aldgate and Tower Hill areas and somehow forgets all about the City, Charing Cross and the West End areas to talk about the gleaming banks of Westminster, or some such. What he is in fact thinking of---i.e. the view from the Tower downriver to the Houses of Parliament etc at Westminster, but he doesn't say that. He could say he doesn't need to say it, I suppose but still. Why should I let a Holdstock story go un-pissed on? Isn't it amazing you have two pieces on the same 'zine written about the same areas of one city? All because both authors know two blocks of flats with exceeding familiarity---Don't you Robert??

"John Brady knows as much about Kubrick, and Kubrick films as I do about genetic engineering, for example. Further if he read Burgess's story in its entirety at any time, he must be remarkably obtuse not to notice just a touch---oh, all right a fuckin' huge gob of right wing reactionary nastiness which is present in nearly everything he writes, but especially so here. To my mind it was just the opposite of the Judeo-Christian ethic of free-will that Burgess was on the side of in the book. Kubrick took a great storyline and washed it clean of the nasties that the book so blatantly exhibits, adding what no doubt may be called trendy cinematic themes, but none so very far out of place. To me, using the old nasty prison was totally in keeping with the future expressed elsewhere in the film, since it is quite obvious that hospitals and housing projects will come first and prisons last for many years to come. Governments and bureaucracy's being as thick as they are, another point made in the film.

"I've seen the film three times and fully intend to see it again. I loathed the book. What does Burgess claim to know or understand about violence in youth and other related sociological problems? Less than I and possibly even John Brady do, I'm certain.

"A prize to David Britton for perception rarely seen. However, he would do better to take a couple of pills marked Rose Coloured before writing off fanzines like Zimri. In hope there is strength." /-Amen!*/



MICHAEL J. NEARA -- 61 BORROWASH ROAD SPONDON DERBY DE2 7QH

"...Congratulations on rediscovering Harry Turner. He's a fine writer, as his two half-pages show. I think The Romiley Quartet would have been done better as a brief, more to-the-point, less goshwow introduction by you, followed by a straight piece of writing by Harry. Yes, I'm sorry to say I think you spoiled it, Lisa, except for that beautifully Pythonesque interlude on p.8. The cover though, was interesting as a pattern, an exercise in light and shade, but that's all - not enough."

(+(Intriguing that you compliment me on the snippets I wrote and do me down on the cover. I believe in non-verbal communication and wrangle endlessly with Lisa on the subject, and don't regard myself as a writer. So, you confuse me! Indeed you imply I'm a failure ... alas!)+)

"Effluence is the best piece of fiction I've seen from Rob so far, and really gives the lie to those who say fan-fiction is all bad. Surely this is so much better than some of the pro-crap I've read recently?One thing I didn't like about it was the mention of Aldiss; it was unnecessary, and positively distracted me from the mood of the story."

/= Curiouser and curiouser, that Mr Aldiss' magnetic personality could be distracting I c a n understand, but a mere mention of his name!? Hm... I should watch those moods of yours Mike. =/

"A Commercial Clockwork Banana didn't mean as much to me as it might, since I haven't seen the film, and don't intend to. Notwithstanding, John Brady seems a fine reviewer, and I look forward to his treatment of Solaris."

KEVIN HALL -- HARTLEY VICTORIA COLLEGE
ALEXANDRA ROAD SOUTH MANCHESTER M16 8NH

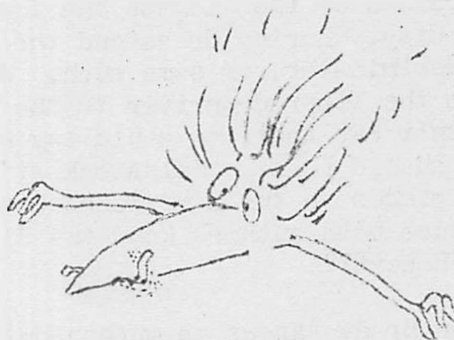
"..Zimri's piece de resistance. John Brady.
Pray what is flimsy about 2001 eh?

