

# CANCERS

No. 6, 1961.





# CACTUS VOL. I NO. 6 "YEARLY".

STURE SEDOLIN EDITOR

BO STENFORS,

ROAR RINGDAHL &

"R.J.P." SCHULTZ ART EDITORS

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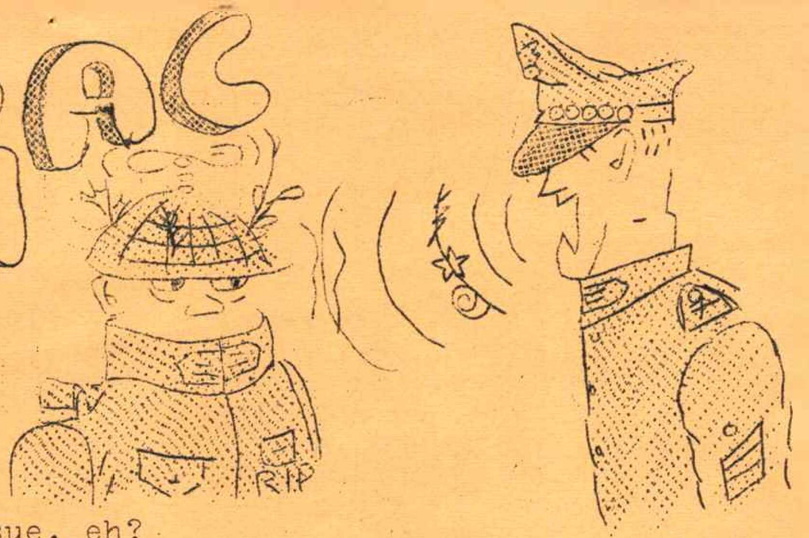
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*ENEY IS THE ONE I HOPE  
TO MET IN ENGLAND NEXT YEAR.  
Sture*

③

NO. 3 - W I N T E R 1961

# Editorial



I 19 Army Camp, Boden,  
Sweden

A long time since last issue, eh?

Well, I had originally planned 2 issues to appear during my Army days, 2 small ones, with "only" 20 pages or so. The first one was to appear in July 1960, when I was home at "Summer Vacation". Of course Les Gerber spoiled the whole thing, as he went to a Summer School or something, and his fmz-reviews arrived the very same day I was due for Boden again. The other issue was to be an X-mas issue, and that time it was my own fault (not Eneys, see?), I simply couldn't afford it. But if everything goes as it should, this issue will appear in May. - Writing this editorial the last days of February but will not have enough money to publish it until May. At the time of writing it looks it will run to 24 pages; and a lot of material is being held over to issues 7 & 8 which will appear late in the Summer. Among the things we have a PITTCON-report, written & illustrated by our new staff artist Dick Schultz. It will be a 2-parter. RIP prefers "staff artist" before the title "art editor" I suggested...ah well. John Berry will have part 2 of his "American fans..." in the next issue, and there will be a photo-offset cover (no photos this time, but a nude-dude drawn by another staff artist). Jean Linard's "Heroes in my mind" will finally see publication; well, after all he did give me the mss in July '59, (it was written Winter '58) and now we'll publish it in the Summer '61. Les Gerber will be back with his fanzine-reviews (there are no reviews this issue as I wasn't certain when it would be published), and Jack L. Chalker starts a STF-book-column... we are SF-fans after all ain't we?? Jeff Fuzzlehead will have a Feghoot, and there will be letters...letters... They have promised material for future issues includes Eric Bentcliffe, Bob Lichtman, Juanita Coulson (well it was Buck who promised it), and so on.

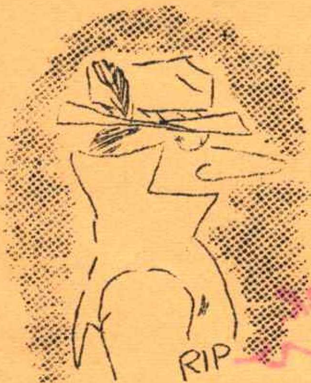
I'm planning to join an apa, maybe it will have to be N'APA, not certain as yet, and an apa-zine, titled ACR (ACR is the imprint under which all my fan mags appear too) will be published quarterly. Fans asking for more of my writings will find it in that zine. I even think that my accounts of my trips to France & England will appear in ACR instead and NOT in CACTUS, altho' I've promised that long ago.

Maybe I'd spend some pages of this editorial telling you how things are in the Swedish Army? I don't think so...the Army must be the same all over..

I can anyhow tell you that I got an easy job, projecting films, and had a lot of spare time for fanac, the only bad thing was the lack of money. Sometimes I had hardly money for stamps....imagine that...a fan who can't afford the stamps even....

I want to thank a lot of nice people who remembered me during the Army days, and send fanzines, records, and SF... and that includes Lloyd D. Broyles, Texas; Jim Turner, Ill.; Betty Kujawa and countless fanzine-editors....

And thanx also goes to art editor Roar Ringdahl, without his help NO issue of CACTUS could have appeared. Roar has been helping me for years with all my fanzines; stencilling illos, contri-



buted with both written material & illos (a serie of covers coming up in CACTUS have all been done by Roar), giving suggestions, sending stencils and a 1000 of other things...

Some of the fen (mostly Stateside fen) have eagerly been looking forward to the promised atticles about Scandinavian ~~life~~-life (oops) and such things... we MIGHT have a series of articles about this starting in the next issue... articles about the various jazz-clubs you find in Stockholm, dixie jazz and so on... No, I won't be writing them... hope to get 2 other people to do it...

Altho this issue is published in May, we ain't having any "Annish" this year...well, if you want a 24-pager for an Annish...well, there you are... Next year another huge Annish may appear.. right now I'm planning to have CACTUS back on it's monthly schedule late in the Summer...

Back to grey ink... We may change it next issue again.. I got some of this ink FREE from some of the boys working with the Army Camp's mimeo (a Gestetner too), and that is reason No. 1 for the grey ink.. Some of my friends in Stockholm sent up my Gestetner Ream mimeo by train to Boden, and I'm having it right here in the projecting room. A pity I couldn't publish more CACTI while being here.... I mean the mimeo so close and all that...

Still CACTUS is the only fanzine published from a Swedish Army Camp, (that isn't 100% true as my SF TIMES also is published here).

I'm looking for all kind of old Fawcett comix, old fanzines and SF...send me your list with prices etc. Especially needed are SF TIMES (US edition) #s 1-100, SHAGGY 39-40, SFAIRA 4, and INSIDE.... Oh yes, the issue of FANTASTIC WORLDS with the Phil Farmer article about "The Lovers" badly needed too.. Will pay cash or trade with Swedish color mags with wonderful photos of N+U+D+E+S.....ahhhhhh!!

