

Kathryn SS report

PH

Summer?
1958



Eddie

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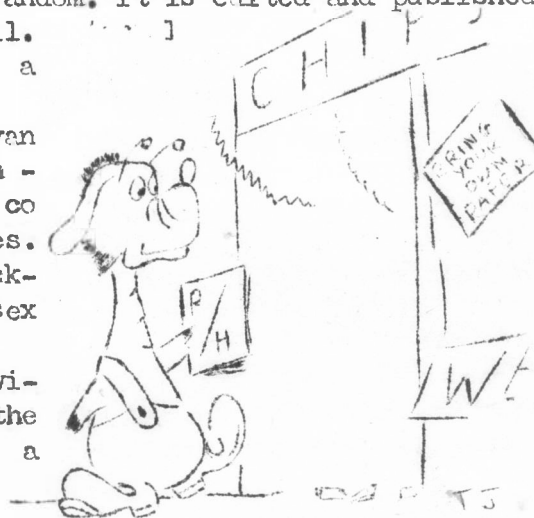
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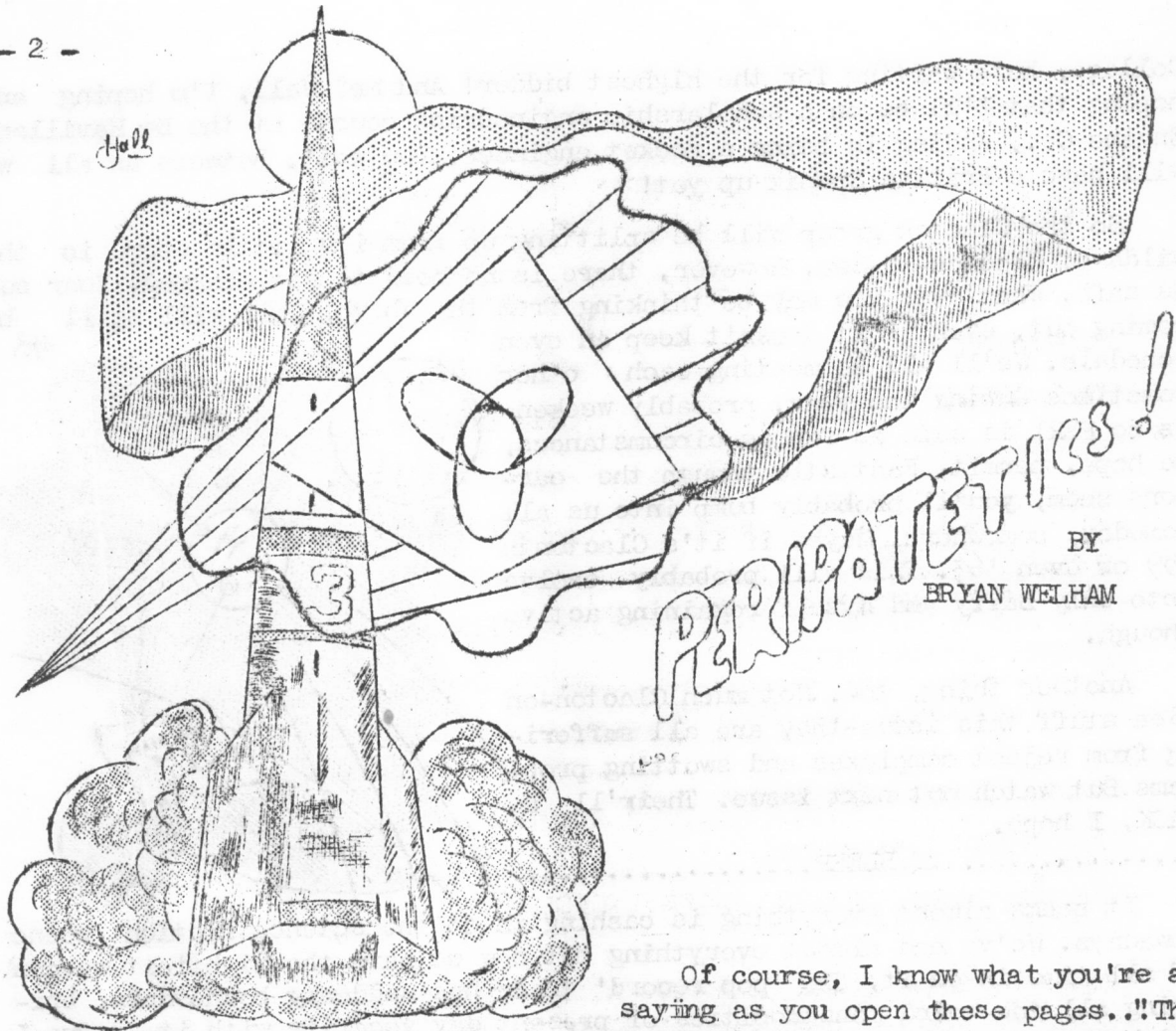
PERIHELION is a quarterly publication intended for the entertainment of science fiction fandom. It is edited and published by Bryan Welham and Barry Hall.

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This magazine still remains with the distinction of being the only fanzine published from a room above a fishshop!





PERIPATETICS!

BY
BRYAN WELHAM

Of course, I know what you're all saying as you open these pages..! They told us this would be out at Whitsun. Now look at the date, its July!" No, you are right, we were going to put PH or PERI, what ever you like to call it(pronunciation of full name of PERI-HELION is literally taken as 'prillian)during this period but we forgot one thing: Our exams at school would clash with mag publishing so, with regret , we had to postpone the publishing date until now when we have more time on our hands, So here we are, just recovering from a severe brainwashing at school but still with the...er...brainchild. Hope you like this issue.

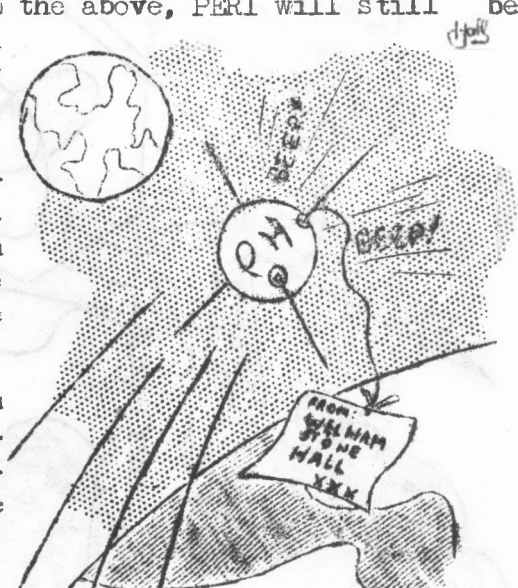
With the passing of these exams it means that all of us, providing that we are successful with them, will be leaving school this summer into this thing called the 'big wide world.' I only hope it'll be able to hold us! As well as this, we are nearly all going different ways. Brian Bickers and Bill Riley are going to college; Barry Hall is aiming to be a meteorologist, one of those very helpful characters who tell you the wrong weather, you know.. "Excuse me while I go and check with my barometer...."; Dave Dance is going into the Customs & Excise business, which will be useful. All you'll have to tell him is that you're a fan and he'll look the other way while you cover up those smuggled farmags! Geoff Stone is going to either De Havilland's or

College, he's waiting for the highest bidder! And me? Well, I'm hoping and hoping that I'll be on a scholarship engineering course at the De Havilland Engine Co., ending in being a rocket engineer. You wait. Between us all we will have a British Sputnik up yet!

So the Clacton group will be splitting up from its little spore in the wilds of Clacton-on-Sea. However, there is no need to get alarmed. Your sub is safe. What ever you may be thinking from the above, PERI will still be coming out, even if it doesn't keep an even schedule. We'll all be meeting each other sometimes during the year, probably weekends so PERI is safe as far as circumstances, we hope, permit. Fantastic though the careers seem, you'll probably bump into us all someday, somewhere. Maybe if it's Clacton in '59 or even '63. This will probably evolve into only Barry and myself remaining active though.

Another thing, too. Not much Clacton-on-Sea stuff this issue-they are all suffering from reject complexes and swotting problems. But watch out next issue. Their'll be BACK, I hope.

.....BLEEP.....



It seems almost everything is cashing in on the science fiction scene nowadays. We've had almost everything but now we have the mightiest weapon of all time in on it. The 'pop record' trade has suddenly bounced in, bringing all the weird monstrosities of present day vocality with it. We've, I think, had two since the Sputnik, and what things! The first one I heard was an epic called "Bleep, Bleep." Went something like this:-

'My Baby's up in a satellite,
She won't be back for many a night,

..... (Rhubarb)

And all I hear from her is just bleep, bleep, bleep!

It's enough to make you want to spit. The other one is called "The Purple People Eater", which, believe it or not, incorporates a rock'n Roll BEM!!! What other unintelligent burblings we can expect in the future I can't guess but it's sure to get worse.

It seems a great pity that no good vocal artist bothered to record the Heintain Songs in his story, "The Green Hills of Barth." They would have made excellent songs and given us something new instead of these love-sick noises we have shoved onto us at the moment. Passed on to you, Elvis.

While I'm on the subject, could anyone help me with a list of gramophone records which have a sfional theme in them? I've been trying for ages without success. Classical, Jazz, etc.

.....BLEEP.....

All that trouble I've been moaning about above still didn't stop us attending this year's Convention at Kettering. Although we couldn't all go, Barry and me went to represent Clacton fandom, but after hearing about our adventures there they are all hoping to attend next year. Should make quite a party and it was voted that the next Con will be at a seaside resort, so here's hoping!

Barry has a report of the whole thing elsewhere so there is no need for me to go into great dissertations here. I don't know if it was meant to be so but we were the first fans to arrive at the hotel. We arrived at 1.15pm. and we had to waste several hours before anything happened. We did get to the Collectors Shop first, though, but there was nought there.

.....Two young fans, their first Con, stand in the lounge of the hotel. They have been there for an hour, just waiting for the first fan to arrive. One stands smoking idly while the other stares at a map of the district. The smoker mentions to the map reader that it was about time Ron Bennett arrived. He agrees and they go back again to their original position. The smoker lights another cigarette. Suddenly, there is a commotion at the reception office. The smoker signals to the map reader. They stand there, waiting, as a figure, carrying a huge pile of books, books in at the desk. The smoker cranes his neck, the books are S-F. They wait, the smoker starts another cigarette. The figure leaves the office and starts to move across the room where the two are standing. The smoker stubs out the cigarette and together they move towards the figure, who is struggling under the weight of the books. "Uh-uh-uhh, are you Ron Bennett?" One of them asks. He dumps the books on a nearby table, which creaks under the weight. He extends his hand, and says, "Now let's see. Which one of you is Bryan and which is Barry?" Clacton fan have met their first fan.....



After that things really started moving . I was introduced to dozens of fans which before I had only known through letters. I can round off with saying that I found everybody a very nice person and I look forward to the pleasant experience again. (By the way, I'm the smoker, Barry is both a non-smoker and a tee-totaller(true)).

.....BLOG.....

It has been said that the sales of science fiction literature would be greatly enhanced by the 'coming of the Sputniks.' However, it has been declared that in many places the adverse of this has happened. Sales have in no way differed from the ordinary trend of the time of year. Ted Tubb at Kettering said that fans are made, not born. This is certainly true, it was in my own case, but I wonder whether the same applies to ordinary sf readers. From my viewpoint I can't see how the sputniks and what-have-you can

increase the sales of sf for they are not entirely new. For many years now such a thing has been prophesied by many people both in the know and those who are just interested in the subject, like me. I knew it was coming at the sametime I was learning about spacetravel, and that was some years ago. As far as I can see, the people who want to read sf are already reading it and these supposedly new fans are just old ones coming back after some set-back which stopped them reading it for a time. This is excluding the younger generation who may just be influenced by reading about the satellites and have also been born with a SENSE OF WONDER. That sense of wonder cannot be shoved into someone's head just by reading the paper the day after the launching. I'm sure that this satellite business didn't make anyone go out and buy his first ever sf book. He's got to have that sense of wonder first. I believe this is true and I'm still trying to figure out what made me start, about eight years ago, reading sf. I know that oneday I walked into the local library and the name of the book seemed to draw me to it so I took it home and read it, and I've been reading the same stuff ever since. The only sense of wonder I got was not the urge to go out and buy the latest sf book but that the Ruskis had done it first, but that's getting a bit oldhat now!

.....BEEP.....BEEP.....&.....BEEP.....

Oh yes. I forgot to mention the other member of the Clacton Group. The one and only Colin Crisp(Krish). He's going to be a pharmacist so watch out for some really lethal prescriptions!

.....BURP.....

