

TYPO

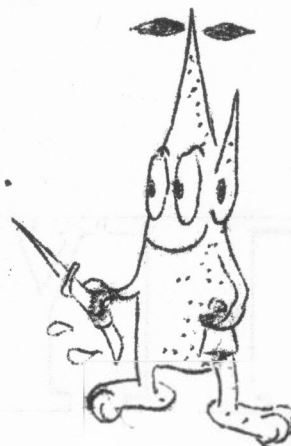


ALDA.

TYPO

No.1. Vol.1.

SPRING 1957



TYPO NO. 1.

Edited by Mike Moorcock
and Jhim Linwood.

Produced by Mike Moorcock at
36, Semley Road
Norbury, London, S.W.16.

A HOPEFUL QUARTERLY SCHEDULE
with subs at 2/- for 4 issues

* * * * *

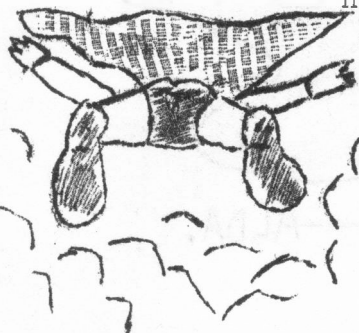
Trades, letters of comment,
material and Money all eagerly
accepted at No. 36, Semley Rd.

Although other amateur zines
have been issued from No. 36
this is our first attempt at
a real M'Coy fanzine, so write
and tell us how we've done, huh?

We hope in future issues to fea-
ture material by newer fans, so
if you've got any ideas - send
'em along!

* * * * *

TYPO is omnivorous - we hope to
feature material
on all aspects
of fandom. Fan
humour - and
Fan topics!!



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dupered by; mike moorcock on roneo 500
suggestions by; jim linwood
Artwork: this issue; alan date (staff artist)
bill rotsler, ATOM, mike.

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BY
MIKE

Last September I compiled a line-up of topical and interesting articles and fannish information and reviews. Now, when I at last get down to looking through the pile of material I have collected, I find that most of it is out of date while the rest doesn't tie-in with the 'policy' I've made for TYPO - Oh Well.....

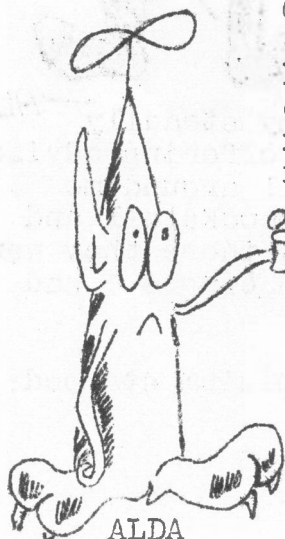
First I'd like to introduce a new artist, his name's Alan Date (ALDA to you) and he's 14 years old. Alan wrote to me a month or two ago enclosing some art-work and after one look at it, I signed him up as TYPO's staff-artist and art-editor. As you can see, he has a good, clean and adult style although I'm afraid some of them may have lost something in the tracing onto stencil.

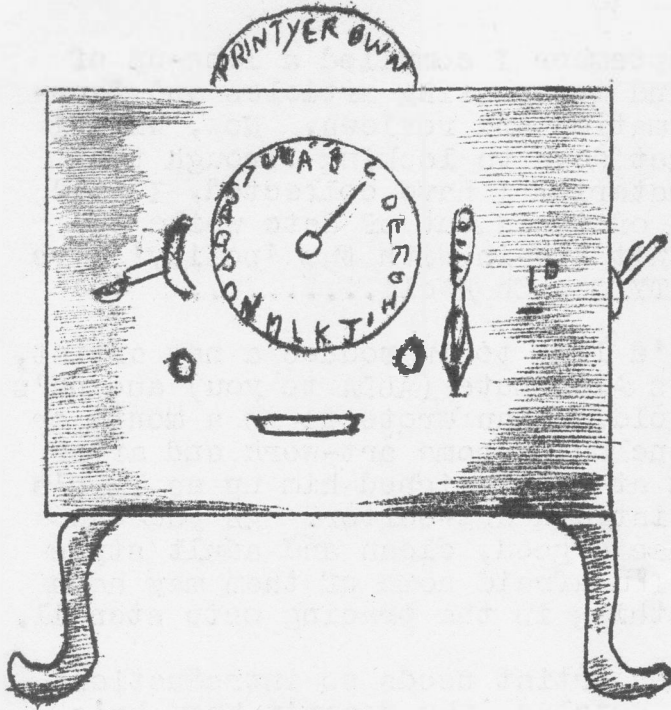
Our other artist needs no introduction, he's Bill Rotsler, who doesn't know he's featured in TYPO as yet - and probably won't have heard of TYPO until he gets a copy.

And as there's a John Berry article in this ish - it's likely that Arthur Thomson will be featured, altho' at time of typing I haven't got round to this aspect yet.

Now for a little explanation about why I'm a month late. We-e-ell, what with B'ania 9 coming out and then having to start collecting material for the next issue as soon as Christmas was over and then having to scrap most of the material I'd already got for TYPO and look round for new stuff, I haven't had a lot of time to type the stencils of NO. 1. Just recently I've had to rehearse a lot for a recording I did at HMV on the Fifth of Feb. - and when you're trying to cut a 14 verse song down to a 7 verse song so that it'll fit onto one side of a 10" 78, you don't get much time to worry about anything else. That's the explanation. But I would like to apologise.

And I had such a good editorial ready last September.....





(Fig. 1)

I was originally going to call TYPO "The Metallic Fanzine".

You know those machines they have on railway stations? You know the ones I mean - you shove your penny into a slot and twist a pointer round a dial at different letters etc situated thereon and finally you pull a little lever and instead of the sentence you had so carefully stamped out you get a jumble of letters all sorta squashed up because you forgot to move the space lever or something. (See Fig. 1)



—ALDA

Well, I was hanging around on Liverpool Street Station about two weeks ago, worrying, as usual, about TYPO, when I saw this letter-stamping gadget painted bright red and standing inconspicuously in the middle of the platform. "Ah!" I mused "Howsabout calling TYPO "The metallic fmz" I continued "I could staple one of those strips onto every cover - some stunt!" So I went over to the bookstall and got ten-bobsworth of pennies and got down to it. For five hours I worked that machine, long, cold hours on a drafty British Railways platform, until my arm ached and the handle was red-hot in my steadily pumping hand. Soon a crowd had gathered and were offering advise and asking questions. At last I had finished - all around me were piled aluminium strips, neatly stamped. The bookstall and the nearby coffee-stall had run out of pennies but there they were - 500 little strips of silver all with the proper spacing - I had done my task - I had triumphed!

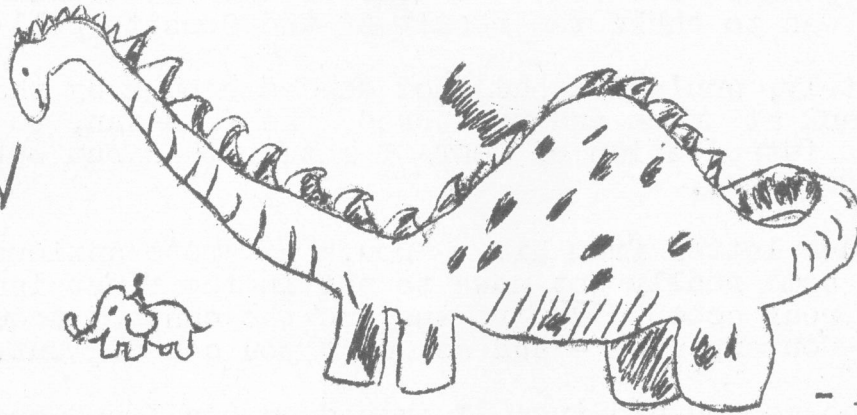
Does anyone need a lot of little pieces of aluminium stamped: TYPO, THE METTALIC FANZINE ?

Now, I must go and watch ROBIN HOOD.

Byeeeee!

Mike

HOW
WE



- ALDA

BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS

ron bennett

"Yes, I've been thinking it over for some time," said Jan.

"What fandom needs is a newszine which keeps up with fannish affairs."

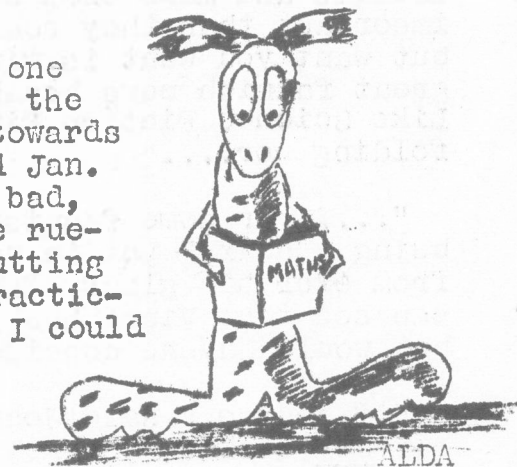
"That's funny, really," I told him, "just what I've been thinking. But it would take up too much time and money and wouldn't we be treading on the toes of FANTASY TIMES and SCIENCE-FANTASY NEWS?"

