

Vällingby 4, may 13, 1960.

Just a few hours before the last pages of CACTUS were ready and the issue was to be mailed out, Anders S. Fröberg telephoned the sad news that Robert Brandorf, CACTUS' art-editor, suddenly passed away on May 6.

We are all shocked at the sad news, and we'll miss him. His last illos he ever did are those which appear in this issue of CACTUS on pages 18, 42 & 66. - Robert first joined fandom in January 1959, and become soon a member of Stockholm fan-club "Cosmos Club", headed by Sam J. Lundwall. He was one of the founders of Scandinavian Society of Science Fiction, and besides being one of CACTUS-art editors, he was the art-ed of Anders S. Fröberg's fan-mag FANNY; he also had illos in Sam Lundwall's SF NYTT and Bo Stenfors' SEXY VENUS. He published 3 issues of the fan-mag SPICA, a fmz we would have liked to see many more issues of.

With the dead of Robert Brandorf, Scandinavian fandom lost one of its foremost fan-artists. Brandorf was together with me and the editor of swedish Galaxy Vällingby's only fans.

Sture Sedolin.

CACTUS

VOL. I. NO. 5

MONTHLY

FIRST "ANNISH"

CARL HÄLLSTRÖM PUBLISHER

STURE SEDOLIN EDITOR

RAY F. NELSON CARTOON ED.

ROAR RINGDAHL ART ED.

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Entered as Fannish Class Matter at the Post office
in Vällingby 4.

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Groan!

Once more I'm forced to write this one-page stuff, because some fen went to see an EDITORIAL somewhere, so here you are. As you probably have read in Alan Dodd's DODDERINGS (pages 59-61 thish) this will be the last ish of C for some while, as I'm due for 13 months in the Swedish Army. There may be issues during that period...we'll see. -- This is 1st ANNISH as it was in May '59 I started this faanish monthly. In fact, it was already in the Spring '58 I and Gothenburg-fan Arne (the MUF) Sjögren discussed of having an all Swedish reprintzine. Then I changed my mind and we were to do CACTUS an all English zine. When Arne visited Stockholm in July '58 we looking thru the material etc. and was to pub it -- but you can't trust Arne...I waited ages, but he went almost gafia and never send the material he had promised, so Roar Ringdahl & I deecided to pub CACTUS. Well, Ringdahl was suddenly short of time, so I took over the zine on my own with the 2nd issue. Before that, Roar and I pubbed an overdue CACTUS 1 in May '59. In september last year I was to pub CACTUS as a monthly, but of some reasons which I can't remember any more, I couldn't. But in February this year I could finally make it, and when I'm out from the Army again CACTUS will return to it's undependable monthly schedule.

I'm just back from a fine trip to England, was at the Eastercon, and met many fans I've heard about, and some that I'd been corresponding for years with. The former include Don Ford, Brian Burgess, Mike Moorcock etc., and the latter includes Artji Mercer and Alan Dodd. I also met all the 3 TAFF-candidates, and I can assure you that they are all fine faans... However I'm still of the opinion that ERIC BENTCLIFFE is the man to send over to Pittcon.

Also, thanks should go to Ella Parker who made this trip possible... if I hadn't been allowed to spend some days in her house I'd never afford to take in on a hotel all the time. That reminds me that Ella's brother (a non-fan) told me that he & Ella had even been in Malmö, Sweden some years ago. And Sandra Hall, Mike Moorcock, Alan Burns & Alan Dodd will be in Sweden this Summer. Of course, I won't have a chance to see them.

There's some material left over the next issue, including Jhim Linwood's "Fan in the Wet", Jean Linard's "Heroes in my Mind", etc etc + lots of letters...

Just got Andy Main's Bhismi'llah: # 3, and I must say that he's improving all the time.. the last BHIS has already better repro than lets say - PHIPHI, and good material, including Dot Hartwell's column. Some British fen were amazed to learn that Dot Hartwell was writing a column called "Inside Anglofandpm" for an American fanzine... in the next col Dot will probably write about the Eastercon and I'm looking forward to the ego-booo I'll rec. then (I hope.)

The photo-cover this shows some fans -- well, you guessed it, I've met them all - besides Andy Main & Mike Deckinger that is... I've haven't met them but I hope I someday will get a chance to...

Lhes' reviews arrived about 11 days after the deadline, and I'd even to send him a telegram which said:

-Send fmz-reviews at once-. Sture-

It costed me about \$ 4 but it was worth it! Lhes sez:

"I was quite shocked to get your radiogram last Saturday."

'bye now,

PAGEA

Sture

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N B !

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The editor will have a different name (!!??) and a different address when he's in the army. New address will be announced in FAN-AC, SKYRACK & SF TIMES (I hope), until that; this name & address is valid, STURE SEDOLIN, VÄLLINGBY 4, SWEDEN.

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And this is what has happened since the latest issue of SFAIRA:

Together with two Swedish friends of mine I've been touring most of England, Cornwall and Wales, including a three-day excursion to Dublin. When my friends went back to Sweden I went to see a writer friend of mine for a week, and then I came here.

And "here" is 36, Semley

Road, Norbury, London SW16 - the residence of Mike Moorcock, Good Fan and printer (duplicator, that is) ((???) of SFAIRA 3&4. (To avoid confusion, let me point out that "duplicator" here means a person duplicating, and not a machine.)

The reason why I'm typing a SFAIRA here is my laziness. This way I won't have to mail the stencils across the North Sea to England when they are ready to face the dupe. This way I'm sure that at least some kind of SFAIRA will appear this autumn - THIS kind, that is. I don't at all know how much time I'll have for fanning for the rest of the year. School is going to be mighty tough, pardners, 'cos this is the last year before university. Another thing is the fact that I might be endowed with the task of translating an astronomical book into Swedish this autumn.. and that's something that takes helluva lot of time.. especially as I'll have to do it in my spare time.

Therefore, if I hadn't had this opportunity of putting out a preliminary no. 5 of SFAIRA you might have had to wait an awful long time for it. The future of SFAIRA is hidden behind misty clouds, to be dispersed only by the wind of time. Sounds poetical enough, doesn't it?

This is the great Pre-Convention Week and I ought to be at school - the term was supposed to start on August 29th. However, this spring I was awarded the equivalence of 200 dollars by the Eskilstuna section of Lions International for something they considered "outstanding knowledge of the English language". Anyway, I didn't mind receiving 200 dollars, of course, especially as this incident impressed my school director to such an extent that he agreed to extending my holidays in order to render it possible for me to attend the convention. Goody.

So here I am, typing madly away in a fannish mood while my poor classmates probably are slaving with Latin or Russian or Swedish Literature or something.

Lots of things have happened. Our trip through the wilderness of Cornwall, Devon and Wales was filled with funny, hilarious and even downright thrilling incidents. But my mind hasn't had time yet to digest all things that have happened, they're all spinning around in my head in a jumbled mess. Time has yet to let them acquire their right proportions, to put them into their correct perspective etcetera

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etcetera etcetera and so on and therefore the time hasn't come to dwell upon these incidents. I trust you see what I mean and if you don't, you still aren't happier. Yeth, laddies. ((!!??))

Some time ago Mike and I went to the Globe. Ah! The Globe! The widely bespoke centre of English trufanness! The Globe - Ah! the name of which has rendered the pages of many fanzines a shining lustre of serene lucidity. The Globe - Ah! Anyway, we met quite a number of fen.. Ron Bennett, the only fannish customer to dwell at the Globe at the moment Mike and I stepped in and who seemed quite surprised to see me, a fan of the arctic lands and windswept steppes, walk in Just Like That. Anyway, I did. .. Ah yes.. Ron Bennett, yes, the Clarkes, Bobby Wild, John Brunner, Chuck Harris, the sex-fiend (typically enough, the later hours of the Globish night discovered Joy Clarke sitting on his lap) and lots of other people including Bob Silverberg and his wife, who had just arrived from the US. In one corner of the fuming room loomed Sandy Sanderson, sinister inventor of Joan Carr. Yaagh.

The Globe was fun, especially to a Lone Wolf type fan like myself, an howling wolf on the snow-ridden plains of arctic Sweden, surrounded by placid reindeer and sercon Swedifen (who, according to a newspaper cutting my mother just sent me, have been having a convention in Stockholm where they formed a sf-union. Thass jest what they did last time too, at the Lund convention in 56. Hah. And they seem content with it, so why worry?)

The other day, Mike and I went to see Arthur Thomson. Mike had brought his guitar and started ~~blatting~~ using it while we were waiting for the bus. People started to throw coins and dirty words at us, such as "Elvis!" and "Tommy Steele" etc., but he didn't seem to mind. The guitar ~~blatting~~



activities went on on the bus, on the underground (where we composed something called THE ESCALATOR BLUES or THE BAKERLOO LINE SONG). Eventually we arrived, only to find that there wuz nobody at home. However, suddenly Arthur's wife (a very nice ~~blatting~~ wife) appeared and exclaimed: "Oh woe, my children, my husband and master hath disappeared to meet his fannish brethren Terry Jeeveth and Erico Bentcliffo!" So we hurried down to several railway stations only to find nought and nil, nothing, nitchevo. However, we returned (one doesn't fool us that easily) and were rewarded by a glass of something, a concoction, anyway, invented by Joy Clarke. Rather good. Erico and Terry had arrived by now, of course, togedda with their

host, signor Arthur. Erico was very similar to the drawings Atom hath made of him at earlier occasions and Terry was very similar to his own artwork in a way. I don't mean to say he looks like a Soggy, but there is something Terry and his artwork have in common. Anyway, they were nice guys both of them, signor Arthur too, although he doesn't at all look the way he draws himself. Later, Mike and I disappeared into the fall of night after another fannish evening.

In case you haven't realized it yet, this is SFAIRA no. 5, published by Lars Helander, Lohegatan 11, Eskilstuna 3, Sweden, and it's duped and distributed by Good Fan Mike Moorcock, address on page one. Good Lord.

PAGE TWO

This issue might appear a bit cruddy, but it's composed directly onto the stencil and I am too lazy to start bothering with correctine every time I make an error. Anyway, this is supposed to be an improvised, primitive and preliminary publication, so bear with me, brethren, and have patience.

It isn't very long since Mike distributed the latest issue of SFAIRA, but I've already received a few comments on it c/o Mike. Then I suppose some letters of comment are waiting for me back in Sweden. Anyway, here is KENT MOOMAW moaning:

"COLONY", aside from the fact that Mike rolled it before mailing and thus rendered it devilishly hard to handle, was great. The Rotsler story-line wasn't particularly impressive, but taken as individual illos, and even tho there were none of Bill's busty maidens, they served their purpose admirably. As far as the actual art goes, tho, the best thing in the issue was Bill Harry's femme on the last page.

How many foreign languages are you taking in school? English, French.. any others? ((Yep. German, Latin and Russian. Am also unofficially dabbling at Spanish and Italian.)) Here, the college prep courses I'm taking obliges me to soak up at least two years on of one foreign tounge, which I fulfilled during the past two years in with Spanish, which, as much as I complained when I was struggling with the subjunctives and all, is about the easiest there is. ((Agreed.)) Let all the work-hungry goons sign up for Latin.. not me, boy. ((Ah, so I am a work-hungry goon, whah? Anyway, I consider Russian far more difficult than Latin. My isotchayem Rossky Yezik - otchen trudno!))

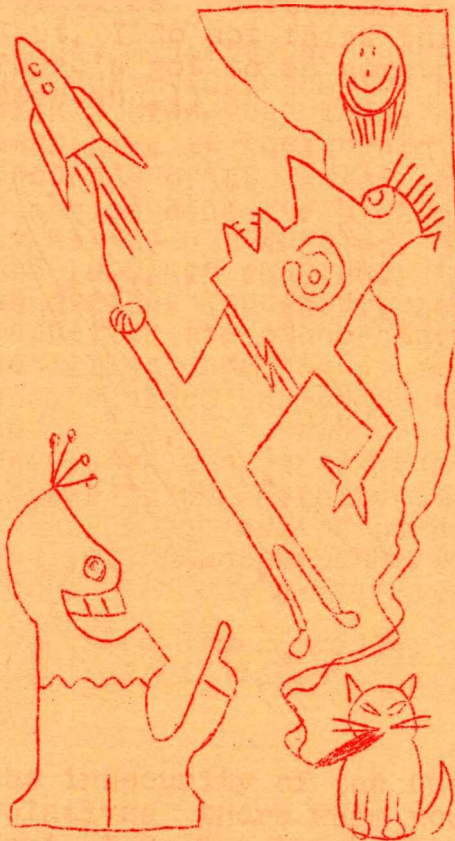
((In SFAIRA 3&4 I wrote about how some recent Hungarian refugees had laughed when they, shortly after the revolution, had watched newsreels with bloody shots from the Budapest streets during the revolt, in a Swedish cinema. Moomaw comments:

"Maybe the Hungarians laughed, well, just as a pure reflex. I mean, suppose you had been

in a terrible fire or something there in Sweden, and then later, after it was over, went to a show and saw newsreels of the fire, while you were sitting in the theatre, cozy and comfortable, alive and unharmed.. wouldn't you sort of grin sheepishly, even perhaps laugh a little? It doesn't sound sinister to me. ((I didn't ssay it did to me, either.. I just stated what happened.)) The laughter, while not hysterical, didn't have to be of a derisive type either. ((No, of course it wasn't. I don't think so at all. But I if my house had burnt down, my parents and my sister had been burnt to death, and I was sitting comfortably in a cinema, I certainly wouldn't "laugh a little". And of course, one house and three people can't compare with the thousands of destroyed houses in Budapest and the thousands of killed Hungarians all over the country. To this you have to add the unfamiliarity of a strange country,

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the insecurity of the future and the fate of your home country and your relatives there whom you perhaps never will be able to see again. No, Kent, I do not think this laughing phenomenon is that easily explicable. There's got to be something more to it, something we perhaps don't understand.))



Agree ((Moomaw again)) that anything not 100% American, politicalwise, seldom shows up on the silver screen here. The censors are occasionally lenient in other areas, such as sex, gore and all ((WHAT? You don't mean to say that American censors are lenient in sex matters? American film censors are world-renowned for their exaggerated prudeness?)) -- but only occasionally ((yes, you'd better add that!)) -- but anything that might be construed as un-American propaganda is dead from the start. As Howard DeVore said recently in a SAPSzine, when the other side uses it, it's "propaganda", but when we do, it's "enlightment". And, as you point out, objectivity, something we need to be instructed in, all too often falls into the propaganda category. Still, what can you do about it? Nothing. It's a losing fight. ((You sound pessimistic. I am too, but you can still hope. That is something we can do, although it might not appear a very constructive possibility!))

America may be afraid of Russia... but we aren't alone in that fear. The whole damn world's quaking with fear, USSR included, afraid of one thing or another. The hell of it is that

a good majority of the American public doesn't even really know what Communism is.. they've heard that it's evil from their leaders, they've seen pictures of Korea and Hungary, but outside of that, they wouldn't know Marx or Lenin from Martin and Lewis. I have no doubt that there are hundreds of thousands of people walking the streets who regard Russia as one vast concentration camp with evil men in uniforms leering malevolently all over the place. A little objectivity would do wonders for these people... if they could understand what made USSR the way it is, what conditions are really like, and all, the fear would vanish. ((Agree!))

But that's why McCarthy's witch hunts found so much public acclaim. He called a person a Communist, and automatically a good proportion of the populace was ready to believe him capable of everything from rape to murder. Ignorance, sheer ignorance. I often wonder if there are people on the other side who regard Democracy in the same manner. The answer is undoubtedly Yes. ((Yes!))

-- See by the papers that Anita Ekberg is through with cheesecake, and will henceforth be strictly a Serious Actress. This is a Blow. "Yah, sure, her body's all right..." Yah, sure, and what more do you want?? ((Lots!)) Her face isn't exactly putrid either, and since I'll never come within 500 miles of her anyway, I don't much care whether she's intelligent or not. She probably isn't as dumb as some of our Hollywood

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beauties.. Mamie Van Doren, for instance, is supposed to be the dumbest girl in show business, and despite marriage to the Great Writer, I can't see any sort of brain in Marilyn Monroe. Ekberg probably outranks 'em all in IQ. Voila! The perfect woman! Not quite smart enough to get the upper hand, yet no moron, a lovely face and a body to match. Hooah! ((Hooah to you, too. Personally, I think that Monroe has more brains than Ekberg. In any case, Monroe has the energy to start trying to become more serious. But, thank ghod, tastes are different.))

What the devil is "Fandjavla Inkraktardjavlar?" Real faaaanish stuff.. I can't understand a word. (I wonder if there's any connection there..) ((Fail to understand, noble sir. "Fandjavla inkraktardjavlar"?? These cryptic words are not to be found anywhere in any SFAIRA. Very strange, P.S. I take it you're not referring to "Fandjavla Inkraktardjavlar", are you? No? Ah, that's what I thought.)) ((Smart way of avoiding intricate explanations, huh, heh?))

I don't know why, but after Rotsler's letter, when you continued using "yummy" in your parenthetical comments, I broke up a couple of times. ((Fail to dig typical American idiomatic expression. Did you get hurt?)) Wonder if anyone else reacted in similar fashion? ((I seem to be doing an awful lot of wondering in this letter, don't I? I wonder why?)) (((I wouldn't know, but I wonder why the hell you start using double brackets? That's what I'm supposed to do! You watch yourself, you ~~hahah~~ Moomaw you!)))

Helander speaking again. While dealing with brackety stuff like this, why not extend our ears to Herr Alan BUENS, who hath something on his mind re brackets. Herr Burn sayeth:

"Well, now you will want comments on SFAIRA, do you not? ((Sure will want, sure will want, sure do.)) The fact is that I don't quite know what to make of it, it's good of its kind, but of what kind is it? ((The kind kind. HAHHAH OH HAAH OH HAAHAHA HOHH.. ah hrrmph..)) Nay verily, weep not ((nay, I weep not)) 'tis without doubt of some merit (I think ~~hahah~~). It's pretty chatty (which is good or terrible) ((good)) and has much in it, but what I can't fathom is what you're driving at. ((I'm driving at the Lindmark Driving School in Eskilstuna .. will get my licence this autumn.)). Or are you perchance just making a coin on the cuff ((typical English idiomatic expression)) demonstrating dupers. ((Nay, verily, I do perchance not. By the ~~hahah~~ way, 'twas Moorcock who duped it.)) Note all brackets ((like these:((()?)?)), this is to foil you ((me? Ah, sire, you mean your brackets? (Like these:(?))) (hideous plus or minus) ((hideous plus or minus?)) ((hideous plus or minus????))) bracketting. I would dissertate upon the immorality of excess bracketting. A bracket is a clean and lovely thing of many uses, it can be used for

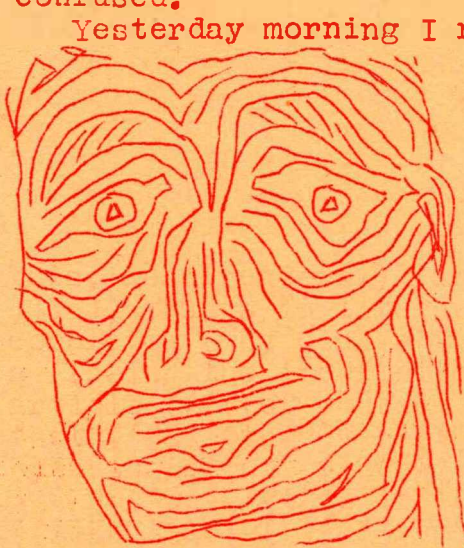
all sorts of things such as fanzine lettercols, mathematical euations (where would an equation be without brackets?) ((Where? I think it would remain on the same place!)) (Buy our (Super)brackets, no equation is right without Burns patent bracket), inserting ((can you follow



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this, dear readers?) impertinent ((this (((that))) is Burns (((again))))) things in literary work and positively no double entendre is complete ((why couldn't it be?)) without ((think you're wrong there)) a ((being the indefinite article ((not that that (((the indefinite article (((of course))))))))) has anything to do with..((what?)) that ((the other)) (((that is, the "a" or "without" ((that Burns was speaking about (((he was writing it actually (((or typing it))))))))) any way ((this is me again.. should have been in double brackets ((like this: (()) ((but now this is in double brackets (((well, not this but that ((((((see what I mean? (((((((No???)))))))))))) instead ((all these brackets on the line above are justified if you check it and compare with the preceding stuff etcetera you know and so on)) ((ANYWAY)) (((These (((or those, as you wish)))))) are supposed to be comments on Burns' ((pronounced Burnses (((oh, did you know that? Sorry!))))) letter ((WHAT?)) ((Should there be more brackets somewhere? (((Or fewer)) ((There should be one more ((no, two more))) after the two brackets after "(((Or fewer)))" - - like this: "(((Or fewer)))" ((((((or seven) You see what I mean? ((Ech))) uh ((I am fed up with this)) You too? ((Good?)) ^{NO MORE}

- - - Mike tells me he's writing an article on brackets. I suppose that will be less confused than this mess. Could hardly be more confused.



Yesterday morning I received a letter from Steve Schulteis (whom I met in person yesterday evening at the Globe.. more about this later) who erupts: "Received SFAIRA 4 today and enjoyed reading every rambling elongated page of it. Rotsler's drawings were very good, but -- Hoo Bhoi! -- the one Moorcock put on the last page... That's art, man! ART!! - - - 'S really touching, your concern for censorship, etc., in this great ol' U.S. of A. ((old?)) Really warms the cockles of yer heart to know one's friends are so concerned for one's moral well-being. Hoog! ((I don't care a damn for the moral well-being of the average American. It's when red-blooded Americans point out that the U.S.A. (or, as they prefer to call it, "America", forgetting that that expression is supposed to

include at least a dozen other countries) is the Freest Country in The World that I go a little mad. The Americans can do whatever they want to within their own boundaries as far as I am concerned, but I do not like the way they sometimes try to make beleive that their country is better than it really is. I don't care whether the Americans are the "freest" people or not, it's just that now that they aren't, I don't want any attempts at convincing me that they are. The U.S.A. may very possibly be better than Sweden in most ways - it certainly isn't freer. - Of course, this is in no way any attack on Steve's letter.. Which simply provided the ignition spark for these more or less flaming lines. I do get carried away sometimes, but I still stick to my opinions.))

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More Schultheis: "Seriously (?), from the inside looking out, American politics, morals, and suchlike things take on a rather hilarious aspect - - especially when one finds it necessary to read, as I have, a great deal of the contradictory sludge ground out by the daily newspapers.

That, friend, gives a really distorted view of the American scene.

You, sir, are a good man. ((Couldn't resist including this!)) I know this, not only because you put out SFAIRA, but because you are an operative of the GDA - - and it is a well-known fact that operatives of the GDA are all good men. ((HAH! You conceited Steve you! HAH! Whaddya mean with that???? You are a GDA agent! HAAH! SNAF!))



~~XXXX~~ RAPID CHANGE OF SUBJECT DEPT. Yesterday evening Mike and his girlfriend Jay and I went to the Globe. By now, the chartered plane from N.Y. with 55 American fans (well, they weren't fans all - some of them were relatives etc. fans had brought along to make up the 55 persons that seems to have been the minumum for chartering a plane) had arrived in London a few days ago, and although some of them went to Amsterdam with the KLM plane for a few days' sight-seeing before the con, the Globe seemed to be quite packed with yanks. Met Steve Schultheis (yah!), Belle Dietz, Forry Ackerman, William J. Jenkins, Bob Silverberg and his wife (who had been staying in London for quite some time), Mary Dziechowski, a friend of Dick Ellington's, who came up to me and endowed me with greetings from Dick, also Arthur C. Clarke, William F. Temple, James White, Walt Willis (who dropped in rather latish together with his bodyguard Georje Charters) (and I suppose

Vivat Bob Lumley!!
you realize I'm not talking of Americans any more), Bart Campbell and lots of other people whose names I can't remember. To those I did not meet belonged Raeburn... not until I left did I get to know that he'd been there. Without the Benfords, whom he was supposed to pick up in Frankfurt according to Greg. Of course, the ordinary Globe crowd could too be seen roaming around.. Pete "Bob Lumley" Taylor, Ron "Bob Lumley" Bennett, Vinç and Joy Clarke, Bobby Wild, Sandy "Hoaxie" Sanderson and all them there thoses.. including rock'n'roll-addict Rainer Eisfeld who ought to be at school in Bonn (auh.. what am I saying??) and Bob Lumley.

Vivat Bob Lumley!!
SAD NEWS DEPT. Archie won't be coming to the con. Express letter to the Globe. Didn't feel fit enough. To come to the con. Which. Of course. Made us all very. Sad. So. Mike and Jay and I. Rushed. To Mike's nearby office. And. Wrote to Archie. Telling him to pleez try. To come. At least Sunday. And. We rushed back. And the letter.

BOB LUMLEY INC. SPANS THE WORLD! JOIN BOB LUMLEY ANONYMOUS! But there wasn't... Helendar never made it before he returned to Sweden and laster to America where he now is at Princeton or somewhere. HJM

GO ON! →
THERE'S!
MORE!

AND THE FAN WAS CREATED

BY MICHEL BOULET

IT WAS A beautiful day, the sun was shining over my native country. Nothing told me a cataclysm was to happen - and suddenly Fate (euh, no, Pierre Versins said French don't believe in Fate) so, my house-porter knocked at the door (a beautiful door, with 2 locks, 2 keys, in a splendid wood as..euh, euh.) so, my house porter had 2 envelopes (like that, or perhaps bigger, but you see when I mean?), 2 envelopes in her hands - I take them (the envelopes, not the hands) and my happy life, of a good student in a good town in a good country (euh, stop!), my happy life was finished.

The 2 envelopes were sent from Linard's space-ship, in a loooong and beautiful letter (something like l'Illiade or this famous item of Smith in the "News Chronicle"), he told me all what he knows about fandom, this American phenomenum he shares with Americans (Americans - like me), - I read the letter, re-read it, re-re-read re-it and I understood! The event of my life was there. (Nothing is greater in my life, apart from my birth on 3rd of March 19....).

I took my fountain-pen (or,...perhaps my ball-bearings pen (!?!)) and wrote to Jean for having other news - and I had other news! Now, I have a personal postman, with a van for my mail. I read, I wrote and so on. And I do my school work, too.