Well, I see that the space is running out; still I managed to write my longest editorial so far, and longer may appear... - The Gerfendom turned out to be a most interesting fendom, and I've the past months been reading a lot of the zines, and even tried some German SF....

Vpl 410722-49 signing off.....

*Jure Sedot*



"OH, NOTHING MUCH. SOME BEATNIK WITH A BUNCH OF REINDEER WOULDN'T STOP..."

DICK ENEY 5 FOR TAFF!

# JOHN BERRY:

## AMERICAN FANS

### SCHEDULE ONE

## I HAVE MET

I have only been to one science fiction convention during my fannish career which has extended since 1954. Of course, instead of travelling to England for this experience, a mere two or three hundred miles, I flew some 3,000 miles to New York, and did a guided tour of America before eventually arriving at Detroit for the 17th World Science Fiction Convention in September 1959. I left Detroit for Seattle, on the West Coast, after the convention, and when I eventually got home to Belfast again I had travelled over 14,000 miles. No half measures, you'll note. One convention in my career, and a 14,000 mile round trip to get to it.

As most of you probably know, the trip was financed by fans. Mostly American fans, although British, Irish & Australian fans contributed, and maybe other nationalities too.

My tour was so magnificent, so breath-taking in every respect that when I returned, and caught up with my sleep, I decided that the only sporting thing to do was to write about my trip immediately. Whilst in Seattle I had already written some 35,000 words of my memoirs, and with my story, THE GOON GOES WEST, almost finished, the wordage for the complete story will be approximately 130,000 words, which is by far the longest fannish work ever written.

In THE GOON GOES WEST, I naturally went into detail about everyone I met, from neo's to the biggest BNF's in the business. I didn't go into intricate detail with some of them, though, and in this series, (a continuation of ENGLISH BNF'S I HAVE KNOWN ((published in SUPER-FANTASI 1, June 1958 & CACTUS 3, Feb. 1960))) I shall take the opportunity of enlarging my views of American fans, I did intend to call this series of character studies AMERICAN BNF'S I HAVE MET, but, after much consideration I've concluded that, really, the term BNF is a much abused one. A fan I maybe consider a BNF is not thought of as such in America, and, similarly, a fan I might consider not to be in BNF class is lauded to the skies by his admirers. So I've removed BNF'S from the title, and I'll tell you about American fans I have met.

I have no hesitation in saying that American BNF's are the most generous, happy, sincere and polite people you could possibly imagine. It is no secret that when the fund was launched to take me to America, a few fans did not agree with the principle of it. One or two fans, whilst not personally attacking me, wrote in their fanzines and in lettercols in other fanzines that the Berry Fund would interfere with TAFF, and they just didn't agree with the idea. I met two of these fans at Detroit. I didn't mention to them that I knew of their objections, and I must confess, perhaps with a distinct lack of modesty, that they seemed quite pleased to see me. They asked me for my autograph, and I had quite a chat with them. In fact, my whole idea during the three days of the Detention was to talk to as many American fans as I could. It was a rather strange experience to meet some of them. By this I mean that for years I had written to them and written for them, and their names were as familiar to me as those of my own family. It was queer because although I had the familiarity with them, this literary intimacy, I'd never met them. It seemed so uncanny to shake hands with Dean Grennell....I mean to

say, I feel I knew him way back in 1954, and yet in September 1959 I first came into personal contact with him.

This series will probably go on for a long time, many many issues of CACTUS, ... I can say quite confidently that I can write about American fans for as long as Sture is scheduled to publish his fanzine.

I am definitely not going to write about them in the order I met them. Actually, I met three Northern American fans in 1957....two from America and one from Canada. I re-greeted two of those three in Detroit.

Also, I am not going to give my pen portraits, as it were, in any order of seniority. Maybe Bob Bloch is the Number One Fan on your list. He is on mine. Yet I'm not writing about him in this first chapter. Actually, I've written more than one hundred names on slips of paper, and I've put them in a cardboard box. I promise that as I draw a name out of this box, I'll write about him or her. No favoritism. A natural choice is my promise, which I'm prepared to make in affidavit form.

So I'll reach my hand in, and who comes out first.....?

Ah.....

RICHARD ENEY. I have pages of notes about this well known fan. I was privileged to actually be with him, twenty four hours of the day, for almost a week. He drove me in his car for a couple of thousand miles across Eastern America. But more about that later.

Eney is a big man, in every sense of the word. His face always wears a pleasant expression, and when I was with him in the Fall of '59, he decorated it with a short goatee beard. I hear its been shaved off since.

Now let me tell you about that weeks drive.

Eney picked me up on Monday morning at my hotel on Fifth Avenue, in New York. With him in the car was fan Larry Stark, and well-known fan Jean Young, who carried with her her young son of tender years nick-named Butch.

We drove from New York, through New Jersey, on the Pennsylvania Turnpike and many hours later cut off the turnpike to drive south to Hagerstown, residence of hermit fan Harry Warner Junior, a prolific pro and fan writer. Before we arrived at Hagerstown, a major disaster occurred. The brakes on the car wouldn't work.

Although garages and petrol stations seem to be scattered over the American landscape like chaff, when we wanted one, we couldn't see one. Eney therefore had no recourse but to keep driving until we did reach one. He drove with superb skill, and I'll never know he controlled that car. He worked the gears so fast the gear column started to melt, and on one occasion we came to a red light suddenly a few feet away, and a bad accident seemed inevitable. Eney swung into a dynamic rhythm and did dozens of things all at the same time. He changed gears, swung from side to side, stuck his massive hands out of the window to increase wind resistance and I swear he willed that red light to turn green. It flickered once or twice, but Eney's MIND beat the electric circuit, and just as we crossed the intersection the lights were green. We covered our ears by the simple movement of moving our hands from our eyes so that we couldn't hear the screech of brakes from the other cars.

Eney survived the brake incident, but many more incidents occurred on the weeks drive. We were almost washed away in a torrential thunder storm, there was a baby in the car, and no matter how superbly well Butch behaved, he had to cry sometime. I've been though it, the squeal of babies is accepted by my mind and ignored, but this Eney fellow was new to it all. But he didn't even utter one word of annoyance, not even when I couldn't remember an address, and we toured almost the whole state of Ohio before finding it.

Dick Eney proved to be one of the finest car drivers I've ever met, and this in a country of good car drivers. Whilst on the turnpikes, magnificently wide roads, long and monotonous, Dick never

once had the slightest suggestion of losing his concentration....and he had a baby, two American fans and me in the car for a week.