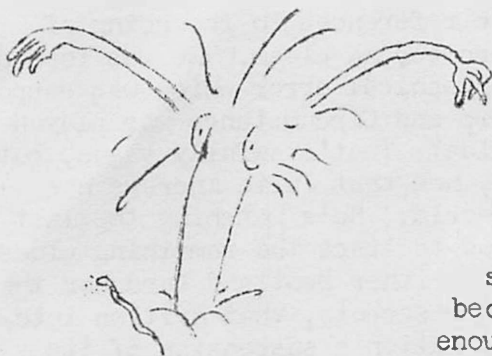
I may be a pleb and you the super genius, but I see nothing flimsy in 2001 A Space Odyssey. You seem to question the inherent brotherhood of mankind. What is so bad

about the fact that there were Cannibals around at the time Beethoven was

alive, there were Cannibals alive when you were writing your 'article', there are still cannibals alive today. The point is that though there are many tribal groups, with widely differing life styles, surely even you will be able to see a difference between your life style and the life style of the particular

tribe who inhabit say the Solomon Islands. There is little imagination required to see that the difference of life style between that islander and a cannibal, in comparison with your life style is very small indeed. Nevertheless the term Homo Sapiens covers both you in your ivory tower and the head-hunters of the Amazon basin equally well. All mankind is the same no matter what colour his skin, no matter what language he speaks, no matter what his culinary habits. Mankind is and has to be a brotherhood and realise it if we are to have any chance of any sort of survival at all. I'm sure that even you, yes even you John Brady, if stuck on a coral atoll with absolutely nothing but a human cadaver would find you were not quite so opposed to the idea of 'long pig' for dinner. The only people who oppose the idea of the brother-





hood of man are those bigots who maintain that a man is inferior to them because his skin is a different colour, or he speaks a different language or he practices a different religion. Are YOU one of them JB? Because if you are then I hope and pray that the day you die will be soon!

"..Leeser, if you don't print please don't send me another copy of Zimri because if this isn't good enough then I am clearly not up to your literary standards and would rather bow out gracefully. "

/=Not wishing to be responsible for your gafia-fandom would never forgive me - I have succumbed to yet another threat. By the way, Kev, what did you think of the film, The Clockwork Orange? =/



MARYSIENKA LEGG -- 20 WOODSTOCK CLOSE OXFORD OX2 8DB. "...Romiley Quartet: I always find it interesting to know how people got into fandom, and like me you got in via a rather Mobius Trip of a route! But this was definitely your high-spot, because it was pure fannish history. In fact why not begin with this? It goes back almost to the beginning (oh, Marysienka is carried away with enthusiasm 'ere, as you can tell!).

"Banana: Very confusing this. Does the writer mean despite the capacity for good and evil to amazing degrees which is in us, not to worry anyway because we have the ability still to choose? Not seen it yet myself, though I read the book --- and The Wanting Seed --- yonks and yonks ago and really casting my mind back ("clonk") I can't say that anything about it stuck in my mind, except perhaps for the "slanguage", to coin a word. Does it mean that it was so violent I've deliberately forgotten - or that the written word has not as much impact a seeing something possibly?"

/= As far as I'm concerned it definitely doesn't mean the latter, but then I haven't read the book though I have seen the film, and I recomend it.
..It is all that Johnny Hall says it is - good, damned good. =/

ANDY PORTER -- P.O. BOX 4175 NEW YORK NY 10017 UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

"...Personally, I think you have a serious sexual problem. Here you are talking about "making it" with your fanzine (don't those staples ever get caught, Inside?) and later you talk about your "ex-co-ed", Andrew Stephenson. It's easy to see why he left your fanzine -- he's had a sex change operation, and doesn't want to stay around while you make it with the fanzine...

"I always thought you British fans were odd, but this proves it..."

/= It proves nothing of the sort, the only thing it does prove is that there is a serious language barrier between us, or I'm just too young and innocent to know what the hell you are talking about! =/

"Brilliant thought for the next issue: why don't you run a photo of yourself in the issue?"

/= Yeah, why don't I...? =/

HARRY WARNER, JR -- 432 SUMMIT AVENUE HAGERSTOWN MARYLAND 21740 U S of A

"You had me puzzled for a while by your cryptic references to the going of Andrew M. Stephenson. But gradually the pattern became clear. He was forced by Circumstances to leave? Undoubtedly a typographical error which was supposed to be a veiled reference to the effect that Pomp and Circumstance was played by a band to mark his departure. He flew to Florida? That's awfully vague, but Cape Kennedy is the main attraction in Florida, now that Julie Andrews has stopped making personal appearances at Disney World. He's 'watching the last flight to the moon', is he? But there's no need to trace the remaining clues I found. You were telling us, in a veiled way so neither Scotland Yard nor the CIA could accuse you of revealing closely guarded secrets, that British interests have stepped into the vacuum left by this nation's suspension of its moon flight program, and Andy is making the grand tour of the solar system aboard leftover Apollo spacecraft which the UK got cheap when the American dollar devalued so drastically. If it had to happen, I'm glad it was a fan, because it doesn't seem so great a demotion for national prestige that way."