"Well, FANTASY TIMES deals with pro-news and we haven't heard from SF NEWS for quite a time. In any case I mean a magazine that'll deal exclusively with fan news."

"Definitely a good idea," I said, lighting a Galois, "but how would anyone cover postage costs?"

Jan told me that although Belgium has one of the highest postal rates in the world, the authorities there are extremely lenient towards printed matter. "Only 40 centimes," said Jan. "That works out to about 3d. Not at all bad, heh?" He nursed his broken collar-bone ruefully. "That's why I've thought about putting the magazine out. Whereas it would be practically an impossibility to an English fan, I could do it very nicely from Belgium."

Which is how CONTACT was born.



ALDA

Jan proposed to have the first issue out at the time of the NYCon with a view to getting to England the news that London had won (or perhaps not won) the site of the 1957 WorldCon. Ellis Mills was to cable the result of the Consite poll to Jan.

Unfortunately, Jan's arm had not mended enough by that time. He wasn't back at work and preferred, the fake-fan, to eat and postpone the introduction of CONTACT rather than put out the magazine and starve.

I received a letter from him. "Ron," he wrote anxiously, "We've got to have some really hot news to put in the first issue of CONTACT. A real scoop. You're the one who can get around a little. Tour about - on expenses - and see what you can dig out."

I needed no second bidding. I jumped on Cecil and rose out of town. My first stop was Liverpool. I phoned Mountwood 4717 and got hold of Norman Shorrocks. "Come right over," he said. "We're just having a meeting of the Convention Programme Committee. You can meet Pete Daniels, the Merseysippi Trumpeter."

I did and had a very enjoyable evening along with Norman, Ina, Pete and Dave Newman. But I didn't learn anything that would set the world of fandom on fire.

London, I thought, has the biggest group of actifans of various degrees. So London it was. I made for the Globe.....

Vince greeted me in his usual relaxed manner. "Only too willing to help," he told me, "but you can't exactly make hot news. You can exaggerate the little details and make them sound more important than they really are, but what you want is wind of some great fannish news breaking. Like Science Fiction Five-Yearly folding or...."

".....or some fannish personality being a hoax," put in Sandy Sanderson from over his glass of bitter. "You can see that Vince has grown a beard, but would anyone consider that news?"

"Of course," said John Brunner, "If Joy decided to grow a beard,



now that would be news." He went over to the bar to disturb Lu's reading and order another round of drinks.

"I suppose if you made it worth our while," said Pete Taylor from where he was trying to interest Doris Harrison in some wartime American fanzines, "we could go out and rob a snack bar or buy a newspaper or.... Or you could tell everyone about my broadcast - "

Sandy Sandford hastily butted in "Or print a couple of sheets of imperforated stamps," he said. "By the way, Ron, have you heard the Ory version of BUCKET GOT A HOLE IN IT ? There's a lovely solo....."

I heard all about the latest jazz records, Louie Armstrong and Pete Daniels.

But nothing for CONTACT.....

We were getting nowhere. We decided to split up to cover more ground. I sent Cecil over to the West country where he visited Nigel Lindsay in Torquay and Eric Jones and the Cheltenham group. "You might be able to get something," I said. "Eric tells me they have quite a thriving group over there."

I travelled North. I looked up the Mercatorial caravan but there was no news from the shadow of the Malleable Ironworks. Terry Jeeves was the next to fall under the Bennett axe. I axed him what was news.

"They're putting up the fares on the 95 Intake route," he said. "It might put TRIODE back a day or so....."

I looked in on Con Turner in Chester-le-Street and he took me down to the Lambton. He introduced me to Ted Mason and told me who Bushy Hedge was - but I had to promise not to print that! "Don't Ted and Ron look like brothers ?" said Dorothy Mitchell. I don't know which of us was more hurt.

And so I got back to for CONTACT. Wouldn't it if No. 7 Southway had been while I've been away.

I got back home and for tea. The phone rang elephant to person call

"I can't tell you said, "but I'm on my hot news for CONTACT. fan who doesn't exist."



Harrogate. With no news be ironical, I thought, blown up by a time bomb

opened a tin of soup It was a long distance from Cecil (a trunk call)

over the 'phone," he way home. I've got some I've found a well-known

"You have ??" I shouted. "Tell me, tell me. Tell me!"

"I can't," he said, "Not over the 'phone."

"Don't be ridiculous," I yelled. "Tell me who it is."

"All right," he replied, "It's....."

"Don't tell me - wait until later!" I told him hurriedly for the pips had started and Cecil had reversed the charges.

"O.K. Goodbye"

And the line went dead.

Then I immediately got in touch with Interpol and the G.D.A.

But I had not reason to worry. Cecil walked in the next afternoon, looking fit and healthy but a little travel-weary.

"Cecil," I said, pouring him a stiff drink of water, "Cecil, tell me who is this Famous Fan who doesn't exist. What is this hoax?"

Ah, what a news-reporter. What an elephant. What a memory!



He'd forgotten.

RON BENNETT.
7th January '57.

FILM REVIEW

WORLD WITHOUT END

Reviewed by Alan Dodd.

While WORLD WITHOUT END is by no means the best written science-fiction story it certainly deserves to rank amongst the most decorative films. A rocket ship on observation trip to Mars encircles the planet and is about to return to Earth when a savage atmospheric storm buffets the ship into a juggernaut run at incredible speed which blacks out the crew, twists the speedometer needle around its maximum point, and crash lands them onto a polar capped planet deep in ice and snow. Having recovered from the blackout, caused undoubtedly by vivid red flashes and stonorous background music provided by the special effects and music department, the crew view their surroundings apprehensively.

The cabin of this rocket ship is ingeniously fitted with all kinds of super science gadgets ranging from folding acceleration couches and artificial horizons to a revolving periscope situated in the middle of the cabin which can be swung between the captain and his co-pilot without either getting up from his seat, yet when the leader opens the cabin door to the outside world - THERE ISN'T EVEN AN AIR-LOCK! Considering the trouble the producers took over so many of the smaller details it is surprising they allowed such a big blunder over the more important things.

Having donned Boy Scout outfits of leather jackets, sloppy joe caps and an all-purpose belt containing hatchet, knife, torch and gun they emerge from the ship which is buried amid the ice. The scenery at first emergence is below zero - so naturally not a single member of the crew even bothers to wear gloves. Travelling down from what appears to be the mountain top on which they crashed, they enter a valley where they find a cave which they enter, only to be attacked by a pair of blue and crimson spiders the size of small horses. A dozen or so well-placed shots soon dispatch these brutes only for the crew to be attacked the same night by a horde of "mute-ates" played by the tallest stunt-men the producer could find, dressed in rubber cyclops masks and greasy bearskins.

A graveyard is found, dotted with obelisk monuments buried partly by the overgrown grass and weeds that enshroud the place.

WORLD WITHOUT END REVIEW

Aland Dodd. 2.

It is here from the inscriptions and dates that a terrible realisation dawns on the crew. They are back on Terra - but many centuries in the future from the day they first left for Mars. The storm has thrust them at such great speed that they have reached a time-slip into the future, a million-to-one chance from which there is no return to the world as they knew it.

Still looking for signs of life- they find it. More of the mute - ates, who eventually drive the crew into another cave where like Ali-Baba's cave a secret door slams down on them but unlocks another door leading to an underground world where the unmutated are living. It is here that the set designers have produced some of the most vividly futuristic settings ever seen in detail in any science-fiction film. Here are, suspended beds, half tone walls, triangular sliding doors, square pillows, crawling hydroponic gardens, contorted chairs and a host of ornaments and eating utensils which are strictly out of this world.

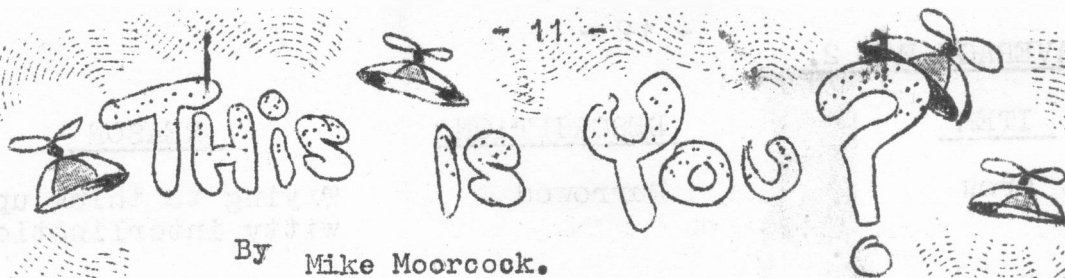
The men, too, are futuristically dressed in long coloured underwear, brocaded jerkins and plastic bathing caps while the women are decoratively undressed in low cut uniforms with the shortest possible skirts, in fact if the skirts had been any higher and the necklines any lower they'd have made good belts! But mid this paradise of shapely blondes like Nancy Gates and statuesque redheads like Shawn Smith, there is a snake-in-the-grass villian named Morees.