Under such circumstances, you get to know a fan. Eney rates very high on my list. I was at his house for one night, and slept in his den. Well, den is certainly not the word for the vast cellar where Eney keeps his fannish equipment. He has all his fanzines filed away in a wonderful index system, and all his letters can be traced in a very short time, and masses of shelves are filled with SF and other soft and hardcovers. The den was so big that I slept in it, and when I woke up I thought for a moment I was in the reference room of Belfast Municipal Library.

Of course, Dick Eney is famous throughout fandom for his years of service and his many varied publications, but his one big niche in the fannish Scroll of Honour is his massive reference work FANCYCLOPEDEA II.

This work, 182 pages, is, at the moment, the largest fannish publication ever although I hope to beat this record soon with the publication in America of my THE GOON GOES WEST.

FANCYCLOPEDEA II is a MUST for any fannish character who prides himself in wanting to know the mythologies and rites of fandom as a way of life. No fan can call himself such without a copy of this wonderful tome. Eney presented me with copy number 7, and I ain't taking any offers for it.

I must also say that Eney is a shrewd man. He is precise and accurate in all he says and does, and one of the most pleasurable facets of my three weeks in America was to meet and get to know this man, and believe me, there is no better way to get to grips with another person than by being 168 hours with him in a car.

I'd do it all again, anytime.....

+++++++

LESLIE GERBER. Well, Eney came out of the cardboard box, and my second selection merits just as much attention.

Les Gerber has an especial place in my fannish life. He must have read my many stories about the old rusrty type-writer BobShaw sold me when I was a neofan. Gerber must have heard from fans for who I wrote material that my manuscripts arrived on paper scrawled with fading ball point pens. Gerber realised that my profific writing ability would perforce come to an end if I didn't soon get a typer, and being a sort of minor sadist at heart, he came to the conclusion that he would do all in his power to ensure that Berry bombarded fandom with written works which were once referred to as 'almost literature.

So Les decided I WOULD HAVE A TYPER, and without my knowledge he wrote to Diane, my wife, before I went to America, and asked her if I had any chance of getting one in Belfast. Diane must have sized up my financial situation with extreme shrewness, because her answer, presumable, was that I hadn't the faintest chance of getting one, and she had the outstanding accounts to prove it.

It transpires that Les Gerber wrote to a group of fans associated with CRY OF THE NAMELESS (and others) and collected almost \$ 30, and he purchased a second hand typer. He couldn't get to the World Science Fiction Convention in Detroit, but he cleverly got George Raybin, a New York fan, to present a symbolic representation of the typer to me at the Convention in front of the whole fannish assembly.

It is hard to find words to explain how thrilled I was at this announcement. I was not prepared for it. My wife had not given me a hint of the good news to come. I muttered my thanks to the audience, but I'm sure I didn't adequately convey my appreciation.

When I arrived at New York on my journey home, Les came round to Dick Ellington's house, and personally gave me the typer. It is a lovely typer. I am preparing this manuscript on it, and Sture will, I am sure, vouch for its efficiency.

Seldom has a fan been so unselfish as Les Gerber, and you must



remember in this connection that he is only very young, he was only fifteen years old when the typer idea occurred to him.

I must be frank in these pen portraits, and explain that Les Gerber seemed to strike terror into the hearts of the more elderly faction of New York Fandom.

At the infamous Nunnery in New York, near the Bowery, Bill Donaho organised a party for me. Some deal. Steaks as big as man-hole covers, a jazz band, cases of whiskey and vodka and beer, everything. Les Gerber arrived and proceeded to zap everything in sight, including Donahp's cat, and a large negro about seven feet tall, who, upon receipt of a facefull of H2O, proceeded to show his chagrin at the watering by precipitating the offending zap through the window and on to the sidewalk many yards below, and I consider it to be a very fortunate occurrence that Gerber didn't follow his zap.

Les is young, and you've got to allow adolescents their heritage. His writings (especially his fanzine reviews ((a regular feature in CACTUS, but missed this time tho'.))) show an alert appreciation of fannish matters, and an astute knowledge of fannish psychology.

I have an extra special reason for thinking Les Gerber to be one nice chap...to be thoughtful and unselfish and understanding. His youthful passion for zaps will pass (not, I hope, for a tommy gun) and I sincerely hope that the older fans in New York will realize this...will come to appreciate that they have a rare spark of fannish talent in their midst, which will, if properly nurtured, flourish into a personality which will do them much credit.

If a GERBER FOR TAFF plug is ever announced, I shall be in there pitching, doing my utmost to try and repay him for his kindness to me. I hope to meet him one day on my home ground, so that I can really let him know of my high opinion of him.

Fandom has brought to my door many happy events and thoughts and wishes and people....but one of the supreme moments of bliss is when I recall the first news of the typer at the WorldCon, and to realise that a young and sometimes badly misunderstood fan had sacrificed so much time and thought to doing me a kindness for which he had no selfish thought to spur him on.

If Les reads this, I hope he finally realises my extreme happiness and delight at his gesture. I told him how I felt in New York, and I also showered egoboo on him in THE GOON GOES WEST....but I just couldn't do enough.

Les Gerber, I salute you.....

++++++

Enough for schedule One. I want to get this to Sture to catch the deadline. Flip the pages next issue, though, I hope to be there, because I've lots to tell you.

JOHN BERRY, 1960.

=====

THE SERCONFAN SPEAKING, cont. from page 10.

imagined it to be much nicer." With that conviction, why don't we become football fans instead of science-fiction fans?

And I don't see any reason to be disillusioned. If you'd draw a line, name it "Space Travel" and mark the point where we're now, it would be about one hundredth of an inch from the start. The whole rest of the way still remains to be covered. It is a way at the end of which the stars of a whole universe can be blazing. Without any regard to the other topics of science-fiction, I think these stars are a goal worthy enough not to spit upon.

You don't solve problems by spitting upon them, you know.

- Rainer Eisfeld.

# THE SERCONFAN SPEAKING

If I ever read an interesting fannish outlook on the currently dawning realization of space travel, it certainly was Paul Enever's As I was Saying... in CACTUS 1. Surprisingly enough, it looked to me like a kind of romanticism unexpectedly disillusioned, because cold reality all of a sudden sprang up in front of the starry-eyed enthusiast. To use a profane comparison: It reminded me of a B.B. fan who discovers that Brigitte is wearing falsies. (Now I don't imply that she..etc.)