Strange people come to see me. They speak foreign languages - they tell me they come from Mars, or Venus, or Alpha Centauri II - poor of me. I am no more in my house, but in a space station.

When I go and have my lunch I always fibd a "crab" who looks like Marylin Monroe, he is here since 12th of May and he told me he has an appointment on 21th of May 1960! Sure, he is a very sterling person, but I cannot eat with such a character in front of me.

And now I wait, I am ready for anything - a mutant from Lausanne might come any day, and I don't know if he's a friend or not (those galactic events are so complicated!)

Please, do you know a desert planet, lost in the depths of space? If not, God take pity on me.

--Michel Boulet.

-o-

WANTED! Your editor wants the following fanzines:

SHAGGY #s 39-40, OOPSLA #s 28-29, FANAC #s 1,
2, BEST OF FANDOM 1957 & '58. -- You name prices.

The **Beanie**
Bridade
© by Ray Nelson



Ray Nelson

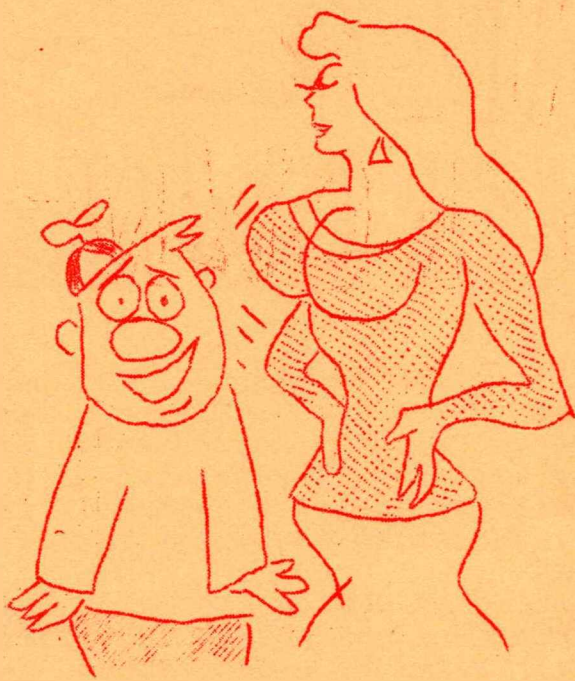
For every Eve, there's an Adam!
For every Juliet, there's a Romeo,
and for every faye wren,
There's A **KING KONG!**



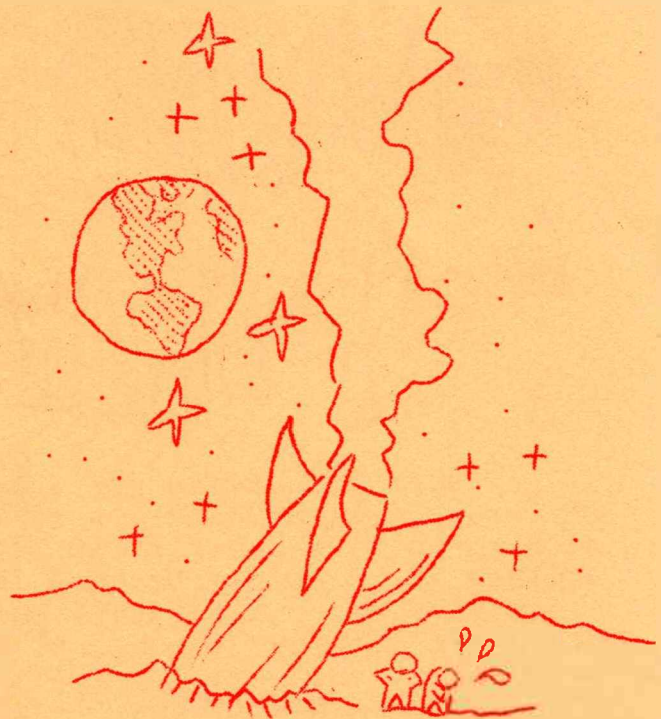
- It wasn't his mind
that made me love him
- not his broad mental
horizons, nor was he
really very good looking
- but, he had that
IRRESISTABLE FANNISH
CHARM!

Someday, darling, he may
grow up to be another
"Mister Science-Fiction!"

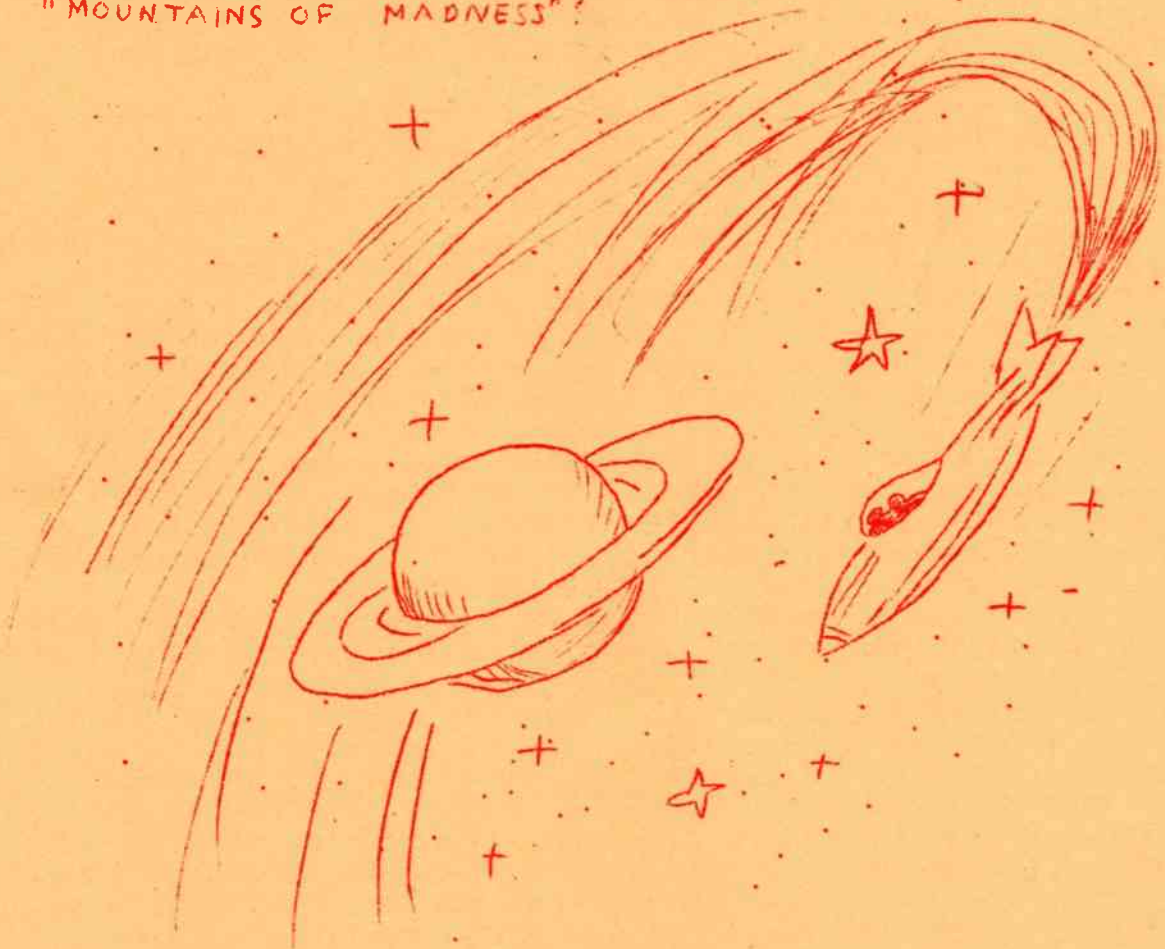




- THAT REMINDS ME, HAVE YOU
EVER READ LOVECRAFT'S
"MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS"?



- WHY COULDN'T WE HAVE GONE
TO NIAGARA FALLS FOR OUR
HONEYMOON, JUST LIKE EVERYBODY
ELSE? -



- WE CAN'T HAVE THAT PLANET, SIR, SHE'S ALREADY TAKEN. -
- HOW CAN YOU TELL? -
- SHE'S WEARING A RING, SIR. -

by Robert Coulson

WILD FANS I HAVE KNOWN

I seem to have an overwhelming attraction for the sort of people who are sometimes kindly referred to as "characters". (Perhaps because I am one?) Whether it is because they sense a kinder soul, or whether it is simply because fandom is extensively populated with eccentrics, I couldn't say. But the fact remains that anyone in fandom -- in American fandom, at least, is bound to encounter various odd characters.

A good many of these people have come my way due to my acquaintance with Gene DeWeese, who is somewhat of a character himself. (At one point, he was being deluged by advertising by a department store in the town where he lived. He had no intention of buying anything from them and was becoming annoyed with all the unsolicited advertising in his mailbox. Finally, one ad announced "at least, come in and get acquainted. Tell us hello." Gene promptly got a postcard, typed "hello" on it, and mailed it to the store. He heard no more from them.)

Possibly the most erratic of Gene's acquaintances, however, was a non-fan; his landlady. (She did read the stuff on occasion, so I guess she might qualify as a "fan" at that.) I never did keep up with her varied occupations; running a dance-hall for young people which was continually being raided by the police, buying and selling old cars (and occasionally driving them), operating illegal poker games in her basement.....she never had a lot of money, but she managed to acquire what she had in interesting ways. She also had original ideas on home remodeling. When she wanted a doorway between two rooms in her house, she got one by taking a pickaxe to the wall and battering a ragged opening. (Later on she decided that she did not like the door, after all, so she nailed some scrap lumber over it.) She also was the first person I have ever known who had a full-size juke box, complete with flashing light, installed in her living room. Gene eventually traded her out of it, removed the mechanical guts, and hooked the speaker into his hi-fi set.

Gene is now the only hi-fi enthusiast I know who has a speaker in his hi-fi system which not only reproduces sounds, but also lights up and says "Wurlitzer".

James Adams is another fan with a few odd quirks. (Odd, that is, for a human; some of them would be quite acceptable if he were an owl.) Come to think of it, I'm not positive that he is human. His waking hours are more suitable for a vampire, and I have yet to discover anything that he enjoys drinking. (I haven't tried him on blood, being in rather short supply myself.) One of the first times Gene coaxed him out of his lair he spent an entire evening with us without drinking a drop of liquid of any sort. I wouldn't have minded this so much if he hadn't kept staring hungrily at my jugular vein.

Among the more well-known fans I've met at one time or another is Harlan "Cheech" Ellison. Harlan is worth a couple of articles all by himself -- and he's just the boy to write them. His better-known escapades have been chronicled many times in fandom. I would



HARLAN ELLISON

like to mention, though, that the people at the Clevention who sat in a small smoke-filled room and listened to this 5'2" ball of energy talk of his exploits in battling it out with giant hoodlums ("blood and brains all over the club.") will ever forget it. Harlan's boyish enthusiasm will still be with him when he's 80 years old, provided that someone doesn't shoot him before then.

Of course, by far the oddest fan I've met is Juanita. Since I have to live with her, however, I'd better not reveal any of her interesting oddities. She might take revenge by doing the same to me.

-- Robert Coulson.

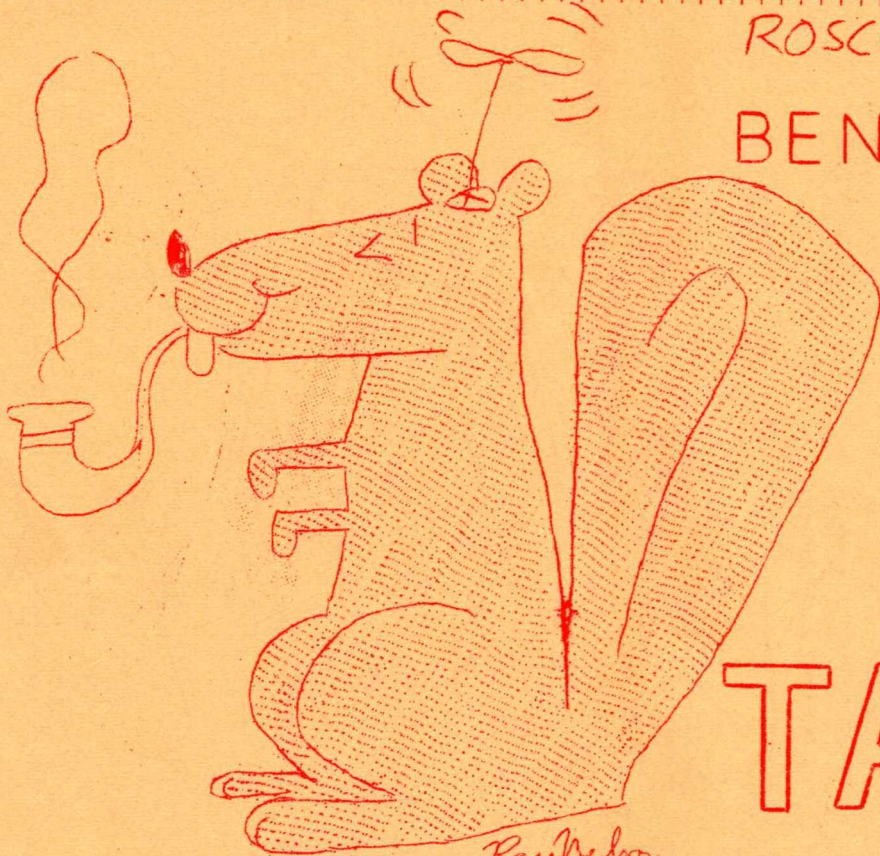
=====
++++
A youngfan in a letter to ye ed: By the way, Sture, if I was to send you a recent photograph taken of me, which I think is the best pic of me that's been made, would you be able to use it on the cover of some future CACTUS?
++++

ROSCOE SEZ:

BENTCLIFFE

FOR

TAFF!



Ray Nelson

Roscoe

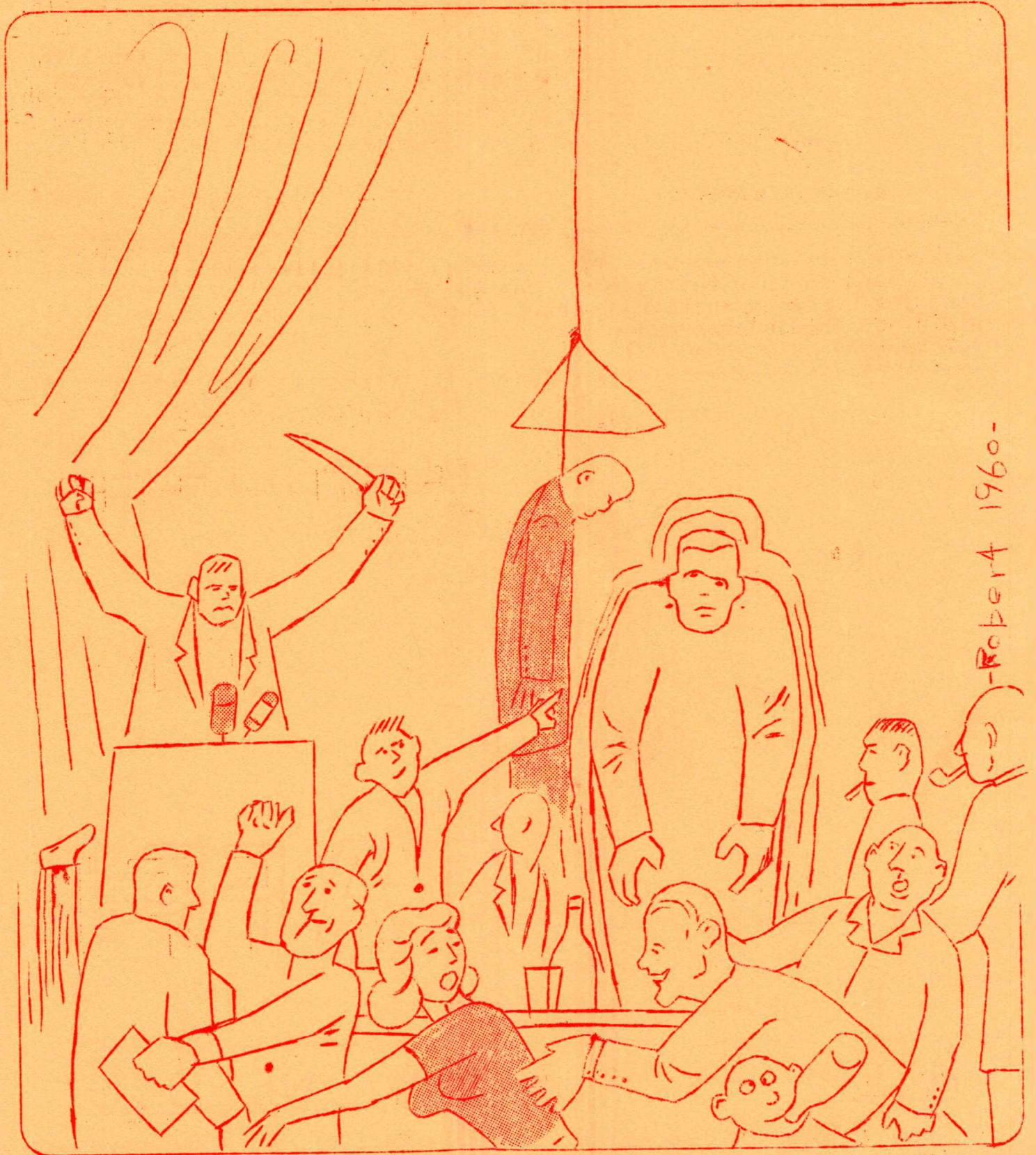
17

HELP!

BADLY NEEDED

Of course, TAFF need molah to send Bentcliffe over - but your ed wants some copies of CACTUS 2, 3 & 4. Bob Lichtman (who had fmzreviews in C 3) didn't get his copy (lost in the mail) and Lynn Hickman didn't get C 3 & 4 due to his moving to another town. Help them, eh? Mail all copies (I'd like to buy back them) to me and I'll send them to Bob & Lynn then. If you have a C 2 you'd like to get rid of - mail it to Bruce Pelz, he didn't get his copy of C 2. -Ed.

ARCHIE MERCER



-Robert 1960-

I WAS THE TREASURER FOR THE LONDON CON TO END ALL LONDON CONS

I understand that the 1960 B.S.F.A. Convention came nearer than most fans ever realised to being held in Harrogate. Harrogate was indeed mentioned at the 1959 Con (held in Birmingham), but shortly afterwards a group of London And Cheltenham fans met in Cheltenham and persuaded the B.S.F.A. Committee (who were all present, if only because most of them WERE London or Cheltenham fans anyway) to agree to the 1960 Con being held in London.

The Cheltenham Plan was for a Con at Whitsun. However, public feeling soon moved it back to Easter again, and from then on things just went haywire. A hotel was selected - announced - and provincial fandom staged a mass howl of protest at the prices charged. The Committee in London, at their wits end, tried to switch to Kettering - which we remember kindly from previous years. Alas, 'twas too late - some blasted football team (may their balls rot) had just got in and booked the hotel ahead of us. So back to London went the Con. Sandra Hall and Bobbie Gray, who together with me comprised the B.S.F. Committee, were running the London end of things, and calling in Ella Parker to help, the three of them started tramping the streets of London and the telephone directory to come up with a wonderful hotel - so wonderful that they were all wondering what the hidden snag would be.

The hidden snag was, as we now know, that the hotel got cold feet and cancelled on us at about three or four days' notice. How hard those three girls worked then we'll probably never know - but the night before I was due to travel I found a circular awaiting me to the effect that all previously published information to the contrary, the Convention would now be held at the Kingsley Hotel in Bloomsbury. So the the Kingskey hotel I went.

In retrospect, I think it would have been on the whole a lot better if the Con HAD been held in Harrogate. Not that I didn't enjoy it or anything - I enjoyed it very much indeed - but, well, read on and you'll probably see what I mean.

Until I actually reached the Kingsley, I was by no means sure that the circular wasn't just a hoax. I had no need to worry, however - the Kingsley was the place all right. As I was escorted upstairs by the hotel porter (tip - 6d), fans were calling out to me from the lounge, and a few minutes later I was back among friends.

Old friends and new friends both. There was Ethel Lindsay, for

instance, a London fan whom one sees far too little of because she's a hospital nursing sister and has to keep awkward hours. This weekend, however, she'd managed to wangle herself free the whole time - and as she volunteered her services as assistant fan-registrar and looker-inner, I had good reason to be particularly glad of her company. Then there was Alan Rispin or Brian Jordan - possible both at once, both good friends of mine though I can seldom remember afterwards which was which. And the now friends - John McGovern and John Fairlie, both names that I only knew as members of the BSFA, now assumed concrete shape before me. And towering over everybody at that point, - Don Ford, the TAFF delegate, all six genial foot three flippin' inches of him. I knew him from his OMPA-zines and an occasional letter, but there he was in the flesh, and we were hardly introduced before we were locked in a ding-dong argument, each of us insisting that he owed the other money on various pretexts. He's bigger than me, but I have the full resources of the B.S.F.A. to bacck me, so it was a fairly even battle, broken off only because there were so many other constantly-arriving fans to welcome and like that.

Sandra Hall arrived, accompanied by Mike Moorcock who proceeded to drape himself against a convenient armchair while he talked. The manager noticed this, and promptly sent a messenger in to ask him to get up - apparently this manager disapproves of people sitting on the floor. As a Moorcock on the floor is less conspicuous than a Moorcock on his feet, I would have thought that any manager with any sense would have pleaded with Mike to lie diwn flat, preferably behind a screen, rather than get up where he could be seen - but anyway, that's what happened.

As Treasurer both of the BSFA in general and of the Convention in particular, I managed to get a word in with Sandra and (when she arrived) Ella, and after a bit of dickering with the manager over a revised price for the hire of the hall when he realised that we needed it all the time, not just for a couple of hours per day, Ethel got hold of me and we moved in and set up office. The "office" was originally the dais, where I sat collecting money and booking it down while Ethel issued name-tags and programmes. The hall was in the usual pre-Con shambles. Ken Slater was setting up his bookstall in one corner, groups of fans were sticking things on the walls, or standing around looking at things stuck up on the walls, or just stading nattering as fabs will. More and more familiar and unfamiliar faces swam briefly into my field of vision as they came to register - young Harry Gilbert from Manchester - another B.S.F.A. member who had hitherto been faceless to me - showed up, and was I'm pretty safe in saying the youngest paid attendee. (Nikki Clarke and Deborah Bulmer were allowed in free). There was Sture Sedolin from Sweden - at least he SAYS he's from Sweden, though he speaks with what sounds suspiciously like a Hoddesdon accent. I asked him how he pronounced his name, and he gave me the highly interesting information that it's pronounced "Sture Sedolin". In Swedish, anyway. An English phonetic rendering would probably be nearer to "Stoorra Sedda Leen" actually. Ildiko Hayes, one of the editorial staff of the British SF book club and a particularly pretty girl. (I wish I knew whwre she got that first name from.) These and more that I'll try to remember later on, plus the old regulares such as Norman and Ina Shorrocks, Norman Weedall and John Roles (these four representing what must have been the smallest Liverpoolian attendance at a British con for many a year.) Cheltenhamites such as Keith Freeman, Eric and Margaret Jones, and Doc Weir, Londoners such as Joy Clarke and Sandy Sanderson, and plenty more. Actually

I'm in the fortunate postition of having in my possession the only official record of registered attendees, so sooner or later I'll try to mention EVERYBODY.

Everybody who paid, anyway.

Fans were drifting away for the evening meal, so I na volunteered to hold the fort while I went to eat. My table-companions on this occasion, if I remember aright, were Doc Weir and Jim Groves, and we went to the place just across the road that made the 15% service charge. I heard this place strongly criticised for grabbing this "extra" 15% off us - although, as I pointed out, it's no different from any other place that has no percentage but puts another penny or two on the price of each item. We still ate cheaply and well down there, and with Doc around the conversation usually reckons to be fabulous, too.

There was no official programme that first Friday, of course, so eventually I packed up the office and for the night and adjourned to the bar launge where most of the rest of the survivors were. The place was crowded, mainly with fans, though a few mundanes huddles in corners looked a bit bewildered by it all. Service tended to be slow, so eventually I joined an expedition to get in stocks. Norman Shorrock in the lead like an alcoholic divining-rod, we wandered down the upper reaches of Shaftesbury Avenue and into the fringes of Soho before finding a suitable off-licence. There we made sundry purchases, I myself investing in some Drambuie (mainly because I'd heard so much about it that I was wondering what it was like. I like it.) and some rum (which I still have unopened. That reminds me - - -).

There was, of course, a vague idea that all this stuff would come in useful for room parties. However, a fair number of the attendees were not staying at the Kingsley, and as they remained talking downstairs long after the bar had officially closed, the incentive to room-partying was not forthcoming. These non-residents included, besides many native London fans, such traditional Convention stalwarts as Jill Adams, who had thought she was being clever by booking in at a much cheaper place just round the corner from the hotel we were SUPPOSED to be going to - before it cancelled on us.

When it came to the point, and the last non-resident had gone his or her way, the usual time for room-parties to get going was long past, and the night suffered as a consequence. I was one of the last to leave the lounge - I always am, when there are fans around, unless there are more fans somewhere else at the time. When I DID leave it, just about everybody else had gone to bed. Reluctantly, I did likewise.

I was sharing a twin-bedroom with Ted Forsyth. Ted was a fan I had never met before, mainly because he's only recently left his native Edinburgh to seek a living in the barbarian southland. He looks like becoming a pillar of London fandom and like that, and I tend to the opinion that this will be a Good Ting. Besides, he proved himself to be every bit a Good Man by insisting on contributing six guineas towards to cost of hiring the Convention hall. And so far as I was concerned, he particularly proved his usefulness by waking up whenever I began to wonder what the time was. Thay way, neither of us missed breakfast on any of the three mornings. I personally always try to make a point of not being too late for

breakfast during a Con - both because I LIKE hotel breakfasts, and because I need the Coffee. But sleeping on my own, without benefit of watch, I far too often tend to oversleep.