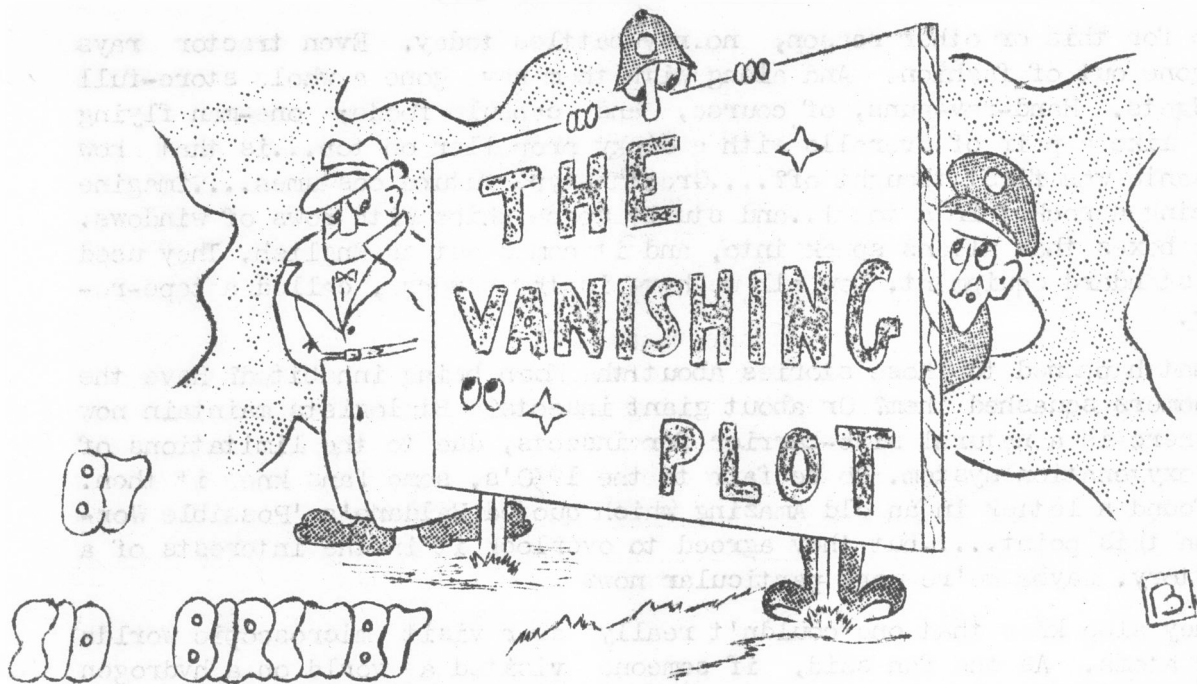
So fandom is dying from lack of new blood, is it? Maybe it was at the time when this was murmured but since then it seems to be coming up a bit. I've made contact with several young fans and neofans who have moved in on the fannish horizon. Several have been in quite a while, too. All about the ages of sixteen to eighteen, so watch out you old and jaded fan, we'll usurp you all yet. Seriously though, if only this keeps up us young and starry eyed fans will soon be taking over. Bryan Willis for OMPA President!

.....BLIMEY.....

No doubt, all fans with regret the death of Cyril Kornbluth and Henry Kuttner who died recently. Both will be sorrowfully missed. To me, Cyril Kornbluth meant more, probably because I've read more of his works than I have of Kuttner's. He was a brilliant short story writer, with such gems as "The Altar at Midnight", and many more which there is not room enough to mention here. His novels were also excellent with such stories as "Takeoff" and "Christmas Eve". He was a great sf writer and his death will leave a great breach in the professional magazine field.

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Continued on page 34.



Eric Bentcliffe and I were talking about science-fiction recently and he asked what was going to happen to it once space travel, which is its maunstay, becomes a fact. It might still have its followers, he suggested, but as an outlet for oddballs like us (here I gave him a Look) it will cease to function. All those with stars in their eyes will have to turn to something else, because eventually following the Star Trails will have no more glamour than a railway timetable. Look, for instance, at air travel. Admittedly some people find plenty of enjoyment in browsing through the World Airways Guide, and in dreaming of how to get from Tashkent to Balang Papang by air, but nobody goes for airtravel adventure magazines, as they once did. It will be the same with space travel, before long.

Up to that point we agreed, but where we differed was in his assumption that, for the man in the street, science-fiction means space-fiction and little else. Surely, I said, there are other plots besides that of space-travel? What about time-travel, or robots for instance? I dug out my files of ASF and Galaxy and made a quick check on the stories that appeared during 1957, and I found that space-travel featured in respectively 76 and 54 percent of them. There! --- I said --- there are the other plots!

Secretly, though, I was worried. I went away and chewed my fingernails and then got out the really old magazines of the 1920's and 30's. I had memories of some of the plots used then, and it seemed to me that there had been a much greater variety in those days. I fell to thinking how long it has been, for instance, since the last ray-gun battle took place, with Space fairly bustin' out all over. Not since Doc Smith laid his steaming typewriter aside, I fancy.

Is this because current scientific opinion is that lethal rays are impossible? I seem to remember that about 1935 the British Government conduc-

ted a very thorough research programme into the prospect, and drew a blank. The man in charge was Sir Robert Watson-Watt, and one thing that he did discover was radar...which science-fiction never did.

So for this or other reason, no-ray-battles today. Even tractor rays have gone out of fashion. And along with them have gone a whole store-full of gadgets. Hand-ray-guns, of course, and capsule foods; one-man flying suits like a pair of overalls with a dinky propeller on top...is that how the beanie was first thought of?...Grecian-type future costumes....imagine servicing a rocket in a toga..and stubby space ships with rows of windows. Little boxes that aliens speak into, and it comes out as English. They used to be standard equipment. Now all we have is the reverse, called a tape-recorder.

What happened to those stories about the Moon being inhabited? Have the astronomers squashed them? Or about giant insects? Biologists maintain now that there is a natural size-barrier for insects, due to the limitations of their oxygenation system. To be fair to the 1930's, some fans knew it then. ...I found a letter in an old Amazing which quoted Haldane's 'Possible Worlds' on this point....but they agreed to overlook it in the interests of a good story. Maybe we're more particular now?

They also knew that one couldn't really ever visit microscopic worlds inside atoms. As one fan said, if someone visited a world on a hydrogen atom, what's the water made of there? Yet faith has to start somewhere, and we still have incredible shrinking men.

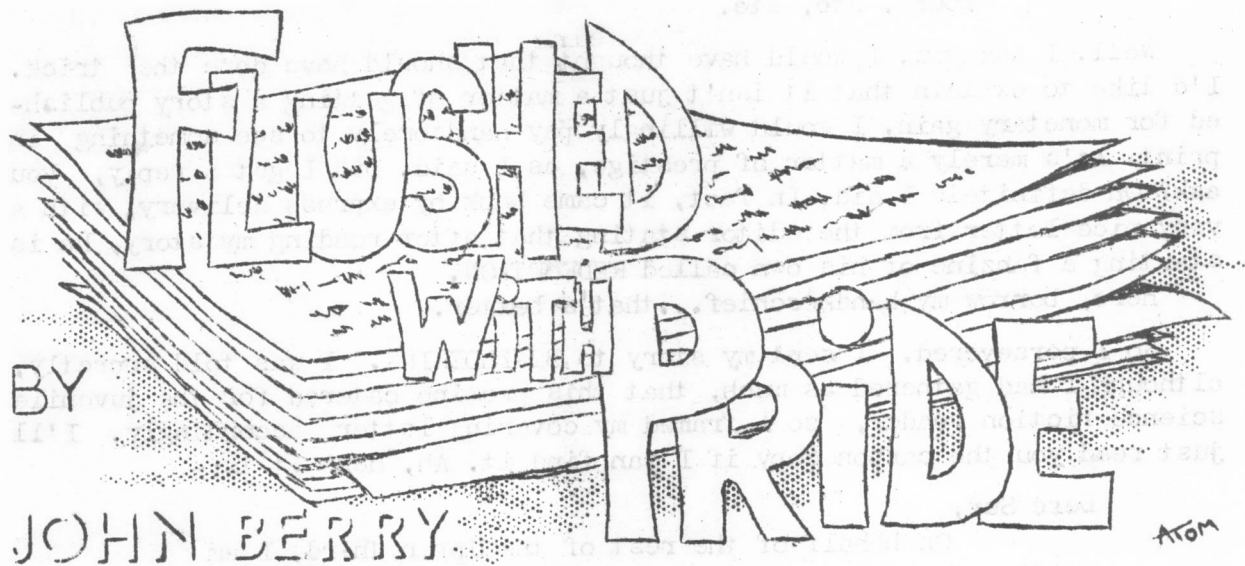
Nowadays we never hear of the Solar System moving into a cloud of gas the way it used to, from the time of Conan Doyle's 'Poison Belt' onwards. So we never go through those Ice Ages, or find ourselves the last folk alive. In fact, there are very few left of the once-popular Catastrophe stories (floods, earthquakes, plagues, or metal corrosion). Perhaps we are too worried about man-made catastrophes, which could be much worse.

The fact remains, we have limited our plots drastically. Sea-serpents? Suspended animation? Intelligent life on the sea-bed, or inside the Earth? Naturally we've lost our sense of wonder. It died from lack of fuel.

A few more vanished plots: Crystalline life. Intelligent reptiles, insects, or anything except mammals or robots. Life on asteroids or on any other Solar planet, except for Mars and Venus, (and Mars is on the way to join the Moon.) The big-headed, small bodied man of the future. Prehistoric stories. Atlantis and Lemuria (on the way out) Lost civilisations...no more hiding-places? Assorted monstrosities (plant, reptile, etc.) that break loose and rampage over the landscape....oh, and don't forget the good old Giant Amoeba! Perhaps they were all sold to Hollywood.

Many of these plots have been abandoned because they were used to death. Others contradict known fact. But if we're going to insist that S-F shall be the art of the possible and that it must travel only a couple of steps ahead of the technical journals, we are halfway to the situation that Eric suggested, and many of us should start packing our bags.

The following one-sided conversation was overheard recently at a convention. Read it, but have a certain amount of pity for the poor fan.....he had so many splendid examples of fan-turned-pro before him, that one can only feel for him....and sense the heart-biting disallusionment he must have felt, as he:-



BY
JOHN BERRY

"Excuse me.

I'm terribly sorry to bother you....but I'd like to tell you that I've read all your pro-stories, and I think you are probably just about the best science fiction writer on both sides of the Atlantic, I - I realize it is very presumptive of me to ask a BNF as yourself for advice, but, well, my problem does have a certain urgency about it, and I would like to get to the root of the trouble immediately. Why so urgent, you ask? Ah. It is a matter of prestige. I've been writing for fanzines for years now, you see, and I've been reading up a few case histories. I've discovered that a lot of fans have reverted to vile-proism after an apprenticeship writing for fanzines....White....Silverterg....Bulmer....Shaw....and a writer whose name I forget, but he's American, and Wetzel doesn't like him. Yes, that's him. And I really feel that I should be taking the same step. Perhaps in your formative years, you felt the same. You did? Oh, good.

My problem is that I've written an absolutely brilliant science fiction story....short, but brilliant. I have submitted it to three prozines so far, but the results have been most disappointing. Let me show you the first letter I sent, together with this superb mss, to the editor of CERTIFIED. Here it is. I must point out that I was informed that the editor didn't like fanzine writers, so I had to curtail my fannish instincts, and be rather formal. Let me read it to you:-

Dear Sir,

Having ostracized myself from fandom, and just extinguished a fanzine pyre, I feel I can submit my marvellous story to you without causing you any embar-

rassment insofar as your ideals are concerned. Perchance it was rather presumptive of me to leave fandom on the strength of your accepting my effort, but I regard the risk worthy of it.

Yours, etc, etc.

Well. I ask you. I would have thought that should have done the trick. I'd like to explain that it isn't just a matter of getting a story published for monetary gain. I would willingly pay handsomely to see something in print. It's merely a matter of prestige, as I said. Did I get a reply, you ask? Oh definitely I did. In fact, it came back by express delivery, with a very nice letter from the editor stating that after reading my story, he is starting a fanzine of his own called REDEMPTION.

Here, borrow my handkerchief...that's better.

So I persevered. I sent my story to BEWILDERING. I was told secretly, although I had gathered as much, that this prozine catered for the juvenile science fiction reader, so I framed my covering letter accordingly. I'll just read you the carbon copy if I can find it. Ah, here it is:-

Dere Sur,

On behalf of the rest of the Upper Third, I am writing to tell you how much we all like yor ~~sis~~ ~~stl~~ ~~st~~ stories about rockets and things, and Orifice Jargon is our hero. We're all waiting to see what happens when he fights the giant squid in the Venusian swamp. I have rote a story myself, and in my opinyon I think it up to the standard of the contents of BEWILDERING. Wot do you think?

Yors, etc.

I mean to say, personally, I thought that to be a very shrewd letter, appealing, as I intended it should, to the editors sense of the dramatic. Oh yes, he replied alright. A very nice letter is was, too, and he thoughtfully enclosed a years subscription to CHICKS OWN. I wonder how he knew I had a small son?

Oh, you'd rather sit down? Very well. Here are a couple of vacant chairs. Ler me tell you the rest before you go.

My one remaining hope was that talented publication BEMULA. As this was my last desperate fling, I didn't want to make a mistake. I made discreet enquiries, and discovered that the editor of BEMULA considers himself something of a literary genius, so, working on that assumption, I wrote him a letter designed to appeal to his ego.

Unfortunately, I haven't a copy of the letter with me, but I trust my memory will not desert me. I began....let me see....I began as follows:-

Dear Sire,

I have had the utter audacity to write a small

science fiction story and submit it to your superb BEM-
ULA. I realize only too well that the standard of the work
is much inferior to the contents of BEMULA, which gives
me the impression of having been edited by a man of consi-
derable literary skill. I can only hope that you accept
my mss, and continue to employ Somerset Maughan to edit
it, and thus lift it from its present mediocrity.