/= Harry! How jolly clever of you to read all these truths between the lines, and you an American as well! Whatever happened to those language barriers?=/

"The Harry Turner interview was magnificently done. It cleared up a few things I'd wondered about the old days in British fandom, and brought me up to date on the course of Harry's events during the past decade or so. It also foiled my intention to make Now & Then the subject for my next All Our Yesterdays column in Tandem or whatever the Katzes are calling their newest fanzine."

"Maybe I can supplement a couple of passages in this article. Snafu was not a fannish word but an armed services term which fans borrowed. The exact meaning would be situation normal: all fouled up, if the soldiers hadn't used a more vivid word than fouled. Incidentally, it had a stronger twin, fubar: fouled up beyond all recognition. Dyktawo was also mundane, I believe...oops, I see that this is stated in the interview. Harry probably forgets the most remarkable type of paper Mike Rosenblum found for his wartime fanzines. It was the blank side of wrappers intended for baking powder cans. One gap still remains, despite the comprehensive nature of your interviewing. Harry doesn't mention what happened to Doug Webster after the latter dropped out of fandom. I think practically all the other British fans of that period have been accounted for in one way or another, but I don't even know whether Doug is still alive. He was probably the least social-minded of the lot, which may account for his failure to reappear. But he was a remarkably fine writer and he had such a good intellect that he was too wise to turn pro after the war. "

/= Harry read your letter Harry and did make a note about Doug which I have since lost, but luckily remember the gist of it. Doug Webster is very much alive and lecturing at some university or other, but has severed his links with fandom many years ago, not really wishing to be involved again apparently. Alas! =/

"The fannish directory should be useful to a lot of people. They will lose a bit of the thrill that comes from figuring out such words from the context in which they appear, but they'll make sense of fanzines sooner by using your guide. The Auction Bloch seems to have retired permanently as a con program feature for six or eight years now. Mercer's Day, you might have added, caused May 1 to be removed from the calendar, by orders of Walt Willis, OMPA president, who was afraid of misunderstandings if he didn't rename May 1 as April 31 as the result of Archie's error. April 31 is the day before May 2, as a result."

"The letter section was interesting. I wish I could find out why Analog outsells all the other prozines so convincingly. One Hagerstown man with a mild interest in science fiction was telling me that it's the only prozine he ever buys. I asked him why and he explained, it's the best. Have you read the others? No, he hasn't. Who told him it was the best? Nobody, he just buys it because he knows it's the best."

JOE PATRITZIO --- 37 GOWANBRAE DRIVE DUNFERMILNE FIFE. "Your Romiley Quartet evokes memories. The first thing which strikes me is that the first fan's name to appear is Archie Mercer. The very first fmz I got was from Archie, shortly after I joined the BSFA. I wonder just how many fans have made their initial contact with fandom through Archie. (And by the way, Mercer's Bay is Archie's.)

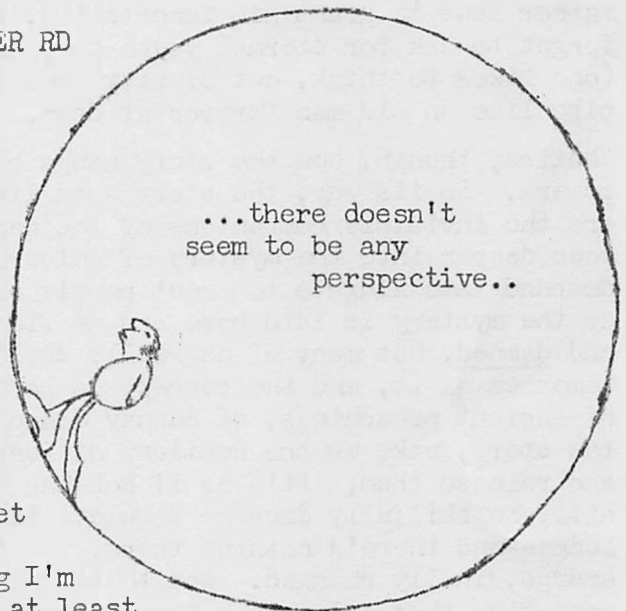
"A little bit of inconsequential fan history, arising from your article, which might interest you. The flat occupied by Arthur Clarke and Bill Temple was in Grays Inn Rd in London, and in the loft above my head at the moment the carpet from the floor of that flat resides. I believe that the carpet has quite an early history of its own, but you'll have to ask Bill about that yourself. /And so I would if I knew his address!_/ Anyway, just before Anne and I were married and moved into our own first flat, Bill and Joan gave us that carpet; but before doing so they sent it to the cleaners. However, all the power of modern science couldn't get all the stains out, so just think -- in our loft we have a carpet upon which all the great names of British First Fandom have, at one time or another, sprawled -- drunk. And who knows whose beer stain is there for all posterity to see. "