Poor Ted wasn't quite so lucky in his choice of room-mate, though - the trouble was that there was only one key to each bedroom, and I developed the unfortunate habit of putting the key in my pocket - on the grounds that I'd probably be wanting to slip up to the room in a few minutes for BSFA or other purposes - and then going out for a meal or something and forgetting to hand it in first. Thus whenever I came in, people would keep telling me that the long-suffering Ted had been looking for me all over.

After breakfast, I set up the office again, this time on a very small tiny little table borrowed from the dining room. I sited it right in the corner of the room, which proved to be a mistake because people coming in didn't realise the office was there.

With the patient assistance of Ethel and Ina I did manage to net the earlier arrivals. However, a diversion was arranging itself. Of the three TAFF candidates (Mal Ashworth, Eric Bentcliffe and Sandy Sanderson) the Ashworth supporters had got away to a flying start by placarding the hall with vote-for-Ashworth posters. As a Bentcliffe fan myself, I thought that my chosen candidate should not be denied a similar display, and one or two other Bentcliffe supporters agreed. The trouble was that we lacked the essential equipment - paper for one thing, and something with which one could draw thick lines thereupon. Norman Shorrocks said a felt pen would be the ideal thing. Well, I said, fair enough then - I'd better go out shopping. I was needing another notebook, anyway. Wait a sec and I'll come too, said Norman. And maybe five or ten or fifteen minutes later the four of us - Normans Shorrocks and Weedall, John Roles and myself - were on our way, the office being left once again in the capable hand of Ethel and Ina.

Having been out on the streets with Liverpool fen at other sundry times and places, I was already aware that they moved slow-ly, windowshopping to excess as they go. And moving as we were towards the West End shopping centres, there was plenty of excuse for them. First, however, we stopped by a sort of second-hand-or-damaged-gods shop that stands right on the corner where Shaftesbury Avenue meets New Oxford Street. This shop has a remarkable range of goods on sale - books, stationery, hardware, toys, luggage, all sorts of semi-fabulous things. There were some well-known SF titles scattered around the bookshelves, too. But the outstanding thing about the shop was the blurbs. Most of the more prominently displayed literary items about the front were wrapped in paper bands, upon which were penned such exotic recommendations as maybe:

HUSBAND-WIFE-LOVER STORY
SEX - LUST - EXTRA-MARITAL LOVE

or maybe

PRIMITIVE LIFE
SADISM - TORTURE - RAPE

or like that. The above imaginary specimens are typical of dozens of their kind.

At this shop most of us bought ball-pens that were going cheap,

and I got some paper for the Bentcliffe Campaign. (I may as well mention that this was entirely unauthorised by Eric Bentcliffe himself - he hadn't even arrived yet. And Arthur Thomson seems to have been mainly responsible for the Ashworth Campaign that had started already.) The place had no felt pens though, so we moved on into town. By devious routes we came into the lower Charing Cross Road, where we actually found a stationer with felt pens in the window. Naturally, it was shut for the week-end. We moved into the Strand, which produced no more felt pens than anywhere else - though in Woolworths Norman did buy a second line of attack - a couple of paint-brushes and a bottle of ink. By this time it was getting dangerously past lunch-time, and empty stomachs made the normally slow-moving Liverpool fen get a bit of a move on, so we came up Kingsway with no more than a brief stop at a Smith's (no felt pens) and returned to the hotel from the opposite direction to that in which we had set out far too long before.

Whilst I had been gallivanting around town looking for a long-felt wants (and at that I never did buy another note-book), Ethel and Ina had been nobly sacrificing their time operating the office. Now, however, I packed up the office again and rejoined the Liverpool contingent to sally forth and eat. Besides the four Liverpudlians (Norman, Norman, Ina and John) and myself there were Ken Slater (who now sports a jaunty little beard right on the end of his chin), and a couple of others making eight in all. These last may possibly have been Keith Freeman and Bearded Bob Parkinson - but in the hazy state of my recollections I wouldn't swear to either. Our destination was a Spanish restaurant that somebody had heard about - which turned out to be nothing more fabulous than the much-advertised "Casa Pepe". The food there is not particularly cheap, nor particularly plentiful - at any rate the cheaper dishes. And to look at the messes that the others were sampling made me rather want to be sick. I filled up on long thin pencil-shaped

Bob Lichtman upon hearing that Sture Sedolin was looking for people to discuss SF with on some room parties at the Londoncon:- What, you went to a con to discuss Science-Fiction! For shame, if I had been you I likely would have been chasing Tikki Hall if she's really as cute as you say.....

rolls and butter, and when they gave out, with ordinary rolls and butter. Otherwise I contented myself with an omelette, which, whilst not actually nauseating, still tasted inferior to the rolls and the butter.

Service at the Casa Pepe was leisurely, and although there was the compensation of fannish conversation, I was getting worried lest we overrun the start of the programme. When we came to call for the bill, it was one of those occasions where we just could not make it come out even. So there was a whip-round for odd six-pences to make up the total, then as we issued forth once again into the Soho streets I frankly cut loose and headed back to the hotel as fast as I could walk.

As it was, I missed the opening speeches - and, because I had the essential ingredients of the office in my pocket, probably a customer or two.

The next item scheduled was the one in which the three TAFF candidates were put through their paces in public, but as Eric had still not arrived, this was postponed and the first auction held

instead. Terry Jeeves had shown up together with his tall fiancée Valerie, willingly accepted the job of painting the campaign-ads for Eric. So he sat there doodling to good effect with paintbrush and green ink whilst I kept on creeping out from the office to celotape another masterpiece to some vacant spot on the wall. In between times I got landed with a couple of lots in the auction - incidentally, I'm damned if I can remember who the auctioneer was, but it WASN'T Ted Tubb. (((It was Ken Slater.))) Ted came in, took a seat near the office, and when I was just about dying of thirst, saved my life with his bottle of loaded orangeade. (Thanks, Ted.)

Frances Evans come in around this time, and joined my staff, being appointed Official Decoy. Her job was to go to any unfamiliar-looking person who came in and coax them up to the office. This she did with conspicuous success on a number of occasions. I could have done with more of her assistance.

The auction went on and on, and poor Ethel was working up a thirst that Ted Tubb could not assuage. "Tea, tea, tea," she kept muttering over and over again under her breath. Eventually the auto-suggestion became too strong for her, and she and Frances made their excuses and departed teawards. Ina was acting as auctioneer's runner, so for once I was left in the office all on my own. More and more people drifted out of the hall, and eventually Ethel came back and told me it was my turn to go and get refreshed. Like a shot I went. The hotel bar was the obvious place, but the slow elderly man was serving, and there were multitudes of fans before me, mostly buying multiple orders. I stood there waiting whilst fan after fan departed with a loaded tray. Then somebody (I forget who - pity, because he deserves egoboo) offered to include me in his order. I demurred for social reasons - my one idea was to down a glassful and get back on duty. Already, I thought, I'd missed far too much office-time during the morning. "Anyway," I excused myself, "I'm next in the queue now."

To which Peter West, whom I'd somehow overlooked, interjected that I wasn't, because HE was. As I hate people pushing in myself, I could only concede his point.

My nameless almost-benefactor was still being dealt with when Ella came in and peremptorily ordered all fans out of the bar - at least that's the effect it had - on the grounds that the next item was beginning and was a MUST. Ella is normally one of my favourite fans, and in particular had been selflessly putting herself to all sorts of inconveniences for the past few weeks, particularly towards the end; in order to help ensure that the Con was able to be put on at all. But at that moment I could cheerfully have throttled her. However, she was the boss - more particularly perhaps, I didn't want to miss Don Ford's slide show. So unrefreshed and in a thoroughly disgruntled frame of mind I returned to the Con hall. And the slide show began.

In point of absolute veracity, I wouldn't be prepared to swear to which came first - the slide show of the TAFF panel. However, for the sake of continuity, I've chosen the slide show - so for the purposes of this conrep, Don Ford's slides came before the panel, whether or not that was actually the case. They were an assorted bunch, fairly evenly mixed between shots of fans at Cons and things, and shots of America in general and Cincinnati in particular, kept a comin'. The photography (usually in colour) was generally of a pretty high order, Don revealing quite an eye for a

well-balanced shot. On the whole I (of course) tended to find the fannish slides the more interesting - but the slide that really took my breath was of a paddleboat on the Ohio River. Now there's something about that sort of a scene that really GETS me. It has occurred to me that it might be worth getting reincarnated if I could come back as a paddleboat on the Ohio River. Or even AS the Ohio River.

Or I might settle for the Mississippi.

After the slide-show was at last over, everybody streamed away again. By this time I was really in need of a long, cool drink, so packing the office away again I sallied forth with a couple more late starters to a coffee-bar just round the corner. About half fandom was there already, but there was plenty of service, and I soon had a lovely cold orangeade inside me where it belonged. I found myself sitting opposite Dave Kyle, who had blown in some time during the afternoon, and (as seems to be The Thing when I meet Amerifen these days) immediately found myself having a ding-dong argument with him - this time on the subject of when and where we'd last met. I assured him it was Kettering in 1956. He was emphatic that he remembered meeting me since then. I was equally emphatic that he couldn't have done, because I hadn't been at the 1957 Worldcon. Eventually Dave turned away with a puzzled expression - for all I know he's still trying to work it out.

Then back to the Con hall, out with the office equipment, TAFF panel coming up. Ethel was there, had been doing business in my absence even though I had the change and the official notebook on me. We hastily sorted ourselves out whilst the three candidates for the Pittsburgh trip this autumn - Mal Ashworth, Eric Bentcliffe and Sandy Sanderson - took the stage. Quiz-master was Eric Jones. When I later asked Ron Bennett why he, as the current TAFF administrator, hadn't been doing it, he shrugged one of his shoulders and said it had simply been planned that way, and that was that. Which does at least go to prove that something HAD been planned, if nothing else. The three victims were first of all given a sort of SF test paper to answer verbally - who said so-and-so in what story by whom? sort of thing - after which they were asked to state their views on various topics of interest to fandom and themselves. It was generally conceded that the three candidates deserved the attention of the audience, and there was no microphone, so absolute hush was the order of the day, and I stared in frustration at what seemed like a small sea of unpaid faces that kept coming in. With this coming-in and other things there was enough noise round the back of the hall to make me miss most of the programme anyway, so I might just as well have been boozing in the lounge. Ethel kept going "Sssssh" as loud as she could hiss, and Alan Bale, who was sitting in front of me, started making a deliberate noise in return. As the programme cannot have been of much interest to fringe-fans, I can't really blame him. And he DID pay his subscription. Didn't collect his programme, either.

Among the incoming fans was one about seven feet tall. Actually I think he'd come in before, but this is as good a point as any to bring him up. His name was Peter Hitchin, he'd just blown in on spec, and said he rather liked what he found. I hope he investigates further. Actually he says he's six foot six, as against Don Ford's six foot three. So next time I saw Don, I greeted him "Hi-ya, Shorty".

It was now pretty late, so by the time the TAFF quiz was o-

ver, there were suggestions that it might be best to postpone the fancy-dress party till the next night. This proved impractical, however, so the parade was dismissed to go and put on its fancy dress if it had any. Having suffered enough from the slow bar service, I slung my haversack and set forth in search of bottled beer, returning triumphant to find Sandra Hall, arrayed in a sort of exotically regal costume, frantically asking everybody she met if they could somehow, anyhow, conjure up some dance-music suitable for the occasion. It seemed that in this one specific department, nothing was available. There were tapes, and there was a tape-recorder - but they were four-track tapes with only a twin-track machine or something. I had grammophone records - but nobody had a grammophone. (I could've brought my record-player, too - instead I'd lugged down a spare lantern that turned out not to be required.) The hotel had a loudspeaker in every room - but there was no dance-music on the air at that particular time. There WAS Sandy (or Laurance) Sandfield with his guitar - but it seemed that that was not quite the kind of music Sandra had in mind.

Still, it was a party.

Let's see - over in one corner there was a gathering of the younger element, such as the three Stourbridge stalwarts (Peter "Tea" Davies, Ken Cheslin and Mike Kilvert) who first learned about fanning at Birmingham last year. And Jhim Linwood, from Nottingham, who is my nearest effective trufannish neighbour. And Rispin and Jordan, or possibly Rispin OR Jordan in case I was seeing double. Jhon Newman was there, with his wife Joan - a jolly red-head whom I was very pleased to meet after all these years - she was once cover-girl on SCIENCE-FANTASY. Her daughter Penny Chandler was along too, who denies knowing anything whatsoever about her Fandergaste namesake. Tikki Hall, Sandra's sister, was there - well, she was there SOME time during the week-end, and this is as good an occasion as any to mention her. Likewise Peter McIntyre, who acted as her escort - he's a cousin or something of the Halls. In fact, I take the credit for having introduced Peter to Ken McIntyre - they were sitting a few feet apart, and I asked them if they'd met each other yet. They moved up to look at each other's nametag. - - - Charlie Duncombe and his wife were there, or had only just left, having shown up during the afternoon. Unfortunately Charlie's talents as orator with built-in megaphone were never called upon to be put to constructive use. There was a young Austrian fan called Gunther Loth, whom I would have liked to have seen a bit more of, if only to get the lowdown on the German speaking fannish situation these days. And a lot of the people I've mentioned already or haven't mentioned yet besides.

Eventually the call went for the fancy dresses to be judged. There were maybe ten or a dozen fancily-dressed people there, who dutifully trooped along to the front. Ethel and Ina were twinning it as witches - Ethel was the more witchily dressed of the two, Ina was just sort of sitting in with "neutral" fancy dress and the spare witch's hat. On the other hand, though Ethel was readily recognisable as Ethel through the exaggerated makeup, Ina was so cunningly disguised that at first I couldn't tell WHO it was. Even when I got up close to her I was by no means sure. Then Bob Parkinson was a werewolf - an interplanetary werewolf what's more, or at least a werewolf in a spacehelmet. Laurence (or Sandy) Sandfield was a futuristic minstrel, complete with the inevitable guitar. When I protested that he'd worn the same costume at the Cheltenham party last Whitsun, he indicated a mask over the top part of his face and said that this time he was Rhysling. Gerry

Mosdell and his mate Susan Ellam wear ultra-bohemian layabout-type clothing at the best of times, and they had converted theirs to fancy dress by (in his case) putting on a hat, and (in hers) draping some filmy fabric over the top of what she'd been wearing to start with. And a few more I can't recollect - and Sandra of course, dressed as listed a few paragraphs back.

These were all now lined up along the front of the stage, where they were photographed from all conceivable angles. Bobbie had buttonholed me about the prizes to be awarded, which we agreed would consist of certificates redeemable in literature from Ken Slater's stall at BSFA expense. Bobbie thought that a first prize worth £1 and a second prize worth ten shillings should serve, and I agreed, and that (I fondly thought) was that. So when at long last the contestants come down off the stage on to the floor again with no announcement being made, I got hold of Don Ford (who was one of the judges) and asked him who'd won.

Nobody, he told me. The judging hadn't started yet.

It happened in due course, of course. I wandered into the Con hall after having left it for some long-forgotten purpose to be blandly informed that the first prize had been awarded jointly to the witches, with the futuristic werewolf as second.

I had to round up Bobbie for another hasty consultation. If we awarded TWO first prizes, that would be an extra £1. On the other hand, if we split the first price in half, that would mean that a first prize-winner would get no more than the second. It was agreed to compromise with joint first prizes of fifteen shillings each, and ten for the second as before. Now came another hitch - the werewolf had left the hall to disrobe, and I hadn't a clue who'd been inside the thing, nor it seemed had anybody else. That's why Bob's Certificate, when he eventually got it, was inscribed in the name of "Mr. W. Wolf".

After that, the evening sort of slowly disintegrated. Or, more strictly, the morning, it being past midnight about then. Back in the bar-lounge talking, we heard that somebody had been told off for bringing bottled beer into the hotel. It had something to do with parts of the place not being licensed or something. But whether they approved or not, I noticed that the hotel staff kept them empties for themselves. That night was slightly livelier than the last. After a short session in the Shorrock bedroom with about half a dozen of us at the outside, we moved up to Dave Kyle's, where it seemed there was a genuine smokefilled room-party. There was, the difference between this and other fannish smoke-filled room parties being that here Dave Kyle was in bed, apparently stark naked. The original wave of immigrants had caught him on the hop, and he'd been marooned in bed ever since as a consequence. As Dapne Buckmaster was one of the immigrants, there wasn't much Dave could do about it.

The situation didn't last, though. Everybody was sorely afraid that if anybody spoke above a whisper the mice would complain to the management. Soon after Ron Buckmaster had turned up to participate in the proceedings, we agreed to break it up. And so, as the saying says, to bed.

Having duly breakfasted a few short hours later (it was Sunday morning now of course); I joined a gathering in the lounge

where we were trying to think up a name for somebody who didn't think, on the lines of "agnostic" which means one who doesn't know. Nobody, unfortunately, knew the Greek root for "think", not even Doc Weir, who excused himself by saying he was no classical scholar. Well, classical scholar or not, it's the first time I ever remember Doc Weir being stumped.

Duty called, however, so I went back into the Con hall to set up the office again. This time I placed the table right beside the door, so that anybody coming in would be obliged to pass it, then I just sat there waiting for customers. None come. The Con hall remained almost empty. Ethel went out to see if she could find anybody who didn't seem to have paid yet and shoo them in. The Con hall still remained almost empty. I started worrying - I'm like that. Norman Wansborough blew in and, presumably in an attempt to cheer me up, sat down next to me and started chattering gaily. The gist of his remarks was that he was still longing to get to an American Convention, and had thought of a way to raise the money. The snag was that he was afraid that when he came back again he'd probably be landed in prison for debt. I was too pre-occupied to point out that debt has not been an imprisonable offence in this country for a good many years now, so he probably thinks it is. If he ever DOES happen to turn up at an American Convention, I suggest he be ceremonially presented with a file.

Which reminds me that Don Ford, noted collector of apple-boxes and science fiction, was while at the Con presented with a do-it-yourself apple-box outfit, complete with rubber hammer. Don and Ted Carnell, the two guests of honour, got around more than it sometimes looked. I have been told that several attempts to introduce one or the other of them to some new face proved redundant on the grounds that whichever of them was concerned had already introduced himself to the new face in question.

Eventually people began to roll in. Among those not already mentioned who might be seen around now would be Dogh Lacey of Cheltenham (or London), Tony Walsh of Warwick (or Cheltenham), John Phillifent who almost stood as a third candidate for B. S. F. A. Publications Officer, Pete Ogden and Will Daniels of "Ertania", Ron Hall (no connection with anybody else of the same name, Dorothy Hartwell who seems rapidly to be getting the fannish message under the careful tutelage of Jhim Linwood, Silent Jim Cawthorn who doesn't believe in talking unless he has something worth saying - but takes everything in as his subsequent pictures show, Don Geldart whom I thought was just a London fringer but apparently is really a contact of Ken Potter's, Harry Clements, young Dick Ellingsworth, not-so-young Jac Wilson (the "father" of the B.S.F.A.), Mike Raynor, Ivor Msyne fresh from a year or so's gafia, Hugh Chalkley (no, I'd never heard of him either - but he exists, the registration cash book doesn't lie), elder London statesfan Frank Arnold (I'll get 'em all in yet!) and last but NEVER least the Ashworth-Potter circus. There were only four of these, two mixed couples, male and female Potter and Mal and Femal Ashworth - but wherever one looked, there they all were in their droves. I remembered them all of old, of course. At the 1955 Kettering Con I shared a bedroom with Mal Ashworth - I'd sooner have shared it with Sheila of course but Mal wouldn't let me. And at the 1956 Kettering Con I once had breakfast with Ken and Irene. These last two have hardly changed a bit since then, particularly Irene. Irene, by the way, has the oddpsounding (to me) habit of referring to me by both my names at once - for instance, suppose I say something to her and she wants

to repeat it to Ken, she'll say "Archie Mercer says so-and-so". The only conceivable reason I can think of for this habit of hers is that she wants to distinguish me from all the other "Archies" and "Mercers" in fandom. It reminds me of Rosa Jansen, who always talks of fans she has met by both names together, such as "Ron Bennett".

By the time most of the above, plus numerous others, had crowded into the hall, it was time for the Annual General Meeting of the B.S.F.A., and I was forced once again to desert the office, this time in favour of the stage, where I was seated with Sandra Hall (retiring Secretary) and Bobbie Gray (retiring Publications Officer - we three comprising the entire B.S.F.A. Committee) to help conduct operations.

I won't dwell long on the A.G.M. - it proved to be an especially interesting and constructive meeting, and ran on far longer than had been allowed for. A number of important decisions were taken, including a reduction in the annual subscription as from 1961. This came about in somewhat peculiar fashion - two alternative proposals from the Committee were voted down out of hand in such fashion as gave the impression that the meeting as a whole was in favour of a high subscription. Then a very similar proposal was made from the floor - and promptly carried, leaving me scratching my head in bewilderment.

I was re-elected as Treasurer for another year, which I accepted with the warning that I'm not going to let myself in for it again. Ella Parker was elected as Secretary without opposition. Jim Groves beat Gerry Mosdell for the post of Publications Officer. Then (surprise, surprise) the meeting gave us at long last a genuine official-type Chairman - name of Ina Shorrock. Doc Weir was also nominated, but Ina got the vote. I was sorry to see Doc rejected - though there is the question of his health, which is unfortunately not all that reliable particularly in winter. On the other hand, I'm really thrilled to see Ina in the Chair. I'm not sure which of the two would have been the better choice - but I am sure that Ina makes a damn good one.

As if that was not enough, the meeting also created the new post of President - and filled it. Brian Aldiss (who wasn't present at the meeting, though he was at the Con) had previously agreed to accept nomination for the post, and Ken Bulmer was also nominated. Unfortunately Ken had just gone out looking for Brian, so proceedings were held up while Ken was found and asked to accept HIS nomination. He did, with some reluctance - but Brian Aldiss got the vote, and the job.

Eventually the A.G.M. was wound up with plenty of unfinished business for the new Committee to get down to, and everybody rushed out for a late lunch. I found myself with Ron Bennett, Ted Forsyth, Sture Sedolin and Peter West, and we went to the downstairs place over the road. There we found a spare table and were just trying to arrange five chairs round it when the rest of us discovered that Sture had mysteriously vanished. So we shrugged our shoulders and perforce carried on eating without him. Ron was really taken with the efficient, impeturable young girl who had to cope with our orders and about half fandom's besides, and said he'd be back later.

One important item that had got left off the published programme was the OMPA meeting. By arrangement with Joy Clarke (OMPA

President) and Sandra (programme organiser), I had got this laid on for first thing after lunch - but the A.G.M. went on so long that it now had to be postponed until after the film show. Which brings up rather an interesting point - usually at a Convention the programme largely fails to materialise, and hasty makeshift items have to be rigged to keep things going. At THIS Convention, however, the opposite applied - all the arranged programme-items came through with flying colours, and in fact so often over-ran their allotted time that the difficulty was to fit them all in. We only just managed, at that - and the official programme for both days continued up to a considerably later hour than had been planned.

There were three programme items on Sunday afternoon - "This Is Your Life", Doc Weir's talk, and the "T.A.F.F." auction. I'm not sure in which order they were held, but I'll take them for convenience in the above order. "This Is Your Life" was a humorous skit on the TV show involving the unsuspecting Norman Shorrocks. This went over very well, there being only one hitch. It had been planned to get him up on the stage by announcing the the tape recorder had stopped working. Which was a good idea, only when it came to the point Peter West beat him to it and the gimmick misfired. Doc Weir's talk was on Caryl Chesson, and I hadn't thought I'd really enjoy a talk on an author none of whose works I'd ever read. However, Doc made his subject so interesting that it was for me one of the three best programme items (the other two being "This Is Your Life" and Don Ford's slide show.) I didn't find it QUITE as interesting as his "Atlantis" talk last year, but it was most certainly satisfactory.

Ron Bennett conducted the T.A.F.F. auction, which went on and on and on largely owing to people who kept giving back what they'd bought but didn't really want so that lots of things were auctioned several times. Ron would offer for instance a mixed "lot" of half dozen things, the winner bidder would keep one (which he wanted) and give back the others (which he didn't). Eventually the auction raised about £15 for T.A.F.F., over twice as much as the B. S. F. A.'s own auction had made the day before.

At one point, Ron was offering an elderly "Astounding" containing the story "Cloak of Aesir" by John W. Campbell. Ron mentioned this, pronouncing the word "Eesa" - as I would pronounce it myself. "Cloak of WHAT?" asked Doc Weir. "Eesa. Eisa. Three bags full" returned Ron ad lib, producing the smartest bit of spontaneous repartee I've heard in a long time.

(Note for Scandinavians and others: the above refers to the wellknown nursery rhyme "Baa baa, black sheep, have you any

wool?
Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full."
"Aye" is another word for "Yes", thus "Aye sir" pronounced more or less as "eisa" means "Yes Sir".)

In the middle of the T.A.F.F. auction there was a commotion at the back of the hall and in through the door was steered a human-sized cartoon-type bem - a sort of female equivalent of the famous Eric Jones bem of Kettering days, made of painted cardboard or something. A pair of bare feet were sticking out at the bottom. All eyes turned to look as the bem genuflected vaguely in various directions as if wondering where to go.

"There's a woman in that thing", said Ken Potter.

"Whose is it - yours?" I asked.

"No, actually it's Don Allen's - he made it."

"I mean is the woman yours?"

"Yes, the woman's mine."

"H'm - suits her. Has the same hair-do, too."

Which was hardly fair to the obliging Irene, I know. However, the costume suited her - if she ever became a bem, I'm sure it would look something like that. And if she/it could have been present at the fancy dress party the previous night there would have been no question of a split first prize, - of that I am sure.