The people of the underground world, it appears, have lost the will to fight or make weapons and when the crew ask for help to get to their ship and repair it Morees turns the High Council against them by killing a member and blaming it on the crew but meets his just deserts when the evidence of an eye-witness drives him out into the waiting arms of the mute-ates who kill him with the time-honoured Hollywood method of sticking spears into the ground a foot from his body. In films it appears that sticking a spear or knife into the ground a foot from anyone is capable of killing the victim though how it works is still a mystery to me.

After Morees has died of shock from the spears, it only remains for the crew leader, Hugh Marlowe, to challenge the ape-man leader to a hatchet and knife combat from which Marlowe emerges triumphant, sets up an outside colony for the underground people and everyone lives happily ever after.

Can't help wondering who got that tall redhead though

ALAN DODD



By Mike Moorcock.

After much research TYPO has at last succeeded in working out just what the Average Fan's appearance is, his habits and his thoughts. Here before you are the Authentic, the Unsuppressed, FACTS about the Fan In The Street. Never before has such a daring and startling revelation been featured in the press, never before has so much sweat and guts been poured into one article - it's hideous, breath-taking, revealing things which were never meant to be revealed before a human-being - but it's the STARK TRUTH! Now read it!

A DESCRIPTION OF THE FAN IN THE STREET.

These charts were correct up to September 1956 when the last census was taken - a new report is soon to be published, until then these details may be taken as fact.

Height	5' 7"
Weight	10 stone dropping to 8 during contime.
Hair	Mousey turning to grey when publishing fanzine and when at conventions.
Eyes	Blue, often bloodshot.
Shoes size	11½

CLOTHES WORN

Tartan cloth beanie
Sports jacket, usually loud.
Flannel Trousers
Red Shirt
Bow Tie
Plastic mac. when wet and at conventions.

The Fan in the Street runs a quarterly fanzine which comes out bi-quarterly, he goes to conventions regularly, attends fan gatherings regularly. He drinks bheer, worships Ghod, eyes femmes (also kisses femmes and et cetera at conventions with femmes) and hates Edgar Rice Burroughs with the fervour recommended by Ghu (who is All). Dislikes and ridicules: PLANET, WONDER, STARTLING, AVON FANTASY etc. and VARGO and VOLSTED, he subscribes regularly to ASF, GALAXY and F&SF - he buys NEBULA, AUTHENTIC and NEW WORLDS about one in every three issues.

"How will I recognise the Fan in the Street?" you may ask - and rightly so. Here is a more detailed description:

<u>ITEM</u>	<u>DESCRIPTION</u>	<u>REASON</u>
Brow	Furrowed	Trying to think up witty interlinations.
Eyes	Bagging	Late nights writing his fanzine, letters and fannish articles.
Nose	Broken	Conventions
Mouth	Twitching	Fandom generally.
Ears	Overlarge	Listening for interlinations, mentions of his name by BNFs and Scandal to write up and send to CONTACT or RETRIBUTION.
Chin	Held high	Stiff neck
Jacket	Bulging	Various. Among them fanzines and prozines and black-market blog.
Trousers	Baggy	Femmes & Ghoodmington
Shoes	Unpolished	No time while doing above.

"Feelthy fanzines, you vant to buy lovely feelthy fanzines" WWh.

Well, it was an idea

Apart from subscribing to prozines, the Average Fan takes in most fanzines. His pockets bulge with fanzines he is:

- 1) Reading
- 2) Just finished reading
- 3) Writing comments letters on or reviewing.

The fanzine you see with the cover held outwards with PERSONAL COPY splashed all over it is his Own Fanzine (if you wish to please the AF say, with surprise if possible, "Oh! is that your own fanzine ?").

THE AVERAGE FAN 3

Now every Fan in the Street is (or has had) having a go at writing pro-stories - he is rarely succesful. But if, by some fluke, he does have something published, whether it's a story, an article or a column, for weeks after, the magazine featuring his work of art takes the place of the usual fanzine in his right hand. He carries this around for about a month and every chance he gets he says:

"Funny you should mention that, I had something in it, this month."

"Did you!?"

"Yes" (modestly) "It's not really anything you know but it's about this spaceship....."

Sometimes he displays just the front cover but usually folds the zine back so that his contribution is on show. He also makes sure that his name is tacked to him - usually upon a piece of paper carelessly stuffed into his pocket (he spends an hour or two carelessly stuffing it in until it meets his approval).

The A.F. longs to own a rotary duplicator but makes do with either a flat-bed, a friend's or his firm's. His fanzine is rarely legible. He is also in OMPA or a similar publishing group, or his name is down on the list. He is always hard-up owing to his fanzine - but he is always happy when turning it out. He hates mailing it, though.

That, then, is a brief and lucid description of John Fan, the Fan in the Street and his habits. I'm sure it will help all readers in spotting a fellow.

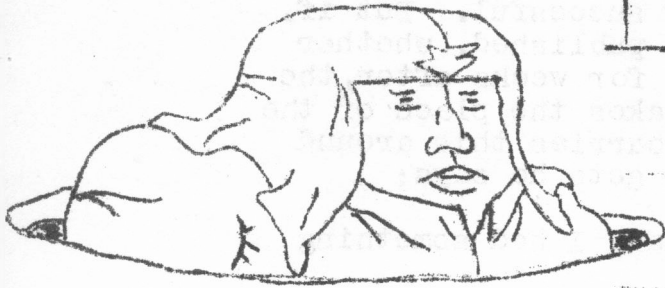
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Q.E.D.
E. & O.E.

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TYPO INVESTIGATION DEPARTMENT BRINGS YOU ANOTHER STARTLING INVESTIGATION IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

"THE REVELATION "RETRIBUTION" WAS AFRAID TO PRINT!"



IT WAS AN IDEA

"Well", said Witty, "we gotta" (he speaks like that) "have some-thing to celebrate."

"Yess", I agreed, "we must. But what?" (For once I was at a loss).

"Hmmm" mused Witty, (Have you ever seen someone muse?) "Let's see, how old's BCN?"

"Er, Lemme think. The September issue came out in October. The August ish. never appeared — "

"Law of Averages makes that SEPTEMBER", my friend leered (he leers as well as muses). It was SEPTEMBER at the time, you see.

Anyway, where was I? Oh yes.

"So it does," I said. Well, we had our excuse. And this is what happened.

1

Pausing only to don our beanies and grab our 'musical' instruments and zaps, we left No. 36 at 7.20 p.m. on Saturday night (p.m. as I said) 22nd September.

"Let's start with the alleys," I suggested (Norbury is made up mainly of alleys). "Then work up through the back streets to the main roads and so on. We'll go down Semley. Come on!"

"No," hissed Witty, "let's ———"

"Now who thought of this?" I enquired with my usual biting sarcasm.

"You did, Mike. But lissen a mo ———"

"We'll do as I say in Norbury, young Whitmarsh!" (I call him young because he's younger than I). "This is my territory and don't you forget it, see!" After all I am Norbury's only fannish representative and Norbury is the last bit of London - the outer outskirts in fact, and I am the last outpost and..... Well, frankly, I've got my reputation to think of and young fen gallivanting all over the place at the whirl of a beanie prop - it's too much.

"Well....."

"Say no more Witty"

I could see he was defeated. "We'll get over this fence and then we'll go the way I say - get it ? " (I learnt that bit from the gangster pictures).

"O.K., Mike, but....."

"Have your clarinet ready."

Slowly Witty raised his plastic clarinet to his trembling lips. With a flourish I closed my mouth over the thin end of my infamous Saxophone Kazoo (Now reduced to 1/9 in any good music shop).

"Let's have 'March of the Fen of Harlem' first - you know the one 'Fen of Harlem on to glory, see your beanies famed in story, etc.'"

"Righto, but....."

"Fen of Norbury."

I led the way down Semley Rd., - my trusty kazoo going full blast. Two seconds later Witty and I were scratching up the gravel in the nearest alley. Three seconds later we were a mile away. Four, and we considered it safe to pause.

"I tried to warn you about your mother going out with the dog," said Witty plaintively. "I knew she was due back any moment."

"I knew it anyway." I explained tolerantly, "I just wanted to give you a scare."

"Gosh, Mike - you are clever."

"I know," I said. I'm so used to similar remarks that they seldom go to my head any more.

We'd ended up in some fields just outside Norbury. They were ploughed and very muddy.

"We'll start across these and try our hand at 'Fen of Harlem' over in that direction," I suggested, "where we're not know."

"Good Idea," said Witty.

We plodded on.

And on.

At last Witty spoke. I least I hope it was Witty, It was so dark in that field I couldn't see a thing.