/= I wonder if my carpet -- which once was blue, I think -- will be so preserved, I doubt it tho, it'll more likely get up and walk out in disgust before long. And not on too steady a leg either, for besides beer and other alcoholic beverages being deposited on it regularly, it has also soaked in duplicating ink, fannish tears spiced freely with staples and such, thus who could blame it for being tipsy, slightly blue and unwanted!_/

IAN WILLIAMS --- 6 GRETA TERRACE CHESTER RD
SUNDERLAND CO DURHAM SR4 7RD

"..If Roje Gilbert still has friends then they don't call him anything. They just kiss his robe as he passes....

"People who read only SF or only Fantasy or only anything, have closed minds. Jon Harvey, you are a cretin. You're not presenting an argument, you're justifying your own narrow taste, unconvincing. I don't enjoy nineteenth century writers because I find the welter of details tedious to get through. I don't claim this detail is unnecessary though. It's just something I'm unable to cope with -- to my loss. But at least I realise it. People with the type of mind you possess don't and are the kind bigots are made of. "



JON HARVEY --- 18 CEFN ROAD CARDIFF CF4 3HS. "..Book Reviews: all but the first are lost on me, but even that review does a lot of injustice, both to the young Dunsany and to Arthur Machen. Firstly, Dunsany's fantasies; George Hay must remember that The Gods of Pegana was Dunsany's first book, the printing for which he paid himself. If Hay went on to look at A Dreamer's Tales or Tales of Wonder or any of Dunsany's five other books of fantasies he would find beauty and wit rarer even than found in most of the Jorken's stories, and I am a very great Jorken's fan! As for Machen, none of his works, however good, could surpass his two works, The Hill of Dreams and The White People, and they were written just before and after the turn of the century, respectively, while Machen went on to write up to 1940. "

"Rob Holdstock's tale is, as you say, superb. It compares favorably with stories of similar length that I've read in such magazines as The New Yorker. One of these days we'll be saying we knew Rob 'way back when...', 'cos he'll certainly go far if he keeps putting out stories of this quality.

"Two possibly related chains of thought ran thru my mind after I read the story. The first was about the Voyages of Lemuel Gulliver. In Brobdingnag, the land of the giants, a very few babies were born with a red birthmark on their foreheads, at which their families mourned, for this birthmark was a sign that the unfortunate child would never die. It would grow, age, become senile, but never die. Gulliver was filled with loathing and pity when he saw a colony of these immortals. When they had been described to him, he had thought that such immortality must be excellent, until he learned that eternal youth was not part of (as we say today) the eternal-life package. Consider, though, that such mutations, for so we would describe them, would over the course of centuries come to drive out all other forms of life entirely, and Brobdingnag would be paved solid with wretched undying folk, most of whom would be too senile to notice it. As it is, only protozoans are immortal in this world, for if an amoeba splits in two, both are genetically the same amoeba, and tho one be eaten the other lives on, replicating itself from generation unto generation. The immortal shall inherit the earth, both in Brobdingnag and here, for we may be sure that the amoeba will be here long after man and all his works have mouldered away.

"Tithonus was the lover of Eos, goddess of the Dawn in Greek myth. She begged Father Zeus to grant him immortality, which Zeus was pleased to do. But she forgot to ask for eternal youth too, so Tithonus grew older and older until (one likes to think, out of pity) she turned him into a cicada, to creak and pipe like an old man forever at dawn.

"Notice, though, how the story hangs on our Western concepts of God and his powers. In its way, the story acts like an Aristotleian tragedy. We readers are the invisible companions of the narrator, and we follow him about as he goes deeper into the mystery of coloured souls. We share his horror as we descend into Aldgate to meet people of the red soul. And we share his horror as the mystery is laid bare and we find that the unfortunates are both immortal and dammned. Not many of us really dwell on 'damnation any more, but we have memories of it, and the concept is part of our civilization. These memories of ancient preachings, of Sunday School, remembered in those last few words of the story, rake up the emotions of fear and awe and bring them with themselves and release them. It's as if Rob has us climbing a series of ledges up a steep hill, so skilfully does he regulate the suspense, until we come to the last ledge--and there's nothing there. We fall into our own private hell, and emerge, finally changed. And that's what Aristotle defined tragedy as: a presentation that brings our fear out and cleanses us of it.