Irrespective of the programme items themselves, the continuity of the Sunday programme (which Bobbie Gray had assumed control of) was a lot better managed than Saturday's hadn't been. However, this still didn't stop things overrunning, and it was at one point proposed to call off the OMPA meeting altogether on the grounds that by the time we got to it several OMPA members would have gone away for the night - including the Potters and Ashworths and John Roles. However, as it turned out that there were so many OMPA members who were NOT going away for the night, we agreed to assemble in Ethel's bedroom after the film show. Meanwhile it was eating again; and I sallied forth in a scratch group with Ron Bennett, Sid Birchby and Ted Sorsyth. Now it is more or less a tradition that every Con I go to, I have one meal in company with Ron Bennett, but this would be the second in one day, which was surely overdoing it. Not to mention Ted, with whom I had already had one outside meal and two breakfasts. However, just as I was prepared to follow the other three into the maw of the downstairs place over the road, there came a hail from behind me, and I turned to see Inchmery fandom beckoning me in the opposite direction. I called to the others, but Ron was too far gone and the other two not far behind him, so I reluctantly abandoned Sid to his fate and obeyed the Inchmery summons. The new destination was the coffee-bar place round the corner. Inchmery fans had been around most of the time since Friday, but not necessarily all at once, on account of the baby wanting looking after. Now however they were all four present - Joy, Ving, Sandy and little Nikki, and I was glad to have the chance of talking to them all again. (I say "all" - this Con was actually the first time I'd ever come face to face with Nikki. She didn't seem to be all that impressed, as it happens.)

Back in the hotel lobby afterwards, Brian Burgess was parading around in the bem costume. Brian is somewhat larger than Irene (his feet alone seem almost as big as she is), and the thing was bursting at the seams as a result. The rest of the evening was to be devoted to films, and the apparatus was all being set up in readiness. There were two separate shows - the professional film "The Day the Earth Stood Still", and an amateur fannish show, and I skipped them both. The big film actually has a sort of sentimental meaning for me, because it was at a private showing of it that I first come into physical contact with fandom. However, I hadn't cared for it was a film enough to wish to sit through it again on top of the day's assorted programme, and I decided to give all the films a miss and relax instead. This I did in the bar-lounge, in company with first of all Ivor Mayne, though Sid Birchby sat in for a few minutes and insisted on buying a round of drinks before he had to fly. Then Doc Weir came out to give his eyesight a rest

and one or two others I think dropped by too from time to time. Every so often there was a sudden influx from the Con hall as intervals in the filming came up, but there was an efficient barmaid on duty that evening - Italian I think she was, and very pleasant too, and she was quite capable of coping with the rushes as they occurred. I'm not sure how Audrey Eversfield got involved, but some time later when we went up to her room (which she was sharing with Ethel) we found Nikki Clarke lying dormant on one of the beds, staring at us with wide-open eyes in complete silence. We dumped what we'd come up to dump, and then began to wonder if we ought to leave Nikki alone. Audrey was mainly debating with herself on the matter. First of all she demurred, then she thought that a roomfull of conversing fans just along the corridor was keeping an ear open for the child, then she finally decided "Well, after all, it's not OUR baby", and back we went to the bar lounge. There I stopped until it was time to go back to the same bedroom for the OMPA meeting.

In spite of the absence of members who weren't staying at the hotel that night, the room was packed - there must have been about half the OMPA membership there, which is a pretty good proportion, and we had an interesting session. Eventually President Joy wound up the official proceedings of OMPA and we were told to go and fetch any bottles we had in order to convert the meeting into a room-party. I went to fetch my Drambuie, then realised that there was still something missing.

"Hold on", I said as I slipped through the door again. "I've forgotten my glass".

Mike Moorcock was in the corridor outside. Did I want a glass? He had one right there. He knocked on a door, and Sandra Hall let us in. Mike shoved two bar-glasses into my hands, I thanked him and prepared to depart.

While you're here, said Mike (or words to that effect) - and started talking. I answered. Two or three or five minutes later I picked up the glasses again and prepared to depart. Mike kept on talking, Sandra helping out occasionally. Eventually I gave in, produced the Drambuie, and we settled down for a session. An hour or two later, when THAT room-party broke up, I returned to Ethel's and Audrey's room to find that it was still fairly lively - but with hardly any of those originally present. That's fandom for you - never any shortage of sidetracks. Dave Kyle was there showing binocular slides of his home - "Viewmaster" or something, 3D style. Looking at these, I discovered that I have something unsuspected in common with Dave - we both live in caravans. I told him that Phil Rogers was another, Dave said he'd met him over the week-end but hadn't suspected it either.

Sooner or later, the night staff started tracking down noises of any sort - they were afraid that permanent residents might complain. Ethel, who had returned to her room, answered the telephone and told them no, there was nobody here. So we had to make an honest woman of her by disappearing in short order. This we did. Hotel staff seemed to be stationed at strategic points in all the corridors, pleading with us to go to bed. By sheer persistence they won. Once again I left them holding the field and went to bed. That left only the unwinding on Monday morning. The newly elected B.S.F.A. Committee had a hurried meeting in the bar-lounge, where among other things we agreed to let the Cheltenham circle

organise the 1961 Con in good old Kettering. We also agreed that it would be a good idea for as many fans as possible to met at Kettering this coming Whitsun in any case, to recover from the London Con.

Came mid-day, and the fans dwindled and dwindled and then it was my turn and I dwindled too. Dave Kyle was standing outside the hotel with a cine-camera, catching the fans as they left. I went to the station to dump my luggage, then went across town to my brother to dump some stuff I'd brought down for him. I hadn't told him I was coming, because I was by no means sure I'd have time to. Luckily he was in, but only just, being prepared to follow his wife and son round to her parents. Leaving him, I went over to Ella's where we continued the broken-off committee meeting, and I fanially caught the last train home. Had to walk four miles home at the other end, too.

That, then, was the 1960 British Science Fiction Association Convention. I still don't seem to have mentioned quite EVERYBODY there. There was Pamela Bulmer for instance - I've given space to her husband and their baby, but I forgot to mention that Pamela too was there. And Bill Gray, Bobbi's husband; and Norman Ashfield. Pro-author Wynne Whiteford and his wife showed up briefly, also a London fringe-type name og Wring, who apperently ALWAYS goes to London Cons. And one Danny Hamilton, who gave his name as Hamilton, was greeted by Ethel and people as "Danny", and wondered how I got his initial right in the cash book as "D". And I thought I saw Arthur Sellings there, and - completism, anyone?

Also, according to SKYRACK (which put out its Convention issue while I was still in the middle of writing this) I've missed out an important item from the programme - namely, Ted Carnell's talk on SF. Now I remember this item quite clearly p but as iy was during the early sessions when there was no microphone, and I was in "the office" at the back of the hall, I hardly heard a word, so it'd not really much wonder it slipped my memory.

As for the over-all verdict, inasmuch as I may be in a postion to give one - the fact that there was a Con at all is due to a vast amount of hard work (with nightmares) on the part of Bobbie Grey, Sandra Hall, and (especially, so I'm given to understand) Ella Parker. The programme items (which Sandra Hall assembles into what she thought was a coherent whole) strucks me as both varied and successful - and certainly SUSTAINING - though at first they seemed to lack a certain continuity. Socially, the Con was every bit a success - lacking only the nocturnal freedom characteristic of Kettering Cons. And financially -

Well, that's supposed to be my department. All I was willing to commit myself to at the Con was that it had shown a profit. As to how BIG a profit - well, now I've got this report out of the way, perhaps I can find time to work it out.

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THE ABOVE ACCOUNT presented to fandom by Archie
Mercer, Honorary Treasurer of the British Science
Fiction Association. E&OE.

COLLECTED QUOTES

from the LONDON convention 1960,

by ALAN RISPIN.

- I'm frightened of swallowing the rocketship. Ted Forsyth.
- He's been crying because he never slept all day. Don Ford.
- I publish CACTUS for my friends----and for you of course. S. Sedolin.
- There was Ken Potter and two of their wives. Jhim Linwood.
- Marty Wilde ?? Pregnant !!!!!?? Brian Jordan.
- Mad Dog! Jill Adams.
- "An adult novel for adult minds". Why are you reading it Linwood?
Jhim Linwood.
- Even your eardrums are perverted. Brian Jordan.
- I come 122 miles just for fish and chips! Peter Davies.
- That's a chapter in the Bible.
What is?
Genius. Jhim Linwood.
- I'm not drunk enough to smoke. Hugh Calkley.
- What colour of a yellow glove ? Ken Potter.
- I've a horrible weapon, but I'm not going to use it...Ken Cheslin.
- What do I want to wear wet cigarettes for ? Irene Potter.
- I thought he was a Southern Gentleman - You know, with mint dulep
coming out of his ears! Ella Parker.
- Your face is your fortune.... Beggar!! Ken Cheslin.
- Yes, it's supposed to come off. That's why it's welded on!!!
Doug Lacey.
- He got siezed up. Dick Ellingsworth.
- Peter West sent me a wall to bang my head against. Sandra Hall.
- I get some taste out off this-even if it is just salt and pepper.
Doug Lacey.

END.

ERIC BENTCLIFFE FOR T A F F !

HARRY WARNER JR:

NOT OUR TYPE

If any fans in Europe have been openly or secretly resentful of the fact that the balance of power in fandom seems to lie in the United States, their time may have come. It seems quite likely that American fandom will be almost completely dependent upon Europe within the next decade.

This doesn't have anything to do with the fact that Russia has rushed so far ahead in the race into space, causing the United States to act suspiciously like a second-rate power in world affairs. I'm not referring to the recent decline in the prozine field in the United States, which may soon mean that less science fiction in periodical form will be available in the country than in some parts of Europe. I'm referring to a matter which is more vital to fans than spaceships or prozines. Fandom couldn't get along without the typewriter, and hardly anyone in fandom seems to be aware of the fact that Europe is driving the United States out of the typewriter sales field.

We've seen lots of things in fanzines about the way the better-made, sensibly designed European automobiles have won increasing favor in the United States. I'd estimate that one out of every ten autos on the United States' highways today is foreign-made, if you count only the cars produced in the past three or four years. But even the few fans in the United States who own European-made typewriters seem unaware of the fact that Europe is winning the battle of the typewriter dollars in the United States.

If there weren't any mimeographs, fans would still publish fanzines on ditto machines. If there weren't any automobiles, they could still visit one another on the bus or train. A few of us would even survive and continue to be fans if radioactivity suddenly surprised everyone by stopping fermentation, depriving us of intoxicants. But there wouldn't be any fandom without the typewriter. No more letters, no more fanzines except for a few laboriously produced handpress publications, no more convention bulletins. In fact, there probably wouldn't be any more prozines. It takes about five times as long to write a story longhand as to type it, and most prozines don't pay high enough word rates to make longhand production profitable for authors. So the present condition of the typewriter market in the United States should be interesting to fandom.

The latest figures that I have found show that there were 36,300 typewriters imported into the United States in 1951, and in 1959, the imports totaled 454,000. On the other hand, the United States exported 224,200 typewriters in 1949, and exports in 1959 totaled 50,600. One man in the American typewriter industry, Emerson E. Mead, executive vice-president of Smith-Corona Marchant, has estimated that more than one-third of all typewriters sold in the United States are European-made.

What's causing this situation? I think the answer is related to the reasons why European automobiles and fanzines are so popular in the United States. From Europe, we get craftsmanship, instead of the mass production and size that you'll find in the United States machinery or fanzines. A trade association composed of the American firms that import typewriters from Europe took a poll of 870 dealers; this poll shows that 82 per cent of the dea-

lers consider important machines better than the typewriters made over here, 82 per cent also say that the European machines require repairs less often, and 78 per cent are selling more imported than domestic typewriters.

In fact, it's already becoming hard to say what is a domestic and what is an imported typewriter. Because the famous Olivetti people in Italy recently bought controlling interest in Underwood, the American firm that used to be a synonym for quality and is now a synonym for flamboyant junk. Underwood had lost \$ 19,000,000 in recent years because of the decline in its product, but the firm is due to finish in the black in 1960.

I'm not sure what effect all this will have on fandom, except for the probability that fewer fans will be forced into temporary fasia because of typewriter troubles. The most famous typewriter in fandom in the United States was undoubtedly the machine that Elmer Perdue used for a year or two when he was known as Ephless El. The "f" didn't work on this machine, and he was forced to substitute the "ph" or the "v" for it, depending on the sound of the word. However, I feel myself obligated to point out that a rumor has been gaining popularity in fandom in recent years, to the effect that someone reading through old Ephless El publications found an "f" in one word. If so, it was all a publicity stunt. Already, I might note that the trend in this country to imported typewriters has been responsible for Bill Rotsler's distinctive typed signature. His machine contains a special key that produces a linked W and R together, provided to order for him. If European typewriter manufacturers are willing to do this for fans as a regular service, just think of all the special characters that individual fans will be able to order, for distinctive parentheses or underlining or signature abbreviations.

There is only one slight difficulty in this happy situation. The American typewriter industry is not at all pleased to find its product losing favor. The United States Tariff Commission has been holding hearing this spring on an effort by the American manufacturers to get a tariff imposed on foreign-made typewriters. For some mysterious reason, all business machines imported into the United States except typewriters are subject to tariff. The Smith-Corona people and the Royal McBee Corp. have asked for a 30 per cent tariff. They think that this increase in the cost of imported typewriters would cause the public to purchase more American-made machines.

In the tariff should be enforced, fandom in the United States may at last have found its true place in the scheme of things: smuggling imported typewriters into this nation.

-- Harry Warner Jr.

After reading, typing and typoining Harry's article I feel I'd add a few lines about my own typer. It's a Swedish made HALDA P (P = portable) made by Åtvidabergs in Sweden. I think they export some typewriters. I got it (my typer) in August '57 when I'd been 3 months in fandom. It costed about \$ 120. Since '57 it has been twice to the dealer for correcting some minor faults. It is very much in need for a complete check now I think. - The best typer I've seen (not "seen" actually, but I've seen the letters it produced) it Walter Bræns. - My typer's got a key of which I'm very proud of. It has got a real "1", when other fen have to write a "l" instead of a "1" I can write a "1". Gee.

r-o-o-o-p-h-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-y-n-g-v-i-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-g-h-u-o-

EXAMINING THE BEST IN SF-SHORT-STORIES

by Paul Harold Rehorst

Prior to World War I, a period of seeming antiquity when viewed from this current vantage-point of rocket-launched space probes; a noted British writer, one E. M. Forster, published two volumes of superb fantasy-sf-short stories, entitled THE CELESTIAL OMNIBUS and THE ETERNAL MOMENT. Some three decades later, Alfred A. Knopf publishers, combined these two separate collections under one title, and in 1947 presented to the United States reader THE COLLECTED TALES OF E. M. FORSTER. From this truly outstanding collection I have selected one in particular to discourse upon in this column; a masterpiece quite apropos in this growing age of mechanical fascination and dependence, entitled THE MACHINE STOPS.

In this story we find civilization in a state of ultimate and absolute dependency on the "machine" for the continuance of life itself. Throughout the world men live their lives out in vast and complicated subterranean cities, where their every need is ministered to by some helpful adjunct of the "machine". People live alone in rooms constituting, to a near degree, their sole and self-compacted universe. Food is brought them at a push of a button, as it is likewise with reading material, medical attention, entertainment, and the like. One can communicate with any other segment of the world-wide underground cities by a push of the communication button. Owing to this sedentary form of existence, the human body has become soft and flabby, requiring only the strength needed to push a button. Babies born with an athletic like physique are immediately destroyed, in that they wouldn't be suited to a life of little movement. Accepted children are taken from the mother, placed in central nurseries, where they are cared for and educated during the maturation period, and then assigned to specific areas of the world to occupy rooms of the newly dead. Euthanasia is widely practiced by individuals experiencing pain.

The surface of the Earth is considered alien and lifeless. Centuries ago a huge war was fought between the advocates of the "machine" dominated state and those favoring individual initiative. Individuals showing the slightest signs of overt independence are sentenced to "homelessness" by the Central Committee governing the "machine-dominated" cities. It is believed that centuries of living under purified and controlled atmospheric conditions has made the individual so dependent on this artificial atmospheric environment, that sentencing of the individual to life on the Earth's surface minus protective gear, is a certain death warrant.

The story centers on the efforts of one young man who seeks release from the all-enveloping domination of the machine over man's dying self-will and stunted intellectual capacity. He is thwarted in his initial attempts at surface living, after which surface visitations are banned, and religious worship of the "machine" begins under official jurisdiction. It is at this time that flaws in the "machine's" operations are noted. Finally the "mending apparatus" ceases operation. Then the "machine" stops. Incredible chaos ensues. For the logical answer to extreme and complete dependence on things mechanical, read THE MACHINE STOPS. Read it, shiver a little, and then ponder seriously over the problem facing future generations; a problem we have only recently opened the door to.

FINIS.

37

N3F TRIED VERY HARD -- ISFS EVEN HARDER -- BUT CACTUS
GOT 1ST PUBLICATION RIGHTS ON

THAT LETTER FROM A RUSSIAN FANZINE-EDITOR

Dear SF-comrade,

GET THE THINGS RIGHT

It is disgracing to know that you American fans still believe that hogwash about Gernsback being the father of fandom. Everybody here in Clodowsk knows that this is just one more of the western capitalists' lies. Petruska, who once slaved aboard an US ship, tells me that you even stole the word "science fiction" from us.

At our last weekly meeting here in our club-hut on the Siberian thundra one of our members by some dirty tricks had got a copy from the other side. Our secret police found out and shot him between the eyes. Boy, what a funny sight he was afterwards, lying cold on the floor, staring at us with his three eyes... The last word he ever said showed how easily he had been taken in by the crude, low capitalistic propaganda of yours. Burbee, indeed..

It is even said that we Russians are fenced in. That is the greatest lie ever made by the West. We buildt the Iron Curtain to fence in the rest of the world.

Fans from the other side of the fence are portrayed with socalled "beanies", cheap, little hats (mainly because you cannot afford anything better, I assume.) We Russians have always used first class bearskin hats. The "beanie" has a little propellor on it, o u r hats are designed to have a jet-motor on it... Now you will understand that our technical progress is far ahead of America. (May my Comrades forgive me for writing a such unclean word.)

The real fandom, O U R fandom, has NO Bnf's. Of course, we think of Katja Bustowa as a great comrade, but we do not refer to her as anything but a comrade, in spite of the fact that she drinks more vodka than all of us and that she once raped 7 soldiers of the Red Army.

Americans brag about their fanzines. We invented them. Instead of writing obscure words and drawing naked women in a fanzine of limited circulation; we wrote such words (and much dirtier ones) and drew women (much rotsler ones) on the walls of the Cremlin where millions of fans could see our work (In fact, that was the reason why we were sent here to Siberia.)

I should like to tell you about how wonderful we Russian fans live here on the thundra, but now the slave-foreman is cracking his whip agan, and we must return to the uranium mine. Yoy see, we did not finish our part of the work today, because one of the girls in our team died of radiation, and we must finish her part in our sparetime. But we work with glee, for the Great Peace, when the whole world will be one fandom.

Till then, good bye.

Ivan Pigojewsky.

PITTY - THE POOR TIME TRAVELER

Let me introduce our intrepid time traveler. A really educated man of four or five hundred years ago. A real brain, he has even learned to read, and is assistant alchemist to the king. In performing one of his endless experiments to discover the philosopher's stone, he accidentally causes a time warp. With the true scientific spirit he naturally has to investigate, so he immediately steps boldly into the glowing area so beloved of sci-fi writers and finds himself deposited right square in the middle of yesterday.

But lets give the poor guy a break. We wont stick him in the middle of the rush hour traffic of New York City, but with three artistic license we will let him materialize in a home in the suburbs. We shall even go a bit further and allow the family to be on a vacation so the sudden appearance of this apparition will not cause any hysterical calls to come pick up a lunatic wearing a masquerade costume. Give the poor guy every chance, he is going to need it.

So there he stands, completely bewildered at the change of scene. Naturally he realizes he is in a mansion. The deep overstuffed furniture all the gleaming metal of those strange objects in the kitchen, and the rugs naturally must be at least the dwelling place of a prince.

Our protagonist is an educated man. Staring around he discovers the tv set. It must be important, the whole room is arranged so all can view it. Of course the glass screen puzzles him, all the materials are puzzling. But that wont stop any self respecting assistant alchemist, now will it? So he goes to this machine, even though the word machine would mean nothing to one whose exposure to machines has consisted entirely of human or animal power. He finds the dials. They are plainly labeled. After pushing and pulling he finds that they turn. Of course a rheostat switch means nothing to him. But they turn as even a child can discover. So he turns them. Vertical hold means nothing, and does nothing. Same for horizontal hold, and even with the channel selector still nothing happens. But give him credit, when he finds one labeled simply On and Off he turns it on, and is immediately rewarded by a hum from inside this mysterious object. Then, from this thing there comes sound and voices. Now he knows, it is some kind of communication apparatus. Even though his fooling around with the knobs has made a nightmarish picture to appear he is persistent. He keeps playing around with them, and suddenly there is the picture. A western, naturally. But something seems wrong. Try as he will, they simply wont answer him. What devils work is this.

Perhaps he really is a brain, and resists the undeniable temptation to the switch. Still nothing. Must be more to it than that. Ignoring the gear shift; in reverse of course, he plays with various other objects. His hand strikes the cigarette lighter. It locks in, then shortly a little sound, and he grasps it, and pulls it out. Its red, so to find out what he has done he touches it. With a roar of anguish at the nasty burn he leaps upward in his seat, and his elbow hits the horn. This brings

forth a bleat as though something was injured. He grabs the key that had caused all this trouble. But accidentally turns it to the right before removing it. The inferna machine as though protesting leaps backward as the starter takes hold. Oh, it doesn't go far, there is the garage door behind him. The car and the door come together with the majesty of gravity. Crash. This is just too much, now he knows he is in the home of a magician, one of the most mighty of sorcerers. And that is just too much. So when the familiar glowing circle appears before him, is there any question about what he immediately does. Silly question is it not? He leaves, and his haste to clamber through the time warp no doubt sets a new olympic record for the broad jump.

Next issue of this zine, shall we explore what would happen to you if you suddenly are confronted by a time warp to the future. It surely wont be this bad, you know all about machines don't you, and are even a stf fan so nothing is going to puzzle such a person now is it.

Wait and see.

-- Clayton Hamlin.

-o-g-h-u-o-o-o-o-

BOOK REVIEW

by, H. G. WELLS.

"THE TIDE WENT OUT" by Charles Eric Maine, 156 pages, 35¢, Ballantine Books.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-

This is a typical Ballantine Novel. In a typical Ballantine novel, Mankind is always faced with some problem which threatens to wipe it off the face of the earth or in some way makes man fight for survival. This time it is lack of water. The earth splits a little and all the water goes down the drain. (Ballantine has another novel where there is too much water, but that a different story. Same plot, different story.) Anyway, none of the characters in this here, have any morals. Being without morals at all, they are supposed to be realistic, I guess. The story is somewhat realistic and a few of the bit players have some morals, but that is beside the point.

I guess the point of the story is to show how mankind gradually goes back to savagery when survival is threatened. It is well worth reading just to find out or at least look for who is the GOOD GUY; I haven't found him yet. I recommend this book for an enjoyable reading, somewhat thought provoking. It won't be a real highlight in your SF library but it may be something about which you may think.

-- H(orange) G(eorge) Wells.

-o-o-o-v-o-t-e-b-e-n-t-c-l-i-f-f-e--o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

-----g-h-u-----
Sture: your English is absolutely charming! Dorothy Hartwell.

A femfan in a letter to the Editor himself: All romantic like. You ought to have a girl, preferably a fan, of course, to help to take your mind off things that are bothering you. She could even turn the duplicator for you.....



ERIC BENTCLIFFE - 47 Alldis St., Great Moor,
Stockport, Ches., ENGLAND.

Dear Sture,

My thanks for the copy of CACTUS No. 4, an interesting fmz you have there. - I'm somewhat intrigued as to the method of repro that you've used on the cover, it appears to be something of a cross between Hecto and Mimeo and enlightenment is invited. It's a good process, and I like the effect given by the pale colours. Good drawing too....I'd like to meet the subject if it wasn't for the fact that I'd then be rather on the horns of a dilemma!

Alan Dodd on his meeting with Jean Linard was most interesting and I wish I'd had the opportunity to meet Jean whilst he was over here - the year before last, when I stayed with Pierre Versins for a couple of weeks, plans were afoot to visit Jean but largely due to Vesoul being such an awkward place to get to from almost anywhere, I never made it. To my regret. One of these days I hope to visit Sweden, too. Have hopes, will travel!

Be looking forward to seeing CACTUS again.

DOROTHY HARTWELL - 124 Stanley Rd., Horn-
church, Essex, ENGLAND.

Dear Sture,

Liked your cover, beautiful artwork. What's the rope around her neck for? The Deckinger article left me cold, no point to it. I speak with professional knowledge, because exactly one year ago I took a journalism course, and I still have the books, so I say, no point to it. Well written tho.

I like the way you set out the letters in Foreign Department. Looks very effective, and you evidently chose the most interesting letters! Good.

Alan Dodd's bit was interesting, some of the similes used were new to me (and Ghod knows I use a hell of a lot when scribbling stories). I like your yellow paper, with red print, but in your editorial you say no red spots. I found some. But then I make a point of proving people wrong. Must you still split words? Reading the Deckinger article, page 5, lines 1 and 2 the word group reads like gro

up, very annoying, (((I'm ver-
y sorry for d-
at, Dot))) but the rest of the zine is so good, I'll forgive you for that.

++++
Alan Burns to ye ed: YOU RASCAL YOU.
++++

RAY NELSON

- 212 Columbia Ave., Berkeley 8,
California - USA.

Dear Sture,

Smarty pants Clayton Hamlin, in a vain effort to prove that he "knows it all", has opened his mouth real wide and put in both feet this time, I see.

First, his "debunking" of "a straight line is the shortest distance between two points"... The "great circle" route is, as a matter of fact, the closest one can come to a straight line on the curved surface of the earth. A straight line really is the shortest distance between two points on Earth, only you'd have to dig one whopper of a subway to get from, say, New York to Paris...in a straight line.

His Darwin comments are equally quaint. True Darwin did not say "man was descended from an ape-like creature" in "Origin of the Species". No indeed. He said it in "The Descent of Man".

The Bee story, originated, I think, in the Glen Martin Company's engineering dept. as a joke. Anyway, it was so reported in an ancient (around 1950) issue of "Flying" in a little blurb, by, I think, Wolfgang Langaweshe and later used in advertising. The "stinger" of the joke is that calculations were made on the basis of wing-loading with a non-flapping set of wings, but the Bee's wings flap.