Now be honest with me. Don't you agree that this letter should have
done the trick? Imagine my surprise, therefore, when I received a prospect-
us from his psychiatrist suggesting a course of treatment for my apparent
inferiority complex. I just cannot understand it.

wait. Don't go. I will buy you a drink. What'll it be? A double whiskey
, neat? O.K. I thought you turned rather white for a moment.

Better? Good. Now that is the situation. Now by some strange coincid-
ence, I have a copy of my story here. Please read it. It's only 5,000 wo-
rds long. Tell me honestly, frankly, what you think of it.

(One minute later.)

You've finished it? That didn't take you long. Now tell me the worst.
Your word is good enough for me. I'll do exactly as you say.

Oh. That's rather a strange instruction, but I'll do it. Yeeees. I've
bored a hole in the top left hand corner of all the sheets of paper. Yes.
Here is a length of string...through
the hole you say? Well, I've done
that. Tie a knot in the cord? O.K.
you're the boss.

Now then. That's done.

What next?

A hammer and nail?.....yeees.

And hang it....WHERE?

Oh. Oh. If you say so.

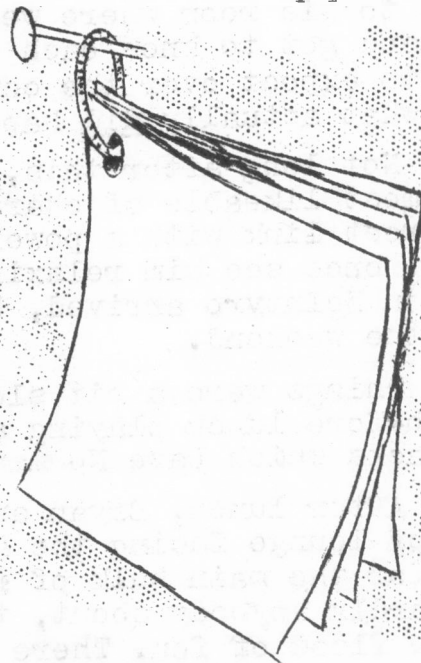
Goodbye."

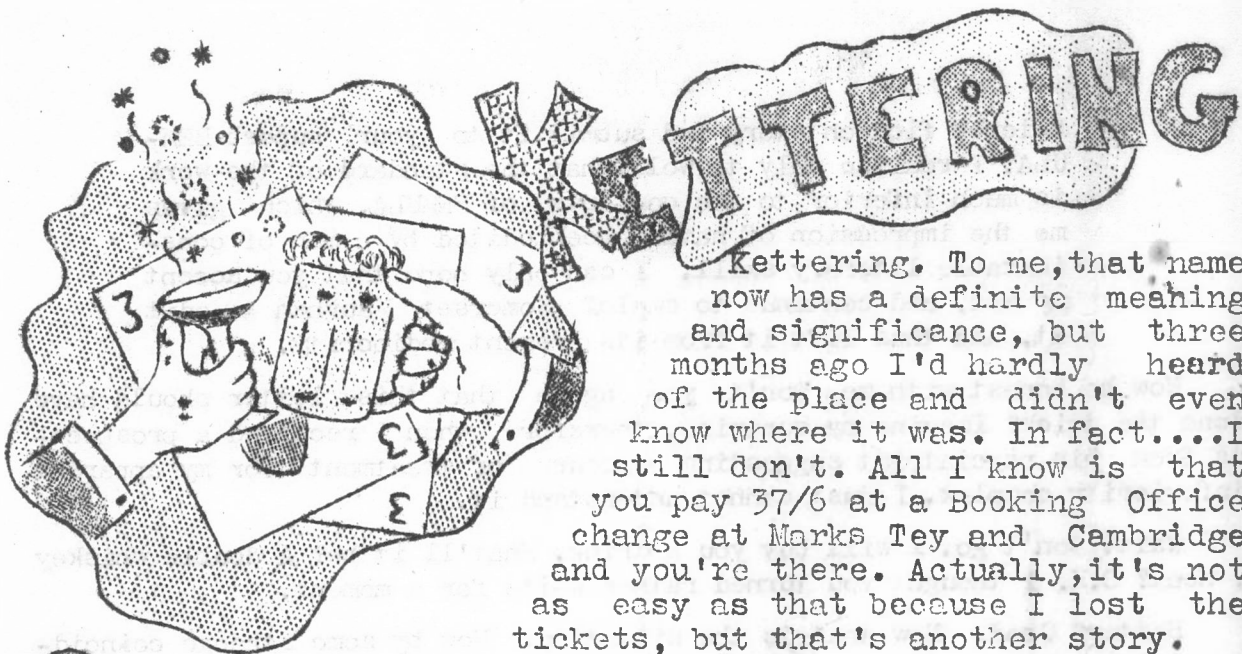
.....

Hmmmmmm.

I suppose that's what's known
in the profession as a 'limited
circulation.'

.....





Kettering. To me, that name now has a definite meaning and significance, but three months ago I'd hardly heard of the place and didn't even know where it was. In fact....I still don't. All I know is that you pay 37/6 at a Booking Office change at Marks Tey and Cambridge and you're there. Actually, it's not as easy as that because I lost the tickets, but that's another story.

CON REPORT.

After five boring hours, Bryan and I arrived at Kettering, where we immediately searched out the George Hotel. We gave the register a quick once-over and found that we were the first fen to arrive, thus winning a private race with Ron Bennett. Ron was our first contact with extra-Clactonian fen, and he wasn't forthcoming until 4-15 in the afternoon. I found Ron a sincere fan with a streak of humour in him that makes him doubly nice to know. He invited us up to his room where we perused photographs of past Ketterings and got to know each other a little better. Ron told us what to expect over the coming weekend, but it wasn't anything like what actually did happen.

Not long after this, Ron introduced us to Dave Newman, that most likeable of characters who must get his energy either by direct link with a power Station or a bheer barrel, for I didn't once see him relaxing. Thursday evening, Gillian Adams and Ken McIntyre arrived, both of whom we came to know better over the weekend.

Things were a bit slow Friday morning, but we passed the time before lunch playing a weird game of Brag involving ump-teenpacks which Dave Newman had found in some dark recess.

After lunch, Bryan and I retired to the Devils Kitchen - a form of lounge facing the Hotel entrance (from the inside) - to wait for the main bulk of fandom to roll in. One minute there was hardly anybody about, the next we were surrounded by a veritable flood of fen. There was Archie Mercer, John Roles, Sid Birchby, Eddie Jones, Terry



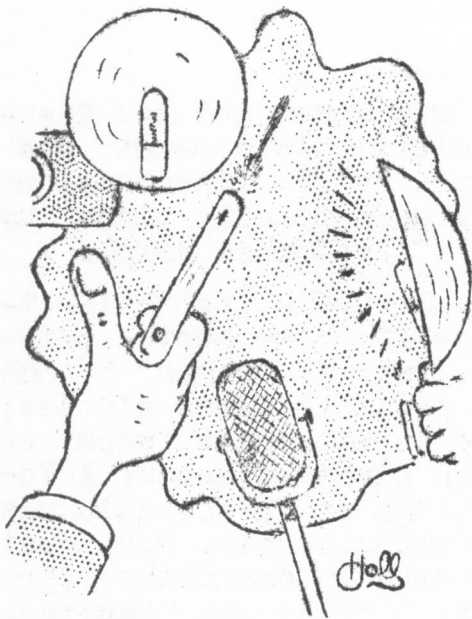
Jeeves and dozens of others, including Eric Jones and Bob Richardson, who came enmeshed by masses of electronic apparatus such as tape-recorders, mikes, loudspeakers and Humph. Introductions became such lengthy processes, that they were finally given up and people came to know each other over the communal drink.

Friday evening was most enjoyable. Groups of fen collected the Devils Kitchen and, going from one group to another, Bryan and I soon came to know many of them. Fannish names became fannish faces, and fannish faces became definite personalities; we didn't find one person out of all the 48 attendees whom we didn't come to like. Terry Jeeves was one pleasant shock: I found him an extremely nice chap with a tinge of an accent in his voice which gave him added character. Looking at him, you just can't convince yourself that this bloke actually draws the soggies you see climbing all over TRIODE. Sid Birchby was another fan I enjoyed talking to, although you had to watch what you said in his presence because his pencil and notebook were always to hand. I recognised John Roles from the cover of the Fan Directory; I'm going to send John a sub for SPACE DIVERSIONS, which is the highest praise I can give. Archie Mercer Was Always On The Pun, and you can see that the ideal place for Archie is under the shadow of a Malleable Iron Works. I met so many new fen that to describe my feelings on meeting any separate one is a very difficult thing to attempt; suffice it to say that I found everyone excellent people to know.

I decided to stay up that night to meet the indefatigable Brian Burgess who wasn't arriving till late. This is an understatement as he didn't get in until 3-30 on the Saturday morning. However, meeting him, I think it was worth it. Brian is slightly eccentric, and shares his one bad habit with my brother, which is his ability to drop off to sleep at the slightest provocation.

There wasn't a great deal going Saturday morning, but in the afternoon Bryan and I joined the fen who had conglomerated in the residents lounge, and when someone suggested a game of Brag, we sat in. This was when I first met Chuck Harris and Ted Tubb who also joined in the game with the foolish hope that they might win some money. My idea that Ted Tubb was Ghod, shattered and fell to pieces when I beat him in a couple of hands, but I still think of him as an intelligent BNF with a forceful character - two qualities that showed themselves to the full in the discussion on the Sunday afternoon.

After dinner out at the Gaumont theatre, all fen collected in the Billiards room where a party had been scheduled. It was soon after this that fandom and the Con really began to go with a swing.



Amidst flashing camera bulbs, Eric Jones tape-recorder playing back a mixture of Jazz and Goon music, dancing and jiving, people shooting each other with starting pistols and Brian Burgess asleep in the corner, I remember drinking one of Dave Newman's special brews of potent quality. The next thing I remember is being interviewed by Eric Jones for a tape the Cheltenham group were preparing. With my aesophagus still twitching from Dave's fiendish brew, and someone shouting "Rubbish!" at the top of his voice into my ear, I bravely tried to make sense for Eric. Thank Ghod I didn't hear the play-back.

After a guitar session with Sandy Sandfield, we returned to the Billiard room only to find it decimated of fen. On enquiring we were told that the fabulous room parties had already started, whereupon Bryan and I hastily rushed off to find where the first one had gathered.

We piled into someones room, had hardly got ourselves settled before someone - who shall be nameless - shouted "Room 28!". With a ragged cheer the fen moved out and we found ourselves swept along by the mob to Sandy's room again. It was here that Terry Jeeves had us all enthralled for half-an-hour whilst he told the shaggiest dog story I've ever heard and balanced a glass of bheer on his nose at the same time. Brian Burgess came in full of life, promptly plonked himself down on the nearest bed and dropped off to sleep. Sandy tried tried hard to get everybody to sing his latest composition, "Charlie Mopps", but nobody seemed interested and the room gradually emptied of fen.

Passing that way several hours later, I saw my very first example of Norman and Ina Shorrocks handiwork. Sandy's bed had been turned upside-down and inside-out and the bedclothes were scattered all over the floor. Together with Sandy we tracked down the two guilty Liverpudlians, who hotly denied being the cause of such goings-on. If I'd had any sense I would have locked our bedroom door then, but I was too busy bringing ruin to other sleepy fen.

It was about this time that we mislaid Sid Birchby. We later heard that he had gone to earth in a kitchen to write his conreport and spy on the nefarious activities of Dave Newman. Throughout the evening Sid had been following us around with

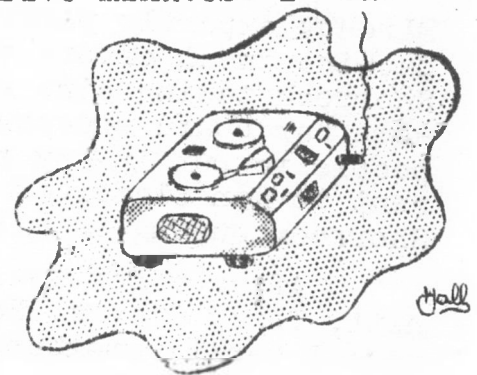
note-book in hand, taking down masses of notes, and everybody frantically tried to remember if they'd said anything that could be used for blackmail. All through the evening I can best remember Norman Shorrock saying over and over again in a form of ritual of his own: "SSSHH! Be quiet, we might hear something!" We never were and we never did.

A group of fen including Norman and Ina Shorrock, Humph, Archie Mercer, Pete West and several others, all went back to Sandy's room to help straighten things out. When we arrived Ina Shorrock, that Queen of trouble-makers, had disappeared. Frantically I ran back to my room - just in time to see Ina and Humph trying to make themselves inconspicuous beneath our beds. At that moment I was pushed from behind by some ruffian called Pete West, and soon our room was full of screaming fen giving it the same once-over treatment Sandy's had taken. I valiantly went down with my bed, fighting to the last. I was rolled up in some blankets and then some clot sat on me. I scrambled out just in time for Pete West to take some photo's of the shambles - it was only when everything had been put to rights, that Pete discovered he hadn't had any film in the blame thing, so that small piece of fannish history was lost to us, as well as one of Ron Bennett being dragged feet first up the stairs. Ina Shorrock felt some little remorse and helped us remake our beds, on which ~~w~~ Bryan and I swiftly collapsed.