Allow me a short digression to the situation in the German science-fiction field. Coming from the tradition of technical fantasy à la Hans Dominik way back in the 30s, the German reader stood dumbfounded when Williamson's THE HUMANIDS appeared here in 1952. Nobody'd ever told him that there was such a thing as psychokinetics. There lay the reason for science-fiction having to be made popular in Germany by the way of smallest resistance - which meant simple space-travel novels and the like.

As the neofan's opinion did not differ widely from that of the ordinary reader, the idea of "making popular space travel by science-fiction" was stressed heavily in Gerfandom. Argument about that point arose already in 1956, when Anne Steul labeled space travel "old cheese". And now let me back to the end of the first passage.

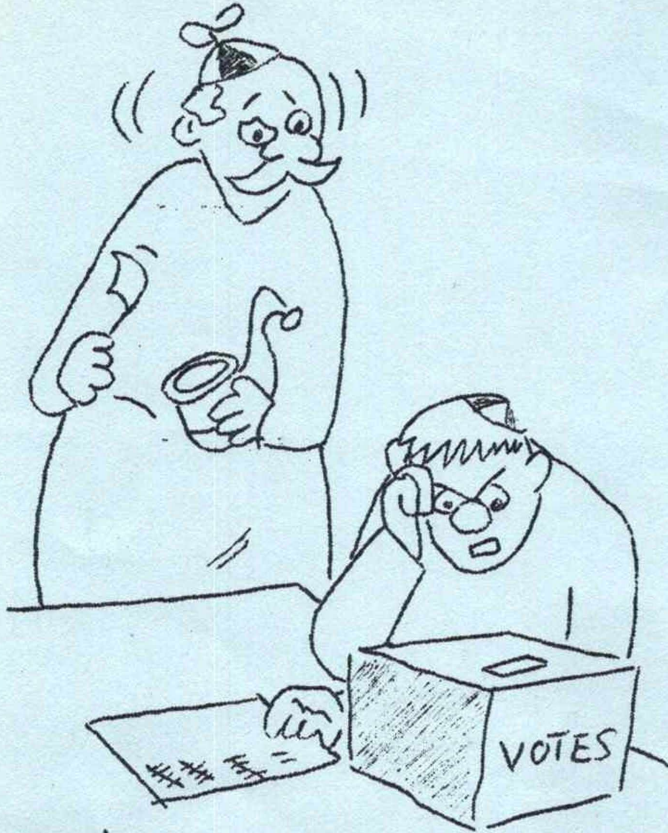
I can very well recall the feeling I sensed the morning of that 5th of October, 1957, when I heard the radio news that the Soviets had launched their Sputnik the day before. Simply and unashamedly stated - it was awe. Among German fans, the news that man's first satellite circled the globe, was greeted with exultation. Comments in fanzines and with regard to the public ran something like "Haven't we said it all the time -".

Now Paul for sure is right when he denies that those satellites or the moon rockets helped fandom much. They didn't help insofar, as one might have hoped that hundreds upon hundreds of people would join science-fiction circles. A person who has stood sceptically aside during most years in his life, won't become a fan because there's some dog barking in the heavens or some mouse squeaking from way up there. ((You know that one? An American mouse and a Russian dog meet on the moon. Whereupon the mouse says: "I don't know, brother, in what way you were lured here, but I was told that the moon consisted of cheese.")) No, sir - even conceded that the dawning of the Space Age influenced the popularity of SF a bit, it certainly did not cause a boom.

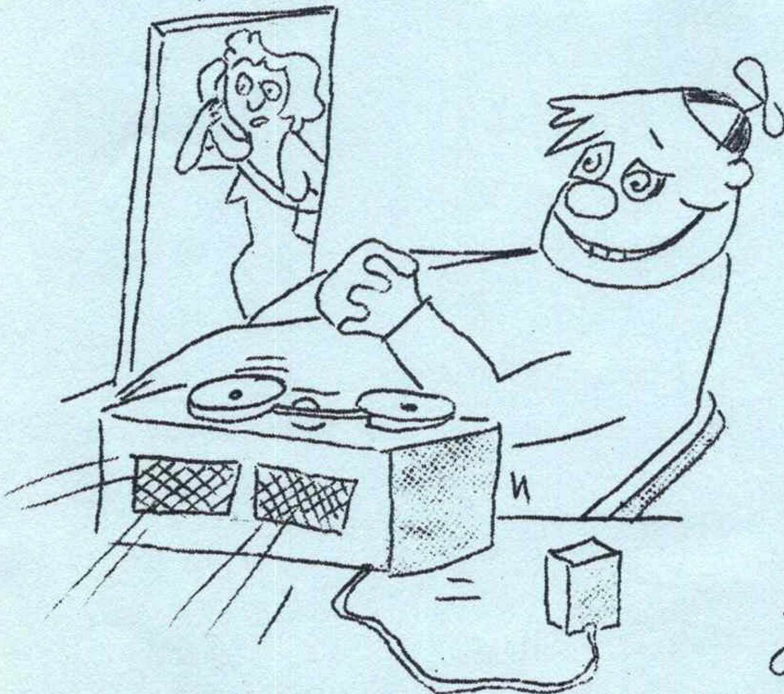
But that's not the point. You cannot yearn for a thing for years, and when it's finally achieved, you stand back and complain: "I

CONT. ON PAGE 9.

# Deanie Brigade by Ray Nelson



THAT'S WHAT COMES OF ALL THIS HOAXING, THIS YEAR'S TAFF WINNER IS A MAN WHO DOESN'T EXSIST!



- ... and all he does now, doctor, is to praise himself on the tape and then play it back... -



# SATA

25¢ per issue, 4 issues for \$ 1.  
Foreign subs \$ 1. 25.

SATA's new address is:

SATA Bill Pearson,  
c/o Larry Ive, # 5,  
31 West 76th St.  
New York City - USA

I've SATA no. 12 on hand and I think I'd say a few word aboit it, just to tell you how good the zine is. It's digest-sized, and having 26 very clearly offset-printed pages. Front cover by George Barr, and Bacover by Ray Cappella. Inside art by Prosser, Adkins, Barr etc. The contents are also goshwoboy, very interesting (and how) stories by Clod Hall and Bob Warner. Editorial, including an index of all SATA published and ads.

SATA is one of the top zines published today - so why not sub or send 25¢ for a sample?

Sture Sedolin.