"I seem to remember a river flowing near here," said the voice I hope was Witty's.

"A canal you mean," said Big 'ed, "Yes, I remember it too. I think they diverted it."

"Must have done. Can't see any banks."

"No."

We plodded on.

And On.

And on.

"I can see some lights over there! Witty," I remarked, pointing, although why I bothered to point when it was pitch-dark, I don't know.

"Yes, so can I - do you think it's Civilisation?"

"It must be! Thank Ghod, Caruthers! (At this stage, as is usual in our fannish expeditions, we had taken to calling



one another Caruthers and Carstairs. Saves a lot of trouble with the police.)

We broke into a run. Witty close behind me. I could hear his feet thumping into the loosely packed mud.

Suddenly, I stopped dead. It must have been fannish intuition or something, because a tentative foot danged forward met nothing but thin air.

Witty was still behind me. He'd had to stop a moment owing to his shoe falling off. Just as my foot was groping outwards he chose to run smack into me.

"Look out!" I yelled as I tottered on the edge of the Graveney Canal. I grabbed hold of a dim shadow.

"Hey!" shouted Witty, pushing me away.

"Glub." I said as we sat side by side in the shallow but muddy waters of the Graveney, where I'd sat many times before in my almost forgotten childhood.

"Sorry," apologised Witty, "I didn't know it was you."



" - , " I remarked.
Perhaps some readers know the Graveney? No? Well, it's a pretty shallow little river, usually. But the people who designed it and built its banks had envisaged something on the Suez Canal scale. Luckily the mud was soft, as well as about three feet deep (how many fathoms is that?) and we were unhurt.

"Now how're we going to get out?"

"Don't ask me" I grimaced.

"But it's about 8 or 10 feet to the top."

"Yes, isn't it?"

"But I can't stay here all night."

"Can't you?"

"No, I've got to get back to Coulsdon."

"Perhaps the river leads to Coulsdon!"

"Perhaps it does, but it gets deeper further on. How...."

"Now listen!" I exclaimed. "I have a plan" (Plan, that's better) You see, all the time Witty had been needlessly talking Brains Mike had been working out an idea. "Get up."

With a sucking noise - like your first spoonfull of well set jelly, Witty arose from the busom of the river.

"Help me up." I ordered.

"Shan't"

I could see that the strain was telling on the poor boy - he being weaker than I, so I made allowance for him and heaved myself from the quaking slime (I got that out of a book), ignoring his rudeness.

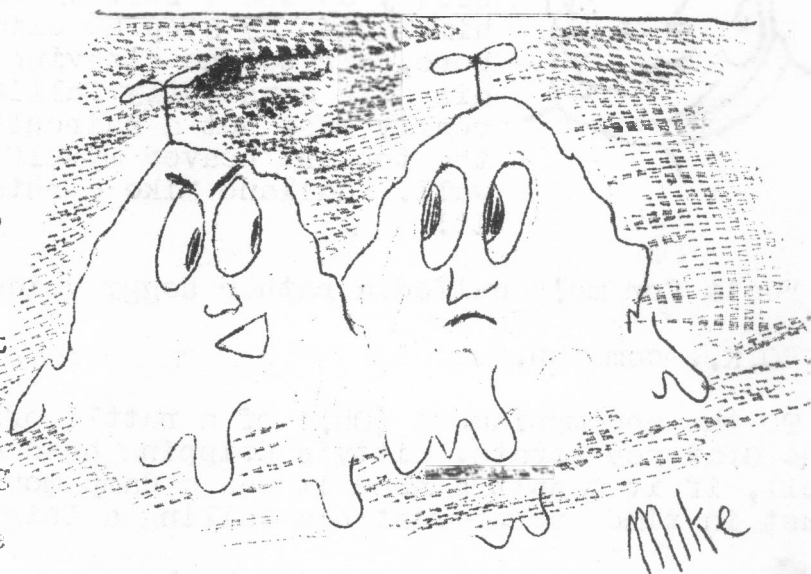
"Now, move slowly down-stream until your toe hits something, when it does, yell out to me. I'll be on the opposite side."
"Right your are. Ouch!!"
"Your were quick. Oops!" Once again I swallowed a couple of gallons of li uid mud.

Now, I knew this river of old and I knew that where you found one l-arge stone, you usually found a pile of them.

"O.K. Witty," I called, "Bring 'em over here."
"You mean lift it?"
"Heah!"
"If it means getting out I'll do it."
"It does."
"OK, then."

Panting and spluttering and falling twice in the process, Witty passed the first stone to me.

My muscles rippled as the weight of the stone carried me forward into the water. Making an effort, I pulled it out and moved it on top of the pile I had lready built.



11

Two hours later it was ready, and we prepared to clamber up the pile and gain ground. Ever the gentleman, I allowed Witty to go first - anyway those rocks looked none too safe and I didn't want to be the first to try them.

Witty started up and I retired to the opposite bank to give Witty room, but mainly to avoid any falling stones.

"O.K. Mike, I'm up....."

There was a splash and a wave of muddy water hit me in the face.

"Groo," said Witty.

"Fool!" I spat out along with most of the muddy water.

Another two hours and we had re-assembled the stones.

"This time I'll go first." I said.



And so the gallant leader of the expedition raised his foot upon ~~the surface of his kill~~ the first stone and began to battle his way slowly up the 8 foot cliff which towered above him. Step by step he climbed, sweating in every pore, his tongue cleaving the roof of his mouth, his hair constantly falling into his eyes ("I really must get a haircut"). And at last I gained the top and heaved myself over the concrete canal wall. Galland Mike Carstairs of the 36th had made it!

"Wait for me!" called a rather soggy voice from the Pit.

"O.K., come on."

To the accompaniment (Oh!) of a rattle of smaller specimens of the Graveney Strata, Witty's dripping head came level with the wall - well, if it wasn't a head it was a damp mop I felt - I grabbed, just in time to prevent him falling a third time.

Now we were on the opposite bank.

We squelched on and on across the field.

A N D O N
AND ON
And On
And on
and on.....

"Witty!" I gasped, clutching at my companion. "Do you feel solid ground beneath your feet."

"Come on now, my lad - move on - no loitering 'ere." said Witty.

"Eh?" I said.

"What's all this 'ere?" enquired Witty. "I think you'd better comerlonerme, my lad!"

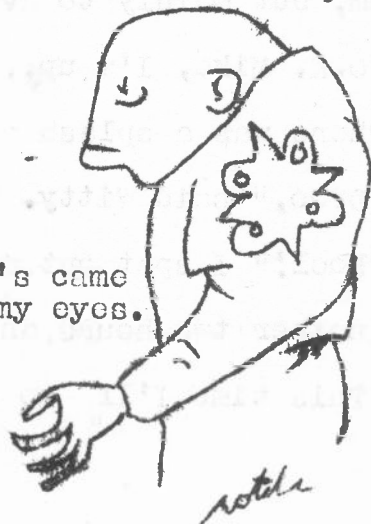
"Gulp!" I replied politely.

"Er - Mike," a voice sounding more like Witty's came from behind me and the gleam of a torch struck my eyes. "Er - Mike."

"Yes," I said.

"That was close!" panted Witty.

"It was, I agreed.



We were now about five miles from home and a mile or so from the Voice In the Darkness.

We neared a street-lamp.

"Ghod!" When I saw Witty's haggard countenance staring at me, a great Sorrow racked my being. Why - oh Why? had I started upon this Mad Escapade - Why?

Why?

"You look a sight" remarked the poor boy.

"So do you." I replied, never at a loss for an answer.

And so we did.....

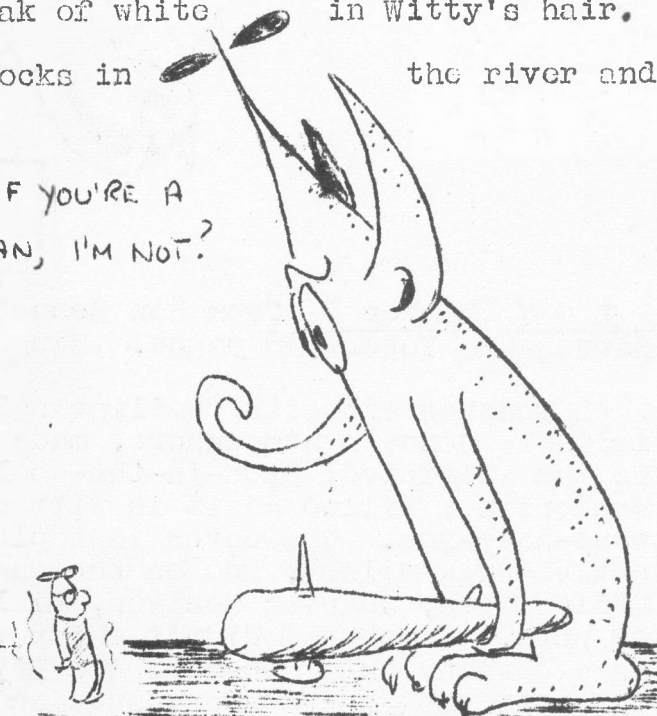
Our beanies were soggy - the props out of true. Our ties had been used for keeping the stones together (Here's a Tip: Packed Mud & Tie is ideal when you are out of cement - Remember Moorcock was the First) and our once resplendent tartan sports jackets were soggy tatters clinging to our ~~legs~~ frames. Only trousers and shirts were more or less intact - altho' very damp. I swear I saw a long streak of white in Witty's hair.