An OMPA meeting was held on the Sunday morning, which Bryan and I missed as Bob Richardson had invited us up to his room together with Ina Shorrock, Eric Bentcliffe, Sandy Hall and Eddie Jones. We looked through some photographs showing Dale R. Smith in his natural surroundings and discussed Bob's ARMS AND ARMOUR venture. It was in Bob's room that I came to know Eric Bentcliffe, and I personally consider him a damn nice chap. Same as everybody else was.

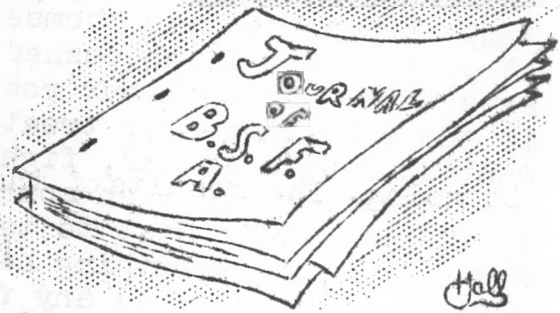
In the afternoon everybody gathered in the lounge pending the arrival of Dave Newman who had the difficult task of starting a discussion on the forming of an SF Society. At first, the atmosphere was very sleepy, but within five minutes I saw a most dramatic change come over all fen present. In under 24 hours I saw fandom change from the lighthearted mood of the room parties to the deadly serious manner of the discussion.

Dave Newman did an absolutely grand job of getting it running smoothly, for he had been relying on a tape from Vinç Clarke and Walt Willisto set it going. The results of the discussion

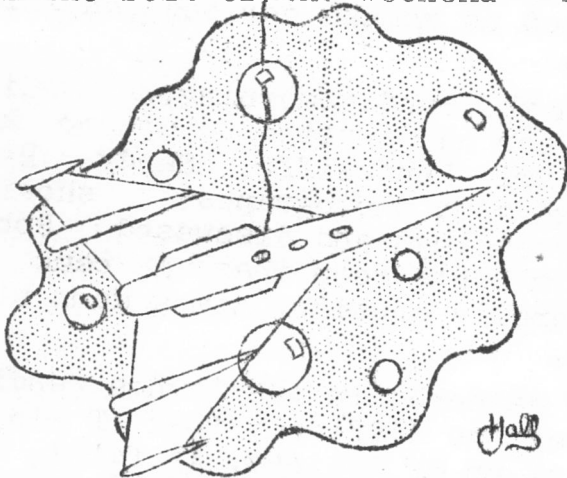


far surpassed anything hoped for, and at the end of the afternoon a vote was taken of all those in favour of setting up an SF society. This was practically unanimous, there being only 2 dissensions - that of Brian Burgess and NGW, both of whom were asleep. In the evening a few of the basic problems were thrashed out, the chief one being a name. Finally, it was given the brave title of THE BRITISH SCIENCE-FICTION ASSOCIATION.

Everything that had been said during the complete proceedings had been taken down on tape, ably managed by Eric Jones, which was to be sent to Vince. This tape finally ran to 2 hours 40 minutes and I have a feeling that it's going to make fanish history.



For me, the morning of the Monday was just as enjoyable as the rest of the weekend - in places more so. This was because I had now got to know nearly all the fen and could talk to them without searching for words and feeling embarrassed over the long pauses in conversation. Bryan and I didn't rise till eleven, and on coming downstairs we found that a great many fen had already left, but those who were still around had gathered in the Commercial room where Jazz was being played on Archie Mercer's temperamental record-player.



My last jumbled fannish memories of Kettering include Sid Birchby expertly placing a glass of beer on the lid of Archie's machine in an effort to get some response out of it; Norman Shorrocks taking cine shots of Pete West blowing bubbles past some cardboard spaceships; Eddie Jones passing a box around for people to put in any rubbish they could find so that it could be sent to Ken Slater as a memo of Kettering; and, finally, Norman Shorrocks buying us a last drink just before we left.

After a few touching farewells to Gillian Adams, Ron Bennett, Terry Jeeves, Norman and Ina Shorrocks, John Roles and many more I can't remember, we left the George Hotel - perhaps for the last time.

As the train pulled out of Kettering, we left a wonderful experience behind us, but took some wonderful memories home with us.



BY

LAURENCE SANDFIELD.

For twenty-two years now I've taken the sickening attitude of people who don't like Jazz and now I'm going to say something about it. I'm a peaceful fan, by Ghod, but I've had enough. They don't like it, okay. That's their loss. But what sticks in my craw is the spewbegetting attitude of superiority they put on when they say so. I love Jazz, they don't. So they look down their nose at me - and I'm not the only one - as if I'm in the habit of eating garbage or cannibalism or something. It's a very strange thing, but I have yet to come across this sort of thing reversed. Not at any time have I heard a Jazzman speak contemptuously or in any derogatory fashion of music outside his own sphere or of the people who practise it.

Oh, I know all about the word "square." I knew it before most of the silly little hip kids bawling their rock-n-roll were born. All it signified was some one who didn't understand hot music. At that time it was not a term of contempt, and I'm not sure that it is one now. Anyway, from now on tolerance on my side is over. Anyone who voices derogatory opinions of Jazz to me will get answered fast and disagreeably. The same applies to people who adversely criticise folk music of other types, at least from any but the viewpoint of the music itself.

I'm not taking any criticism of Jive talk, either. It's only the trade of the working musician and if airmen can talk of slipstreams and flaps I can talk of middle eights and bent notes and I don't expect any peculiar smiles either.

One of the things that get my goat most of all is the perennial question of "Jazzing up the Classics." I'm sick and silly tired of hearing this inaccurate and hoary idiocy. The phrase is in itself a bad one. If one implies by "up" a vertical movement, will someone please tell me how one can affect the "classics" (whatever they may be) by "Jazz" (whatever that is) applied in a vertical manner? Several extremely indecorous possibilities come to mind, but their semantics are misty in the extreme.

Here, therefore, is a working definition of the term "classics." This is a label applied to a complex of music in a certain stage of development. This stage occurs when academic forms are crystallised and form of expression fixed. The result is the emergence of a school of music far above the folk level, the forms and compositions of which can be used as a standard of criteria in the tradition. Such a complex is characterised by the use of the art form to create things of ideal beauty, rather than to express human emotion. Such a period is generally succeeded by a "Romantic" period in which the expression of emotion is the whole concern of those working in the medium. Such periods generally recur successively, the neo-classical period having begun with the linear works of Stravinsky.

The term "classical" refers only to that school of music in the European tradition which found its climax with John Sebastian Bach and its termination with Handel.

Now for a working definition of Jazz.

This label denotes a complex of music which includes folk-music in its own tradition and dance music also in its own tradition. This covers the loosely-formed blues, shouts of the agriculturists from the Mississippi basin, the strictly formal blues of the urban blues singers and tri-or quadripartite ensemble playing in the tradition of New Orleans and Chicago. Stemming directly from it is the manner of playing known as "mainstream Jazz" which must be included in the complex and rhythmic attitude to the horizontal aspect of music laid down in the traditional forms.

From this it becomes quite evident that the music produced by the big commercial dance bands (examples: Joe Loss, Billy May, Artie Shaw) is not Jazz, although Jazz musicians play it for food and the music itself feeds voraciously on the body of Jazz itself.

Furthermore, such monstrosities as Stan Kenton's music are totally divorced from Jazz, and as for bebop! one could scarcely travel further.

All of which brings me to the gist of things. In 22 years of attentive listening to both Jazz and dance music, I definitely and positively state that I have heard not one example of a classical composition being used as a Jazz vehicle, that is, a vehicle for extemporisation in the tradition of in the mainstream. I have heard many dance band arrangements of romantic and mood compositions not to speak of programme music: but I have yet to hear a composition used for Jazz extemporisation. The Jazzmen are too busy working in their own medium to bother.

As an example of romantic music being used for dance band purposes there is "So Deep is the Night" which is an Etude by Chopin. Dance band arrangements of "Claire de Lune" are no novelty. Thus is the accusation refuted. This Jazzing up the classics just hasn't happened. What has happened is that people with no knowledge whatsoever of Jazz have heard an arrangement of some piece of light or romantic music and immediately screamed hysterically: "Why don't they use their own tunes?" or rushed into print about it. The whole idea has

arisen as much from lack of knowledge of European tradition as music as lack thereof of Jazz.



In the presence of a friend of my wife I played Artie Shaw 's record of "Indian Love Call," from the musical comedy "Ros- emary." I like this record: as dance music it is ideal and it contains a little Jazz extemporisation, too. This silly fool immediately said, "Must they murder those lovely classical me- lodies?"

So help me, this was an "educated" woman!

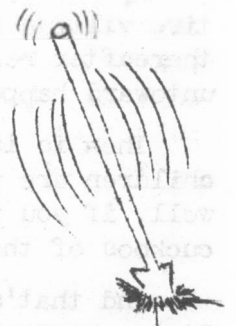
It might be just as well for the anti-jazzers to stop and think before they open their mouths. Then perhaps they might develop the guts and tolerance to go to John Brunner and ask humbly to hear some of the lovely folk-jazz he has on tape. Then come to me and I'll show them band jazz and how it is created. After that they can use the labels "Jazz" and "Classics" correctly and stop bellyach ing about hard working musicians who have to do what the boss and the idiot publi- ic tell them. By these, I mean the Jazzmen who are playing dance ochestras for money that feeds their children. They would sooner play Jazz, and leave the dance-prostitution of romantic airs to those who don't know better.

The Jazzman is in a position no other creative artist has ever been in. Artistically aware, conscious of the worth of his music, he is surrounded completely by a popular music industry which is devoted with a singleminded purpose to grabbing money and don't care a damn what trash it fists upon the public in its voracious demands. Not only this, but it feeds ceaselessly upon Jazz for the vitality it lacks itself. Do you wonder Dan Morgan, approaching the upper ranks of the profession, got out and started writing instead? I don't. And on top of that, we love or have played or wish we could play Jazz must stand for the cheap sneers or open contempt of those who can't or won't listen to music with their ears, but prefer to allow their blind preju- dices to fill their eardrums.

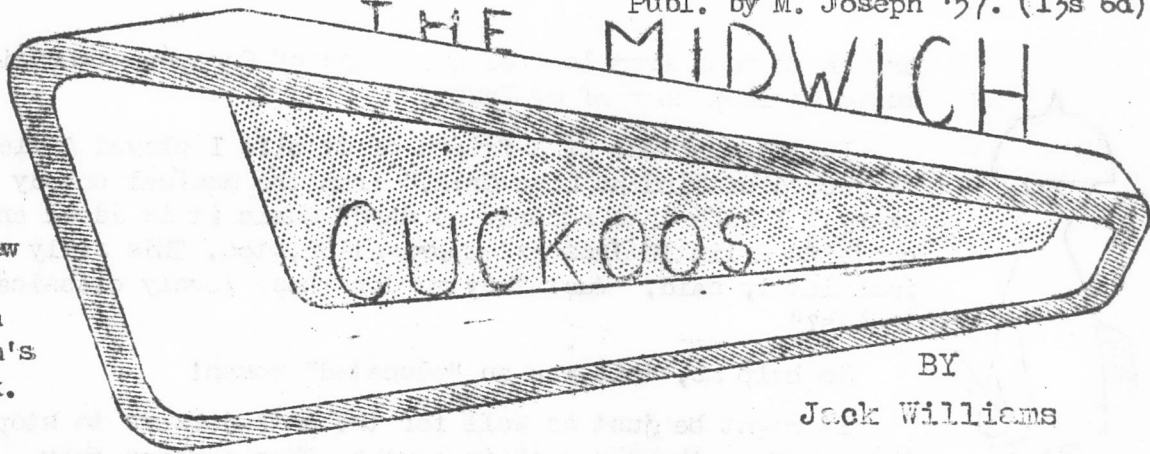
I think the greatest shock I have sustained in fandom was to find this very attitude within it, where I rather rashly, ^{I expect,} thought to find tolerance, Not just tolerance of Jazz, of course, but a universe embracing tolerance which would enclude Jazz in its broad scope. It's too bad, that some of the fen whom I respect and like most, have come out on that side of the fence.

There are a lot of things I don't like about this world. That's inevitable, because you can find lot's of things too.. But I'm not knuckling under anymore to this belligerent anti-- Jazzism because I'M SICK OF IT.

Rally round, Jazz fen. I guess you're sick of it too.



*****THE END*****



A
review
of
John
Wyndham's
book.

BY
Jack Williams

Wyndham is probably Britain's answer to Ray Bradbury. Wyndham started out writing in the prewar pulps but admits himself that he was not what might be considered a 'success.' Ignoring the question this statement poses, as to what constitutes success, it must be admitted that a postwar change of name and style has brought success, with a capital 's,' and 'l' and 'd,' if you like, to Mr. Wyndham. This is not to say, by any means, that this writer's success is undeserved. Far from it. No other writer has done as much as Wyndham to bring science fiction in an acceptable form before Britain's general reading public.