=====  
JOE VUCENIC, 1075 Iris St., Apt. 24, Los Alamos, New Mexico, USA has SF mags, hardcovers, comix etc for sale. Write him for free list. Joe's also thinking up setting up a lithoprinting business, and all fen thinking of having something printed should contact Joe about details. If Joe gets started in the litho-business, I'll have future CACTUS covers printed by him, and we might even see 4 color covers then. =====

JERRY BURGE, at 1707 Piper Circle SE, Atlanta 16, Georgia, USA has still copies left of the hardcover edition of Sam Moskowitz' THE IMMORTAL STORM, selling them at \$ 5 each. This book is a MUST for every fan. Almost 300 pages, lots of photos etc. Get it. =====  
BROWN & YELLOW DITTO MASTERS seems to be sought by most foreign fen and I've thefero decided to start suppling them to overseas fans on a trade basis. I really don't want other dittomasters in return, but SF. (Science Fiction in case you never heard about "SF" before.) And me being yours truly hiding myself in POBox 403, Vällingby4, Sweden =====

# SKYRACK



FANDOM'S LEADING  
NEWSZINE. PRESEN-  
TATION WITHOUT  
BIAS.

Ron send me some text to use in this ad. but it seems I've lost it somewhere so instead I'll give you some of my own views about SKYRACK. I've been reading it regularly since issue 3, and must say all the time SKYRACK has been FIRST with the news of every important fannish event, may it be TAFF, the Worldcon or what have you. Don't think that SKYRACK only covers British news - that's wrong, Ron's covering the whole fanfield... Besides the news he is printing fmz-reviews of all European English language zines, and reviews US-zines and Aussie zines occasionally; and not to mention all those riders you get with every issue. Ron's willing to send a sample copy to anyone interested.

SKYRACK sells for 2/6 or 35¢ for 6 issues, 65¢ if you live in USA & want the zine by air mail. SKYRACK is mostly monthly, but sometimes you get 2 or 3 issues in one month.

SKYRACK's editor: RON BENNETT, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., HARROGATE, Yorkshire, ENGLAND.

# FOREIGN DEPT.



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

Dear Sture.

As for my Report, I am very pleased with the way you've presented it. It's apparently uncut - not that it could probably have not done done with a bit of cutting, but I'm vain enough to like being published verbatim (if you know what verbatim means). It's even got my own system of paragraph-indenting preserved, AND, alone among the things in CACTUS, it has a line left between paragraphs - also a feature of the original. Incidentally, this leaving of a line between paragraphs always makes a thing easier to read I think. Just makes that little difference.

It had some nice juicy typoses in it of course, but as your English is still better than my Swedish will ever be, that can be excused.

I like the photocover. Ray Nelson looks a lot like Mike Wallace (the fannish or strictly ex-fannish Mike Wallace, not the American radio commentator). The staples were not up to the size of the zine, as are none that I have access to. I've now SEWN my copy together, which is about the only way left! I can imagine you doing that to every copy as you send it out, of course.

SFARIA 5 would have read better if published at the time it was designed for I think, as it is it's rather a mess to start the zine off with. The Beanie Brigade appreciated, though it wasn't Fay Wren, it was Fay Wray if I remember right. I particularly liked the titling for Coulson's article. Even more than the article itself, which was too short. Liked Brandorf's hasty illo to my conrep, too. The quotes that followed my article were probably better than the article itself if truth were known, Alan did a fine job collecting all those good ones for you.

The trouble about too many of your contributions is that they are too small to be much use. Odd reviews and things like that scattered around the place I mean. People like Rehorst and Hamlin and even Harry Warner, who can hardly fail to provide the best fannish reading whatever he does.

The lettercol's so long that if I start looking through it for points to raise I'll be all night. I liked Ken Cheslin's bit of nonsense, and also another excellent Brandorf illo.

One point I'd better mention I think, it was my fault. On P. 31 I ascribe construction of Irene Potter's bem costume to Don Alen. Actually, she tells me, it was Don Geldart. As I say, it's my fault - still, if you manage to get out another CACTUS before too many ye-ars have passed, I'd be glad if you could mention the matter so that Don Geldart might have his rightful egoboo restored to him.

Roll on demob (as we used to say in MY army days). And demob or not, roll on the next CACTUS.

HARRY WARNER JR - 423 Summit Ave.,  
Hagerstown, Md., USA.

Dear Sture:

This fourth issue of CACTUS came at just about the same time as

your letter, and I had a fine time reading it. There are so many letters in it this issue that there aren't going to be as many comments from me--only in ENPA are fans perverted enough to comment on comments, you know--and much the same difficulty exists for the long fanzine review column, because there isn't much that can be said about these summaries.

But I did like the Dodderings very much, with the extra zest of attempting to find some evidence in these pages of a hoax. Something sounds veguely hoaxish about this lengthy stay that Jean Linard is supposed to have made in England and the sole fannish contact. But I can find nothing in this issue to support any theory that I might like to try to maintain, such as that (a) Jean was not in England and the column this time is intended solely to try to prove that there is an Alan Dodd or (b) someone else was in England who called himself Jean Linard for the purpose of tracking down Alan Dodd or (c) these are both pennames, for Winston Churchill and de Gaulle, who used fandom to accomplish an important secret conference.

I also enjoyed the other major article, the one by Mike Deckinger. It is indeed impressive, how New York's fandom has been disintegrating for the past quarter-century under such blows as loss of a meeting place, and still survives. But I wish that Americans wouldn't use the word "erstwhile" incorrectly. Fan after fan use it as an apparent synonym for "greatly respected" or "venerable" as Mike does in this first line of his article.

If you ever do get around to that second printing of the third CACTUS, I'd be most pleased for a place on the mailing list. Some of the comments in this issue wet my curiosity. (((Sorry for promising a "second" printing, Harry. The stencils did never allow that - so the only thing to do for you fen who didn't get C 3 is probably to advertise for it. At the same time I take the opportunity to tell you that NO back issues are left, but that copies of CACTUS 1 to 5 are badly needed by it's editor.)))

So my name sounds Swedish? Well, it's an odd thing. As I've probably told Sam Lundwall, I often try to puzzle out Swedish-language portions of fanzines in that language. After a few minutes of doing this, I usually find myself reading straight ahead as rapidly as if it were English before my eyes. I don't understand what I'm reading but it seems somehow quite familiar and I get the strangest pleasure out of continuing to read the meaningless paragraphs, as if somewhere in the most distant corner of my mind something understood. (((Same with me when I'm reading English.))) Maybe there's an ancestral memory lurking there that has been starving for Swedish all my life. Unfortunately, I have no reason to believe that any ancestors came from your contry. I've never gone ancestor-hunting, but as far as I know I'm mainly German and English in decent.