We'd taken off our shoes and socks in the river and forgotten them in our hurry.

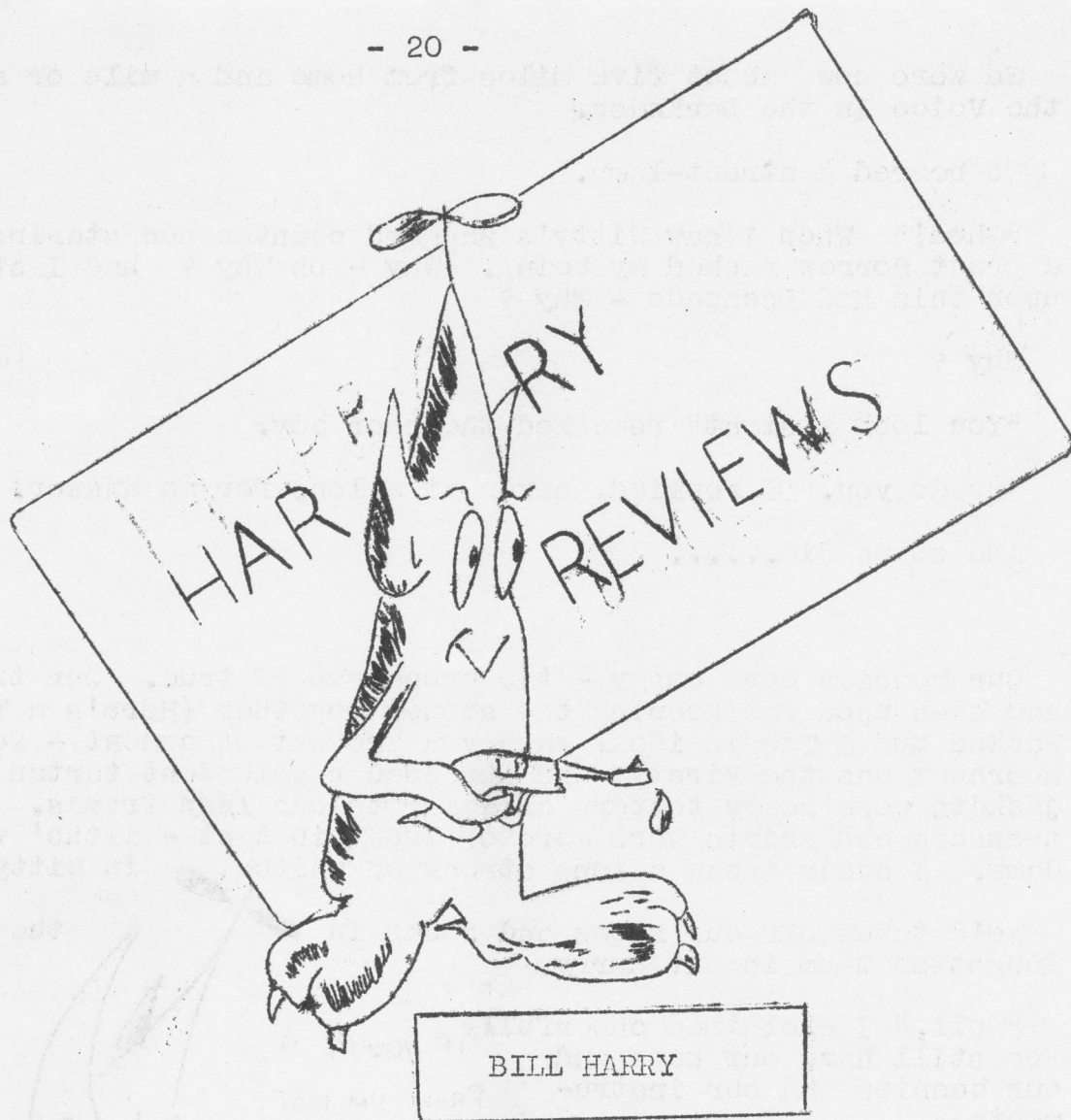
"Well," I exclaimed cheerfully "we still have our zaps and our beanies and our instruments."
IF YOU'RE A FAN, I'M NOT?

The Ghod who looks after the implements of fannish celebration, although ignoring our beanies, had watched over and protected our zap-guns and instruments all that horrible night. All were intact - not a scratch on them.

Looking something like a mob scene from the Scarlet Pimpernel minus scythes and tumprils, we marched along the long straight road playing clarinet and kazoo with all our old fervour. We had dropped FEN OF NORBURY (revised) and were now on JAZZ ME BLUES - at least I think it was this or SEE YA LATER, ALLIGATOR) Anyway I know I was playing the FLOWER SONG from CARMEN.



We got a bus back home.



P L O Y Number 7 from Ron Bennett, 7, Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorks. 36 pages. Single issues 1/- each. Duplicated.

PLOY seven with its familiar salmon coloured cover and the inimitable Bennett atmosphere, made its appearance last November. To the initiated, dyed-in-the-wool fan, PLOY is something of a wonderzine, filled as it is with esoteric wisecracks, puns, and what-have-you. The cover is a pleasant piece of work by NEBULA artist Jack Wilson, and on the whole the rest of the artwork from Eddie Jones, Juanita Coulson, Bill Rotsler and myself is worthy of note. Somehow I didn't enjoy the material. I like Archie Mercer as a person, but I thought his Erratum was crud. A short story, THE LONG WALK is Bradburyesque and proves a delightful piece of reading. Material from Phoenix and Stu Mackenzie is concerned neither with S-F or fandom, and would not be out of place in another type of magazine. However, as fanzines usually only appear three or four times a year (PLOY appears three) I thought the two pieces out of place. A unique idea was the captioning of Rotsler illos by John Owen - I think this'll catch on.

YANDRO edited by Buck and Juanita Coulson. Copies obtainable from Alan Dodd, 77, Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts. Monthly, approximately 20 pages. Duplicated.

Reviewing any particular issue of YANDRO in an irregular magazine is risky business, as the reviews are liable to be out of date when the magazine appears. Printed on yellow paper, this unpretentious 'zine is of the type that 'grows on you'. You become familiar with the artists, the authors and the letter writers, as they turn up so frequently, and will probably join the happy throng yourself after reading an issue or two. Tho' anything of outstanding value is rarely received, the material is at least enjoyable.

VOID Number 5, edited by Greg Benford, single issues 1/- from Ron Bennett (address on previous page) Irregular, thirty-six foolscap size pages. Duplicated.

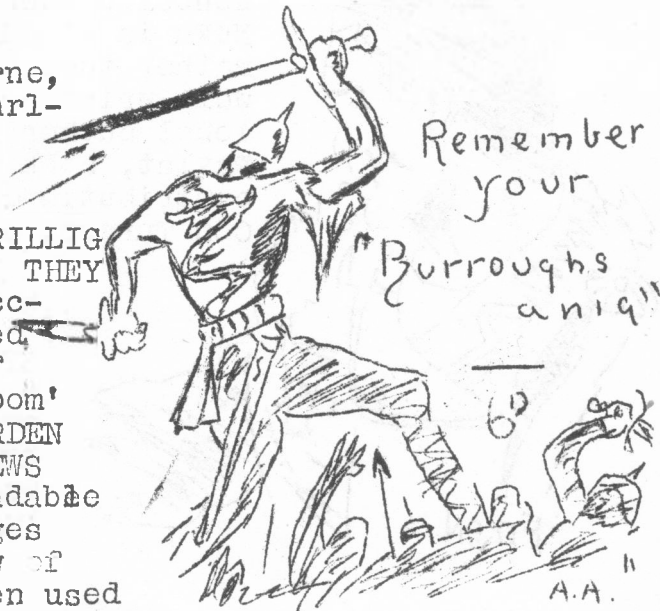
In America, the word 'rival fan-editor' seems to be taken literally. Numerous fan-editors in the States call each other names and indulge in feuds which seem to spread from one zine to another. In this issue and previous ones, Greg seems to derive some sadistic pleasure from blackballing someone named Wetzel; to quote "fandom has been irritated by this Wetzel character long enough...the time has arrived when we had best ignore him as the ONLY way to get him out of fandom." Personally, I find this sort of thing distasteful. Harmless ribbing, fannish ploys, humorous hoaxes - yes, but serious fan-feuds - ugh!

Apart from that, VOID is worth reading, it has a balanced diet of reading matter for both fan and s-f reader, and an interesting and contraversial letter-section.