And what about his comments on the temperature of space? "How little they know", sez Hamlin. It just so happens that in the near-vacume of space, one can say with equal truth that it is at near zero temperature and at 8,000 degrees. It depends on how you define "temperature". If you are measuring temperature in terms of the velocity of the molecules in the medium, 8,000 degrees isn't an unbelievable estimate. If you are measuring the quantity of energy in a given cubic area of space, absolute zero is a lot closer. The point is that while the molecules are going like a bat out of hell, there aren't very many of them in one place.

The alcohol remark is a remarkable example of bad semantics. Hamlin seems to be under the impression that there is only kind of alcohol in the universe. Alcohol is alcohol is alcohol, he thinks. Actually, the term "alcohol" covers a whole family of chemicals, some of which are more poisonous than others. I wouldn't care to say whether these different alcohols have a stronger effect mixed than they do straight, but we can be fairly sure at least that the effects will not be the same. It probably depends on the alcohols involved.

I frankly doubt if a contempt for theory is going to help us get to Aldebaran. While it is true, in a way, that theories are made to be disproven, it is also true that it is impossible to handle any large quantity of data without a theoretical framework hold it together.

Bad as this article was, the rest of the zine was good enough to make up for it.

ARCHIE MERCER

- 434/4 Newark Rd., North
Hykeham, Lincoln, ENGLAND.

Dear Sture,

CACTUS 2 received with thanks. I rather like the cover, the front cover that is, the back cover seems a little too highly-coloured to be true - it'd look rather better in black and white. Or even with that horrible clashing umbrella removed would improve it.

Actually, I think I detect what the main trouble is - no shadow. Surely there should be a shadow on the underside of the umbrella at least, wherever the sun happens to be at the time?

Page 5 in my copy is complete blank (((Sorry, you'll get another copy sometimes.))) but on looking at the contents page (so you see how useful a contents page can be at times) it appears to be Alan Burns accusing me of having a tuneful voice and a dextrous trick with the concertina. Many things have been said about my voice in the past, but this is the first time I ever remember having it described as "tuneful". (Except that of course Alan, coming from where he does, speaks with an accent that sounds more Scandinavian to an "ordinary" Englishman than Scandinavian itself does - therefore, to Alan, maybe any non-Tyneside English accent is tuneful). And as for the concertina - I did TRY, but to date the only really dextrous trick I've ever acquired on same is to leave it severely alone.

"Mirrorman" is a typical Jeeves parody, such as seems to turn up in every fanzine sooner or later. My main objection to them is that Terry usually seems to pick on stuff I've never read - as he does here.

Clayton Hamlin's article, though he has the right fundamental idea, trades on a good many unfortunate misconceptions that tend to spoil the general effect. For instance, the shortest distance between any two points in the space-time continuum IS a straight line. The shortest distance between any two points on the surface on the earth is a straight line THROUGH THE EARTH. Unfortunately, ships and planes and things are not designed to go through the earth - therefore they have to use the next best thing, and stick to the surface - or above it. Then the question of mixing drinks - even if he's right, and there ARE no other factors complicating the degree of drunkenness apart from the alcohol itself - it stands to reason that a beer-drinker who starts having whiskies in between his beers will get drunker than if he stuck to beer only.

Terry Jeeves (a schoolmaster by profession) takes you up on your English-spelling errors. As you manage to make more of the same sort of errors in Terry's own letter, the result is somewhat hilarious. Such as this "Where does the fault lie". Miriam's letter is even more typonious (to coin a word) - Deos, certianly, bi-languag, tounge and check, freatest trow away - and one really magnificent one, "I'm not happy unless I'm inloved in severa,". (((After all, Miri's letter was handwritten and I've always had trouble in reading handwritings (including my own), but -- anyway, I'm deeply sorry.)))

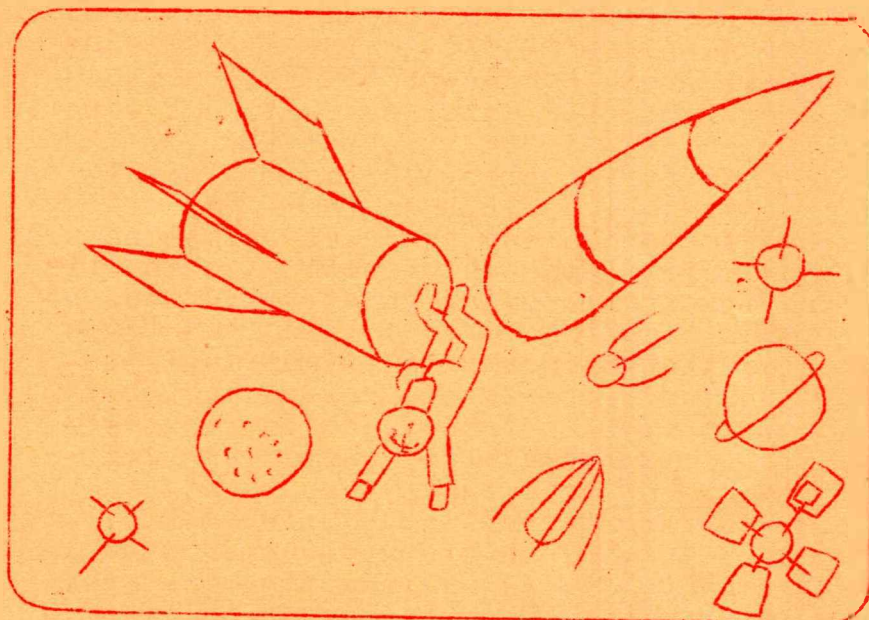
On the whole, I prefer this to the previous issue - mainly because of the absence of corny stories. If this issue has a fault, it is that besides the lettercol and the reviews, there isn't room for much else. However, if the only "much else" available to you was similar corny stories, you're doing better as you are. Keep it up. (((I think that the lettercol and the fanzine reviews are the most important things in any fanzine.)))

SETH A. JOHNSON

- 339 Stiles St., Vaux
Hall, New Jersey, USA.

Dear Sture

BJO FOR TAFF. Dear Sture how could you contemplate any other candidate for TAFF? Does Carr have lovely laughing eyes that make your hearth-beat roar and send rich hot blood coursing through your veins? (((Well, MIRI Carr...))) Does Carr have a figure that makes men turn around for second look and whistle in glee at the very sight? (((Well, MIRI Carr... huh, are you perhaps speaking



of GEM Carr????)) Does Carr have lovely long hair that just shines in its own glory? ((Well, MIRI Carr...)) Does Carr have a sparkling scintilating personality that ensnares the hearst of all around her? ((Well, GEM Carr...)) Carr is a fine fan, but could he possibly leave the fond memories in England that Bjo would leave? Belive me if Bjo wins the event will never be forgotten in England. SO BJO FOR TAFF to the ever lasting glory of USA fandom.

((Well, Bjo didn't win TAFF, but I'm still thinking of a pissible bring Terry Carr to England and Sweden fund so why couldn't some of you Bjo-fen start sometjing similar and bring over the gal...))

This is my letter in responce to CACTUS incidentally. That cover really was super incidentally. Too bad you couldn't get a better more life like picture of Bjo. It utterly fails to even give a particle of her charms. ((HmMMM...))

Incidentally the typography was pretty near perfect this round. Every page was clearly legible and usually of high interest to boot.

ALAN BURNS - Goldspink House, Goldspink Lane,
Newcastle-upon-Tyne 2, ENGLAND.

Dear Sture,

Thanx a lot for CACTUS. So you're going monthly now, well I think you're foolish but the bhest of luck to you in your efforts. Te begin with, John Berry's article was gopd. The main thing I recall of the Clarke's was once at Kettering when they brewed a fiendish punch and I got disgustingly drunk on it and hand to be put to bed by Ken Slater.

Ray Nelson's Beanie Brigade was undoubtedly the best thing in the ish, even my father who is a square from cubesville antifan raised a cackle at them.

Skipping fanzine review and lettercol brings me to Terry Carr's Jazz Night, which reminds me of the time that I dropped in on one of our local jazz clubs and found that the only fascinating thing was the way that the trumpet player's little beard waggled every time he blew.

This seems a very short review. You must have been hitting your typer very hard to chop those centres out of the O's. On my my stencils I put a piece of thin polythene between the key and the stencil, this keeps they keys clean and prevents O centres from dropping out. The red on white I don't like at all. It isn't easy to read (no crit of the duping of course) and you should go back to black ink. ((Never used black ink. CACTUS 1 - grey ink, CACTUS 2 - blueink, CACTUS 3 & 4 - red ink.)) The cartoons were excellent and the whole ish was businesslike but very short. I'd suggest that you go back to your original schedule ((about treice a year)) and make the ish thicker.

I'M having my summer holidays in Sweden, will probably be there about the same time as Alan Dodd.

RICK SNEARY

- 2962 Santa Ana St.,
South Gate, California - USA.

Dear Sture,

It says in CACTUS # 4 that you expected to get # 5 out about the 1st of April, (((Well, I couldn't make it due to my trip to England))), but that is the way things have been going...

I've got one complaint about CACTUS, it is just a little too English. Not that I have anything against the British, I mean the language and the fans. Your zine reads like a new and slightly above average product of Eastern America or provincial Brition. Now this may please you, but it doesn't me. I already got too many good fanzines from Eastern America and provincial Brition. What's the good of a fanzine from Sweden, if it doesn't say anything about Sweden? - Yours is the first I've read since Lars Helander left for school in this country. (Does any one ever hear from him?) You repeat the story that fandom in Sweden is a big thing, but none of us dolts in this country, that read only one language, can find out anything about it unless fans like you tell us... I've heard you had feuds, and don't blame you for not publicizing them... But I would be interested in accounts of your local activities -- on the order of Deckiner's visit to ESFA. Something so that we can get to know the names of the people that make up your fandom... Please understand though, I am not trying to tell you what to publish..just what I would like to see.

Mike's account of the meeting was interesting in a morbid sort of way. It sounded pretty gastly, and not a little familiar. The LASFS club rooms in the past have never been quite that bad, but have been rather dismel. The last one that we held of our own was a sort of large storage room (20x40) in a rundown 2nd class hotel. It was more respectable than a back-bar, but hardly more inviting. For the last two years we have been meeting in a private home, which isn't much better looking, but has less restrictions... It is too bad that fan clubs as a rule, can never afford decent rooms to meet in. Most clubs find it hard to impress guest with the dumps they have to meet in, and as a result, they don't hold as many members as they might. - Of course, also as fans are so different, no matter how a club it run, there are some of the local group who are not interested. I don't mean there is a fight -- that is something else -- just that there are fans who want to visit with friends, fans who want a program, of reviews and discussion, and fans that just wnt to talk, play cards and drink.. And getting a meeting that pleases them all is pretty hard.

I was amused to see the letter from Åke Hansson.. Amused that is to see one Swedish fan writing another Swedish fan, in English. Gad, and so perfectly too.. Better than I do.

By the way, listening to R&R is done, but I don't think many fans admit to it. I think I enjoy it live, but I have to have four beers first, so I don't know. When sober I can't stand it. Classical and a little opera are my usual close. I might like a little real folk music, and real Dixieland (((Yeah! When I was in London I bought a 78 with Original Dixie Jazz Band, recorded NYC 1917! Wow!))) but I can't get it pure enough except on records, and I can't see spending my small budget for them, when there are vlassical records I still want.

I don't know what to make of Dodd's column.. It rings true, but somehow I fins it rather hard to belive.. I've heard so little of Jean in the last couple years that I can't say anything with any asurance, but it does seem strange that Dodd was the only one that Jean contacted. Maybe the visit is mentioned elsewhere, but this

was the first mention I'd heard of it.. Also my concept of what was wrong with Jean doesn't fit with picture of him walking around London. -- Well, I wish there was a fanzine that would publish a regular report on Jean and Annie.. They are so unique in fandom, in that so many fans love them, and worry about them. Yet Don't want to bother them now, when they haven't the time, by writing to ask how they are. Anyway, it sounds as if he was a little better, which is very good news..

Just for the record, I've voted Ashworth for TAFF, but Bentcli-

BENTCLIFFE for TAFF +++ VOTE BENTCLIFFE

ffe is a good man too. Though I doubt I'll make the Pittcon, I think either would be good representatives.. --- And while we are at it, I'll step onto my soap-box, and say that I am not in favor of a Fund Drive system replacing TAFF. The two Funds we have worked fine, and TAFF has not -- but I don't think it is the system. Willis and Berry were especially well liked, and there are few who could match their popularity. ((I like the Funds when they are supporting a fan I like -- and besides that I'm perfectly happy with TAFF.)) The long campaign drives for TAFF in the past have caused bad will as opposing supporters fought it out, while the candidates tried to put on a show of great fanac (rather than being elected by his record.) (((Yeah, I know it myself -- Had a letter from Bjo offering me illos for my fanzine, and she causally told me about Taff too in that letter. Well, I send a reply thanking her for the offer and said that I supported Carr for Taff. Never heard from Bjo after that. Pliz, Bjo, write again.))) If this is changed, and each person given only one vote, I think it (TAFF) will be better. But the main weakness with the Fund idea is, that there is no control as to who a fund is started for. There could be three or four at a time, dooming all of them, and causing even bitterer feelings. - Sorry to spout off, but not knowing you I have to think of things to say.. And why say your repro is perfect, you know that... You have a good cover, but you can see that. So?

Gerber's fanzine-reviews were better than I expected. It seems his stuff is getting better, which is something that could be expected as well as hoped for.. Les started as the arch-type neo-fan, with more enthusiasm than talent. But he has stuck with it, and his material is starting to show more polish.. Most fans go through the same phase, so that no matter how much the old guard may laugh a neo-fan from time to time, most of them know they started the same way. One can almost envy them the fun of doing it all for the first time. - Les is just opinionated enough in these reviews to make them interesting. I hope he will devote more (((More??))) space to each zine in the future, and talk about them only if they are exceptional good or bad. More criticism (in the "critique" sense) and less review... - And before I run out of space, how about more editorial comments? (((Groan..))) You, are the one thing other zines haven't got. Here you can say what you want. So, I wish you would. I like to know about fans, and what they think.. Not just that they can edit a good fanzine. Lots of good fanzines, but there is only one Sture Sedolin....

Ha! Now I'm writing Sedolin-type English! // By the way, that you might like to know that you have been promoted. //How will you be able to see Uncle Alan Dodd if he doesn't exist? // Di I belive in Dodd? I think I do..at least I've heard what purports to be Dodd on tape, and it's certainly like no other voice possessed of ~~that~~ fan. // Sympathy about your forthcoming Army career. // Your English isn't too bad except the way you spell please and indeed. // Mike Deckinger, Dorothy Hartwell (2), Eric Bentcliffe, H. G. Wells, & Ken Cheslin.

YNGVI IS A RASCAL!

BOB LICHTMAN

6130 South Croft Avenue,
Los Angeles 56 - USA.



Dear Sture:

That's a fine cover and a finer advert for a would-be fandom circular -- such as the type the N3F used to put out. Can you imagine this cover on an N3F Welcom Booklet. (((NO!))) I can, vaguely, and it makes me chuckle lecherously. ## In my mind I eliminate one of these fine femmes from the ranks of Those Fems Which Lichtman Bugs His Eyes At (but I'll be darned if I'll say which one), and I can't make up my mind between the remaining two. Sture, you really are a sadist, printing a cover like this one... But what the heck, let's have more of this sort of thing!

Blue mineo ink doesn't make too much difference on this golden paper, but it looks most nice on that white sheet at the end of the zine. Why you changed is beyond me, (((wanted to be DIFFERENT!))) so mundane, so.. why, every other zine I get is mineoed in blue. Fez ## 12 showed up the same day as this issue of Cactus, and---yes---it's mineoed in blue -- Inchmery blue here, the kind that comes off on your hands, but still blue.

The artwork is fine this issue, especially the Nelson and the Stenfors. All these Nelson cartoons, plus the Beanie Brigade section, leaves me a bit weak from chuckling. Ray's artwork, at first look, seems disjointed and awkward, but a closer examination reveals a fine style, which puts across the subtle points of his artwork (no, not that kind of subtle points!) quite effectively and with a minimum of line-work.

You'll doubtless have noted in Fanac and Shaggy that I am doing fanzine reviews for the latter publication. This is true. When I accepted the post I thought that you had fafiated. However, now that you are back from the grave, I see no reason why I can't do both columns.

Burn's article may seem somewhat pedantic and dragging (it did to me at first anyway), but it's really quite interesting. I don't know British fen other than from correspondence, so talk of their appearance, personality-in-person, etc. is much appreciated.

Terry Jeeves writes a competent take-off on the Lensman nonsense, but I don't particularly care for this sort of thing. There's been so many parodies already on this same subject. One more or less doesn't make much difference, but I think this is about the third one I've eyetracked in the last two-three months.

In the interests of esthetics, and because those ## things bug me in the midst of text, I'll hereafter use the Nr. abbreviation, which should be easier on both of us. Good enough? ## I was shocked into thinking that you had forgotten to head my column, until I noticed the heading below. But you had me shock up for a few minutes. ## These aren't as dated as I'd thought they'd be by now, and--great surprise!--you didn't typo them much. There was, however, one particularly croggling typo: a "meddling-average" issue of Yandro. Hoog!

Hamlin has an interesting article here, though it might've been better suited from a juvenile-slanted popular magazine. Most fans, I imagine, already know about these little scientific quirks. Competent writing, however.

No, I wouldn't say that reviews are just for people who haven't s

een a given film or read a certain book, Sture. If you go to see some movie and you like it, you're perhaps curious to see what someone else thinks of it. So you read reviews. If the reviewer agrees with you, he is then a good reviewer, if he doesn't agree with you, he's a bastard. Right?

Are you serious: did the Swedish postoffice really censor the covers on the issues you mailed out unprotected by womb-like envelopes?? (((Not really, they placed a "Stockholm Ban" postmark on the cover -but all copies of CACTUS # 1 weren't mailed with out envelopes. Just a few. From now I'm mailing ALL copies in envelopes.))) Cor, now I've really seen the ultimate in prudery. Sure, that girl was n-i-c-e, but objectionable?...naw! ## On this subject, tangentially, Cactus reaches me in fine condition when you mail it in those white envelopes. I'll bet it's interesting to the postmen, too -- you can see through the paper on the envelopes to the covers of the zine.

But multilith isn't American photo-offset, as your interlineation implies. Multilith is a direct-plate process, with all artwork etc. b-

=====

- Multilith wasn't American photo-offset -.

=====

ing put on by hand, (or machine in case of photos etc.), while photo-offset is an indirect process. Multilith is also much cheaper than photo-offset. (((All photopages in CACTUS are photo-offset.)))

That's a very impressive bacover Stenfors has perpetrated. But: how in the world did you reproduce all those beautiful pastel colours?? The borders look mimeoed, but the solid pastels aren't hektoed (though otherwise this resembles the hekto-mimeo process used on Spacewarps of yore). I'll be looking forward to a full explanation in the next issue. Meanwhile, I'll end this letter and enjoy the scenery on the bacover.

Cheers,

Bob

(((Re the bacover: it was first run in ditto, and then on mimeo, simple isn't it?)))

MIKE DECKINGER - 85 Locust Ave, Millburn, New Jersey, USA.

Dear Sture,

I received the second issue of the thorny zine, CACTUS, for which I thank you very kindly. That cover was certainly the prettiest I've seen, but I'd like to know where you got that sexy picture of Bjo. I've never seen her in person, but I saw her in the LASFS film, THE GENI (((I didn't))), recently, and it seems to me she looked a lot different-and-besides, she wore a much better costume. Would be better if you could have film clips from that. As for the other pictures, well I guess Terry Carr and Ted White knew what they were doing.

I like your idea of using the thick white paper for the front and bacover, and using yellow paper for the interior. I hope you'll continue it. And that bacover was outstanding too. I take it that Bo meant the girl to be Brigitte, right? But what is that she is cuddling, a cactus with eye????? And don't those thorn bother her, uhh, bare skin?

I know they'd bother me.

By the way Sture, whom are you supporting

GHODS of FANDOM!



G. GEORGE YOUNG

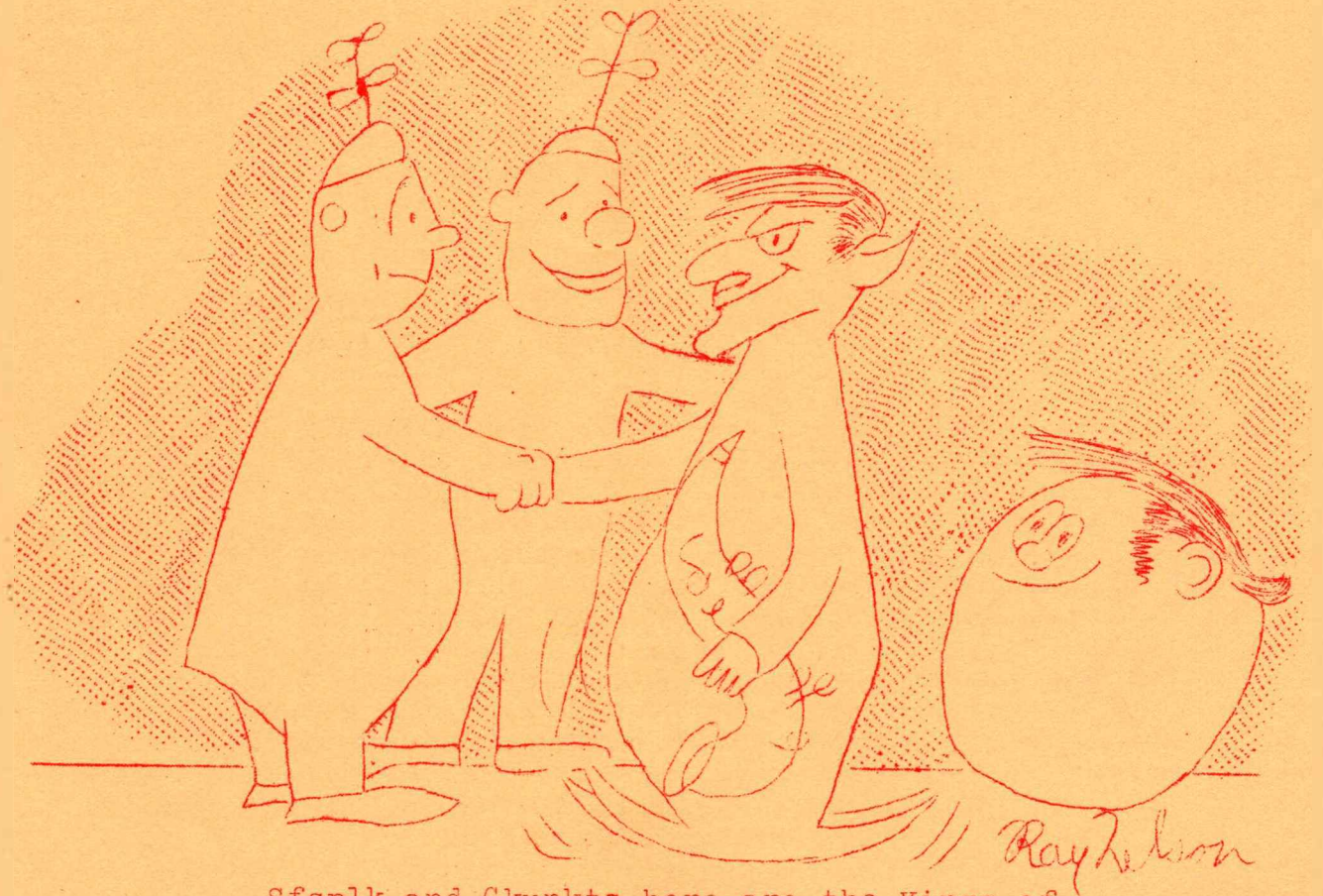
Photo taken by Ray Nelson.

for TAFF. I really don't have the slightest idea who you are for, but judging from the picture on the cover, I guess you must be for Bjo. So am I, for that matter.

Ray Nelson's cartoon did much to add humor to the issue, I hope there will be many more by him. Especially liked the one on page 9. Lichtman's fanzine reviews weren't bad, but was it necessary to give himself such a build-up. However, I put no trust in his rating system, and find I differ greatly with many of the things he says. Giving only a "6" to AMRA and a "10" to Apporheta and Retrograde. I think a zine should be worth the rating it receives, not just deserving of it.

Doesn't Nelson know that the Russians invented Roscoe? That's correct, in Moskow he was Conrade Rhoshcoe, and used to test several foods that the Russians had invented. He was well known there, but luckily managed to escape to the US, where he changed his name and took up pipe smoking to hide his true identity. The Gremlin sent several BVD men after him, but as yet Roscoe has not been apprehended.

Hmm, almost forgot Jeeves "Reflections of a Mirrorman". Well since it was obviously a satire on Smith's Lensman stories, why did he have to write it in such a serious vein? You know, when you see a story written that way, you expect it to be serious, and I was rooting all along for Kinnidorter. And that was some Stenfors' illo on the bottom.



Sfsplk and Gkunkts here are the Kings of Interplanetary Rock and Roll.....

VOTE BENTCLIFFE

PETER SINGLETON - 10. Emily St., Burnley,
Lancashire - ENGLAND.

Dear Sture,

On the 12th day of February, I examined a rather doubtful looking package among that particular day's post which happily turned out to be, on closer inspection - CACTUS 3! First thing I noticed about it was (not suprisingly) the cover, which I found was to my liking, like. Ren ink too - my favorite colour! A quick glance through the zine informed me that your headings are suitably varied and well planned and general layout above reproach. I've tried very hard, but I'm afraid I can't find a thing to argue about on that score, so that means you'll have to put up with loads of egoboo which just serves you right for putting out such a good fanzine.

BENT-
CLIFFE
FOR

Tell Ray Nelson to keep sending you 'Beanie Brigade' cartoons for future issues of CACTUS. Force him if necessary at gun-point, or failing that, threaten to send along a lynching mob if he refuses. He must keep you well supplied at all costs!

That pic on page 15 was excellently stencilled (((thanx to art ed Roar Ringdahl))) - the hairy monster on the left looks real cute - who was the model?(((Well, Rory?!)))

J A F F

Yes, I must admit, I thoroughly enjoyed CACTUS, so that means I'll be looking foreward to the next issue.

TORBJÖRN MARTINSEN

- Fannerstrandsveien
40, Molde, NORWAY.