"The curse of God. The curse of Adam. The curse of Cain...marked with tay on his forehead, so the legend says, for as he murdered, so shall he be slain.. ad majoram gloriam Lei, some might say. But the mark of Cain was also for his protection.

"Rob did a masterly job in that story. Without bathos and with great skill he moved me to my heart. I'm not blind to the story's shortcomings: a certain lack of tautness that detracted a bit from the suspense and a touch of vagueness in the middle section; but I was moved. And that's the writers chief desire, to affect his readers, isn't it?"

"Ethereal is a butterfly with leprosy. Fading away and losing height and substance with every sad and pityful beat of it's wings." -Skel.

"Men. I liked The Homiley Quartet, very much, particularly the light relief on page 8. It makes interviewing more so. For me this is what fandom is all about." / = I wonder what exactly you mean by 'this'...? But whatever it be you seem to be a girl after my own heart, as it were. = /

"I love Brian Aldiss too. I met him at the Novacon-2." ↳ Say no more, Gillon, you're IN.=/

" The Cover ! Really, Lisa!! I like to read fanzines in public without embarrassment; not hide away in an isolated corner to read your masterpiece..."
 (=My masterpieces should always be enjoyed in isolated corners - never in the dark though.=/)

"Layout was a vast improvement on what I've seen of previous Z's, except in the letter column which is still cramped. Perhaps you were trying to get as much in as possible; well OK, but it's something fandom is doing less now than it used to. Even the future-great are occasionally guilty; Mauler's copy of the 1953 Harlan Ellison-edited Science Fantasy Bulletin has the most ghodawful layout (I suppose all the other copies of it did too), with every page cramfull."

As for my letter columns, well, that has always been my biggest problem, with editing mostly. I'm never certain what to include or leave out, also my own comments might be a bit of a bore to read, but writing them seems to be most fun - like talking to people. In this issue I have really let it rip! One of these issues I'm determind to keep my mouth tightly closed and see if that pleases you lot more. If I keep on experimenting I'm bound to hit on the right method sometime, I hope. And you are right, of course, I do try to get as many different points of view in as possible, locs to my mind are the meat of any fanzine, but...=/

This Is A Public Apology: In this morning's post I got a severe reprimand from our very own John Brady, author of the Commercial Clockwork Banana (Z-4), who sez: "....The most serious alteration was your omission of the word SEXISM instead of which I read SEXUALITY which was quite meaningless in the context." Page 32, para 3. Thus I must bow my head in shame, for I did not know such a word existed, looked for it in my dictionary, no 'sexism', so I, in my editorial 'wisdom' altered it to sexuality and offer my apologies to John, for I have come across the word since. Ah the pain of learning...sigh.

KEN BULMER -- 19 ORCHARD WAY HORSMONDEN TONBRIDGE KENT TN12 8LA

"I'm all over astonishment at Harry Turner forcing back the lid of the coffin and crawling out, stylus and stencil in hand, through the heart-shock I had when N&T flowered briefly and putrescently, given the flower's age, in Ethel's Scottishe. ...I find it amazing that you should still be surprised at Brian's replying to you - after all - or I find it surprising that you were amazed - in Brian's case the bigger they are the more courteous they are. Generally, neos do the pushing and shoving. Well, they have to - like that famous joke when Bob Silverberg and others were talking and a young neo walked in and someone said: "He's going to be another Harlan Ellison." And Bob said: "Let's all rush over and tromple him to death now."

/= Ah well, in them there days I didn't know how utterly charming youall ware! =/

"Pages 6 & 7 were collated up back to front and stapled in that wrong way. Where are the standards? Snafu doesn't mean what you guessed at, although nearly - the 'n' standing for normal. Reading this bit and seeing all those names brought back interesting memories; but a little record-putting straight might not come amiss. On page 7 Harry says, quite rightly, that people were pushed apart and things attenuated. He fails to mention what maintained communication and was still in my opinion the greatest fnz of all time - Futurian War Digest, Fido, produced by Michael Rosenblum." (+ (But I did, I did - on page 6. Although the name was edited out in shortening a long, long interview.)+) "This kept sf and fannish fandom running during the war, and the story of its continued life makes a real saga (Someone ought to do their research on Fido, it would be extraordinaryily difficult; but rewarding).