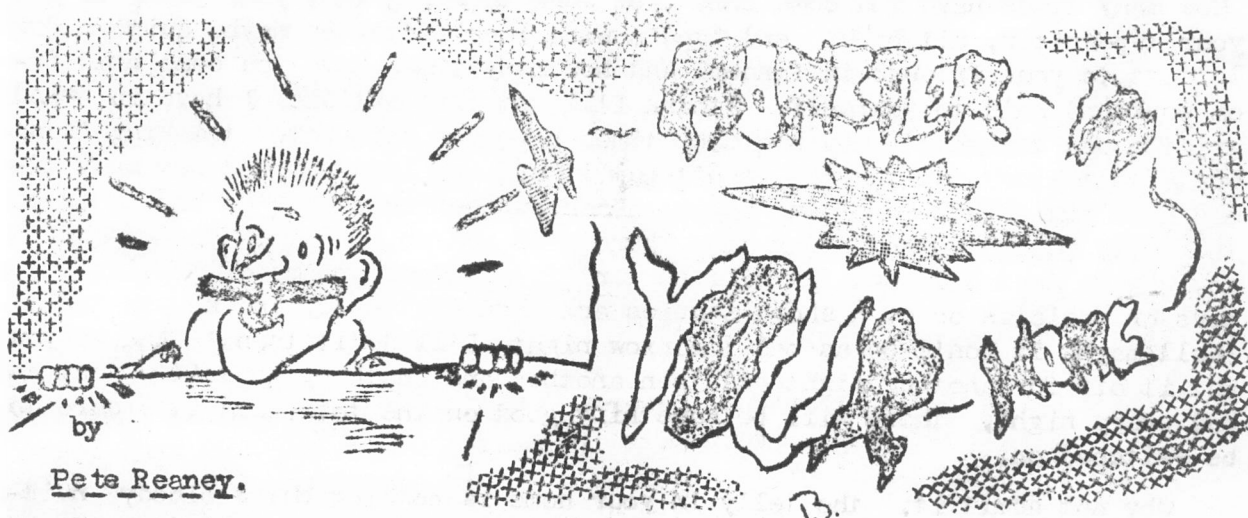
"The Day of the Triffids," "The Kraken Wakes," and "The Chrysalids," are so well known that all need be said about them here is that each book is far better than THE MIDWICH CUCKOOS. Here is a typically outlandish Wyndham created situation, but one which, unlike for instance The Triffids, neither the author nor his puppet characters comes to grips.

The story opens as well as any might, with a mysterious situation seen through the eyes of the man in the street. This is fine writing; it is gripping, it creates interest and the viewpoint on the situation provides a certain amount of hero-identification. Richard Gayford, the first person in which the story is written, is on his way home to the small and quiet village of Midwich when he finds the roads leading to Midwich closed by the police. He and his wife make an unconventional diversion and attempt to reach the village by crossing some fields. Both suddenly black out.

By describing different isolated occurrences, Wyndham unfolds that the entire village has suffered such a blackout, which lasts for a day and is thus thereafter referred to as The Dayout. The Midwich population recovers from this untoward happening and life goes on as before, unhurried and typically British.

Then it is discovered that all Midwich women who are capable of bearing children are pregnant. The reactions to this startling discovery are extremely well, if you pardon the expression, conceived by the author. That's where the cuckoos of the title come into the story, of course.

And that's as far as you need read. The babies are born and they grow up. It is apparent to the reader well before the villagers, who are artificially characterised and are at their best, "flat," wake up to the fact that these children are something just a little out of the ordinary. Probably left overs from The Chrysalids? ((Continued on page 26.))



Every now and again someone sends a fanzine to our house with the hopes that I will read it, think highly of it, and so send a sub in. Of course this happens to all fandom and is one of the reasons why fandom is still 'living'. Another reason, is of course letters.

You may notice that I use the word 'still', this is because I think fandom is steadily on the decline. 'Why do I say this,' you ask, 'have you any proof?' Yes I have proof and I think you will agree with me when I say it is, just read on and see for yourself whether or not I am right.

At one time or another you will have picked a fanzine up and come across an article with the title which reads something like this, 'Whats wrong with Fandom!' 'Has Fandom had its Day' 'The Rise and Fall of Fandom,' and so on. You read them and think, "Why should an article like this have to be written, surely fandom isn't dying on its feet." That is where you are mistaken, because fandom is doing just that, and this, I think, is the answer, and I don't think I'm mistaken either.

It is now four years since I joined fandom. at that time we hadn't a monster in the home and I could sit down and write letters without interruption. And at that time I enjoyed sending letters to fandom for within a week I had a reply to my letter. Nowadays if I send a letter to anyone it's usually five to six weeks before I get a reply, and in the intervening silence I'm at a loss as to whether I owe them a letter, or whether they owe me a letter. when I do get a reply I've forgotten what it was I wrote about in my last letter, and that takes all the 'spice' out of sending letters to anyone. Probably the main reason why fandom still thrives is because fans send letters to each other occasionally. A friend I have in fandom, (I will not mention his name) sent me a letter in which he wrote, 'All correspondence around here seems to have come to a standstill and personally it just suits me fine, it gives me time to do other little things!'

Now why should any fan want to say anything like that? Myself I think it's because of a monster which hides itself in a box about two feet by two

and a half by three and a half. It has anything from a fourteen to a twenty one inch screen, and also has two nobs, one for volume the other for contrast, and if you've guessed right you'll know I'm talking about television.

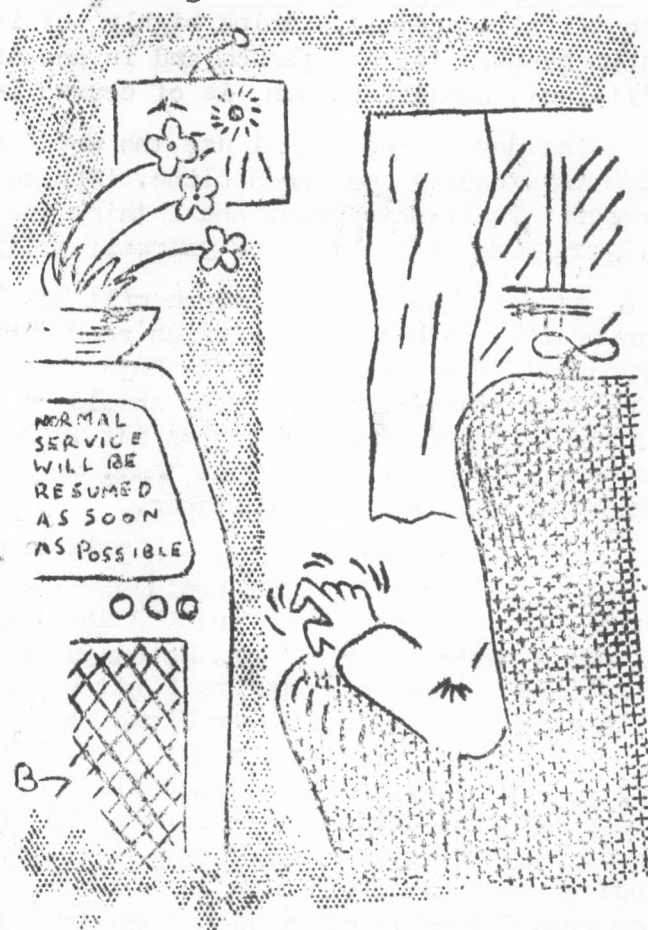
How many times have you come home from work thinking that your going to get your typewriter, sit back, and type a nice long letter or maybe quite a few letters to your friends in fandom? And how many times have you come home from work and said to yourself, 'think I'll get that article I have in mind written out tonight?' And how many times have you come home thinking 'Must write that story out tonight, can't put it off any longer.' And how many times have you walked into your house and heard someone say, 'So and so is on the telly tonight, and after that there's so and so, and then there's soand so, who we must have on. It will be terrific.' Your dreams of writing letters or articles or even short stories are then shattered, and so you think, 'Well maybe it won't be as bad tomorrow night, I'll do it then.' And so you put it off for another night and then another and another, but it's just as bad every night, there will be something good on the telly and it's sure to be switched on.

Why not admit it, the telly in your home is nothing but a bloody nuisance. How many times have you had to write fan letters in between programmes? Lots of times I bet. Where as you used to get five or six letters written in one night you now only have time for one, the rest of your time is devoted to watching the monster, am I right?

The only reason I have written this article is because last week I got the sack from work, and as it's pouring with rain outside, it's no use looking for another untill it clears up. I've had this article in mind a long time and so I thought I would write it out while I had the chance, especially since I hadn't the telly to distract me.

Two comedians were on the monster, one said to the other that he had just been to Scotland to see the Monster. When asked if it was the Loch Ness Monster, his reply was 'No this is a new one in Scotland, it's I.T.V.'

I'm beginning to think he is right.



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SCIENCE = FICTION FILM REVIEWS

DEVIL WOMAN

a film review by Laurence 'Sandy' Sandfield.

This was a really good sf film, spoilt by completely unnecessary mysticism on the part of one of the chief characters. This chappie is head of a hospital and a surgeon of some repute, yet he uses sentences like "...interfering with divine purpose..." "...she was MEANT to die..." his voice got on my nerves at first, too. After a while, though, it became something the film would have been less without.

The original story, "The Adaptive Ultimate," appeared in Astounding in 1938 or thereabouts, with several perfectly lousy illos by Dold to decorate it. Both the story and the film are based on the same misconception - that biological adaptability is the results of glandular function. In the film, Young Genius working alone in his lab succeeds in isolating a serum which when injected into a mammal gives the creature the ability to adapt to anything. After a good deal of mystical and irritating misgiving on the part of the Eminent Doctor, it is agreed that the serum shall be injected as an experiment into a body of a patient for whom there is No Hope.

Obligingly, a black headed prostitute, in the last stages of tuberculosis, is brought to the hospital and duly injected. Recovering from the disease, she, knowing her powers, proceeds to rob and murder to attain her ends and defies both Young Genius and Eminent Doctor to do anything about it. For fear of exposing the dangerous serum to the Great Idiot world, they have to go along with her.

The way in which they overcome her is both plausible in the story line and impressive in filming. I won't reveal it. There are several quite moving moments during the film, particularly when She awakes from the anaesthetic immediately after the operation that robs her of her supernatural power and we see her for a moment as she would have been, given the chance of a normal life, a normal love. What I don't get is why, having been once cured of TB, she should succumb to it when her adaptive powers were removed. It doesn't seem logical to me.

However, see it. It's worth the trouble.

KRONOS.

a film review by Laurence 'Sandy' Sandfield.

This is a good sf film, too, in spite of it's bad title. Although the destructive monster from outer space is a corny theme, here we have it done quite well. The four human characters are members of Centralab, which is apparently in New York, in spite of the fact that it has a large telescope. Perhaps I misunderstood the dialogue in respect of this. Well, there is an asteroid in the lens and the Two Men and the Girl Photographer are observing it. Now right here is what I can't take in SF films. Right in front of the whole audience, there in the mirror, is a Flying Saucer space ship of immense size, and All the Scientists keep calling it an Asteroid.

Said asteroid obviously is heading for Tellus direct, so three homing pigeons with nasty big hydrogen eggs are dispatched to stop it. Blam. Asteroid grows bigger without moving. To cut things short, the ship drops into the sea off Mexico and later leaves, leaving behind it a Thing on the sea shore. This is an energy gathering robot which proceeds to lay power stations and things to waste in right royal manner, and Can't Be Stopped.

The four from Centralab work out a means of stopping it which seems quite logical and is definitely sfional. There's an interesting sub-plot, too. This consists of an alien which is a creature composed of balanced electronic forces, like a Viton, occupying successively the bodies of a truck driver and of the Head of the Astronomical Department of Centralab. This creature is in communication with Kronos and through it's being able to find through the departmental head the location of various power plants and nuclear sources, routes the giant Kronos.

This thing attempts to leave him when Kronos dies but only dies itself because he has shut himself in a radiation proof vault and it can't get out. His struggle with the power within him, his lonely victory and the photon creature's struggle to escape from the vault are very impressive indeed. This character is a subsidiary one, but in this scene he puts in some energetic acting.

There is very little horror in this film. There is suspense and a great deal of drama. Also some very good effects. These are such as sf fan will appreciate better than any member of the general non-sf reading public. See this picture, it's worth the trouble.

At both films I suffered from the presence of the Great Idiot Public, who just naturally laughed in the wrong places. The bloke beside me was the worst. He kept looking around at me as if he expected me to join in his ignorant fun. The "Devil Woman" evoked this reaction more than did "Kronos". I saw the film in Ealing, and couldn't help contrasting the behaviour with West End audiences, who seem to know what is taking place, even when they don't understand what is behind it.

I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN! ^{BOB} by SHAW

This film has just made the rounds in Western Canada and with the thought that it may not reach Britain until PH3 comes out I offer some notes on the thing, which may be of service to British fans.