Dear Sture,

Thanks for CACTUS 3. Enjoyed Ray Nelson's Beanie Brigade, it had some good points. The fanzine review was interesting, although most of the zines are unknown to me. I also liked John Berry's English BNF's I have known and Terry Carr's Jazz Night. The printing was very good, the illos too, especially Oscar's girl. Like the BEM I wouldn't have the heart to kill her. Hope you'll be able to keep the monthly schedule.

Thanks for CACTUS 4. The cover was fine. I liked that girl - except those horn on her head and shoulder. - Fun at an ESFA meeting - seemed like they have some fun there. Especially Bjo dancing
++++
- Where did you find that sexy pic of Bjo? - One of our readers comment on our cover on CACTUS 2.

++++
scene in the film "The Genie" - I would like to see that. (((Me too!!)))

Seeing SUPER-FANTASI #1 mentioned in the lettercol, reminds me that you once told me that you were going to reprint it. What about that? I hope you are going to. (((Well, I've been thinking of it - and will at least reprint that English material in a future ish of CACTUS.)))

Dodderings - heh, Alan is an expert speaking a lot of little and making it all interesting - more of him. - Thron of the dilemma was interesting, although most of the fanzines reviewed are unknown to me. (((If you start writing for samples of some US-UK

fanzines they wouldn't be unknown to you any more.)))

GEORGE SCITHERS - Box 52, Eatontown,
New Jersey - USA.

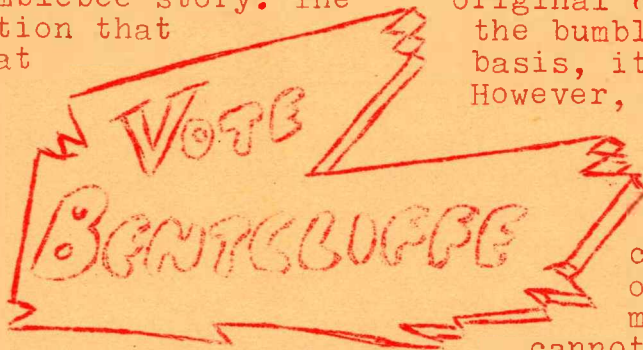
Dear Sture:

CACTUS # 2 received and herewith (tardily) commented upon. Artwork is lovely -- the cover gals are lovable. Reflections of a mirrorman was properly amusing.

However, I think "Everybody knows that" should be discussed at some length. The Columbus matter, for example. While quite a few school children have been taught (and some have promptly forgotten) just where Columbus did land on his divers voyages, the real msteaching concerns Columbus' discovery that the world is round. The usual picture is that of poor old Columbus explained to the court of Spain that the world is round, whilst the wise men in the background whisper to each other that it is flat. Nothing of the kind. Away back in Classical Greece, the fact that the world is round was known; in Columbus' time, educated people generally knew it. What's more, it was generally thought that the world was about 20,000 miles around. Columbus claimed it was a mere 8,000 or so, and in this he was completely wrong. If he hadn't been so obstinate on this point, he would have realized that the land to the west, of whose existence he probably learned when he was in Ireland, could not possible be China.

The axiom about straight lines is an exiom of plane geometry, not spherical. There are no straight lines on a sphere, and the least curved lines -- or 'straightest' -- on a sphere are the great circles.

I don't think Clayton Hamlin must have been doing much track- ing down of the bumblebee story. The original calculation was made on the assumption that the bumblebee flies like an airplane; on that basis, it hasn't enough wing area to fly. However, as is obvious, the bee flaps its wings -- and calculations based on plapping wings do agree with reality. It is a bit like the un- fortunate Dr New- comb, who proved (assuming the use of low pressure steam engines as motive power) that an airplane cannot fly. People who didn't know about the poor doctor's parenthetical qualifica- tion have been laughing at him ever since, though his calculations are perfectly correct; nobody, to this day, has built a sucessful steam powered airplane.



Tempreture can only be defined for matter, however tenuous, since tempreture is determined by the energy content of whatever atoms and/or molecules are present. No atoms, no tempreture -- which isn't the same thing as zero tempreture.

All in all, Hamlin's article is a poor one; he doesn't tell what he knows; instead, he tells how much he knows -- which is merely boasting.

I would much rater see uneven right margins than see your atrocious habit of breaking words in the middle of syllables.

ALAN DODD, ESQ. - 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon,
Herts., ENGLAND.

Hullo You Old Rascal,

I saw many CACTUS (or CACTI) when I was in Spain last summer, large prickly things that grow where nothing else will go. Big

fleshy pads with spikes on them, tall as houses some bushes - but I don't think I ever saw a CACTUS quite like the one you and Rory have! Your first issue created such a good impression with people that H. G. Wells mentioned using his last air letter on a letter of comment on ti to you.

The cover by Bo Stenfors is one of the best I've ever seen - the girl smiling and so human and the detail in that bathing suit
+++++

- I DO exist you old villian! - Alan Dodd.

+++++ is so fine but what is she doing exactly? It looks like she has picked up a spiky Alien creature who is terrified at the prospect of being put down on a cactus. Is there a significance in this that escapes me? It's a marvellous creation that Alien - three eyes, two arms and two spiked tails but why would any girl want to pick it up. The girl by the way looks rather like Virginia Mayo don't you think??

You spelt my article wrongly again of course, but then you always do - tell me, in future contributions would you like me to put the spelling typos in or will you do it in the future? That's the trouble with using those foreign typewriters if you are going to produce a Swedish fanzine in English you'll just have to get a typer that is familiar with our language I mean - "colloquadisms" and "Cadillac" spelt with two "dd"s and one "l" instead of the other way round. Tchah on you Sedolin! And "refrigerator" surely I didn't stick a "d" in every time? Still Oscar Lövheim did such a nice heading to my article that I forgive you anything in the way of mistakes. I'm glad to see you are giving a number of unknown artists the chance to work for your fanzine and new Swedish artists too- Brian Caden, Philip Poland, Rolf Strindberg etc must come from all over the world but they fit into CACTUS just fine.

So that's the kind of photo page you wanted a photo of me for? Well, it's certainly set out very well but I hope my photo comes out a little bit better. (((HUH??))) And there's a photo of you eh? I must say that's a bit of a notheaten haircut you've got there Sedolin - what happened. Barbers go on strike or something?? Roar looks so intellectual in his photo too - until you look down the bottom of it and see that he's wearing one of those comic ties!! Really funny combination that.

+++++

Alan Dodd DOES exist. -- Archie Mercer.

+++++

LOUIS DEMOULIN

- 41 rue de Brûlé, Jemeppe-sur-Sambre - BELGIQUE.

Dear Sture,

Thank you very much for your science-fiction magazine. I wanted write here what I think of CACTUS (which is very amusing), and I had read it. I had never read books or articles of science-fiction, but you speak to me about it, with such faith and enthusiasm that I am going to read a book of Jules Verne. You ask me if I know science-fiction: yes I know what it is, but as I told you, I have never read books of science-fiction: science-fiction is a French word which is passed in English; half the English words are French words, with another pronunciation (conquest of England by the French Normen in 1066).

((Louis had also written a letter of comment of CACTUS 1- couldn't find it for the moment, but I'll print his views in next CACTUS -- together with his comments of CACTUS 5.))

ART HAYES - R R 3, Bancroft, Ontario - CANADA

Howdy:-

Thanks for CACTUS. I don't think the Cacti needs has much water as the cover illos gardener seems to be given them. They don't need much water. (((That was the FUNNY with the cover. Didn't you understand dat, Art??)))Berry's coverage of British Fandom is of interest. I presume I met these characters, but, unfortunately, cannot remember them well. The Beanie Brigade was funny, specially the one about the N3F. In it I see Ray taking a slight dig at me for returning some of the material he submitted to the N3F Manuscript Bureau. But, I did return it, didn't hide it or throw it away. Which reminds me.. of something... Ralph Holland just sent a note that Ray's address is now:- 212 Columbia, Berkeley 8, California, USA. That guy seems to travel around like a sputnik.

Enjoyed Lichtman's reviews. I don't particularly care whether he does or doesn't keep a rating system with it. I get a lot of zines, but for some reasons, only a few of them that seem to appear in the zines I get, get reviewing. Of the twelve zines mentioned, I get FANAC - FANNY - HOCUS and EXCONN which is a better average than usual. Often, I find that I do not get ANY of the reviewed zines. In this case, I get 25%.

Of course, I read over my own letter, to see if I had said anything to get into trouble with. Don't think so. This coming weekend, I'm going to check on the prices for a good mimeograph. I'm getting tired of the bad to fair repro of my zines. I've been told before about the bad repro, but I'm getting tired of it too.

And, no use my reading JAZZ NIGHT by Terry Carr. Not because it's written by Carr, that almost tempted me to read it, but the "JAZZ" part is enough to discourage me.

On the illo side, I've already mention the cover, liked the Editorial heading... don't think I see much significance in the art on page ?? well, within the space on the Angofen coverage by Berry. I've already said I liked the Beanie Brigade, but, as long as Ray Nelson uses the B.B. initials I'd just as soon he made his cartoons based on the other B.B. otherwise knowns as Mrs. Jaques Charrier. Which reminds me, while talking or writing of that type of Art, N'APA has had its first contact with the U.S. Postal censorship. A Rotzler illo was ordered removed for a Terwillegger N'APA zine. Didn't care for the filloi in the fanzine review section, but do like the fillio near the end of it, by the EXCONN review. The Foreign Dept. has a nice heading as well as interesting art by SCAR, presumably in support of Eric Bentcliffe.

BELLE DIETZ - 1721 Grand Ave., Bronx 53,
N.Y. - USA

Dear Sture,

I've received your issues of CACTUS and like them very much and am looking forward to the Annish. I believe I reviewed CACTUS 1 in Fantastic Universe. Of course, FU has now folded and my column was transferred to the American Reprint Edition of New Worlds but that too has just folded, alas.

DAVE PROSSER - 1533 Euclid Ave., Steubenville, Ohio - USA.

Dear Sture,

Rec'd CACTUS; tis very well produced, Sture; the copy is so

professional looking...clean, sharp. As fine as any I've seen and better than most. Some will complain about the somewhat small size of this issue, but I'd rather see one like this than a much larger one that says so little of real merit, as so many of them do. I like what I've seen of Stenfors' work, and I hope to see more. You have a fine zine, I feel.

MARTY PAHLS - 720 Stinaff St., Kent, Ohio - USA

Dear Sture,

4 CACTUS has arriv, and been duly read and digested...Since the best time to answer a letter or comment on a zine is directly after you finish reading it, I suppose I'd better fulfil my end of the bargain forthwith...

The Stenfors mousekeeteer who graced the cover this time will prove, I hope, a tour de force on the part of this very satisfying artist, rather than a group de grace, as hinted in the editorial. (I hope you're enjoying all this French; I'm using it simply because neither of us understand it, and I like to meet people on equal terms.) The color set the drawing off perfectly; twas very tastefully done, as is often not the case with color work.

The Nelson cartoons were creditable, if a trifle ragged. The red type on deep yellow paper come through better than might be expected. The editorial was short, perhaps a bit too top-heavy with
++++
- Sture's editorial is like his letters, haphazardly rambling.

A n d y M a i n, B E M.

++++
interlineos (one facet of fannish writing I've never been able to sympathise with at all.

...the main thing to remember about Pahls is that he is an intole-
rable hypocrite.

Mike Deckinger's "Fun at an ESFA Meeting" was rather color-
less, and perhaps suffered from being stretched into 2½ pages; but various interesting happenings and references helped it along. Why do fan meetings always occur (is this the right word?) in the dingy places they do? While in New York this summer I attended a Metrofen meeting in the umpteenth floor of a condemned flophouse; at any moment I expected the floor (which audibly creaked under our weight) to disintegrate and suddenly become the ceiling. Do meetings go on in similar places in Sweden. (((Once the Sf Union Scandinavia met in a complete dark room, we didn't see anything, but we HEARD the voice of ol' "Skrutte" Appeltofft somewhere between us. OhMyGhod.))) But then, I recall reading somewhere that there are no slums in Stockholm. (((Really?))) Where in the world can fans meet, in a slumless city? (((Well, in the home of a BNF for ex.))) Really, you Stockholmers (Stockholmites? Stockholmers? Stockholmians?)

The mention of INSIGHT was interesting, as I had recvived a copy myself a week before getting CACTUS... In all fairness to Jack Cascoi, the editor, it must be mentioned that he's had no previous experience with pubbing, is not a fan and was not trying to produce a fanzine. The material in INSIGHT certainly did not live up to the title, but then, the nice thing about Jack's situation is its all future.

Some of the letters were interesting...Since I wrote the letter (almost a year ago, now) I have heard plenty about the IMMORTAL STORM. Yes, it certainly should be revised, with the addition of material on Sweden, Germany, and other foreign countries; but as I understand its long out pf print. (((Not at all -- the publishers havings ads about it in SF TIMES regularly.))) Your mention

of German fandom was interesting, as I know nothing about it...German is the only foreign language in which I am fairly well grounded but I've never as much as seen a German fanmag...surely some friendly Deutschefen could help me out here, or could you send me a few names of zines? It would be interesting to try...

Ron Bennett's mention jazz strikes sympathetic ears...(((When I was in London I found out that at least Ron Bennett and Artji Mercer likes traditional jazz... Uncle Alan's of course another,))) Unfortunately I don't have the issue with the Carr article on British jazz, so I can't comment on that as I really should. I will say however that I've heard little foreign jazz that really strikes me as topnotch (no, no, don't you all come at me at once!). Perhaps this is a hasty judgment, as I've really heard comparatively little...most of it being on a Decca LP, SCRAPBOOK OF BRITISH JAZZ. Chris Barber, Monty Sunshine and the others are certainly steps in the right direction--says I, a traditional fan--but haven't achieved the level of the better American stars and certainly shouldn't be expected to. (((Which reminds me that I the other day in Stockholm saw "Jazz on a Summer's Day", a very good jazzfilm from Newport '58. Of course it was mostly odd, modern jazz--the kind of jazz that Jhim Linwood & Dot Hartwell likes... I got my hands on a very good rock 'n roll LP when I was in England...Freddy Cannon...great, great, great.)))

Still, good jazz is not to be measured by how well or how poorly one imitates the "greats". Bix Beiderbecke, for instance, certainly didn't imitate Louis, the King, Freddy Keppard, or the other New Orleans pioneers...and yet he developed a style which, if not similar to New Orleans, was just as valid music. Bix had stature... just as, say, George Shearing has it. But, from what I have heard anyway, the British trad bands, while they made good music, still have a long way to come, before cutting any deep swath on the jazz scene.

Alan's DODDERINGS covered an interesting meeting, though the circumstances were rather unfortunate and didn't exactly lend themselves to the best possible situation for fanning. To be a fan, on vacation in a foreign land swarming with fan, but forbidden by the fuggheaded medico to fan--, ah, such unfortunate happenstance.. But our boys made the best of it, and old Dodd did it up in typical Doddly manner.

Leslie Gerber contributes a very pleasing review column. It is refreshing, among the would-be TIME literary assassins who usually draw the review assignments in zines, to find one like Les who takes his work and his subject matter seriously. Les has a light touch that makes even a review of the most hopeless crud pretty innocuous; he doesn't depend on a store of scathing adjectives, but just talks away.

If I should find fault with "Throns", I would perhaps say that Les is not always perceptive enough; he is too much inclined to say "this is good" or "that is bad", without analysing his material and telling us why. Still, this will come gradually with more and more columns under his belt; the important thing is, he doesn't have to chuck a nasty attitude or a sheaf of egotistical prejudices first.

Enow, enow! Repose calls, my friend, and I must speed to the arms of Morphia...or was it Morpheus?. Anyway, I'm tired. But I'm certainly not tired of CACTUS...

-----bentcliffe-for-taff-----

===== M O R D O R I N ' 6 4 =====

ANDY MAIN, BEM

- 5668 Gato Ave., Goleta,
California - USA.

Hej på dig, du din FAN!

I see you made a lino out of comment of mine-- I'll not retract it, other than to say that the quality is going up--you're getting better material and your repro is improving. (((Huh, haven't I always had good repro??))) But I still say that tho' it "isn't an awfully high quality zine", CACTUS is one of my most favorite zines. Is "Skrutte", the name Appeltofft's friends call him, nice or not? (((Dunno....hehe.))) Can't find it in dictionary. Onward...I notice a few spots on page 5--old stencil? ((Yes, but still (tho' I'm using new stencils now) I get those spots now and then. I'm deeply sorry!)))

SCIENCE FICTION in my fnz?? Never!

Andy Main.

Cover nice work, and I found that everytime I looked at it again that day after having gotten the zine I appreciated the cover more and more. It is really quite a good job. I suppose that's color mimeo work with your Gestetner? (((Nope, it was 1st run on mimeo with black ink, then in ditto.))) Opening the zine, I find that you've dispended with your contents page. Rather it looks as if there was originally a contents page stencilled on this stencil, but it was undone with corflu and replaced with those large credits. Howcum? (((Well, the contents page was originally meant to a large CACTUS 3, but as I went monthly I didn't publish that "huge" C 3, and I had 2 run of the page 3 in C 4. Those credits were on another stencil.))) I like that--Carl Hällström, publisher, Sture Sedolin, editor. How many people know that they're one and the same? (Obviously not for publication if you don't plan to let the secret out.) Now to the editorial: I notice that the dupering is much higher quality now with those ghoud stencils-- that was almost all your problem. I like the ink/paper color combo-- it contrasts nicely, and they're both colors that are pleasing to look at.

Deckinger's piece wasn't awfully ghoud--just a sort of a "fan diary" thing. No point, really. I notice that you charge the same sub price in Sweden and the US, translating the Swedish money to American. The Swedish is a few cents less, but you'd think that the US rate would be much more to cover postage. Lettercol: Yes, Alan must be pretty smart for a pen name--else how is he going to meet you when you go to England? (((Well, read Dodd's "Dodderings" in this and find out.))) I too dig Juanita's editorials; I'm not mad about them, but I don't dislike them either. Yes, SFT (jars) is in a very professional looking format. Hmmm, E Scudla (((you mean "Scryncle"??))) says fnz pubbing is expensive--I read about him in the editorial in Triode 16. Yes, looking back at the Nelson cartoon on page six number two, I like it too. As for Dodderings: it looks like there was meant to be a ty-

But Alan Rispin has got a much more SEXY photo of her. Sture.

ped line at the top of the page, but my copy just got some streaks at the edge. (((Same with my copy, it was due to dat ole Dodd used different stencils.))) What'd it say? (((Englandsvan-
swer to Carl Brandon - Alan Dodd - starts a new monthly column for CACTUS.))) I enjoyed the Dodd thing, but could find no handles for comment, so I just record myself as in favor. Now to Lhes's fnz reviews: thanx to Lhes for nice review on my fnz. You'll noti-

ce a few uncorrected typos in BHIS 2; I didn't have the time to correct them. I enjoyed the reviews; I don't think Lhes is a bad review writer. Thus ends CACTUS 4, and I look forward to the reception of the next one.

BOB LICHTMAN

- 6137 South Croft Avenue,
Los Angeles 56 - USA.

Dear Sture,

I personally think Andy Main is a likely candidate for Best New Fan 1960, don't you? (((YES!))) But now CACTUS is at hand, for which I will begin a new paragraph.

The cover is excellent and I'm sorry to learn that Stenfors is going to be leaving fandom; though I never had any contact with him in any way, I'll miss him going. Like, no more delicious cover girls. ++Sigh++ Again, let me compliment you on that beautiful pastel ditto work. Red on yellow, though not the best color combination, is perfectly readable. If you were to return to blue or black, though, I would have no qualms whatsoever. In fact I'd be deleriously happy for a few minutes. I do wish you would sit down and write a coherent editorial. They're interesting, but they're so ephemeral. Deckinger on ESFA is sort of interesting, but Mike is rather placid in this piece of writing and it doesn't entirely come off for me, at least.

I got that Skyhack too and puzzled suitably over it. My first reaction was "What the hell is Bennett sending my Skyrack for?" You see, I don't get it at all, preferring to read Durward's copies. Then I figured out that is was a Skyhack, and wondered, "What the hell is Cecil sending me Skyhack for?" I mean, isn't the real joke supposed to be lost if you're not confused by thinking it's Rack momentarily? (I was confused anyway; I guess they got the desired results.)

Do you know that your letter column, especially with the lettered headings, reminds me exactly of those in the old pre-White Voids, the ones produced when the Benfords Greg & Jim were in Germany? Gerber starts off quite well on his bod to take over the mess I left in the fanzine review department. Some observations: Les should be less critical about L. Garcone's bacover on that annish CRY. Though it's pretty punk for normal painting, I and others agree that it's the best thing that Lorence Garcone has ever done, bless his black heart. - I don't think CRY will ever become another "-" or Q (no, take that back, it is a sort of Q) but it's doing quite all right under its own hook. As Rich Brown says, "Fanzines come and fanzines go, but the CRY goes on forever" (very quasi-quoted). - The Maelstrom (which I received, leafed thru, and threw in the corner in disgust and nausea) was not mimeo; it was very poor multilith. Still, it stunk, badly. - I'll bet Burbee will laugh like crazy if he see how you typoed the heading for the Shaggy ## 47 review. Shangri-l'Affaries, indeed! Haw! Tell Les that Shaggy will be staying right around 35 pages from now on due to costs; this keeps it in the 4 1/2 domestic postal limit, which is the idea. I guess that's all the comments I have. C ## 5 sounds like a good one.

H G WELLS

- Box 486, Riverhead, Long Island,
New York - USA.

Dear Sture,

I'm glad it's English. English is really the international language and since fandom is international I think most of the fmz should be in English. I imagine most Swedish fans know English,

being taught it in school; while I, a US fan, know only English and a little Latin. I imagine that fandom should give you some good practice in English, eh?—The cartoons aren't bad. No great works of art except page 27, but the cartoons are cute, and better than I could do.—As for American "big-mouthed talk" I may

Gem Carr about Sture's editorial in CACTUS 2: "A pleasant but scatterbrain-sounding editorial."

even agree with Roar. I guess they have to talk big about it. But if you take everything properganda-wise that comes from American and Russia, I think you'll find that the Russians come out with the biggest empty mouths. (Id est: They make the most noise without things to back it up, don't they?) I've listened to Radio Moscow and what isn't funny is sickening.

I guess this Enever (((whaddymin with "THAT" - don't you know "Ol Dad"??))) must be some kind of BNF (((he is))) the way he talks, but I never heard of him before. (((???))) He is a good writer though and he's not only interesting, but humourous. But who is he? - I like anything by Alan Dodd. I saw this movie some time ago. Saw a horror movie a few days ago. A technicolor Japanese with dubbed-in English. It was called "The Mysterians." (((We had it here in Stockholm a few months ago, it was rated as "the best SF-film ever made" by the dailes here. Nope, I think that "Lost Continent" with Cesar Romero from '40 was much better.))) Actually I have only 4 limbs but I read Appeltofft's story and considered it good enough for humans. - That review of "Kallocain" couldn't do me much good but I read it anyway. I don't know why somebody doesn't translate it into English. (((Someone did -- he changed it a little too - George Orwell, hehe.))) But it seems that we don't get any European stuff except some Russian stuff which is translated because somehow they think that there might be a better market for it since Russia is so different from us. You know, Russia is considered our No. 1 enemy and they think we might be curious to what kind of SF they have. Not much, if what I've heard 's true. The only other fereign stuff is Jules Verne, Karel Capek, and there are probably alot of stuff that I don't know about. Of course there are always Jananese horror movies and of course there are all the British material we get but since it isn't (because it doesn't have to be) translated, it really isn't what I'm talking about.

I don't particularly like long fiction as I can seldom wait for the end. The stories by Brian Caden are just my size. And Hamlin's babblings hilarious!

o-

Herewith filler 67 from the stock:

MEET ENGLAND'S CARL BRANDON DODDERINGS

by Alan Dodd.

This edition of CACTUS as you have no doubt read, is the last particular one before the editor goes into the army poor fellow - true, we may see issues while he is in the army providing they don't send him to the frozen North among the reindeer but for the time being this may be the last one for a while anyway, so with this column I would like to record one of the historical events of fandom that occurred in the past few weeks. I MET STURE SEDOLIN.

Yes, on reflection it hardly seems possible but I did meet Sture Sedolin in London just a few weeks back. I have recovered enough now though to relate the incidents of that historical occasion. Having obtained an hour and a half off from work I sped up to London by train as far as our trains are wont to speed that is and spent the next hour or so waiting at platform 12 for The Scandinavian Express to come in. It was, needless to say, late. After waiting here for ages a porter calls out that the platform has been changed - to Platform 5 - the other side of the station. So---everyone runs across the platform, runs up the stairs, belts along the bridge, down the other side and across the next platform while one fellow running beside me called out puffingly to his friend, "I bet when we get to Platform 5 they tell us it's bin changed to Platform 18".....