"Although I've always considered myself a member of second fandom, refusing offers to join the organisation known as first fandom, although eligible, for many of the reasons Harry states, there are so many differences between the second and the so-called sixth fandom that I'm not going into them now. Briefly; second fandom was all the things Harry says, and more and a quick look around the sf scene will reveal names from those days. Harry then says 'The carefree days of sixth fandom'. I notice, looking again, that he **is** careful to qualify his remarks by the dismissive 'echo'. How right he is! Sixth fandom was okay - it wasted a hell of a lot of time; but its intrinsic objects were essentially trivial beside the views and life-styles of second fandom. "

(+ (Looking back, while we may have been serious, I seem to recall we were looked doen on by the mighty intellects of first fandom for discussing trivia like what we read in the bath. Hardly a pressing subject in a time of war -- especially when limited to a depth of mere 5 inches or so of water, for some official reason!))+

"Here I go maundering on. What the sensitive faanish faces will show I shudder to think. As a matter of interest you can tell Harry that when I go up to London now the train whistles straight through Hither Green Stations without stopping. But I observe. They have added more bridges, buildings, walkways - he'll know to what I refer - and shudder at the thought of great complexity and more dark holes and corners and unexpected turnings. We still have momentos of Harry around the house, although the lavatory mat has long since departed this life. Can't you persuade him to drag himself along to a con one of these Easters? If you bring Eric Frank Russell back you will be a most powerful big game hunter. "

/= I am delighted to report that Harry will indeed attend a con, this Easter in fact in Bristol; perhaps then you two will reveal the intrguing mystery of 'unexpected turnings' and 'lavatory mats', HT is suspiciously evasive about the whole thing; something about loss of memory he keeps muttering whenever I've tried to get to the bottom of the thing... As for big game hunting, I'm afraid I haven't been able to track down Mr Russell - Yet! =/

GEORGE WHITE -- CARETAKER'S HOUSE WESTMORLAND STREET HARTLEPOOL CO DURHAM

"..Effluence, I found rather morbid. Robert P. Holdstock must have a funny idea of what God is really like. It does raise the question of those unfortunate people like drop-outs, down-and-outs, alcoholics, etc, etc. But these people have the means within themselves to rejoin society. To blame sin for their dilemma is a bit far fetched. I as a Rosicrucian, look upon sin as an act which offends the subconscious; if you commit an act that goes against your conscience and you feel guilty then that is a sin.

"If it is a sin to see God then we are all sinners, we all see God every day, but perhaps not all of us recognise him. Too many people think of God as some venerable old gentleman with a long flaming white beard, dressed in a long white nightgown. God is all things to mankind. I have seen God many times, talked with him, and received his blessings, would you call me a sinner?

Effluence, though only a story, could influence some people along the wrong path to Peace and Happiness.

If no one believed in God what would his purpose be? He needs us as much if not more than we need him, for without our Devotion and Love God would be nothing and a very lonely being indeed."

ROB HOLDSTOCK -- 15 Highbury Grange London N5 "...I'm glad there are some Eric Frank Russell fans up there. He has always been among my favorite of writers, especially his inclusions in Astounding (come to think of it, he didn't write in many other places). Especially, then, his early fifties Astounding stories. Remember: And Then There Were None? And Plus X. Tremendous stuff. Did he really write like that to a fanzine? Hmm. I'll believe it when I see it. Not in character, not in character.

/= Oh but I would have said very much in character; don't you remember his Next of Kin or Three to Conquer? Surely the zany humour is all there.=/

GRAHAM BOAK -- 6 Hawks Road Kingston upon Thames Surrey 1KT 3EG

"Pete Weston provides most of the meat of the letter column, as indeed he usually does. His infrequent letters are fine examples of the way to produce locs. I would slightly disagree with him as he categorises the present British fanzines. The editorial in Cynic-5 makes exactly the same points on which we do agree.

"To a less pleasant item: I am prepared to state, to his face, that Peter Colley did claim British fanzines are the best in the world. He said this in a letter to me shortly after we came into contact. I cannot produce this letter so I am forced to ask your pardon, Lisa, for making unsubstantiated comments. Enough said! "

ZIMRI ALSO HEARD FROM: Brian Aldiss who sez: "...I see that that terrible man Peter Weston says I have committed suicide. This is far from true. I admit I visited Birmingham, but nothing else untoward has happened to me." Praise be to ghod! Paul Shackley who married the girl of his dreams and we congratulate them both. Chuck Partington who says much the same of Dave Britton as I did earlier, thus shocked me to a standstill that we actually agree on something! Phil Payne who responded with reminiscences of his early experiences in Fandom, these I shall be using sometime when I've accumulated others like it and a feature I'm planning. We've heard from Audrey Walton who also sent a mountain of fascinating zines, to Orr Dree. Graham Poole, Glen Symonds, Steve Sneyd; the usual promises of locs and things from Thom Magic Penman, Jack Marsh, Chris Morgan etc, etc. My fanzine and I thank all of you, and those who merely wrote to thank me for the 'zine (its good to know that it arrived in tact), to very muchly.

meanwhile, back in Lisa's pad...