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- A Hällström By Any Other Name Is Still A Sedolin. L. Nirenberg.  
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The first thing that occurred to me upon receiving this fifth issue of CACTUS was inspired by Shakespeare and I don't know if your acquaintance with English is up to savoring the full significance of the phrase: Who would have thought that such a little country would had had such a big fanzine in it? In fact, if this trend toward bigger and more fanzines continues, pretty soon we're all going to be forced to specialize in our reading tastes. One fan will read nothing but first anniversary issues from Germany and another fan will specialize in fanzines from Switzerland with photographic covers, simply because there isn't time to read more than a small proportion of the world's fannish output.

I'm hopeful, in any event, that the Swedish army will teach you all sorts of useful new techniques in subduing enemy micrographs and capturing first-rate material from enemy fan publishers and requisitioning whatever stocks of postage stamps and envelopes may be needed to publish even bigger and better fanzines. While you are in the military service, you might also try to adapt a machine gun to

stapling purposes, because the civilian staples that you used on this issue gave up their assignment without really trying hard.

The photographic cover was excellent. Anie Linard has a knack of presenting an entirely different personality and appearance in

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In preparation & to be uncensored soon: "I WAS KILLING SPIDERS IN VESOU" - Sture Sedolin's own account of the meeting with Ray & Kirsten Nelson, Jean & Anie Linard, & other fen in the summer of 1959.  
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every picture. This one reminds me strangely of Amelia Earhart, the girltype airplane pilot who was a legend in the United States even before she disappeared under mysterious circumstances in the Pacific before World War Two.

And I read with much interest all the material on the British convention. This is the third fanzine to reach me with convention reports, so the affair is still as fresh and new to me as if I hadn't been there myself with Alan Dodd. I imagine that I'll begin to grow a bit glassy-eyed on the dozenth description of the incidents, but that will appear in a fanzine for which the paper has not yet been purchased, months from now, so why worry?

I suspect some sort of calamity happened to Clayton Hamlin's article during the stenciling. It reads as if a long paragraph or maybe a whole page was omitted. Too bad, because this problem of what a visitor from the past would really do in the modern world is one that most prozine stories fail to come to grips with. Of course, much would depend on the personality of the time traveler: the superstitious type would probably fall over in a faint at the sight of a television set in operation, while the alchemist's apprentice might kill himself by ripping off the back and trying to crawl inside without knowledge of the voltages that float around in there.

The little item about the Siberian fans is one that really deserved more development. Quite a nice extrapolation of fandom in Russia could come out of this basic premise that the individual with the fannish inquiring mind and deep thinking would be almost sure to be in a concentration camp and even there would probably be forced to have club meetings in secrecy.

I would have speculated on how close to a record you might have come for length of letter section, if Bill Donaho hadn't just set a new one in the gigantic last issue of Habbakuk. I mean, Habakkuk-- these English spellings are hard on everyone. Your combination of red ink on deep yellow paper is quite easy on my eyes, particularly for reading under rather dim light conditions as I did last evening toward dusk. Somewhere I once ran across a list of color combinations in order of legibility, and I'm quite sure that red on yellow stood first in place. There was a notation about the fact that circus posters used to use that combination for this reason, so people could read the words and see the pictures from the greatest possible distance. As I remember it, black on white stood quite far down the list. (((Well, don't have any red ink on hand this time - so I guess grey will have to do it. Hope to have the red ink back in the next issue tho'.))) There wasn't anything in that list to indicate the standing of a typewriter ribbon as badly as this one on white paper.

I still don't believe in Alan Dodd, particularly after reading this latest column. And I'm afraid that The Bridge depends a bit too much on intimate knowledge of British fans and their traditions to be fully enjoyable by a foreigner like me.

Of course, it was sad to learn that a Swedish fan had died. Robert Brandorf is just a name to me, because I have correspondence contacts with you only, Sam Lundwall, and possible one or two other individuals in Scandinavia. But I know the nasty shock that we experienced in this country a short while back when one fan after another like Laney and Moomaw died. There was a time a century ago

when the death of a young man didn't seem so awful, because life expectancies were short, but now that the average lifespan is so long, it just doesn't seem fair for anyone to die until he's past middle age.

RON BENNETT

- 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave.,  
Harrogate, ENGLAND.

Dear Sture,

I've had the anniversary issue of CACTUS lying around here for far too long -- unanswered that is. I don't mind how long a magazine with the overall quality of CACTUS remains lying around here, of course, but you should at least receive some note from me thanking you for it. So...thanks for CACTUS 5.

I liked the photocover but then I seem to be a sucker for having horrible faces leering up at me. Whilst I don't wish to insult Jean Linard, it might be an idea for your future photo covers to include back views of all fans. In so many cases this view is such a sheer improvement. Brian, Alan and Jhim don't look too sober, but considering where the photograph was taken, this isn't surprising. And Ray Nelson's photo would look attractive, I feel, in full color as a tourist advert for the Bowery.

I was of course amazed to find Lars Helander's SFARIA 5 being offered. It took me right back into the centre of London Worldcon activities.

I have to congratulate you on getting into print the first report on the recent London convention. Archie has long been considered one of the most perceptive of con reporters and I for one would always be delighted to run a Mercer con report in any fanzine of mine. It may be realised therefore that I was favourably prejudiced towards this report before I even read it and I was certainly not disappointed. This was a very good report. The only point with which I disagree was Archie's mention that the hotel staff were pleading with us to go to bed. As I remember it, they threatened us. Still, it was a most enjoyable convention, wasn't it?

As I've noticed before from reading Mal Ashworth fanzines, Irene Potter seems to talk in interlineations, rather like the G.M. Carr of Harp Stateside. The mind boggles at the situation where Irene can come out with a remark like, "What do I want to wear wet cigarettes for?"

It's pleasant to see Alan Dodd writing on something where he isn't merely rehashing over movie plots. I've noticed from one or two items that he's been improving recently. Of course, he's entirely when he says, "Bennett 1960 is snide, insulting, and rather unpleasant and... downright rude." What I fail absolutely to understand is why Al limited this description to 1960?

Thanks again for CACTUS 5. I hope the army isn't too hard on you. (((Slowly recovering now from the first shock.)))

ALAN DODD ESQ

- 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddes-  
don, Herts., ENGLAND.

Dear Sture,

Hah. Well, the army doesn't seem to have changed YOU - you are still the old villain you always were eh? Anders Fröberg told me about Boden - about 13000 people about 6000 of them in the army - sounds just like a typical garrison town here too. I bet it does get cold up there too.

Dorothy and Jim didn't like my article about Bennett being rude? Well - I thought he was rude to YOU too - turning his back on you, refusing to answer your question about "crummy sheet" - very discourteous considering he was a visitor and you were the guest in



someone else's house. So I thought he treated you badly as well. But maybe you didn't appreciate from what he was saying what was going on. I just took offence at it myself.