The opening scenes are of a lecture room in an American college where young Dr. Frankenstein is speaking on his revolutionary theories concerning physiology. Another man gives him a powerful argument about this, so you settle down waiting for a duel of wits between these two obvious protagonists, climaxing, perhaps, in a death struggle in an underground laboratory. Unfortunately, the second man promptly drops out of the film and is never heard from again.

What happens is that Frankie browbeats another scientist into assisting him in piecing together "a perfect man" in an effort to complete his ancestor's work. We learn that Frankie is English and that he is in the States on a six month visa so he has to rush his job through before his time is up. Apparently the idea of doing the job back home never occurs to him -- still, they say a man can build something for himself out here. Frankie lives in an ordinary looking frame house but in the short time that he has been in the country he had managed to have it equipped with a private morgue with drawers full of carefully gathered spare parts in the basement. You can get anything in these supermarkets.

Frankie's reluctant helper says, "But what will you do with the bits you have to throw away?" You can't burn them or bury them." Frankie agrees. Apparently there is a zoning law in force. "I've thought of that too," Frankie exclaims triumphantly. And so he has -- instead of smoky old furnaces which might attract attention, or digging a grave which might be found, he has conceived a really subtle way of getting rid of excess material. Under the basement he has installed another basement which is full of water and inhabited by a huge crocodile. The film does not explain how he had another basement dug or how he smuggled a thirty foot croc into it. That's the best of these adult films -- they leave something for the imagination to work out.

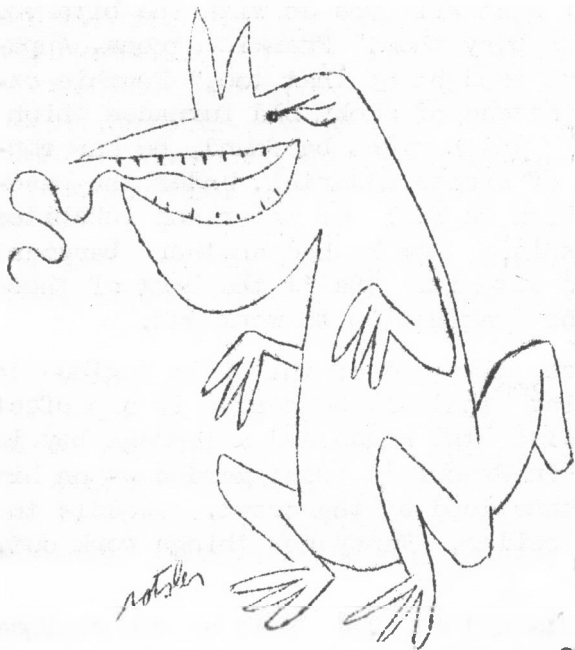
Anyway, now that the preliminaries are disposed of the film begins to move faster. Just as Frankie is explaining that all he needs is a perfect torso to start him off two cars crash outside the house and a teenage boy is thrown clear and lands, providentially, in Frankie's front garden -- on his head. Frankie and his helper nip up and, unnoticed by the crowd, swaddle the body in a blanket and cart it down to the cellar. Funny how things work out, isn't it?

Frankie consults his list of spare parts and decides that he can replace all the damaged bits except for the hands and the right leg. Again Fate is on his side. The next day there is a mass burial of a team of athletes who were

killed in a plane crash somewhere nearby. Frankie and, let's call him Johnny, Johnny pay a visit to the cemetery and acquire in a matter of minutes a wrestler's hands and a football player's right leg. Nothing but the best will be good enough for this monster. Again it is not explained how the defunct athletes were not buried in their home towns or how F and J managed to uproot them and operate without getting their hair tossed. This adult stuff really makes you think, boy.

Next they get the old monster hooked up and working. In between times Frankie, although he is trying to preserve the utmost secrecy, gets engaged and brings the girl to his house to live and be his secretary. Also he feeds the croc the leftovers from Sunday's jointing -- this is a pretty gruesome scene. The Monster now looks pretty good except for his head which is swathed in bandages due to the fact that it got spoiled somewhat in the crash. There is a wee bit where the girl sneaks into the lab to see what old Frankie does with all his spare time. She tries the drawers in the morgue one by one but, although empty, they are all locked -- except the one the Monst is in. This Frankie hasn't got much of a clue about keeping things dark. When the girl opens that drawer the Monst pops up and frightens her, to say nothing of the old man who was sitting behind me and almost had some kind of a fit.

Finally the Monst relearns how to talk and demands to be set free so that he can be with people again. This makes Frankie angry so he snips off the bandages to show the Monst why he can't go to dances and things like that. The face that the Monst turns to the camera is, I must admit, a pretty strange one. It looks as though somebody has taken several pounds of chocolate icing and slapped it onto him with a trowel, finishing off the somewhat unsavoury concoction by adding a small fried egg over one eye. I would have been interested to learn just how getting thrown out of a car could do this to a face, or, maybe the poor chap had been like that all along.



Perhaps that was the answer for the sight of his new dial does not alarm the Monst one bit -- he still wants "to be with people." Things really begin to speed up now -- whether they meant it to be that way or or whether the operator at the cinema was drunk on the night I was ther I don't know. Frankie leaves a door open (the poor chap seems to be getting worse all the time), the Monst nips out, strangles a girl in his anxiety to be with people, comes back, Frankie's girl reveals she knows All Frankie gets the Monst to dump her down to the crocodile, takes the

Monst out shopping for a face in his car, they kidnap the unlucky wearer that takes the Monst's fancy, take off his face and put it onto the Monst. The whole thing was done so easily that I began to feel my own face nervously in case it was ready to drop off -- the things just don't seem to be fastened too well anymore.

Next Frankie realises that his time is up in the States so he decides to dismantle the Monst and ship him over to England discreetly and discretely. The Monst senses what Frankie is up to and, yes, that's right, throws him down to old faithful, who by this time is beginning to look quite pudgy.

In the meantime Johnny has brought the police, but the Monst does not want to go quietly -- he is quite handsome now, if you don't count the seams, and wants "to be with people". Running away from the police he blunders into some high voltage equipment and gets electrocuted -- I had been watching all that war surplus stuff since the start of the film. I knew as soon as they kept mentioning the voltage that it was the equivalent of the rumbling volcano in a giant insect epic.

The electromagnetic field caused by all the sparks and stuff does something to the cameras and the film becomes technicoloured. Johnny says in an awestricken voice, "I'll never forget his face after the crash," and we get a flashback, coloured this time, of the old Monst before his face lifting job. It looks more like chocolate icing than ever. Feeling quite hungry, I left the cinema.

If you like good sf don't go to see I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN, but if you want an evening of quiet hilarity -- don't miss it.

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Book review of THE MIDWICH CUCKOOS cont from page 19.))

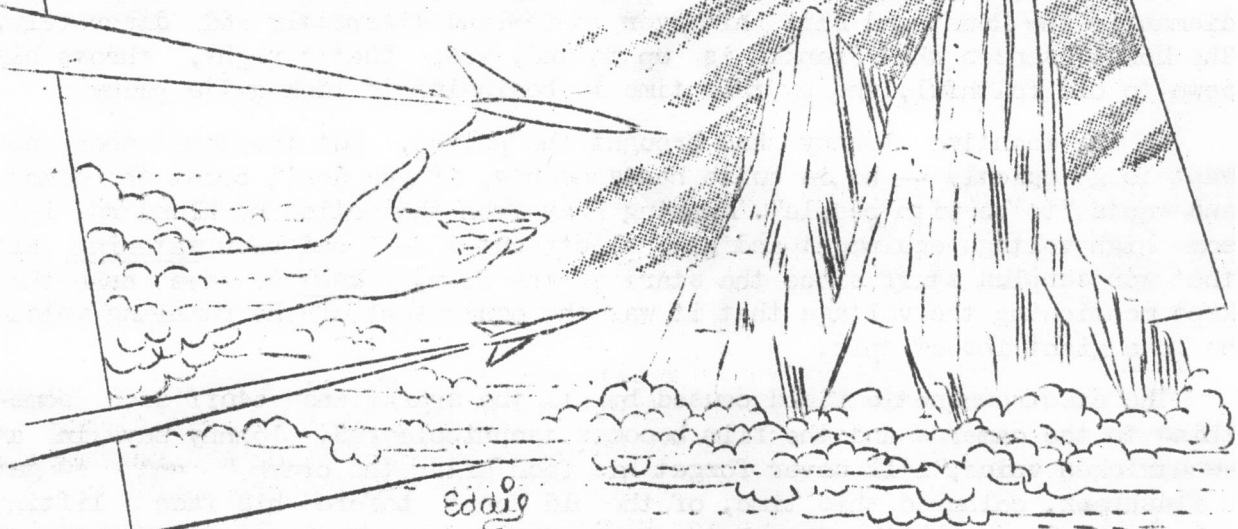
The Children grow up to be superior beings who by their very presence constitute a threat to mankind. As Wyndham puts it, "Can any State, however tolerant, afford to harbour an increasingly powerful minority which it has no power to control?" This in turn is of course a threat to the Children, so that we have the makings of a neatly contrived struggle. Mankind v the Midwich Children. The outcome is obvious, which is a pity. After the appearance of the Children on the scene, after their actual birth, the reader is no longer wondering what is going to appear, the question which controls the early part of the book. The author then has to surplant this problem with another. And that's it, the eternal strife of which literature is made.

It all seems so pointless, however. A good, an unexpected, a startling ending could have made this book. Even the logical ending, that of the Children's ultimate triumph would have been acceptable, but the ending the reader is allowed is nothing more than an insult to those who expect of Wyndham the blending of literary presentation of unconventional ideas, of science fiction if you like. It's a hackneyed climax and a most disappointing one, especially after such an excellent beginning.

Not recommended, I'm afraid.

***** ***** ***** ***** ***** 26 ***** ***** ***** *****

Fulfillment in Armageddon



I am two. I am two, and I wait, resting for my hour to come.
I was many, so finely divided as to be on the edge of Limbo.
But I was collected, slowly, and now I am two.
I am two, carefully shaped, to form a perfect whole when my
hour of might is come.
I wait, resting.

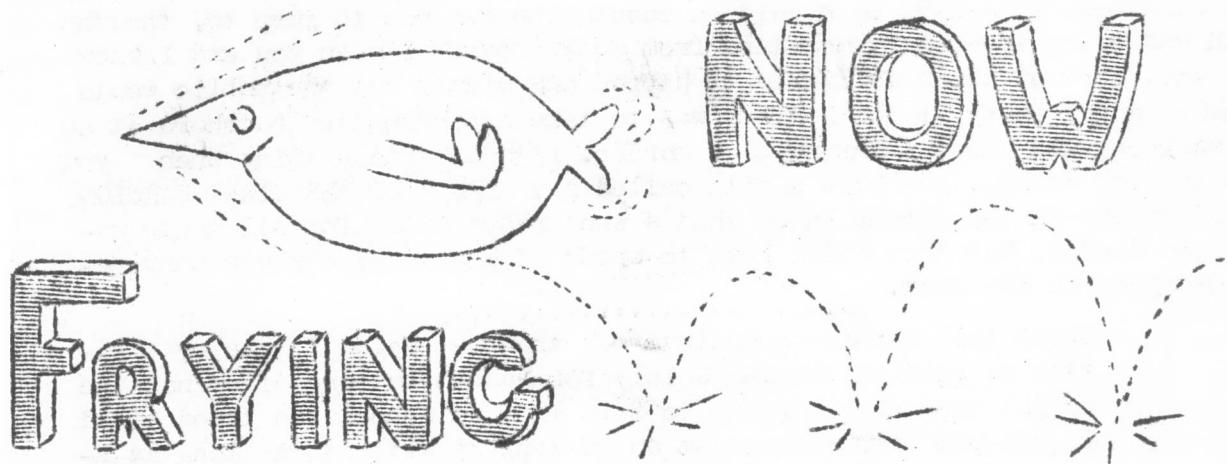
And now it comes, my final hour!
I am one, and a warm glow spreads through me.
It becomes a searing flame, and I am fulfilled with desire
for ultimate release.
Now I am a roaring furnace!
My time has come!

I LIVE, a mighty holocaust of energy, and I expand, to en-
compass all infinity with my vital life.
I AM FULFILLED!

But in this life, is death, and I am many again, even as
before, waiting, waiting, waiting.....

by

Brian Jordan



Well, its time again for another letter column, and my, what a load we got! I certainly had to have a big net outside 179 to hold them all, and thanks to all those who wrote in. It sure makes fanmag publishing interesting when so many pleasant letters drop in from so many friends. May they keep on doing so.

First out of the net comes from WALT WILLIS, 170, Upper N'Ards Rd., Belfast, N. Ireland.

The last PH was a nice big issue, but I won't pretend it took me all that time to read it. In fact I read it the minute I got it, and meant to write to you immediately after that, but mundane matters intervned and this'll be the first letter I've written to anyone for a long while. It would have saved me time to write back then, because now I've had to read PH all through again to comment. Not that it was any hardship because there was a lot in it worth reading again. I thought Ron Bennett's article was about the best, though Bickers on Clacton Fandom was fine too. But a smaller thing that amused me more than almost anything else was the first sentence of Barry's editorial. Is this what they call an English bull?

That's a striking cover. What make of American car is it? Or is it a coat of arms? If so the motto is obvious---"Dieu et mon Detroit".