((I've kept Bill's VOID review in as it is his column - but I must say that I do not agree with it, in my opinion Greg was quite justified in his condemnation of Wetzel. Sorry for interrupting, Bill))

BRILLIG No. 5 edited by Larry Bourne, obtainable from Bill Harry, 69, Parliament Street, Liverpool, 8. 32 pages. Irregular. Duplicated.

The material in this issue of BRILLIG is interesting. THEY CAME, WE SAW, THEY CONQUERED by Guy E. Terwillegger occupies eight pages, and is concerned with the success or failure of s-f mags that appeared during the 'boom' period. Richard Geis' TORTURE GARDEN and Larry Sohl's SCIENTIFILM REVIEWS are average fan-type reviews - readable but not re-readable. The four pages taken up by Georgina Ellis' review of ALEXANDER THE GREAT could have been used



to review an s-f film. And the story by Don Stufloten seemed to be a queer, mixed up thing. A letter section, editorials and some competent fillers from JWC, Retsler, Bryer and R.R. Phillips wind up a pleasantly readable issue. Could be improved, though.

ORION No. 17, edited by Paul Enever and George Richards. Paul's new address is 97, Pole Hill Road, Hillingdon, MDDX. 22 pages. Quarterly. Duplicated. 9d. a copy.

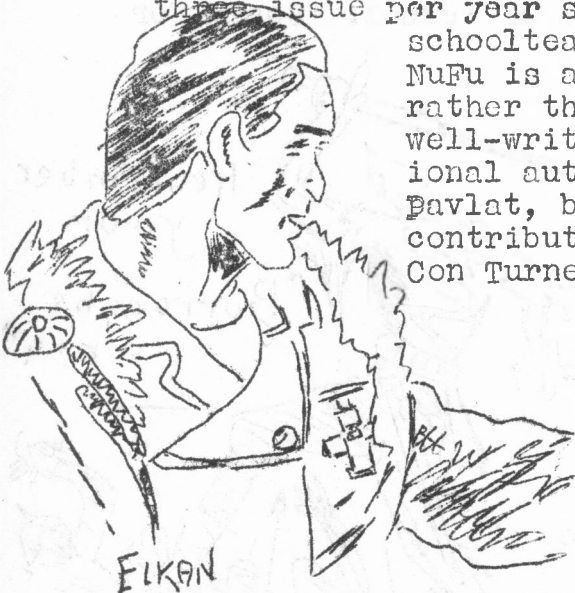
The Thing that spoils ORION is the messy duplicating, but I suppose such is to be expected from a home made machine. I admit, I have seen worse. For some reason or other Paul's not satisfied with using one colour of ink, besides black, a muddy brown is used. It's horrible stuff! I think Orion would look better if charcoal grey ink was used throughout.

The 'Random Atoms' which have been getting weaker and weaker each issue are very poor this time. The drawings are less detailed, the jokes themselves esoteric and not very humorous, thier only saving factor lies in the fact that the inimitable ATOM touch can be detected in the drawings of the figures.

John Berry, too, is poor this time. But John at his worst is better than some writers at their best, so who's complaining? Daphne Buckmaster talks about THAT ELUSIVE SENSE OF WONDER which together with the usual features rounds off a below average ORION.

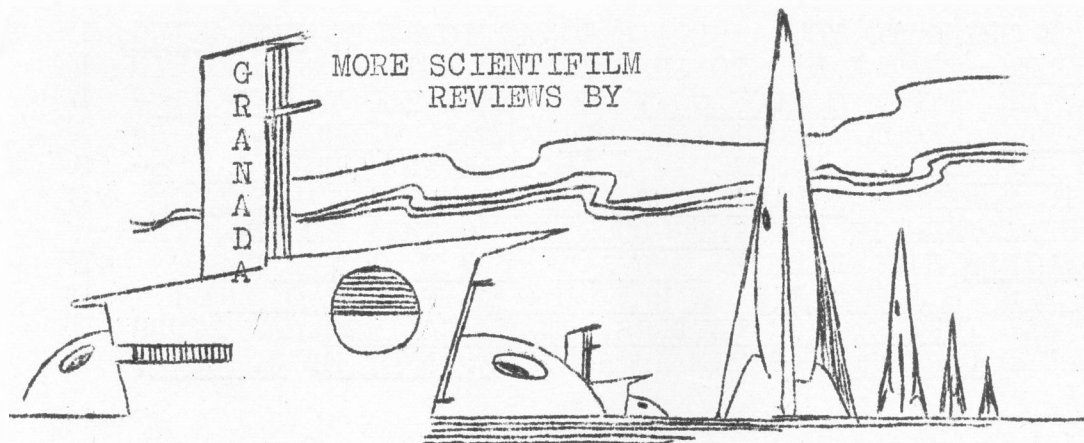
NEW FUTURIAN. Number six. 40 pages. Duplicated from J. Michael Rosenblum, 7, Grosvenor Park, Leeds, 7.

After eighteen months absence, NuFu appears again, and Mike tells us in his editorial that he hopes to be able to keep a three issue per year schedule - with the help of a certain schoolteacher from Leeds. Strictly sericon, NuFu is aimed at the collector and s-f reader rather than the fan-type fan. The material is well-written and contains article from professional author E.R. James, a con report from Bob Pavlat, book review from Roland Forster, and other contributions from Harry Warner Jr., Sid Birchby, Con Turner, Joe Gibson and Mike.



+ + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + +

SPACE RESTRICTED REVIEWS OF "RETRIBUTION" 4 and BURROUGHSANIA 9. I OMITTED THESE TWO ON THE STRENGTH THAT BOTH HAVE HAD OTHER ISSUES PUBLISHED SINCE THE REVIEW WAS WRITTEN. ED. FOR FILM REVIEWS TURN PAGE!



BILL HARRY

"SATELLITE IN THE SKY" British. Colour and Cinemascope. Starring Keiron Moore and Lois Maxwell.

Sponsored by Warner Brothers, this film will get a wide release in the States - the thought makes me shudder. What will they think of us? DEVIL GIRL FROM MARS was bad enough.

And to think J.T.M.'Intosh had a hand in the screenplay! The Advertisements called it 'earth-shattering', 'earth-shuddering' would be more appropriate. A girl reporter stows away on a rocketship; the ship gets a new crew member the day before departure and he doesn't even know what to expect from take-off - ohhhhh!

"The Animal World" American. Colour.

On the same bill as the above, this was much the better film. Most notable are the prehistoric scenes - monsters galore, and a colourful sequence in which they perish by fire. The commentary is humorous, especially THE ADVENTURES OF SUPER SOW-BUG. Chance seeing Satellite in the Sky for this.

FORBIDDEN PLANET American. Colour and Cinemascope. Starring Walter Pidgeon and Anne Francis (wow!)

One of the best yet! Highly colourful, exciting and humorous, FORBIDDEN PLANET is one of the very few s-f films to receive praise from practically all the critics. The scenes are breathtaking, especially the scene where the visitors from Earth see the wonders of the Krell city, and especially where we see Anne in a flesh-coloured swim suit.

Backgrounds, machinery, gadgets and special effects are all slick and other worldly. Well worth seeing.

((I still can't make out why they should still have bottles of BLACK AND WHITE whiskey 200 years hence Ed.))

P AND NOW WE BRING TO YOU A SERIES OF ARTICLES SO REVEALING, P
 L SO OUTSPOKEN, THAT I HAD TO SEND TO THE AUTHOR ASKING HIM L
 E TO SUPPLY ME WITH A CARBON COPY OF THEM OWING TO THE ATT- E
 A EMPTS OF FEN, WHOSE IDENTITIES MUST REMAIN UNKNOWN, TO S- A
 S IEZE AND DESTROY THE MANUSCRIPTS IN CASE THE GENERAL PUB- S
 E LIC WAS TO SOMEHOW MANAGE TO READ THEM AND DRIVE FANDOM E
 O U T! HERE THEN IS THE INTRODUCTION TO THIS SERIES, THE
 N EDITOR REMINDS HIS READERS THAT THE VIEWS N
 O I N THIS SERIES ARE NOT HIS OWN! O
 T AND THAT ALL THREATENING LETTERS, IRATE CALLERS AND BOMBS T
 E BE FORWARDED DIRECTLY TO THE AUTHOR. E. & O. E. Q. E. D. E

AN INTRODUCTION TO:-



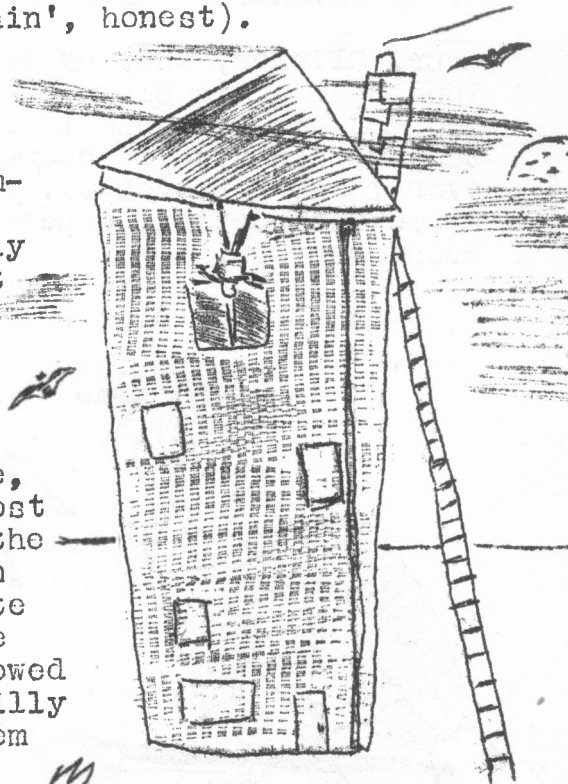
A FORTHCOMING SERIES BY JOHN BERRY (The Chronic-leer of
 Illod with apologies to ATOM (who couldn't manage IRISH FANDOM)
 it) by Mike. At last minute notice.