Lisa is saying her farewells to the Man from Gestetner and promising to think over his proposition. The exact details elude me, but I gather that in return for a few thousand quid Lisa could become the owner of a computer-controlled IBM typesetter, a combined offset printing and collating machine, and paper and ink for a year's Zimri's. (Buy now, before VAT !)

I retire to raid the wine cellar. By the time I return, dusting a bottle of Conesa Special Reserve Port, the MfG has gone. Lisa is tuning up her typewriter to the lively strains of flamenco belting out of the twin-track tape-recorder. A pile of Loc's wait to be commented on, beside a pile of paper on which we are to jot down all the witty comments that occur to us (d.v.). Light ng adjusted, chairs drawn up to the table, I uncork the bottle, pour out, and we're ready. Almost.

- Just a minute, says Lisa firmly, when are you going to explain what a hexahexathingummie is?

- A hexahexaflexagon, you mean?

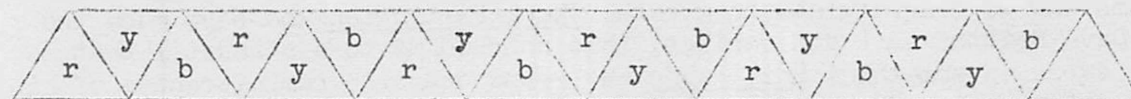
- Yeah, that, she confirmed.

- Well, back in 1939 Arthur H. Stone, an English graduate student, went to Princeton University on a maths fellowship. He had to trim some American notebook sheets to fit a quarto English binder, and started folding the strips of paper he had left over. Playing about this way he made a paper polygon which had the property of changing its faces whenever it was flexed. And that s how he accidentally discovered the flexagon.

- Show me, she demands, promptly tearing strips off our valuable notepaper.

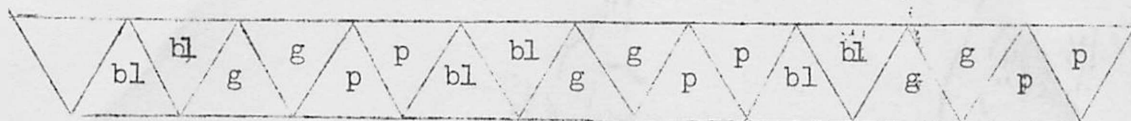
There's no way out, so I proceed to demonstrate.

- Ideally you start off with strips about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide... that's about 4cms, I add since she always works things out metrically, and, er, a bit over 40cms long. Then you mark it off in 19 equilateral triangles, thus:



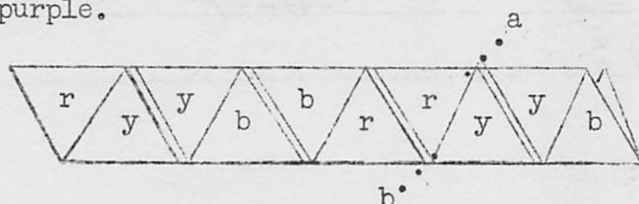
Colour the first three triangles red, yellow, and blue, and continue in the same sequence on one side of the strip, leaving the last triangle blank. You don't have to colour 'em but it makes the finished thing more

decorative - you can number the triangles 1,2,3, and so on if you wish. On the other side of the strip, leave the first triangle blank and colour the rest in, say, black, green and purple in the sequence shown.

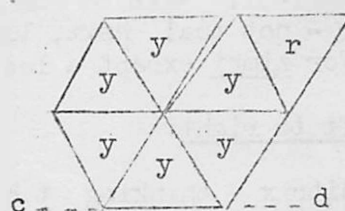
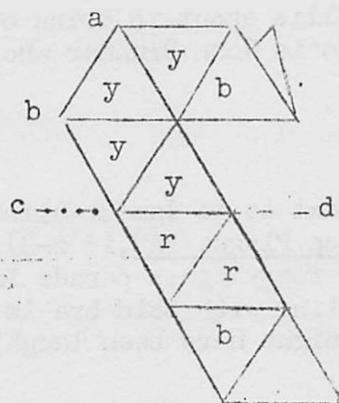


- That's a terrible colour scheme,, she interrupts.

- The choice of colours is a personal one, and not relevant to the demonstration. Right, now you fold the strip on itself so that the same colour triangles face each other inside - black on black, green on green, purple on purple.