I like the letter section title..it seems vaguely to carry on a fannish tradition. Merwin (in Startling Stories) had a fmz review column called The Frying Pan, hence the Slant column The Prying Fan. Stuart Metchette, referring to this, said when he was a kid you got into fleapit movies with a jar of cooking fat and said this was an example of making your money in by de grease; I countered with no, it's a case of out of the frying pan into the foyar. Haven't heard from Metchette since so it looks as if he's har'ed in his chips.

Getting back to Bickers' article, all that about flogging your fmz in school gives me a sort of shocked uneasy feeling. When I think of all the trouble I've been to to keep my fan activities unknown to my mundane acquaintances I regard you people with a sort of awed horror. I could no more shout a personal conversation across a bus. It'll be interesting to see how PH develops in this situation.

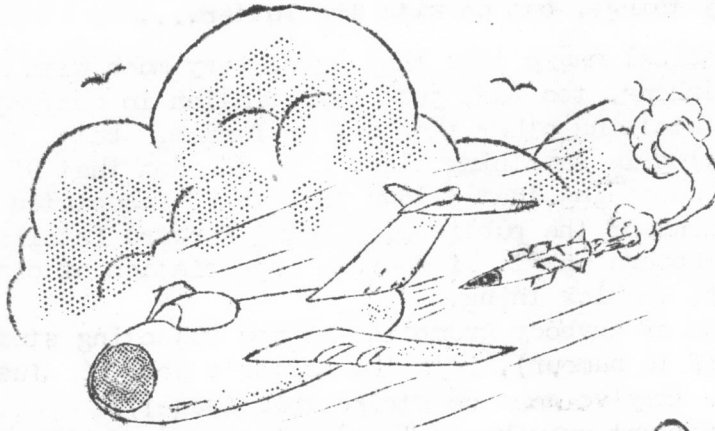
About BB's film reviews, I think it possible he may be being a little unfair to the makers of Quatermass 2. That synthetic food plant was made to look like Quatermass's moon project so that he would get the idea that it was set up for allowing beings to live in an inimical environment, like his own was. Otherwise it's have been quite a conclusion for him to jump to, that the Earth was being invaded by monsters from outer space. I mean you and I know that this sort of thing is liable to happen any minute but the public would think it a bit funny if 'ol Donlevy was to take a perfunctory butchers at an oil refinery and start screaming blue murder. It's a curious thing when you come to look at it...you have a film called say TERROR OF THE GIANT EARWIGS, and everybody in the cinema knows that's what responsible for all those mysterious deaths, but they still have to spend at least three reels convincing everyone in the cast.

.....
About this mundane acquaintances trouble, Walt. It was my ambition to publish the mag solely for fandom but one of us had the bright idea about trying to sell them at school. We tried it and it was met with enthusiasm so we kept on with it. As long as they show an interest in it they can keep having it, it also does help to cut down money losses. Plus duping bills and such like for the tycoons at school, quite a profit on it, too.

Also, thanks a lot Walt for reviewing PH in your column in Nebula. I've made some more very nice friends in consequence.

.....
Next out of the net comes a letter from ALAN DODD, who hails from Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts. 77

Dave Dance - wotta name. Is he a genuine Clacton fan too?((Yep!)) He has talent but his cartoon on 'Back to the sun at Clacton-on-Sea - Regular Rocket services' strikes rather an ironic note when you consider that the East Coast is the selected site for the new American rocket bases. It seems rather sad somehow. Like following the rest of the sheep into a slaughterhouse and not being able to do anything else about it. Maybe that's why I felt AND THE OCEAN WAS BLUE rather a disturbing little story. Does Reilly really think that neutral countries would suffer most from thermo nuclear war? I don't really think so.(Nor does he, as far as I know. He d better not.)In the event of Russia and America(and unfortunately us because of the heavy US installations here) tearing each other's throats out I still reckon there'll be pretty big neutral jackals like S.America around to pick up the radioactive remains. And if not SA maybe some of the islands offit. A study of the wind patterns should determine for survivors just which islands would be the luckiest to survive the winds that carry radio-active dust. Whatever they are - Tierra del Fuego, Curacao, -. I still think they will come out of it best.((Atomic war veterans please note!)) Nor am I happy with the point in the story that the last British A-sub would determinedly wipe out the last remnants of civilisation just because it happened to be Russian and the enemy. Man's instinct for survival would be greater than the desire to kill. There is only one exception to this perhaps. The captain of the sub in the story is British and his action would have been understandable as the



Oriental's appear to frequently work on the principle to kill themselves providing they can take their enemies with them. But war in the western world has a greater respect for lives than the captain in Reilly's story. We do not fight by a Bushido code even in the death throes of this world.

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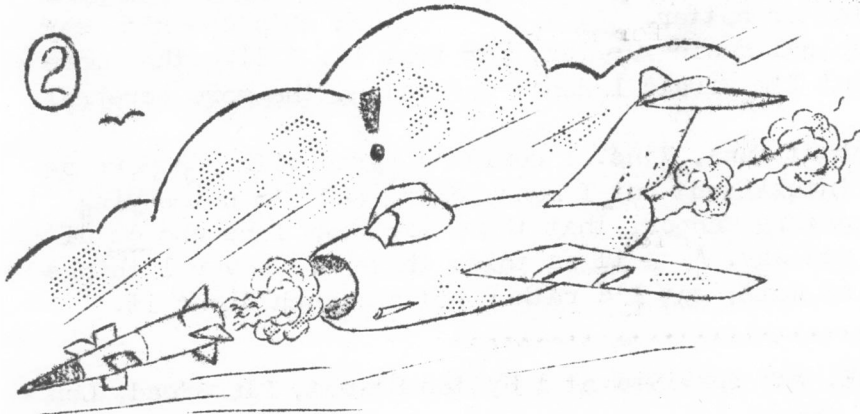
Of course, you're quite right Alan. But how can we be really sure unless we can appreciate ourselves in the place of this captain and under the the circumstances in which Bill portrayed in that story.

.....

The next little bit is extracted from a lovely letter from ELLA PARKER , 151 Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, London, N.W.6.

I had only made contact with fandom a very short time before Easter, so of course everyone I met at Kettering were strangers to me, On my return to town I asked if anyone had any samples of fanzines to lend me. I'd never seen any before, and one kind friend offered to remedy this deficiency and among the ones he gave me was PH 2. As I've told you, I know nothing about zines, but the one thing that stands out more than anything else is the fact that your little effort IS STILL INTACT WHILE MOST OF THE OTHERS I HAD GIVEN. ME ARE IN PIECES, ((Capitals are mine.)) Does this prove anything or not?

There you are. I knew that oneday the fanz must come when the covers no



longer fall off! Actually the reason why this is so is because of those cardboard covers. But they cost 34/- for 500 sheets so I'm afraid that'll be the last you'll see of them, UNLESS you contribute. Hmmm. That should edge you on to contribute something.

.....

Next comes a letter from VINÇ CLARKE, 7 Inchmery Road, London, S.E.6. He sent a letter packed with meaty things, but on with the letter....

Liked Barry's views on classical music 'cos they agree ~~very~~ much with mine; there is, to my way of thinking, too much jazz appreciation in contemporary fanzines. It's OK to like something other than s-f or fandom, but the present spate of jazz appreciation is something else. I've an idea that some fans are so pleased at finding something that allows them to be associated with something equated in the mind of the public with Young Forward Intellectualism that they're going overboard on it. Of course, appreciation of classical music is a quite and more complex thing.

Bryan, don't take any notice of anybody grumbling at you rejecting stuff. As Barry says, (I think only half in humour), it's the editor's job. ((Just you tell the Clacton fans that. They've gone on strike this issue!))

Your FANDOM AT LARGE very thought provoking. "Fandom is a Way of Life " can be balanced by "Fandom is just a Goddam Hobby"...another fan cliché. When I first started taking an interest in fandom I thought it's be pretty easy to find a common denominator over and above the general one of reading s-f. Now it doesn't seem so easy; there are some in fandom, but not many, who seem to contradict every assumption. About the best conclusion I've made, which explains that general fellow-feeling, the friendliness you mention, is that fans have gained from s-f the scientist's basic premise of the need for conscious intellectual examination. The scientist applies this to his experiments and theories; the fan, who reads science fiction, tries to apply the same kind of thinking, to everything he contacts, however inappropriate. Now, however wrong the fan's position may be, you do know that in fandom virtually everybody is conscious of (a) having intelligence, (b) trying to use it to advantage. This is so different from the outlook of the ordinary man-in-the street that it separates is as if we were a different kind of human. So we're naturally interested in each other.

.....
Re: the classical music. Barry said everything last time so I'm going to say my own views now. I like both classical music and jazz but I like the latter better. . . . Now this doesn't say that I call classical music rubbish, far from it. I like the more popular pieces but I'm afraid I don't understand the more cerebral stuff.

Also the views about fans, Vinç. I couldn't agree with you more about fans being intelligent but I must admit, and I'm not saying this in any derogatory manner, that there are some fans who do disobey this assumption, as you say. As well as this, there are several things in fandom which obey this as well, but I'd rather not say much about it.

.....
Next comes KEN McINTYRE, who survives at 1 Hylton Street, Plumstead, London, S.E.18.

Fanfiction? Why not? One sometimes comes across a little gem, and it does not necessarily follow that because it blinks up naively at the light of day from the pages of a fanzine, that it has been rejected by prozines.

Terry Jeeves' story was, I thought, very amusing. Terry has a particular -ly pleasing sense of humour, and his general characterisation was very plausible, but then...who should know better about this particular type than Terry?

Well, Ken, it seems about 50% of fandom agree with you on the subject of fanfiction. I do myself and I won't hesitate to print a story which I think is reasonable and worth publication. In limited quantities it's OK but you can have too much of it. One an issue is my standard, though there is none this issue.

Extract from a letter by Pete Reaney, 53 Bromley St., Sheffield 3, Yorks.

Jeeves' story was simply smashing, must say he was good. You know what he's like when he's bad tempered.

Sorry Peter, I don't.....

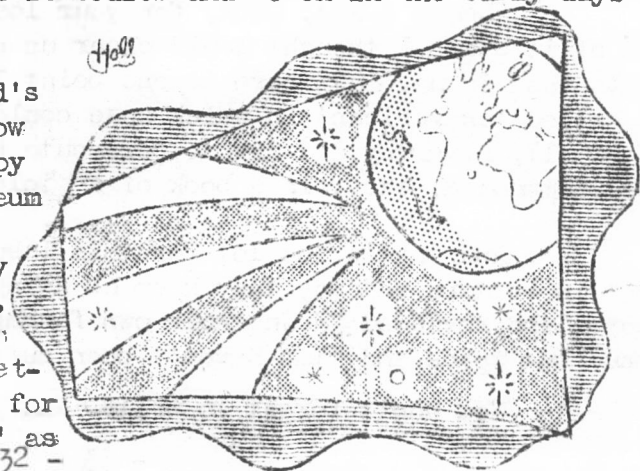
Shoving my hander deeper into the net this time, I pull out....one from Mal Ashworth, 40 Makin St., Tong Street, Bradford 4, Yorks.

Yummy, but that tasted good! Excuse me while I smack my chops(they get a little out-of-hand at times, you know.)

I don't quite know where to begin to say all the nice things about PH that I shan't be able to put into words anyway. I suppose I could be terribly conventional and begin at the beginning. It has personality. That is important. It has a very pleasant and easy personality. That is wonderful. I have just been flicking through it again to try and put my finger exactly on what I wanted and I think I have found it - nothing in the whole magazine clicked with me quite as much as the parts you wrote yourselves.

That was a lovely line on page 2 - "You'll immediately notice that Bryan isn't the only with a typer of his own - this one I'm using is my brother's"

I am almost tempted to be envious of you having such an appreciative headmaster and local press and all. Almost. The thing that makes me dubious is the contact that Tom White and I had with civic bodies and so on in the early days of publishing BEM. For no reason that I can discern very clearly now we put a facetious sub-heading to No.1. "Bradford's Exquisite Magazine". As you probably know one is legally required to lodge one copy of any publication with the British Museum ((I haven't)) and this we dutifully did after they had written demanding on only about six times. After that, apparently, Word Got Around and for literally months we were pestered every other day with letters from local libraries, etc., asking for a copy of Bradford's Exquisite Magazine" as



they were very interested in anything concerned with local topography/history/etc. After that we got a little leary. And I imagine they got a little leary too when they set eyes upon a copy of BEM.

So be warned.

But it's rather nice all the same.

.....
And your tempted to be envious of us, Mal.....
.....

The next letter is something of an occasion really, as it is the first to feature a fan other than British in this magazine. He is Richard Ellington, P.O. Box 104, Cooper Station, New York 3, N.Y.

AND THE OCEAN WAS BLUE wasn't bad--I actually read it and approved--- a rare thing indeed for me and amateur sf stories.

Dodd minor key but readable and interesting.

Jeeves' story on the other hand fell flat as hell on me. Thudlike! One fan's opinion.

I suppose half a dozen people ((Not one.)) at least have yelled that the saying is, "Fandom is a way of Life." but nevermind. Your comments have been said before but its interesting to hear it said again and freshly.