This series will be a long and rambling epic, likely
 to last for a considerable number of TYPOS, and will att-
 empt to elucidate in detail, the essential basic qualific-
 ications of a Faan, mentioning in minute descriptive terms
 certain hitherto dormant aspects of the fundamental fannish
 frame of mind, as procured by me after abundant observation
 and a crafty look at my psychiatrist's notebook.

These sundry works have taken me a considerable time to
 collate, and I have studied in great detail the behaviour
 and instincts of many well-known fen. It is not my int-
 ention to transform this elegant fanzine into the equiv-
 alent of America's CONFIDENTIAL, but if I want to give full
 justice to my unrelenting hours of toil, and I do, it will
 become necessary for me sometime to touch the more intimate

side of fannish lore, and from this point of view, my experience as an observator in the cause of science and psychology have taken me into many strange places. The random notes from which I am compiling this treatise are in themselves historical documents of some considerable import, mostly consisting of actual eye-witness accounts of strange fannish rituals written down as they happened on whatever material was at hand at that particular juncture. One of my reasons, in fact, for permitting Mr. Moorcock to publish this fantastic document in its entirety is to enable me to dispose of some rather unwieldy items of spontaneous literal appendages with which I have accumulated my mass of data. For example, in a later chapter I shall deal at length with the secret Willis Reproduction Rites, which I had the good fortune to witness one night by the simple expedient of hanging face downwards by my toes from the water spouting running parallel with the roof eaves of Oblique House, and peering through a crack in the curtains. What I saw was so astounding that I could not trust my memory to retain the full staggering impact of the rituals, so shuffling along in an uncomfortable upside-down posture, like a somnolent bat, I was able to reach a drainpipe on which I enscribed for posterity with a hunk of slate, the full gripping details I had just previously had the good fortune to see with my own peeled eyeballs. (It was smashin', honest).

Sneaking back to my house later that night with 35 feet length of drainpipe was rather a hazardous operation, especially as I had been unable to remove the horizontal spouting attached thereto, and perforce had to eventually de-spout the whole block. I feel that this illustration will go some way to show you that my investigations into what consitutes THE COMPLETE FAAAN have been undertaken with a complete disregard to my own personal safety and comfort. Spurred on by my crusade, I have sought the true facts in the most unlikely places. Would that each of the 179 paving stones stacked in my garden could speak, instead of bearing in mute testimony the rough heiroglyphics made with a nail of my left boot as I followed Chuck Harris on his tour of the Picadilly area in May 1956, and enscribed on them his every move.



Yes, friends, my work THE COMPLEAT FAAAN is the climax of my literary career, it has taken me three years to compile,

and includes 2,583 written foolscap pages, three roomfulls of miscellaneous lumber, a garden full of pipes, paving stones, a lavatory cistern and other mundane objects - and an old dray that was once pulled by the brother of the horse that Leeh Shaw rose in Ballyslapgoblin whilst in Northern Ireland in 1956. I think I can claim to have been, in all modesty, thorough. I have taken many risks to build up a dossier on what I claim to be a concise record of every unusual fannish trait. I have shunted up and down lifts with Arthur Thomson, I have been blinded by rust from Bob Shaw's bike, I have poured 23 cups of tea into my protesting bladder to make Don Allen drink 24, I have eaten three mouthfuls of ginger cake baked by Walt Willis, I have smuggled cigarettes with Eric Bentcliffe, I have fought a Plonker Gun duel with Ken Bulmer - I have done more, much more, to further the future scientific appraisal of what constitutes a faaan.

Finally, by fantastic good-fortune, I am glad to count myself a close personal friend of the famed Belfast Psychiatrist, Doctor Rudolph Clinker, who has been treating me for a number of years, my wife's father having recommended me to him when he first learned from his daughter of my friendship with James White.

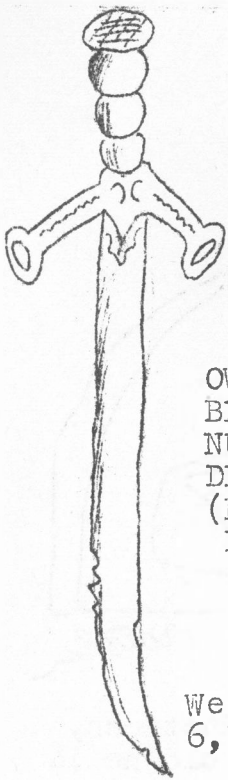
Dr. Clinker, who, by the way, frequently suffers delusions that he is Bloch, has sportingly offered to spare some of his valuable time (if I lend him my duplicator) to give his studied comments on traits and behaviour whenever I ask for them ... his additions to my column should prove interesting, especially as the good Doctor is a close Freud convert.

My opening discourse in the next TYPO will be entitled:-

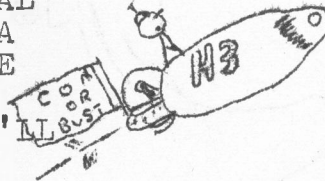


NOTE. If any TYPO readers happen to possess any little known habits relating to fen and insects which they consider I may not have heard about, I would appreciate a few lines on the subject as soon as possible. JOHN BERRY. N. Ireland. February

WILL THIS DO, JOY?



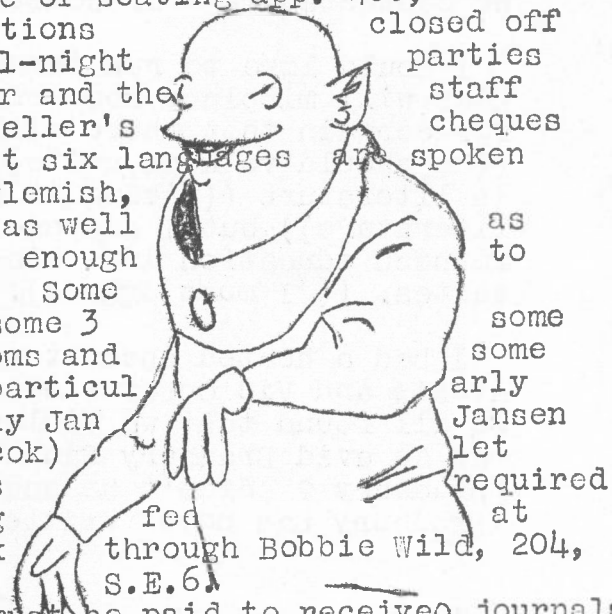
OWING TO THE CONVENTION JOURNAL
BEING DELAYED, JOY HAS ASKED A
NUMBER OF FANZINES TO GIVE THE
DETAILS OF THE WORLD CON
(BY THE TIME TYPO GETS OUT IT'
PROBABLY BE ALL OVER)



THE WORLD CONVENTION 1957.