Then you fold it this way (ab). And finally this way (cd) to form a hexagon.



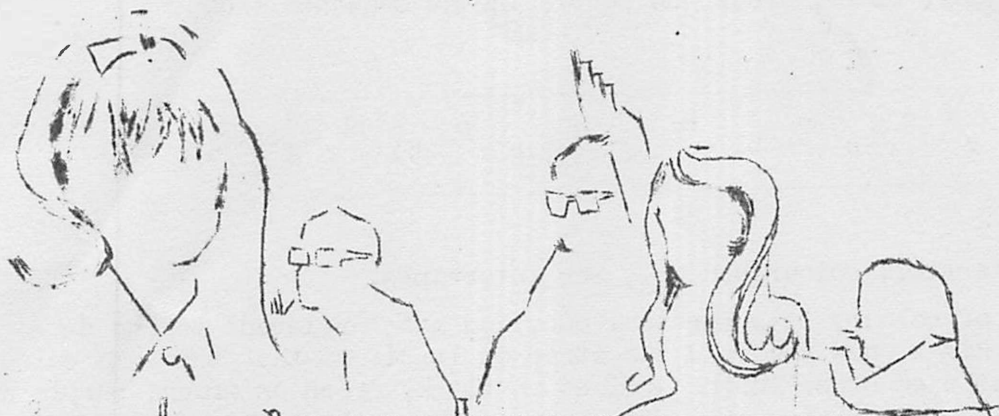
Then you turn the blank triangle under and stick it over the blank triangle on the other side, so that all the triangles showing on the outside are either red or yellow. - Ghod, that sounds dead complicated, she complains. - It's easier to do than describe in words, as a Certain Artist would assert, I counter, and she blushes gracefully.

- Now your hexahexaflexagon is ready to flex. Pinched together two adjacent triangles, bend the paper along the line between them and push to the opposite corner. With luck, the flexagon opens up to show another colour face. By random flexing you should be able to uncover the other colour faces, but it's not always as easy as you'd expect....

Lisa's flexing the damned thing when I leave somehours later. If we get 2/4 out it will be a miracle. Even is she does get around to producing it, if she tell other editors about the fascination of flexigation, I can see fanzine publishing going into decline.

I wonder if I ought to warn them of the sad tale told in Martin Gard book Mathematical Puzzle & Diversions (Penguin) about the poor sod who caught his tie in the folds of a hexahexaflexagon he was flexing. With each successive flex more of his tie disappeared; at the sixth flex he was swallowed up bodily.

I must remember to scan the fan press for reports and rumours of disappearing fan editors...



who's who:

FRONT COVER, Top from left to right:

Brian Robinson playing George Hay. Pauline Dungate Stands holding the Lost Planet, next to Pauline, Kevin Hall reaching for something. With Glasses and beard John Spinks (author of s/s "A Season to Every Purpose", published in Zimri-3). Next to John, Paulette Ellis about to drink our health in bheer - not tea! Next, looking pensive is Hohn Brunner who never wrote a thing for zimri except a loc.

Bottom from left to right:

Face of your editrix - thinking t h i n g s , next to me James Blish Brian Aldiss who did write to zimri (see Report on Plague "A7, in z-3), next to Brian the lovely lady who lost her bra at the fancy dress parade in Chester, unfortunately her name is not know to me. Assisting with said bra is the gallant Eddie Jones, fag in teeth, otherwise he might have been laughing.

BACK PAGE. Top from left to right again:

Chuck Partington with mike in hand; next to Chuck Ian Maule (also thinking, probably about his beloved MAYA). Harry Harrison making Sadie Shaw laugh, a n d talking beheind Brian's back... Peter Presford with gun pointing at ? Thom Penman with my arm around him (but where did I go?); next to Thom, Ted Tubb.

Second Row, left to right:

Peter Weston (glasses no beard); the two smaller heads next to Pete are, Phil Muldowney (my 1st ex-co-ed) and Ethel Lindsay. Then, the Illustrated Dave Rowe, Peter Roberts describing something b i g ! Ted Tubb again, at the head of a queue of folk whom I don't know except Ken Bulmer at the end of queue.

Bottom line:

The Rats, Greg Pickersgil, Roy Kettle and John Brosnan. Next to them and below Dave Rowe is David Britton. Some more Rats? (well, the smaller variety perhaps) my 2nd ex-co-ed: Andy Stephenson, next to Andy, Rob Holdstock, next to Rob Ken Mardle. Same photo second row: Greg, Roy and Johnny B again. Last photo is of Pete Presford (whom Harry didn't recognise as the same guy without his beard) and Pete Colley.