Well, I've just come back from Bournemouth where I met Anders Fröberg. Told me lots of things about Sweden I never got the chance to ask you - like it's a 1/6d fare to Vällingby from Stockholm, that the police carry swords, that the girls use too much make-up, that you can't have a drink unless you buy a meal, that the "raggare" have big American cars and lots of other things.

It says in F.NAC which I got yesterday that they think that Vpl 410722-49 is really a military robot?

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- I was a teenage military robot for the Swedish fandom...starring Sture Sedolin....  
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That's a very nice postcard of Boden you sent me and it looks a much prettier place than I ever thought it would be - I take it the military camp is outside of the pictures in the card somewhere? (((You bet they are - and they ain't allowed to be photographed either. Ha.))) Not my idea of what Lappland looks like at all - where's the reindeer, the snow, the people with those funny clothes and hats on, the sludges - the monsters that come out of the snow - where is everything. (((The monsters are here now all right.))) I don't know whether there is much to do there but I imagine the girls of Boden think themselves rather lucky with all those men nearby eh??? (((You are kidding ain't you????)))

As for you not hearing about CACTUS 5 yet - it's your own fault you rascal for putting out such big fanzines - how can I possibly read as many as 75 pages all together like that? Well - they were altogether until I opened the magazine and then the whole thing fell to pieces. I've just been left with a handful of loose yellow and red printed pages thass all Sedolin. The photo cover is very good indeed especially the languid photos of Ray Nelson, Jim Linwood and Co - and the back of Jean Linard's head - yes, we could recognise Jean anywhere from such an excellent detailed shot as that. Yes indeed. Just how do you DO a photocover just supposing I or another editor wanted to set about it? (((It's just photo offset.)))

I must say some of the material you had was the OLDEST I have ever read in a fanzine. That stuff of Lars Helander's was two years old if it was a day and it read like it too. How on earth could you possibly dredge up material by a fan who left fandom rapidly without a word to anyone to say where he was going, what he was doing or anything. Whatever he did some two years ago certainly isn't of anyone I know of and is all long best forgotten - as is Helander himself for dropping out without the courtesy of a word to anyone.

Archie Mercer's con report was very readable and the first I'd read on this convention - and certainly the longest con report I have read in ages. Too long in fact. I was interested in that phoney little Russian piece you wrote (It was you wasn't it?) because I happen to actually know someone in Russia - Oleg Davidov who lives in Chelyabinsk in the Urals of Russia not too far from Sverdlovsk where the U.2 landed. I must ask him about science fiction some-time... He's a coin collector... (((Roar wrote the stuff...)))

Your letter column should I think be held up another dozen or so fanzine editors and show them how a letter column SHOULD be laid (laid?) out. Clear, concise, the name in big letters, full address following - that's how every letter column should be done, nice and clear so that you can see how has written the letter and when their letter ends and someone else begins. A perfect example of the lettercolumn I think. Why are you always pulling George Wells' leg with "H. G. Wells" or was that a genuine mistake you ol' rascal??

Wonder why Ricky Sneary doesn't believe I met Jean-Linard here? Naturally of course he only read about it in CACTUS because I was the only one who met Jean and CACTUS apart from the usual all

to brief para in FANAC was the only other fanzine I wrote about it in. So how else could he expect to hear more of it, pray?? Takes a lot of convincing does our 'ol Rick. Did you mean to correct all his spelling mistakes by the way? Some was asking me last week whether Sture spoke typoese??

How long ago did you receive this letter from Marty Pahls? He hasn't written me since February and owes me a number of comics and things as well as several letters. I suppose he's another of those Ohio fans who are going to let me down by just disappearing and not writing anymore like Mark Schulzinger did in 1955 by refusing to write me despite repeated letters to him and he just disappeared owing me a roll of film and two big parcels of science fiction. He was from Ohio too - Cincinnati. I should be getting used to it know what with him and Pahls. I really cannot understand people like Pahls, Schulzinger, and even Helander and Jansen who just drop out without saying a word to anyone regardless of any obligations that they might have. Some fans like Danis Bisenieks have the common decency to tell people when they are going and it is all the sadder for them going - but these other bums want a stick of dynamite showing up them and lighted to wake them up.

I guess that's about all for CACTUS except I think you did a fine job on it - it's hard to imagine from when I actually met you that such a fragile seeming fan could produce such a helft sort of a fanzine.

MAL ASHWORTH

- 14 Westgate, Eccleshill,  
Bradford 2, ENGLAND.

Dear Sture:

Many, many thanks for CACTUS 5; Man, that was a lot of CACTUS. And very succulent too.

One of the nicest things about it was the long-lost SFIRI. This was very good stuff and brought back all the more what a loss to fandom has been Lars' gaffiation. Some public-spirited fans should from an intrepid little group, go out into the wilderness, and bring Lars back alive. Volunteers?

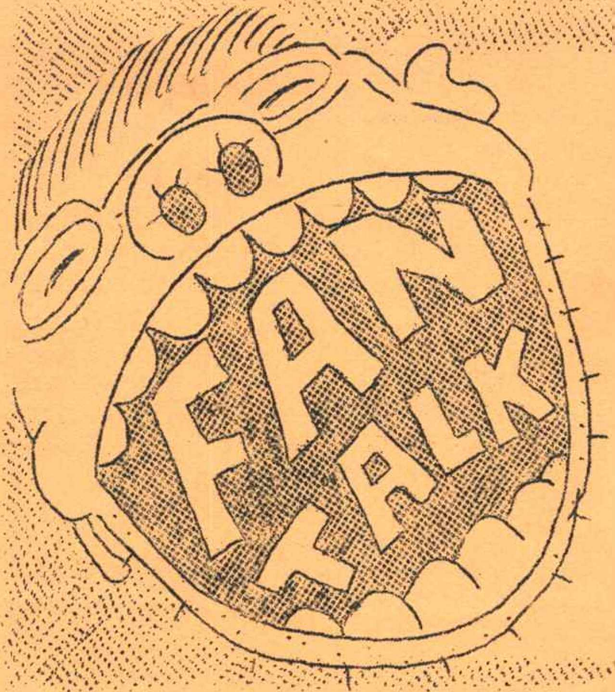
Bob Coulson's article was Mighty Fine, and Archie's conreport was in the same category. Moreover - and this is something that makes it double valuable - it is going to be very useful for reference as to who was there, who wasn't there, who should have been there, and who wouldn't be seen dead there; when I come to write my con report. (No sense in rushing these things you know; you have to let these conventions mature in your mind like old wine.) I was particularly intrigued by Archie's mention on page 22 of "A second-hand or damaged gods shop". No doubt Archie will be kind enough to supply me with the address of this establishment as I am running a bit short of second-hand gods myself, and could do with picking a few up cheap.