Har-de-har-har re Michelism. Afraid that Immortal Storm is pretty one-sided account--Moskowitz and company thought a little too seriously for today's fandom too. As to the Futurians being asked about their opinions--most of them clam up tight when you mention it. Kornbluth got out of it fast in the first place--he couldn't stand the domineering aspects of it, and many others eventually revolted--Shaw, Judy Merrill, Damon Knight and quite a few others. Also it's all very well to talk about these people as "too serious but that's the way they wanted it--almost without exception they went on to become leading lights in the professional sf field--Kornbluth, Pohl, Asimov, Dick Wilson, Leslie Perri, Judy Merrill, Shaw, Knight, Blish, etc. into the night--not to mention Michel himself who wrote quite a bit, Wollheim, who is the big deal of Avon Books now, "Dirk Wylie", and even Dave Kyle who was a professional illustrator for a time.

Ron Bennett's bit a little too short but good nevertheless. I like it.

.....
Thanks a lot, Dick, for your long letter. I've picked the above out of it which I thought would clear up a few things from my FANDOM AT LARGE last issue. But there is one point I don't understand. Michelism could be called 'unamerican' in which case couldn't McCarthy have done something? After all, McCarthy did try to persecute several people who had only mentioned communism, etc., in a book of article.....

.....
And that's the lot for this issue. Thanks to all those folk who sent in letters and may they keep on doing so. And thanks also to all the people who reviewed PH in their own fanmags. I'd like to do the same in this issue but space and time haven't been sufficient. (money too.)

You won't forget to write will you.....

PERIPATETICS. Continued from page 5.

I have heard it said around many fannish circles, including Kettering that Alan Dodd does not exist! Well, by chance, the other day I had a phone callin which I heard a certain voice say 'Alan Dodd speaking. I just thought I'd give you a ring as I'm down here for the aftrenoon.....' Not to be deterred from just speaking to him on the phone I found out his whereabouts in Clacton and four of us went down to see him. I think we are the second fans to meet you, aren't we Alan? Ron Bennett was the first. This should clear up the argument whether there is such a person as Dodd, hear ye, hear ye.....

The meeting between us and Alan Dodd seems to be agreeing with a mathematical series which one of us worked out. Only two weeks before we met Pete Reaney who was down here on a weeks holiday. Had quite a time, too. Only trouble is that Pete's got a raw Yorks. accent and I've got my own blend of Clactonian which makes our two languages utterly alien to each other. We had to keep translating the whole time. It's damn difficult to speak Yorkshirish, too. If this series is true we should have another fan down here soon. It'd better work out.Are you listening, Paul Campbell.....

Which just about winds up this issue. Thanks to all those who contributed. What about the rest of you? As you can see, this issue contains a wide range of material and, of course, it gives you ideas. Yes?? Well then, send them in to me. Surely all of you can attempt something! You hear that... Come on then! I'm hoping to get the next issue out before October which is when I start at De Havilland's but I need plenty of material... Get to it, you fen!

See you soon.

Bryan

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HAVE YOU JOINED THE BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION? IF YOU HAVEN'T, WHY NOT? It is open to all who have an interest in science fiction. It was formed by fans and it is run by fans.

For details of the BSFA write to:

Eric Bentcliffe, Esq.,
Secretary, B.S.F.A.,
47, Alldis Street,
Greatmoor,
Stockport,
Cheshire.

The Association publishes a quarterly journal, edited by TED TUBB.

The Postal Library is for you to use.

The Information Bureau is for your use.

The Association's publications will be for you.

So repeat it: IMUST JOIN THE BSFAIMUST
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AIMUST JOIN THE BSFAIMUST JOIN THE BSFA.....

A new department which is to prove to you that there are fan clubs still in existence. This issue we bring you one of the newest clubs to be formed. Any other groups are invited to contact me for future notices in PH. - Bryan.

THE CHELTENHAM SCIENCE FICTION CIRCLE
report by Bob Richardson.

The Cheltenham Science Fiction Circle was formed in September 1956 by our President Eric Jones, ably assisted by Peter Mabey M.A. and Eric's wife Margaret. These members of the West Country S.F. Society, taking advantage of the Cheltenham Hobbies Exhibition in the Town Hall put up an S.F. stand there and enrolled a dozen new members. W.C.S.F.S. then emerged with the new fen to form the C.S.F.C.

Our first meeting on October 7 was held at the Jones' residence and from then on we met fortnightly in the private bar of the "Prince of Wales". Later was acquired a private room at the Pittville Hotel and by popular demand the meetings were held weekly.

About 50% of our members attended CYTRICON III, Easter last year, and there to the surprised delight of the fen and Liverpool group in particular we staged a St. Fantasy ceremony of Knighthood. This is our own way of recognising and rewarding TRUFANMANSHIP.

Again the same percentage of Cheltenham fen attended the 15th World Com, where we staged a full dress St. Fantasy ceremony, initiating six British and six North American fen, as Knights (and one lady) of the Order. This was a star feature of the Sunday activities. Also at London both models of the Heironymous Psionic machine were exhibited by Eric who has built, we believe, the only machines outside of the U.S.

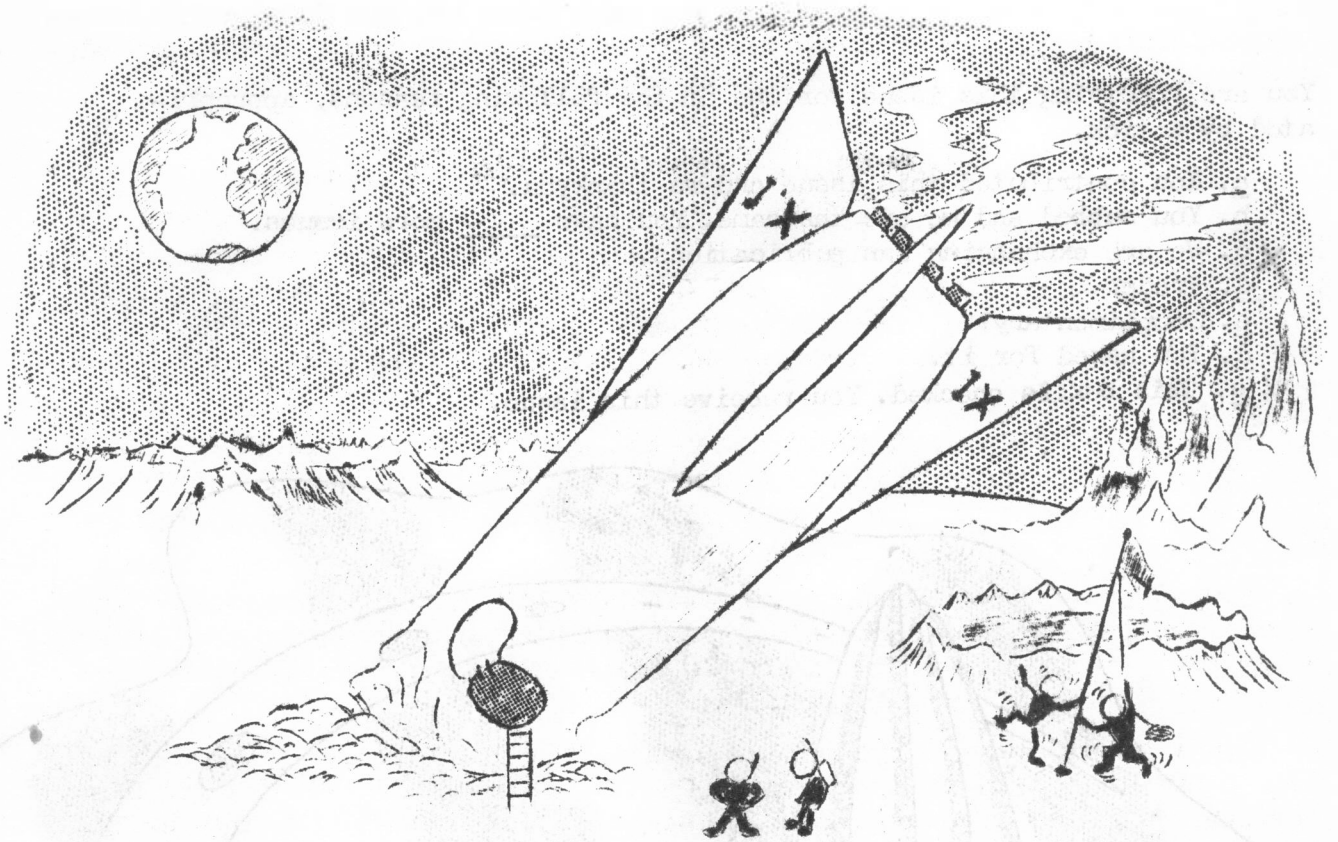
In October last year we rented a five roomed basement flat and began rebuilding and redecorating it. The work was completed last February, and we now have clubrooms second to none.

To celebrate its completion and as a sort of unofficial opening, we invited Terry Jeeves, Archie Mercer, and 8 of the Liverpool group down to attend a CHELTSUEMICROCON. This was a great success and our HYDYNE punch is now famous throughout provincial fandom. Fuller details are given in our exclusive fanzine SPASMODIC, so called because it is produced when we find the time.

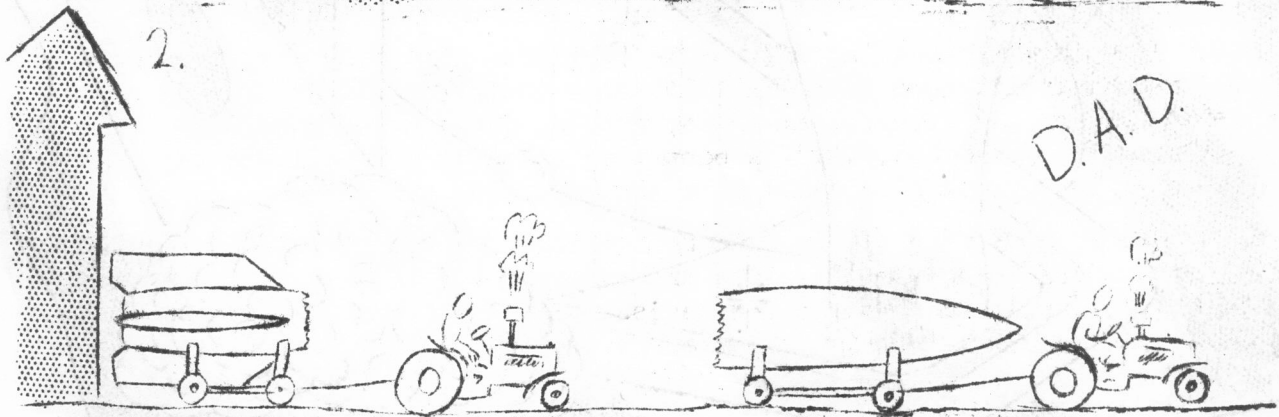
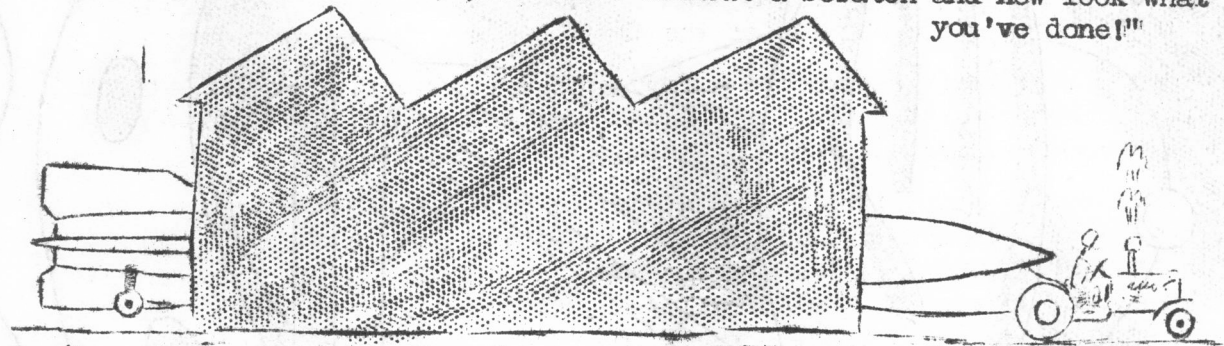
Apart from our redecorating efforts we have been kept busy with the making of our colour and sound film THE TEST. This is the first SF film produced in "fandom" and all scenery, costumes, models, etc., have been made and built by members of the C.S.F.C. It's been long and hard work all the way but we believe we have produced a first rate amateur film.

We are an ACTIVE group and we welcome new members, who will find we cater for all tastes and that our activities are numerous and interesting. Further news of C.S.F.C. will be found in future issues of this fanzine. In the meantime information may be obtained from our Secretary: Audrey Eversfield,

55 Langdale Field,
Cheltenham, Gloucs.



"Really, Parkinson - 238,000 miles without a scratch and now look what you've done!"



You are receiving this issue for one of the following reasons, appropriated by a tick.

- a. You contributed this issue and we thank you.
- b. You subbed and we are the same. You have _____ more issues.
- c. We are exchanging fan publications.
- d. Trade?
- e. Complimentary?
- d. You asked for it.
- e. This box is checked. You receive this issue.