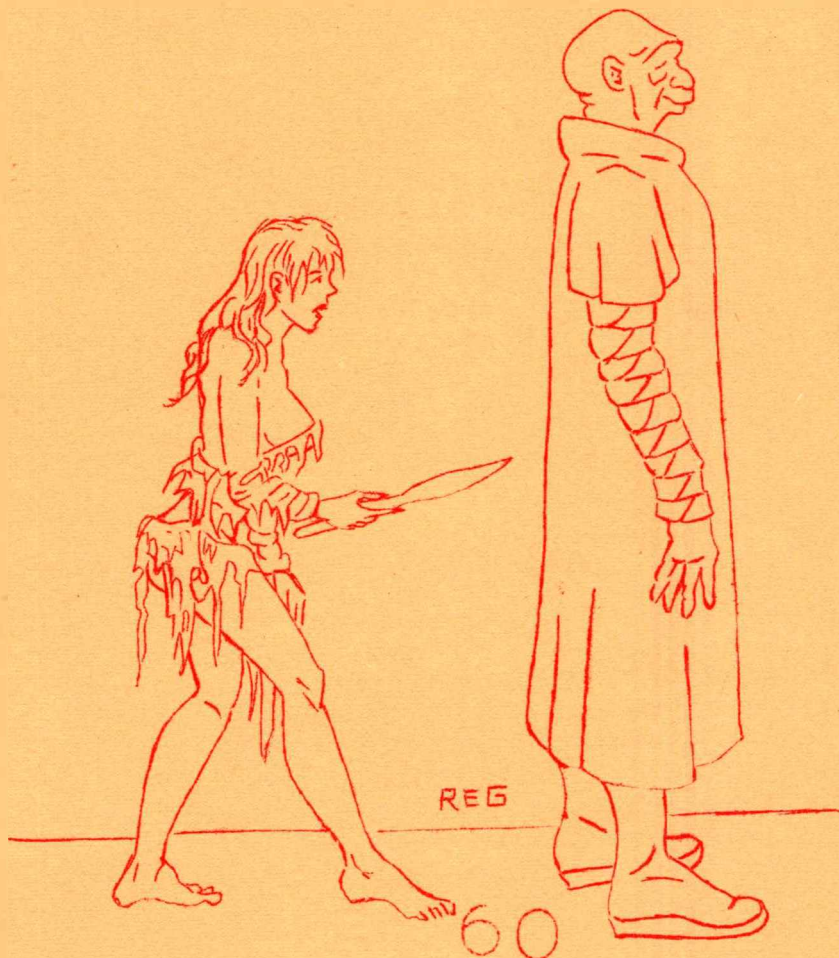
It wasn't though and after much waiting the train, complete with emblem on front arrives and the people spill out onto the platform and through the barrier. I did not at first recognise Sture Sedolin - I was looking for a small, dark young looking fellow - which it turned out he wasn't but as tall if not taller than me and quite big. Leather must be popular in Sweden these days as almost everything Sture had was made of leather - jacket, briefcase, suitcase etc - only the passport I never understood because he had the name "Carl Hallstrom" printed on it. I am not surprised the Customs people kept him waiting ages asking all kinds of questions - but he says they may do the same thing to me if I visit Sweden this year which I don't think is fair at all. I mean - my passport is in my name!

Owing to the latest arrival of the train we were now immersed in the rush hour of all people who live in London leaving to get home and the underground railway on which we were travelling was simply jammed pack with people. Had you died you would not have fallen over there was so little room. This Sture didn't like one bit - and I'm not surprised either. He didn't seem too enamoured over England all told up to this point - he had had a rough passage across the sea by the boat, had been sea sick, was hungry, didn't like Harwich where he landed and didn't like the grimy railway station where I met which unlike the clean electric train stations of Sweden was grimed with centuries of steam train passage into a black eddy of buildings - in short, what he saw of London during the time he met me he didn't much care for - I'm immune to such things I suppose and take them for granted but for

visitors it is all something of a shock. One doesn't appreciate just what a filthy city London can seem to people who are used to the more immaculate buildings of Scandinavia.

I've travelled on the underground for many years now - it being apart from rush hour the best way of getting anywhere in the city but naturally this first time I have a visitor to take across London I got lost. I was ferrying Sture to Queen's Park where Ella Parker was kindly putting up several pre-con visitors and finding the place was sheer murder. It seems as though whatever form of the Bakerloo Line I went down I took the wrong fork each time and had to come back to the central point station of Baker Street. I wouldn't say we made too many mistakes on that trip but I'll bet Sture Sedolin and I went in and out of Baker Street more times than Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson!

Eventually we got out of the station at the right stop and after much searching around among the roads which spread out like the fingers of a hand we found Ella Parker's place and donning oxygen masks we ventured to the heights of Ella's room where decorating the chairs were two fans I know quite well - Alan Rispin and Brian Jordan - later these were added to by Ron Bennett and Don Ford from Ohio surely the largest American fan ever built. I knew things were supposed to be bigger in America but this was ridiculous - he must have been at least 6 foot 6 and when he left the room it was empty - when he was inside it was full! Later still - by a few minutes a further visitor or two arrived Bobbie Wilde and a distinguished gentleman, elegantly dressed and extremely well mannered, dark glasses, sober suit and rather like a professional doctor or dentist. He was elected to open a can of peanuts - which seemed sacrilege on finding out afterward it was none other than William F. Temple author of countless stories including THE FOUR SIDED TRIANGLE that Barbara Payton made into a film here a few years back. I trust science fiction is really as prosperous as Mr. Temple appears.



I must pay tribute here to one fellow who I never did find out who he was exactly. He did sterling work all evening taking around bowls of crisps - which apparently they don't have in Sweden! - and bowls of peanuts. He seemed next to Ella to be doing all the work - his name was I recall "Forsythe" - but not the fellow on television who is always in charge but another. Well, whoever you were Forsythe - I thank ye.

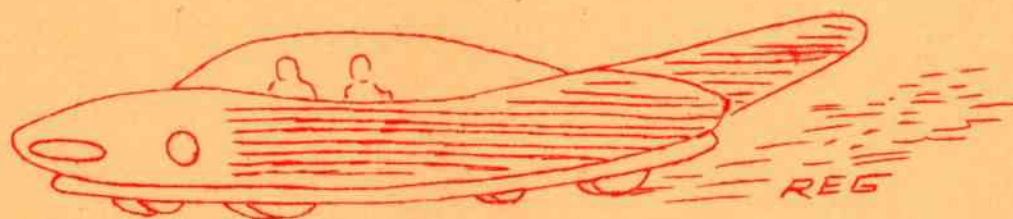
I found in fact during this rare appearance of yours truly only one disturbing influence - Ron Bennett. It may be that I am unduly sensitive perhaps but I felt Bennett was going out of his way to make me feel uncomfortable all evening and it would seem that the true spirit of fandom that he once had has left him.

Bennett 1960 is snide, insulting, rather unpleasant and in a number of incidents downright rude and I am surprised on reflection that no one else at the party mentioned it. No doubt they were too polite but this is precisely one of the reasons I never attend conventions. I had by letter been having an argument with Bennett regarding his newszine SKYRACK - I pointed out that after the demise of the ill fated CONTACT there wasn't any place in my book for another "pay only" newszine this part of the world. This is my opinion and I stick by it but I don't consider it was the subject to bring up and mention in the company of others who aren't interested in personal arguments of this nature. Needless to say, Bennett did have the poor taste to bring this up. His "I suppose there are more fans in this room than you've ever met before" struck me as a sneer, and when Sture remarked he never paid for fanzines but got SKYRACK Bennett told him in no definite terms that the only reason he got SKYRACK was because he traded a newszine - the last word emphasise' no doubt for my benefit as I don't publish a newszine for trade with Bennett's fanzine. Since Sture had a copy of FANAC with him we taxed Bennett with Fon Ellick's amusing jibe at Bennett's "scrubby little sheet" - which Bennett didn't seem to appreciate judging by the way he turned his back on the rest of us and played cards with Alan Rispin. No doubt if the next convention is held in a gambling casino it will be far more appropriate for Bennett.

But like I said, it may be me. But there we are, I consider it a flagrant display of bad manners in the company of other people and unforgivable on the part of a fan who used to be one of the nicest ones you could know ---in the past. Having already paid out 5/- for a nomination subscription to TAFF I do not expect to be asked for more money for it on a Wednesday evening when I was not due to get paid to the next Friday. I did have a little money with me and paid up a further half crown for TAFF which apparently wasn't enough in Bennett's opinion, he seems totally incapable of realising that at that time of the week there ARE people who are short of money. He may not be - but I damn well am and I resent strongly any references to my lack of it too!

Needless to say there will now exist a void between me and Bennett and his scrubby little sheet and I'll go back to the fans who have time to BE fans without being snide. Which takes us back to Sture Sedolin - well, I left him there the evening before the convention almost and that's unfortunately the last I saw of him. The distance I lived from London and the fact I was at work the rest of the time made it impossible to see him again before he left and since he'll be in the army by the next time I arrive in Sweden but reports from one fan since say that they saw him at the convention going from room to room asking "Does anyone here talk science fiction?" While a further report says he was last seen in Leicester Square looking for a horror film. Since we both saw a poster for CIRCUS OF HORRORS showing at the nearby London Pavilion your guess is as good as mine where he finally ended up. If you haven't seen him yet maybe that gorilla on the poster got him.....

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



Attack.

The Tong Tried.

THE BRIDGE

No Tong for Years.

FAAANFICTION

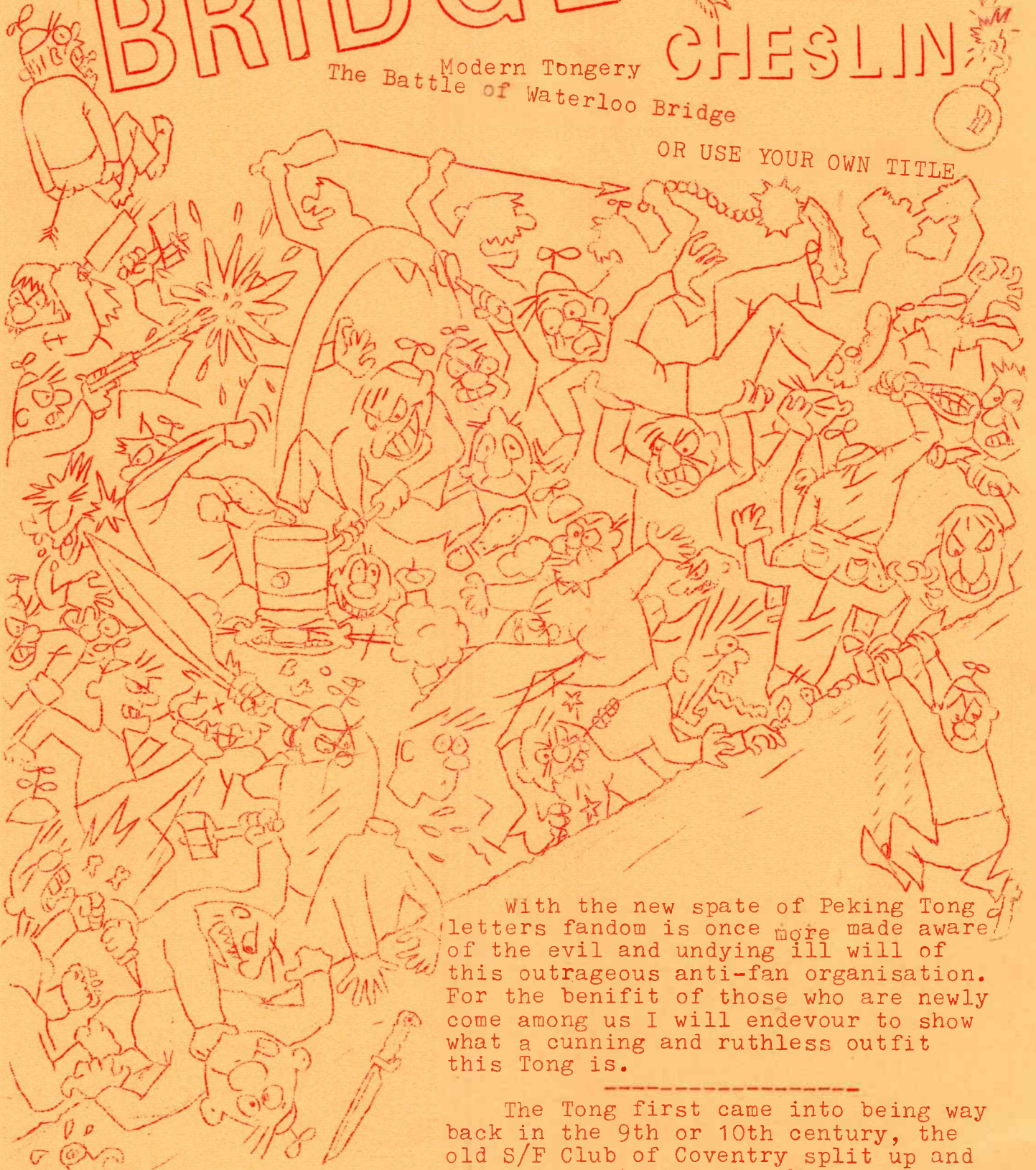
BY Pabl@Strikes.

KEN

CHESLIN

Modern Tongery
The Battle of Waterloo Bridge

OR USE YOUR OWN TITLE



Ray Nelson

With the new spate of Peking Tong letters fandom is once more made aware of the evil and undying more ill will of this outrageous anti-fan organisation. For the benefit of those who are newly come among us I will endeavour to show what a cunning and ruthless outfit this Tong is.

The Tong first came into being way back in the 9th or 10th century, the old S/F Club of Coventry split up and after a great struggle the Tong under Leofric the Younger was driven out of the village and made their Head quar-

ters in a cavern somewhere beneath the Clent Hills. The fans of Coventry, in recognition of her rather drastic measures, erected a bronze statue to the memory of their Battle Leader, Godiva, who unfortunately died of pneumonia before it was completed, if you go to Coventry you can still see this memorial although nowadays the normals have control of it.

After this the Tong become a focal point for all the anti-fans in the British Isles, and from that evil place the struggle for England has ever since been directed, sometimes the Tong wins, sometimes the trufen. The Battle never ceases, it just waxes and wanes in intensity.

Now the last Tong scheme of importance was the Great Disinfectant Plot, or it is sometimes referred to as the Battle of Waterloo Bridge. By interrogating Tong prisoners and talking with fannish eye witnesses I have been able to piece together something of the story, which really begins in the Peking Tong HQ, the cavern somewhere under the Clent Hills.

The Low Council of the Imperial Peking Tong was in session. All four inner square members were present, Pablo, the Bandit, President and treasures of the Tong, Orlie O'Tool, the Irish representative, and secretary to the Tong, Angus MacCrabby, i/c weapons, and Scots representative, and last but not least Blodwen Llewellyn, representative for Wales and the Tongs pin up girl.

Here it was then that the fearful Operation Stinker was dreamed up, and from here put into practice. It is almost certain that Pablo himself thought up this idea, his mind works in strange ways, and it was certainly the beautiful Blodwen who carried out the actual disinfecting. We know that the meeting was in session for several hours and that at the end of it Blodwen was escorted by Pablo and the others to the armoury where she drew a large green can containing a certain devilish mixture, and from the armoury to the secret exit Pablo alone attended her, and tied the can to the bicycle with his own hands. The massive outer doors opened and Blodwen was away, The Tong Leaders watched her cycle off into the distance and then went about the second half of the plan.

Cheltenham, the old Cheltenham, Stronghold of the Knights of St. Fantony, the jewel of the west, home of trufen, and site of the shrine of the Good Saint, Fantony.

The annual ceremony, the dedication anew of the Well, the swearing in of new Knights and Ladies, the really big day of the year for the Brotherhood. The ceremony always started with the procession through the streets of Cheltenham to the Well of St Fantony, and the drinking of the first mug of well water by the Grand Commander, this year was no exception.

The procession wound its way through the cobbles streets and finally came to a solemn halt before the well. The First Lady drew a measure into the Grand Commander's mug, she turned and held it up for the assemblage to see, then presented it to the Commander. He went through the same ritual, then lifting up of the mug to the Knights, and then lowered it down to swallow it in one mighty gulp. For a moment, for one long dreadful moment, there was an absolute silence, as the Commanders face paled and then reddened into fury, with an unknighly oath he flung the mug from him and leaning on the well for support roared "Some scurvey knave, some evil, steaming, motherless, blackhearted rogue, has put disinfectant into St. Fantony's Well", and collapsed on the spot.

Hither and thither ran the enraged knights, sword in hand they searched Cheltenham from end to end and at last a clue was found. An empty green can bearing the initials LC.

If the knights hadn't been in such a high temper perhaps the Battle of Waterloo Bridge would never occurred, but as it was they didn't stop to think, one hour after the disinfectant can had been discovered Cheltenham delivered their ultimatum, give up the villain or villains who had befouled the well or it was war.

An Inn just off Hatton Garden was at that time the meeting place of the Elsie Horde, and here gathered the Council and there fens to discuss the Cheltenham charges. After much talk, during which it was pointed out that every LC member had been accounted for, for at least a week back, so they could not hand over culprits because no one in London had anything to do with the crime. In other words, the war was on.

The Commander of the Horde called his captians, old unused weapons were brought out and serviced, budgies were sent out to spy on the approaching Knights. The attack, according to the reports was coming from the south, so the Horde took up its position behind the barricade on the north side of a bridge, an insignificant, unnamed bridge, the name came after, when in the height of the battle the thirsty Horde called for refreshments the proprietor of the LCs Inn brought round bottles, the commander of the Horde thinking they contained blag took a hefty drink out of one and his anguished cry of "water, Lou!" when he realised what it was that he had drunk shook the air and quite incidentally gave the bridge its present name. Meanwhile the Host of St. Fantony moved up to the other side of the brudge. Here the Knights rested a while until the Grand Commander had inspected the Elsie fortifications, and then gathered for the first charge, the Knights drew their swords as one man and moved silently nearer the bridge, then with a blood stiring cry of "St. Fantony and the Right" they hurried themselves across the bridge, and halfway there a motley crew surged over the barricades of the LC and met the Knights had to hand, many a fan was thumped of the head, many a fan was drowned in duper ink and far more just got thrown off the bridge into the muddy muddy river.

That particular sally ended with the survivors on both sides retreating to their own lines.

But in the afternoon the Horde had recovered somewhat and been issued with a new supply of weapons. Noteing the high morale of the Horde, and the insulting gestures from a bunch of knights, the comander decided that it was about time that the Horde staged a charge, so they did.

A screaming, yelling, shrieking, Horde, a wild eyed mass of steaming fen, rushing and dashing leaping for the south end of the bridge, and the Knights broke and ran, the Horde cried out with renewed vigor and sped on, into the yawning mouths of the hidden Cheltenham Zap Cannons. Extermination, slaughter, the Horde screamingly tried to retreat, some made it but most of they were stuck fast to the bridge with duping ink, or knocked into the river when the Knights counter attacked.

The Knights ruse had worked, the major part of the Horde had been obliterated, nothing could stop them winning the day, they thought. The remnants of the Horde peered desparingly over the barricade, this was it, and each fan prepared to meet his fate zap in hand and a happy smile on each sensitive fannish face.

By a strange coincidence an elephant happened to stroll in the direction of the bridge, and seeing the knights bearing down

on the barricade he assumed that they were after his blood. This upset Cecil a bit so he hastily slurped up a supply of water and lumbered into battle. Well as you might have expected the sight of this rampant elephant somewhat disconcerted the Knights and they attempted to beat a retreat, but not many escaped unscarred, walloped by Cecil's trunk they fell in droves into the river and the more lucky ones only got soaked by this perambulating hose pipe. Cecil continued his charge and completely flattened the Cheltenham zap cannon and then returned over the bridge to the Elsie side. After all this excitement was over Cecil retired to Harrogate where he amuses himself in his old age with remeni-

- I'm getting carried away again. Dot Hartwell

sences and by inventing pen names, like Ron, or Joan, or Dødders. With the destruction of the zap cannon, and the elimination of most the fen on both sides things sort of slid to a stop, eventually declared a truce and started sorting things out peaceably.

The Elsie Hordes room at the Inn was filled with fen from both camps, top weary to be hostile and besides that too full of blog to do anything about it. In a secluded corner the leaders were talking, and having simmered down a lot the Knightly Commander accepted the Elsie proof that they had nothing to do with the disinfecting on the Well. On the other hand he showed them the clue, the reason why Cheltenham had attacked London; a large green can with a few dregs of disinfectant in the bottom and marked LC in tall white letters. Who bought the can, and where? That was the question everyone asked, and eventually someone had an idea. "Who", he cried, "is the greatest semi-living authority on canned disinfectants", a great light broke over the fannish throng, "Why, the Hermit of Stonehenge" they answered, and a party of Knights were sent out to get him.

The story of that trip, and how the aged hermit was at last lured from his cave I'll save for another time, suffice to say that it was done and the Hermit escorted to London.

With the promise of a barrel of blog to egg him on, the Hermit was led to the disinfectant can. He crouched down before it and sniffed around the mouth of the can, then he tilted the can back and tasted a drop, finally he ran his hands all over the can and sat back. "It's a disinfectant can", he announced proudly. Pulling his sparse hair out with a trembling hand the Elsie Commander carefully explained that they knew that the can had held disinfectant, but where or who sold it. "Arrgh, well, why didn't ye say so then", quoth the hermit, casually scratching his right ear with his left big toe, "Wal, ye see this is a very good vintage indeed, yarss, about '50 or '51 o' id say, and the letters on the side, well they be the trade mark of the cannery, yus, this disinfect was canned in a little place name 'o Sourbridge or summat loike that, near the Clent Hills, and the LC that's Leofric of Clent, the brewery."

.... "Clent Hills, Leofric, Clent Hi... yowie! It's the Peking Tong again, I might have known" was the only one of the comments made by the fen, many more were unprintable, but then they'd been through a lot. So it was, with the aid of the Hermit of Stonehenge that the Peking Tong's plot was uncovered, but by that time the harm had been done and the now allied London and Cheltenham Circles couldn't raise anought men between them to attack the Tong, what came of this, and how fandom managed to drive the Tong into the first exile I leave for another time.

So endeth the story of the Battle of Waterloo Bridge. - END.

BY LESTLIE GLENN BER



66

DILEMMA

THORNS OF THE

-Robert-1960.-

Ⓐ PORRHETA # 16, 51 pages (H. P. Sanderson, "Inchmery", 236 Queens Road, New Cross, London SE 14, England, mimeographed, monthly, 1/6 or 20¢, 6 for 8/- or \$ 1, 12 for 15/- or \$ 2.)

APR is back on schedule and more; # 17 was published the same month and I should have two issues on hand next month. This issue starts out with Sandy's editorial in which he gives Ted Pauls a well-deserved blasting. The next item is a long and excellent article by Harry Warner on methods of producing unconsciousness and keeping captives, as used in fiction and in life. It's surprising to realize how much the private eye mystery writers have made up. This article is superbly illustrated by ATom; one of the best jobs of illustrating an article I've ever seen. Penelope Fandergaste and Joy Clarke have better than usual columns, while Dean Grennell's isn't as good as usual (it's made up of reprints from his old SAPSzine anyway.) ATom ends "SF A to Z" with one of his best drawings of the series--of Yngvi--and a good way of disposing of X. Ken Potter has a light, funny article on the trials and tribulations of a salesman. A good "Inchmery Fan Diary" ends off the issue. -- Rating: 8

Ⓒ ACTUS # 4; 20 pages (Sture Sedolin, Vällingby 4, Sweden, mimeographed, monthly, 7/- or \$ 1 for 10 issues.)

I've changed my mind about not reviewing CACTUS; Sture is as much entitled to a review as any other faned (six of them this column) who prints my junk. This issue has a lovely Stenfors cover with color added by some process--ditto, I guess. It's an outstanding cover in both drawing and reproduction. After Sture's editorial, there's a good if humorless report on an ESFA meeting by Mike Deckinger. Not having been at that meeting, I can't say how accurate Mike's reporting is, but he's got the atmosphere and surroundings down perfectly. The letter column is better than last time, mostly because it's longer. Alan Dodd has a very interesting column, highlighted by his account of his meeting with Jean Linard. Five pages of trivia end the issue. -- Rating: 6

Ⓒ RY OF THE NAMELESS # 137, 66 pages (CRY, Box 92, 920 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Wash., mimeographed, monthly, 25¢ or 1/9, 5 for \$ 1 or 7/-, 12 for \$ 2 or 14/--. British agent is John Berry.)

After a funny ATomcover and Buz editorial, CRY presents another 32 pages of "The Goon Goes West". Since I intended to do an article reviewing the book version of TGGW, I won't go into detail, but you can imagine how I enjoyed reading 32 pages of Berry at once. My (ugh) Lehrody follows. Mal Ashworth has what seems to me a very weak article which doesn't serve its intended purpose of plugging Mal for TAFF. (ROT does a much better job.) Don Franson does a bunch of short funny poems. Wally Weeber has typical funny Minutes. "Carl Marks" (Franson again, I presume) suggests that fanwriters not tolerate editors who hold material until it dies of old age; I've never had that problem except once when a piece was outdated before it could be printed, but if I had, I'd certainly go along with "Carl's" proposal. Les Nirenberg has a good faan story; Terry Carr has another outstanding funny column (when will he fall down?); Elinor Busby has, appropriately, a nameless column; Les Nirenberg has another good J Les Piper cartoon which is spottily stencilled; and "Cry of the Readers" has a good running gag by Wally Weeber and, for once, enough space. Jones by Reiss is funny. -- Rating: 8

CONCEPT # 3, 24 pages (Larry Ivie, 31 West 76th St., New York, Mimeographed, irregular and infrequent, no price listed.)

The outstanding item in this issue is Larry's "Elegy to Ronald Parker", in which he describes his most recent meeting with Ron. Larry can write very well when he's not consciously trying to do something. His editorial shows the same light style. John Bensen has a review of "Dandelion Wine" in which he fails to see the merit of the book completely. "O.W." (The Old Witch) has a page and a half of nonsense. Larry and Ron Smith have rather uninspired fantasy stories. The photo-offset work (cover by Williamson and pasted-in photo and illo) is good. CONCEPT is pretty uninspired on the whole; it's only good when it's light. -- Rating: 3½

EYE TRACKS # 1, 20 pages (George Locke, 85 Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Rd., London SW 1, OMPA or free for request, mimeographed, quarterly (?).)

As the title indicates, this is a collector's zine, devoted to reviews of old fantasy books. There reviews are done quite well, but I enjoy best George's five pages of rambling which lead off the issue. The mailing comments aren't of much interest to non-OMPans, but they are only 3½ pages. The front and back cover illos aren't good drawings, but they are clever. This is certainly worth requesting, since it's available. -- Rating: 5

FANAC # 56, 4 pages, (Ron Ellik, 1909 Francisco St., Berkeley 9, Calif., and Terry Carr, 4 for 25¢ or 2/-, 9 for 50¢, mimeographed, bi-weekly. British agent is Archie Mercer.)

This FANAC is distinguished by a puzzling heading to the lead story on Harry Warner's acquiring a new mimeograph (headed "All Fandom Is Plunged Into War!"), confusing remarks on the current phase of the WSFS hassle (Carr says, "...we simply aren't interested in joining the Dietzes' campaign to get Kyle off the dime," when he knows that FANAC started the campaign, and he doesn't sound as if he's joking,) and 32 pages of riders. AN EGOBOO A DAY FROM ALL OVER is composed of letters of comment on the FANNISH II and good cartoons. The FANZINE MATERIAL POOL NEWSLETTER provides a very useful service to needy faneditors and conscience-stricken faneditors who have too much backlog. GIMBLE is devoted to the new Southern California fandom mythology, revolving around Coventry. It contains a good but plotless story by Ted Johnstone, a map of Coventry and a history of Coventry by Paul Stanbery. I guess it's a good idea, even if it takes more time and space than I think it's worth. -- Ratings: 7 (FANAC), 5 (GIMBLE), others not rated.