All the rest of the issue was fine too, and well-balanced to boot. (And these things need to be well-balanced to boot, of course, or else you are liable to fall over when kicking them. This is a piece of advice that should be noted by all young would-be fan-editors; whatever else you do you must make your magazine well-balanced to boot.)

Thanks again for a monster CACTUS; may there be many more.

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Running out of space; here's THE WE+ALSO+HEARD+FROM+DEPT: Eric Bentcliffe, Ches., ENGLAND, Les Nirenberg, Toronto, CANADA, Jeff Wanshel, New York, USA, Alan Rispin, Manchester, ENGLAND, J. Arthur Hayes, Ont., CANADA, Dot Hartwell, Essex, ENGLAND, Torbjörn Martinssen, Molde, NORWAY, Norm Metcalf, Panama City, Fla., USA, Ann Chamberlain, Los Angeles, USA, Ted Forsyth, London, ENGLAND, Bob Lichtman, Los Angeles, USA, "Doc" Weir, Glos., ENGLAND, Andy Main, California, USA & others. Letters will be in the next issue... 'bye now. Ye Ed.



(MONTHS ago, during my stay in Stockholm, I promised Sture to write something about Swedish fandom. To day, my conscience force me to do something - but I have something else on my mind first...)

The first thing that pops into my mind when Ray Nelson's name is mentioned, is a week-end last year at my place - just Ray, a friend of mine, Ivar Hagen, two guitars - and me. Out of this came two nights filled with fun. The mentioned Mr. Hagen has a rare talent for playing both guitar and banjo and has two recent national championships behind him. It turned out that Ray didn't lack experience handling his plinker either - after a few minutes of "warming up" they started a guitar session, including a few tunes where Ray used his guitar as both bass and drum.

Ray was invited to attend a meeting in the "Jazz Forum", one of Drammen's jazz centres. So, the next day I had him safely delivered at the place and took a girl friend to the movies. On returning we found Ray happily in the midst of "The Beatniks" - playing drums. I hastened to get a few photos, then packed down my camera and found seat among a few hundred cats. One of my biggest mistakes that proved to be. No sooner had I left a good camera-position and stowed away the equipment than Ray grabbed the mike. The band started on "Down by the Riverside". I must add that he doesn't exactly sing like Caruso or Mario Lanza, but (even though the guys on the bandstand refus to admit it) suddenly there was a very strong, audible and friendly response. It was easy to hear that this was it - the top of the evening. I'll never forget that picture I missed; Ray, with a firm grip around the mike, smiling from one aer to the other. (What a cover picture...)

Once Ray and I took the Southern Express from Drammen to Oslo. Well, nothing particular about exactly, but already on the railroad station a lady asked us a question:

- Was it fun at the masquerade ball? - she wanted to know. Maybe she had a right to ask. Ray had a beanie on from the moment we left my place and till we were safely at Ulvøya.

Not to mention the time he invited us to his Birthday.

-You don't have to bring presents, if you don't want to,- he assured us, but his face told us otherwise ("If you have the heart to be that cruel...").

On the Great Day, he was awe-struck to find that he really was "that old", and as Greta, Kirsten's sister, placed a big cake with a Mounin-troll on the table, Ray carefully avoided to cut thru the Mounin. On a harsh demand that he should "slice it's throat", he looked horrified and started in a low and deeply moved tone:

-I can't... It's those eyes, you know...-

After coffe-time, the Mounin figure still remained, unscratched.

A Black/white movie short was produced during the Nelsons stay in Oslo. Out of an suggestion that we had to make a movie, including the whole family when they first were



here, we got a reel - "Produced at the Ulvøya Studios", starring Ray and Kirsten Nelson, their little son Walter Trygve plus Kirsten's sister - a reel that, unfortunately, got some bad beauty spots due to some defects on the camera.

The story in this movie ought to be unique - even though it's a monster epic. Monster movies are hard to get original, but have YOU heard about the monster who failed, a monster that didn't even succeed to scare a child... MONSTER ON THE LOOSE is not a sensational film - but very fannish.

And now, at long last, it's possible for me to get a copy of this movie and send it to Ray. No, he haven't seen it yet... To get a copy, all I have to do is send my reel to a company in Sweden that sends it airmail to the US and get it back in about five weeks. Of course, I'll have to pay about trice the original cost.... YOU say the words I want to write...

(Next ish - look for the shocking report on Swedish sex-ur, fanlife, that is - if Sture will publish it on my terms - UNSENCORED... )

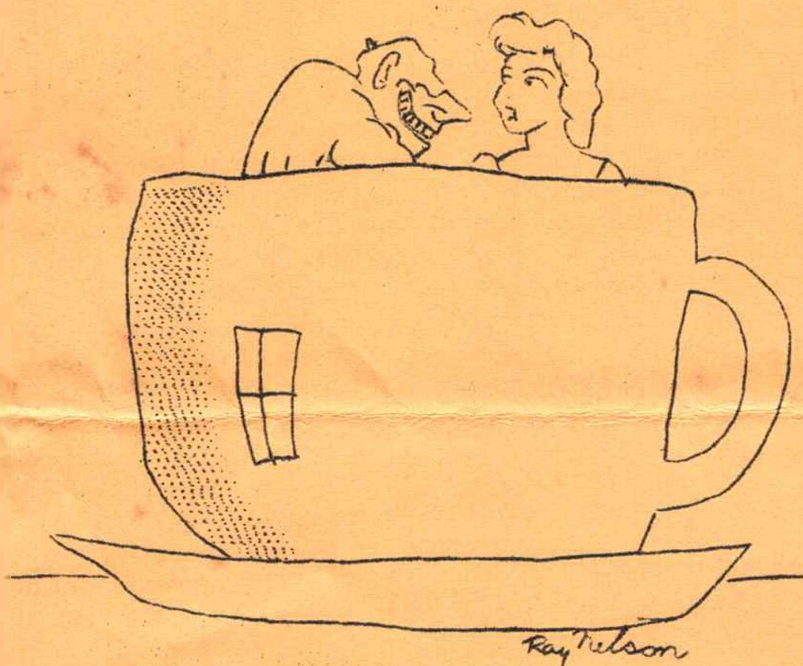
Roar Ringdahl.

M O R D O R

J N

4 4

AND IT IS



- It's true I agreed to join you in a cup of tea, professor, but I want no part in your mad experiments. -

DICK

ENEY

F O R

T A F F