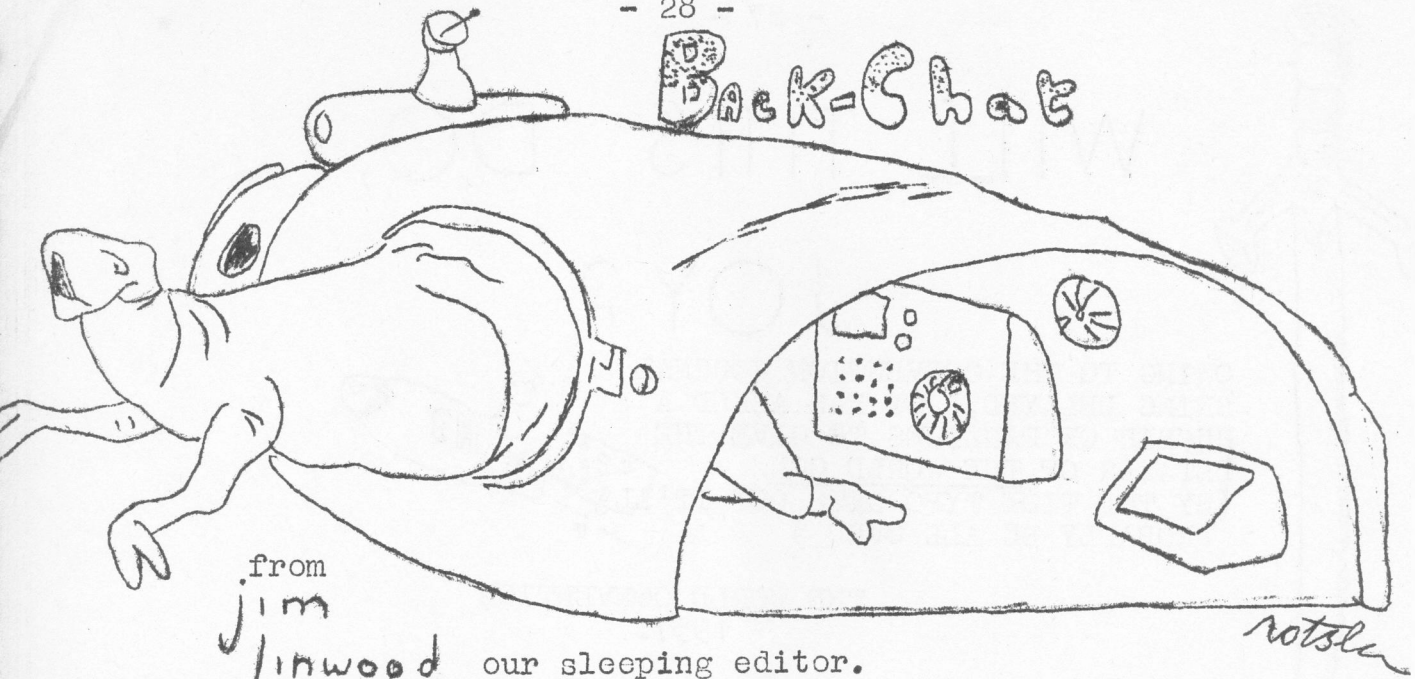
We have taken over a whole hotel for the nights of September 6, 7th and 8th and all day on the 9th. Details are as follows

KINGS COURT HOTEL, Leinster Gardens, Bayswater. 20/- per person per night bed and breakfast. 4/6 luncheon. 6/6 din. (Food highly recommended) Food served (hot meals) up to 10.30 p.m. Snacks etc. later. Bar open all day, several lounges. Cocktail Bar. Television room with screen for projection (suitable for the children) Lunch with jukebox (asset?) Lift. Long hall capable of seating app. 400, complete with sound equipment. Sections closed off as required. No objection to all-night parties and from the look of the manager and the staff they'll probably join in the fun. Traveller's cheques and cash changed in the hotel. At least six languages are spoken by the manager and his wife - French, Flemish, Scandinavian, Italian, Spanish, German as well as English. and their staff can muster up enough to get by on three more (unnamed) Some rooms have 4 twin beds, some 3 2, some double bedded rooms and single. Will those who particul arly want to share (perhaps say Jan Jansen Ron, Bennett & John Hitchcock) let us know what precisely is required and for whom. No booking fee at this current moment. Book through Bobbie Wild, 204, Wellmeadow Rd., Catford, S.E.6.



Membership of WSFS 7/6 (must be paid to receive journals etc) Entrance fee payable now or later 7/6. This covers the whole weekend OR one day only) Good shopping centre nearby. Tube Stations all round 1 minute from Hyde Park. In other words, the whole place is another George Hotel only in London. JC

Back-Chat



from
jim
linwood our sleeping editor.

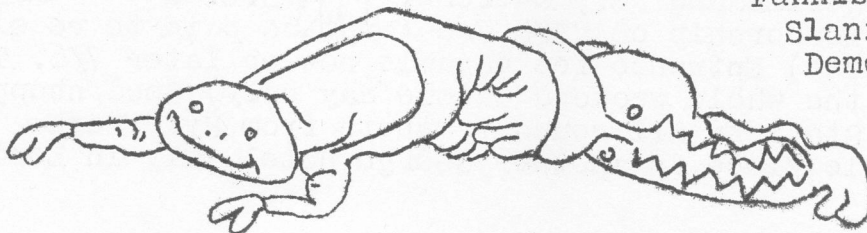
I believe the first thing I should do is to make introductions, I'm Jhim Linwood and I'm 15 years old, Percy is not this old he is my pet pig - we have much in common. I've been in fandom about a year and a half altho' I've been an s-f and fantasy fan longer.

This zine came about under complicated circumstances, four months ago, Bruce Kidd and I decided to edit an Ompazine, Bruce went Gafia and left me all alone. But I had put my name down on the OMPA list and naturally didn't want to waste it - so I contacted Mike - or he contacted me - or something.

I would like to run through the items of TYPO 1 but knowing that Mike will misplace some of them I'd better keep quite. I know for certain that there will be a piece by neofan Witty Whitmarsh ((he should've kept quite)) who possesses the most low-brow tastes in literature ((taking it for granted, for the moment, that s-f is literature)) but I suppose Mike is to blame for taking Witty's fannish education into his hands - Mike has the second-most low-brow tastes. ((I must agree)).

I had a heated encounter with North Hykeham fandom some time ago, Archie and Vic Curry - neo-fan - and I met to discuss S-F and jazz. We all found that we violently disagreed with each other. As Vic was an avid Bradbury fan and Archie an avid Bradbury hater, I said: "Bradbury? didn't he once write S-F?" "Bradbury has never written S-F" said Archie. Vic just grinned.

Fannishly,
Slanishly,
Demolishedmanishly,



Jhim

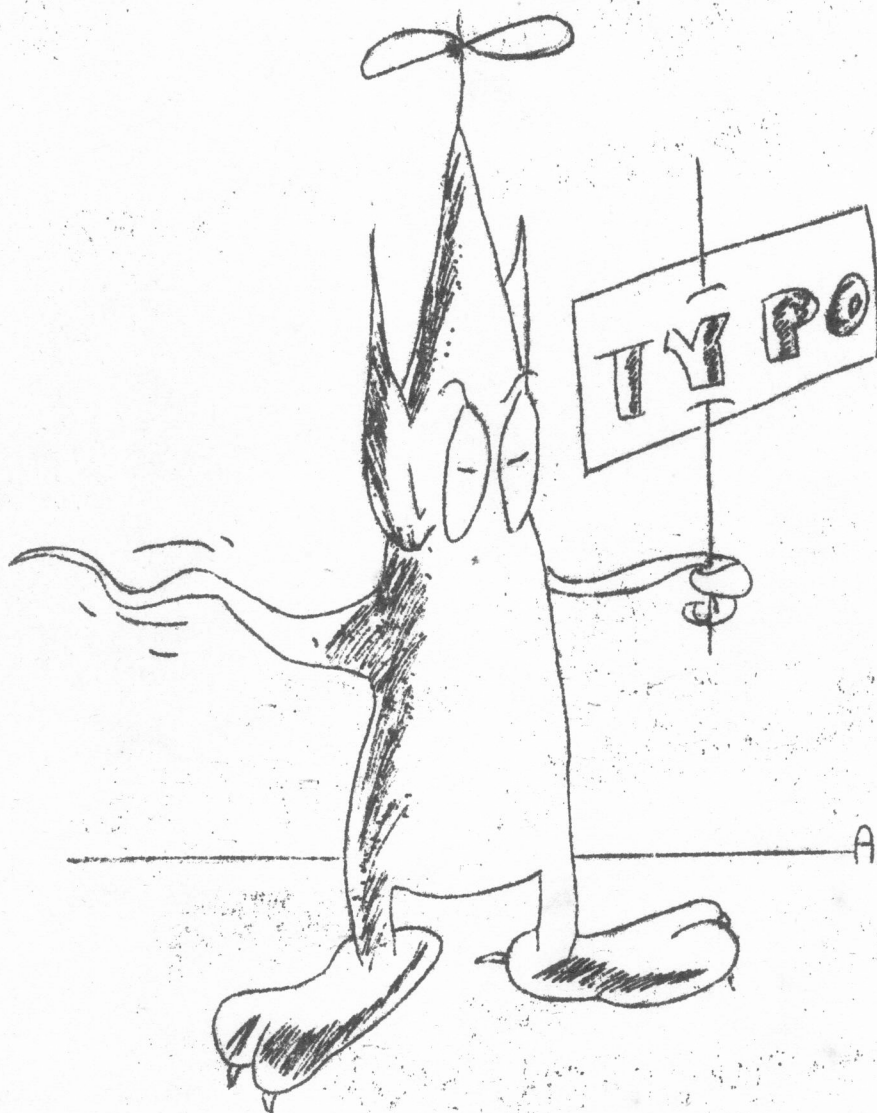
PAW TANK

OR YU



ROUND

THAT WAS



ALDA

9 MAR 1957