FANVIEW # 13 (Johnny Bowles, 802 S. 33rd St., Louisville 11, Kentucky,) is a one-sheet announcing that FANVIEW is folding, with an NFFF ad on the back. R.I.P., I guess.

GLAMDRING # 1 (Bruce Pelz, 980 Figueroa Terrace, Los Angeles 12) is devoted to fanzine-reviews. Bruce reviews four of the fanzines I review in this column plus a few I haven't gotten yet. It's enough to make me want to give up this crazy business of fanzine reviewing. Some of the reviews are surprisingly nasty--surprising for Bruce, anyway--but the rest are good. Free on request, I suppose.

HUNGRY # 2 (Alan Rispin, 35 Lyndhurst Ave., Higher Irlam, Manchester, England,) is a 10-page OMPA-zine, probably free on request to non-OMPans and of interest since it has no mailing

comments. Cawthorne has a good cover; Alan writes a readable 2 pages of editorial; Jhim Linwod has a good, entertaining, rambling column; so does Ken Cheslin; David Hall tells of seeing a jazz show; and Dorothy Hartwell has a pretty poor faan-poem. She can do much better. But this issue is encouraging as an early effort, since it's well mimeoed and illustrated, and contains a nice collection of material. Variety is about all that's lacking. -- Rating: 4½

HYPHEN # 24, 24 pages (that figures), (Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast 4, North. Ireland, mimeographed, irregular, 1/- or 15¢.)

I think HYPHEN slumped last issue, and it's encouraging to notice that this issue is right back on top. The ATomcover is a masterpiece; a fine cartoon with lots of funny little details, a la MAD, sprinkled around. Walt has a very funny editorial on how HYPHEN is slipping--on purpose, that is. Mal Ashworth shows up well with a very funny dialogue piece which reminds me of the conversations I have with Andy Reiss and Ted White. Unless you've listened to one of these conversations (which would mean that you are me, Andy or Ted, an unlikely event,) you don't know what high praise I mean by that. Eric Fran Russell points out a very important..err...point--that it must be taken into consideration that writing is often produced under adverse circumstances--and demonstrates the point very well. But I fell that he comes to the wrong conclusions. Perhaps Maurice G. Hugi's stories should not be panned into the ground because he was a dying man, writing desperately to keep his parents and himself alive, but they should not be praised either. I think they should just be accepted for what they are. Ian McAuley and Johnny Hautz make what I believe is their joint debut in fan print with an excellent little column. If I remember correctly, the last writer to debut in HYPHEN was a character named Berry...something Berry. A short TOTO reprint section presents an excerpt from a letter by Mal Ashworth, proving that Mal too can use the hyperbole in the best Irish Fan style (even though he isn't an Irish Fan.) Bob Shaw reminsces on an amusing high school experience, hyperbole et al. (Bob is an Irish fan.) A typically good "-" lettercol is longer than usual and is highlighted by practically every one of the letters. That's a good trick if you can do it. In fact, this HYPHEN is highlighted by practically everything in it, and ATom is as good as ever. -- Rating: 10!

D-ARGASSY #s 52 & 53, 22 & 12 pages (Lynn Hickman, 224 S. De-ment Avenue, Dixon, Ill., multilithed, monthly, 10¢ or 20¢ depending on size or 12 for \$ 1. Next ish only, 50¢.)

JD-A seems to be turning into a letterzine completely. These two issues contain 14 pages of letters and lots of the little news items and review which characterize letterzines currently. Ted Pauls has some fairish fanzine reviews in # 52 and Lynn has a few pages of ramblings; Lynn review and rates loads of books and chatters some more in # 53. All pretty pleasant stuff. Outstanding in these two issues, though, is the artwork of George Barr, including one of my all-time favorite fanzine illos (a BEM in # 52 on page 11) and what would have been another great illo on page 7 of the same issue marred by poor mastering of the dark areas. The other illos are also good and all are excellently reproduced. -- Rating: 6

MAELSTROM, THE # 3, 28 pages (Billy Joe Plott, P. O. Box 654, Opelika, Alabama, mimeographed, irregular, 25¢ or 4 for \$ 1.)

Although the material in this issue is somewhat better than in the last one, this still looks like typical crudzine. The illos are terribly stencilled, reproduction is way below par (overinking is so bad that in spots it can't be read no matter how hard you try) and layouts are almost non-existent. The best piece in the issue is an interview of Jerry DeFuccio of MAD by John Pesta. Alan Dodd has a movie review column which is more or less typical Dodd (that is, not bad), Mike Deckinger has a poor short story, there is a letter column, and there are all sorts of horrible short things including terrible poetry and one of the worst short-short stories I've ever seen. Of course, if this zine continues to improve at its current rate, by # 11 it will rate a 10, but I'm not sure I can last that long. -- Rating: 2

MONDAY EVENING GHOST, THE # 3, 24 pages (Bob Jennings, 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tennessee, mimeographed, bi-monthly, 15¢ or 12 for \$ 1.50.)

Well, glory be! A real science-fiction fan magazine! The editor doesn't even like fannish material; he hates it. This is made up of all one or two page items, and I'll be damned if I'll mention them all. They are generally pretty fair, with nothing outstanding and nothing really terrible. Illos are pretty crude, probably due mostly to awful stencilling. (The cover, by Ralph Rayburn Phillips, is good; I haven't seen his work except in some old 6th fandom fanzines.) I don't like Bob's attitude towards faandom, and he seems to have a pretty childish sense of humor, but he puts out a passable fanzine. What he needs is longer items and better-stencilled illos. -- Rating: 3

NATIONAL FANTASY FAN, THE Vol. 19, No. 2, 22 pages (Raph Holland, 2520 4th St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, mimeographed, bi-monthly, free to NFF-members.)

TNNF is the NFF's O-O, and it's a good proof that the NFF is not made up of fuggheaded fools as some fans seem to think. Reproduction is outstanding, even better than many Gestetnered zines. (Maybe Ralph has a Gestetner; I wouldn't be surprised.) In this issue is a well-written history of the NFFF, followed by the usual reports, fanzine reviews by Frank Dietz which are very well suited to their purpose (introducing non-fanzine-readers to fanzines,) a nice chatty column by Alma Hill and a very funny letter column consisting of letters from Ron Ellick and Bjo which reveal a seldom-equalled comedy of errors. Riding with this are an NFFF roster, a TAFF ballot and a page from PEALS # 4 plugging Sandy for TAFF. Special interest but well done.

NOMAD, # 3, 20 pages (George Jennings, 1710 Pearls St., Bay City, Texas, mimeographed, three-weekly but behind schedule, free for interest but not available for cash.)

NOMAD is supposed to be (according to Bill Sarill) the vanguard of a new type of fanzine. It is more or less new type, featuring an editorial, a short article by Bbob Stewart, a longer article by Terry Carr, and a long letter column. The letters mostly discuss old radio mystery shows. All of it is good, especially Rerry's article, and the illos sprinkled around make NOMAD a very cheery fanzine. I like it. -- Rating: 5

PANAC # 99, 4 pages, is an anonymous spoof of FANAC. As one

who did the same thing, I can't very well judge it, but it's interesting to note that both of us thought of a few of the gag ideas. I guess it's pretty good, although it's more a burlesque than a parody.

PROFANITY #7, 37 pages (Bruce Pelz, 980 Figueroa Terrace, Los Angeles 12, mimeographed and multilithed, irregular, 15¢ for a sample and response afterwards.)

Best item in this issue is a forgotten classic, never before printed: Bob Bloch's NoLaCon Speech. It's hardly dated at all. It's also the longest Bloch speech I've ever read, and superb as expected. Ejo does a great job illustrating it. Terry Carr's "Forever and Fandom" is another of his excellent pieces of faanfiction. Joe Pulka's "Parallels" is probably better than I thought it was; it left me cold (no, not chilled, cold). Al Andrews reviews "Pagan Passions", taking the book much too seriously. A song parody, "Gem Carr", has good individual stanzas but somehow falls flat as a whole. My thing is accompanied by the best photo of me to appear in a fanzine; if you want to know what I look like, see it. Don Franson has another song parody which is very well done. John Magnus has some funny notes on con attendance, accompanied by a good Detention photo. Four pages of Bob Coulson fanzine reviews are always fun to read. The letter column is better than last issue's; this one isn't all comments on the previous issue. -- Rating: 7

RETRIBUTION #15, 24 pages (John Berry, 31 Cambell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast 4, North. Ireland, mimeographed, about quarterly, 1/- or 15¢.)

Cover by ATom is terrible. Largest item in this issue is an 11-page Goon story. You people know what I think of the GDA and long John Berry stories! Terrible! John shows how he fooled all but one of RET's readers with his "Who'd Be A Goon?" problem last issue. Unfair! John gives his opinions on the current TAFF election. Who cares what he thinks? RET's readers have four pages of comments on Poul Anderson's Detention speech, printed last issue, and a page of "Snippets", those crazy out-of-context excerpts from letters. All dull blah! Richard Schultz has two cartoons. Silly! Some moron named Gerber ends the issue with a terrible story. John scrawled a note on the cover of my copy congratulating me on these fanzine reviews, but flattery will get him nowhere. RET is terrible! -- Rating: 8

RETRIQUE #1, 16 pages (Bill Sarill, 11 Buena Vista Park, Cambridge 40, Massachusetts, mimeographed, irregular, 10¢ or 3 for 25¢.)

RETRIQUE (do not call it RET--maybe RETRI) is another NOMAD-type zine; it has no letters, but it's as informal as NOMAD; has no front cover, is loaded with illos, features short material, etc. Best item is an account by Dick Eney of how a whole fanclub disappeared, followed closely by a funny article by Harry Warner. Larry Stark has a very short piece of faanishness. There are lots of Bill's ramblings and short anecdotes, which are all very good. The only thing in the issue I didn't like was Bill's fanzine review column; he goes all goshwow about anything he really likes, rating HABAkkUK #1 a 10 and SMOKE a 9. Both of these are fine zines, but not that fine. Still, this is an impressive first issue, well reproduced and laid out. -- Rating: 5

RetroGRADE # 2, 8 pages (redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place NE., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota, mimeographed, monthly (?), trade or comment but no subs) is another short chatterzine, but this one has BNF stamped all over it. I wish it really were monthly--the last issue was 9 months ago--because it's the kind of thing I like to read frequently. Redd yacks for three pages, Jim Harmon does the same for a page and a half, Redd lists recent books and records he's acquired and four letter-writers fill two pages. The only purpose of the listing would be to bring in comments from the readers, which would require a long and frequent letter column. I hope Redd will keep RETROGRADE coming monthly; it's worth getting.
-- Rating: 6

ROT # 4, 30 pages (Mal Ashworth, 14 Westgate, Eccleshill, Bradford 2, England, mimeographed, irregular, free for comment, no sub price listed.)
Mal ought to run for TAFF more often. Or at least he ought to publish ROT more often. Outside of a beautiful cover by ATom, a funny playlet by Sid Birchby, a good article by Harry Warner, a good article by Irene Potter and a Rotsler portfolio, all of ROT is by Mal. (Gee, how much is left?) There are 16 pages of Ashworth, including four items, all of them top-notch-stuff. In fact, all of ROT is top-notch stuff except maybe the portfolio. (I like Rotsler illos as well as the next fan, but I can't see the purpose of two pages of just plain Rotsler illos.) This ROT is enough to make me faunch mightily for future issues. -- Rating: 8

SKYRACK #s 15 & 16, 4 & 6 pages (R. M. Bennett, 7 Southway, Artshurs Avenue, Harrogate, England, mimeographed, monthly, 6 for 2/6 or 35¢, 65¢ by air. U.S. agent is Bob Pavlat.)
Issue # 12 is usual SKYRACK; interesting British news, reviews and chatter. # 16 contains the SKYRACK Poll results, and despite the announcement last issue ("No extra charge. No extra pages.") has two extra pages. # 16 is the best issue yet; it's livelier and more humorous. I hope Ron keeps this up. Riding are Eric Bentcliffe's MI #s 4 and 5, still engaging and enjoyable chatter. SKYRACK used to be just informative. Now it's fun.
-- Ratings: 5, 6

SPACE CAGE # 2 & 3, 4 & 14 pages (Lee Anne Tremper, Apt. A-3, 3858 Forest Grove Drive, Indianapolis 5, Indiana, mimeographed, monthly, interest or ISFA membership--\$ 1 a year.)
The second issue of this, which was the first I received, was a meeting notice, with a very short column by Sandy Mitchell, one letter, and fanzine reviews and an editorial by the editor. In short, a nice, pleasant meeting notice. But the third issue has expanded into a regular fanzine. Largest piece of material is an article by Mike Deckinger on a fan substitute for the post office. It's very funny. There are also various short columns, and lots of small illos. The trouble is that it has no substance at all; it's all light. But it's fun in its own way. -- Rating: 3½

SPACE TIMES # 4, 30 pages, (Jurgen Melthof, Dusseldorf, Post-scheckkonto Essen 129 516) is all in German, so I can't read it. Walter Breen translated the reviews of UMGLICK and METROFEN, so I can testify that the fanzine reviews are well done. It looks like a nice, readable science-fiction fan magazine, and I wish I could read German. If you can, send for it. (The price is DM-,50 or 4 for DM 1,75.) With it came a fifteen page novelette, "Wunderbare Natur" by Wolf Welling. It's probably good space opera.

THE TERRAN DAILY GAZETTE, 20 pages, was edited by Clay Hamlin, and published by Sture. It's a newspaper of the future, and as a journalism student, I can testify to the fact that the journalism is adequate. The ideas are mostly pretty good, and there are some very funny touches (especially the ad for the original Asteroid Wailer, Don Durward) and my only reservation is that 20 pages might have been too long for this sort of thing. But it was a good idea. Not rated but recommended. Well produced, too.

TESSERACT # 2, 44 pages (Walter Breen, 311 East 72 St., New York 21, mimeographed, bi-monthly to quarterly, 20¢, SAPS, trade or comment preferred.)

The first issue was exclusively a SAPSzine; now Walter has decided to do a genzine and after this he'll be doing a separate zine for SAPS. This issue, then, is his real debut in general fandom, and impressive it is. Walter is certainly unusual for a fan; he's unorthodox in almost everything, opinionated as they come, a little over-addicted to self-conscious fannishness and semi-pornography, and brilliant. He also has something which most new faneds seem to have--a group of friends who write for him and aren't known to general fandom--but Walter's bunch are good writers. Josh Brackett has some fine not-poems, Anonymous has a group of lines to use on girls (for bachelors only--I presume) and Eugene Eagen has a lovely little fannish playlet. Aside from his numerous short items, Walter has three long items. His trip report (on a trip to LA) is humorous and well-written, "The Case of James Blish's Conscience" is a brilliant analysis of "A Case on Conscience" (although I couldn't disagree with a review much more) and in "Bitcher Knife", the fanzine reviews, Walter finally shows that he has a fault, inexperience. But it isn't really serious, and I suspect that he'll get over it so fast your head will spin. The letter column is devoted to two long letters discussing the last issue. I fill up the last five pages with a column on New York fan doings. Worthy of note are the numerous Reiss illoş which liven up the zine and the unique quote-cover which I won't even try to describe. Unless you can't stand strong viewpoints or bawdy humor, I recommend TESSY. -- Rating: 7

UR # 7, 28 pages (Ellis T. Mills, P. O. Box 244, Carswell AFB, Texas, mimeographed, irregular, response only, so subs.)

I hate to see fanzines with justified margins, especially in double columns. It makes me shudder to think of all the wasted effort, and it looks too "neat". But UR is funny enough. After good editorializing, John Berry has an amusing short piece, E. B. Smith tells how he gets ideas (very interesting; I always wondered about that,) Sid Birchby reviews books, Art Wilson has a portfolio of weird faces, Ellis has a short piece of fine advice, a crossword puzzle looks intriguing, a poem falls little flat, and a long and interesting letter column fills out the issue nicely. The back cover ad is funny. John Berry has some very funny cartoons in the issue. With UR comes XANADU REVIEW, with short humor by Mills and Bob Leman (excellent) and a Leman poem which manages to mention almost every active fan in existence. -- Rating: 5

VOID # 21, 24 pages (Ted White, #015, 107 Christopher St., NYC 14, and Greg Benford, mimeographed, monthly, 25¢ or 4 for \$ 1 but trade or response preferred.)

The highlight of this VOID is Ted's "A Day With Calvin Beck". This is a weird story to remind one of the best from WEIRD

TALES, but it's true and told with great humor. I think this is the best piece of writing Ted has done yet aside from his analyses; I enjoyed reading it more than almost everything else this month. Ted's editorial is also very funny. Also outstanding are Greg's editorial and Les Nirenberg's "Zot!", a fannish "B.C." The other material is slight, if amusing. -- Rating: 7

YANDRO #86, 23 pages (R. & J. Coulson, RR #3, Wabash, Indiana, mimeographed, monthly, 15¢ or 1/-, 12 for \$ 1.50 or 12/-).
British agent is Alan Dodd.)

This issue features Redd Bogg's discussion on "Methuselah's Children", his first appearance in a genzine in I don't know how long. I wish I could agree with him, but since I read the book for the first time only a short while, it doesn't have the magic for me it has for Boggs and I found it pretty mediocre. A piece of fiction by Bob Warner is pretty good but a little overdone. There are short items by George Scitchers, Don Franson, me and Alan Dodd, plus the regular editorials, fanzine reviews and letter column.
-- Rating: 6½

YANDRO #87 has a beautiful Adkins cover and a thirteen-page letter column, featured as the main piece of material. This, I think, is as it should be; the letter column is usually the best thing in YANDRO. The fanzine reviews are expanded to six pages, which is also a fine idea. The material proper is confined to four pages, including a short article on sf by Rodney Waggoner, an engaging piece of nonsense by James R. Adams and a feghoot by me.
-- Rating: 7

VIEWPOINT Vol. 3, No. 2, 12 pages (LyRo Publications, Box 215, Dixon, California, 15¢ or 6 for \$ 1.)

VIEWPOINT is not really a fanzine; it's a Little Magazine circulating among fans. The best thing in this issue is a reprint from "Heavenly Discourse", which I have already read. There are two original items, an unimportant article by Lyle Amlin, the editor, and a confusing and incomplete story by Don Stuefloten. There is a contents page, an editorial, a letter column and a full page of ads, making VIEWPOINT possibly the most overpriced zine in the history of fandom. Even the cover, by (so help me!) Dafydd Breen, isn't anything to be proud of. VIEWPOINT is printed on half 8x10 paper, so you're really getting only 6 pages for your money, and only 4½ pages of text. The idea of the magazine is good, but unless the material improves, the zine gets bigger and the cost goes down, it won't be worth looking at. And I've never before seen a printed fanzine which had repro troubles. -- Rating 3.

--- Les Gerber.

The EDITOR of CACTUS (a Good man -- free ad) wants VOID Nos 19, 20 & 21. Will pay cash or trade.

-- Illos this issue by Ray F. Nelson, Roar Ringdahl, REGilbert, ATom & Robert Brandorf. - Stencils were: PELIKAN O-type, KORES, VELLAMs & Roneo. Stencils cutted by Carl Hällström, Lars Helander, Alan Dodd. Illos stencilled by Bo Stenfors, Robert Brandorf and Roar Ringdahl. Ink is Gestetner 217. Paper is Ellam 33. Envelopes from somewhere, postmark is Stockholm Ban., & the staplers were bought in Vällingby Bokhandel, Vällingby, Sweden. (unpaid dept.)

SALT WATER TAFFY

A NEW REGULAR(?) COLUMN
BY LOS ANGELES BOB LICHTMAN

WITH AIR-MAIL FROM USA

The other day I noticed that the June 1960 issue of the USRE of New Worlds had hit the local newsstand. Mental relays locked; "New Worlds..yes, that's the place where Belle's column is going to appear starting with the June issue...bi-Ghosh this is the June issue...where's some change?"; I bought the issue.

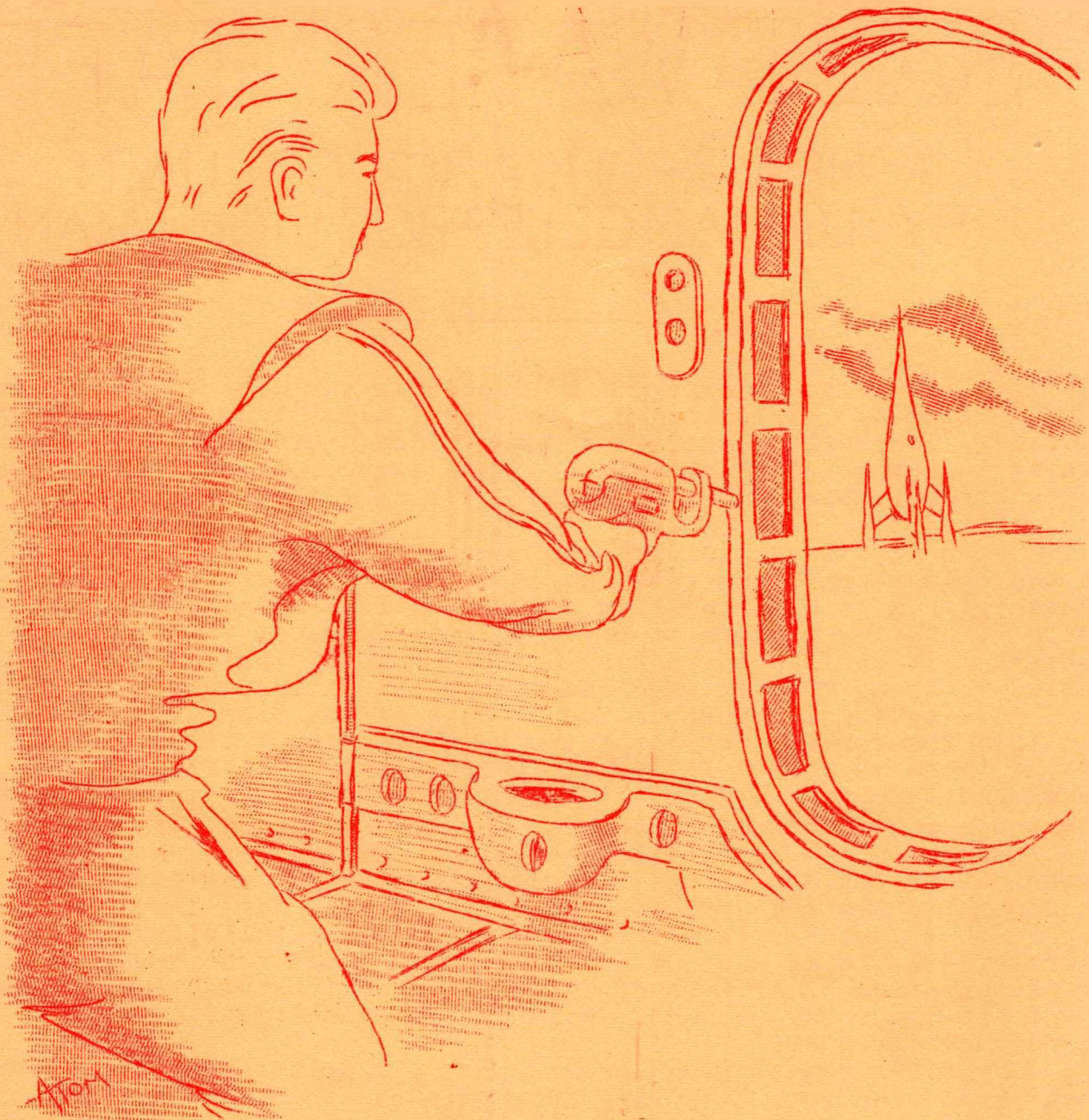
Upon arriving home with the zine, I plunked myself down into a convenient chair and read the column. It started out nicely enough with a good explanation of what TAFF is and all, finishing with "I urge my readers to write to me in care of this magazine to obtain TAFF ballots so that in September a British fan may be enabled to cross the Big Pond and attend the Pittsburg Worldcon."

Not taking too much notice of this at the time I continued on into the review section of the column, more or less skimming until I found under the review of Apé something that made me leaf back and take note of the above-quoted statement again. The lines that so aroused my attention are as follows: "Sandy, by the way, is running in the current TAFF election and he is my choice of candidates. Besides being an excellent writer who has given much pleasure to his readers with 14 fifty-page (so far) issues of Aporreta (Lichtman: they weren't all 50 pages, Belle, but this is irrelevant), he is a wonderful person and would make a very good representative of British sf fandom at the Pittsburgh convention over the Labor Day weekend. As far as I'm concerned, it's Sandy Sanderson for TAFF."

My first reaction was one of anger. I spluttered out my protest into open air. "What the hell does she think she's doing plugging her own personal TAFF favorite in a professional magazine?" was about the way I put it. Stomping up and down the room (by this time I was no longer seated in the convenient chair I mentioned above) I conceived the roots of a vicious, biting article denouncing one Belle Dietz.

Then, like a flash of lightning, I thought of something that changed the state of affairs. I went running to my wastebasket and pulled out one of the surplus TAFF ballots. As I uncrumpled it, the following came into view: "To be eligible to vote you must contribute a minimum of 2/6 (50¢) to the Fund and have been active in fandom prior to November 1959". (underlining Mine).

I breathed a sigh of relief. Obviously Belle's campaign was for naught, for the readers she was trying to snare were fully ineligible to vote. My excitement was all for naught.



Ho-hum..... I s'pose it had to come sooner or later.....

This is sent to you because:

I like you () You like me () I want you to like me ()
You subscribe () You write long letters ()
You should write letters of comment at least once in a while ()
You subscribe () I trade () You know someone
who once met Vargo Statten () You are Vargo Statten () You
are Vargo Statten's long-lost rich uncle () You are my long-
lost rich uncle () You owe me money and this will remind you ()
I owe you money and hope by sending you this all the time I'll
have to send you a bill for all the copies you've had ()
I haven't time to fill all the above little ()s in ()