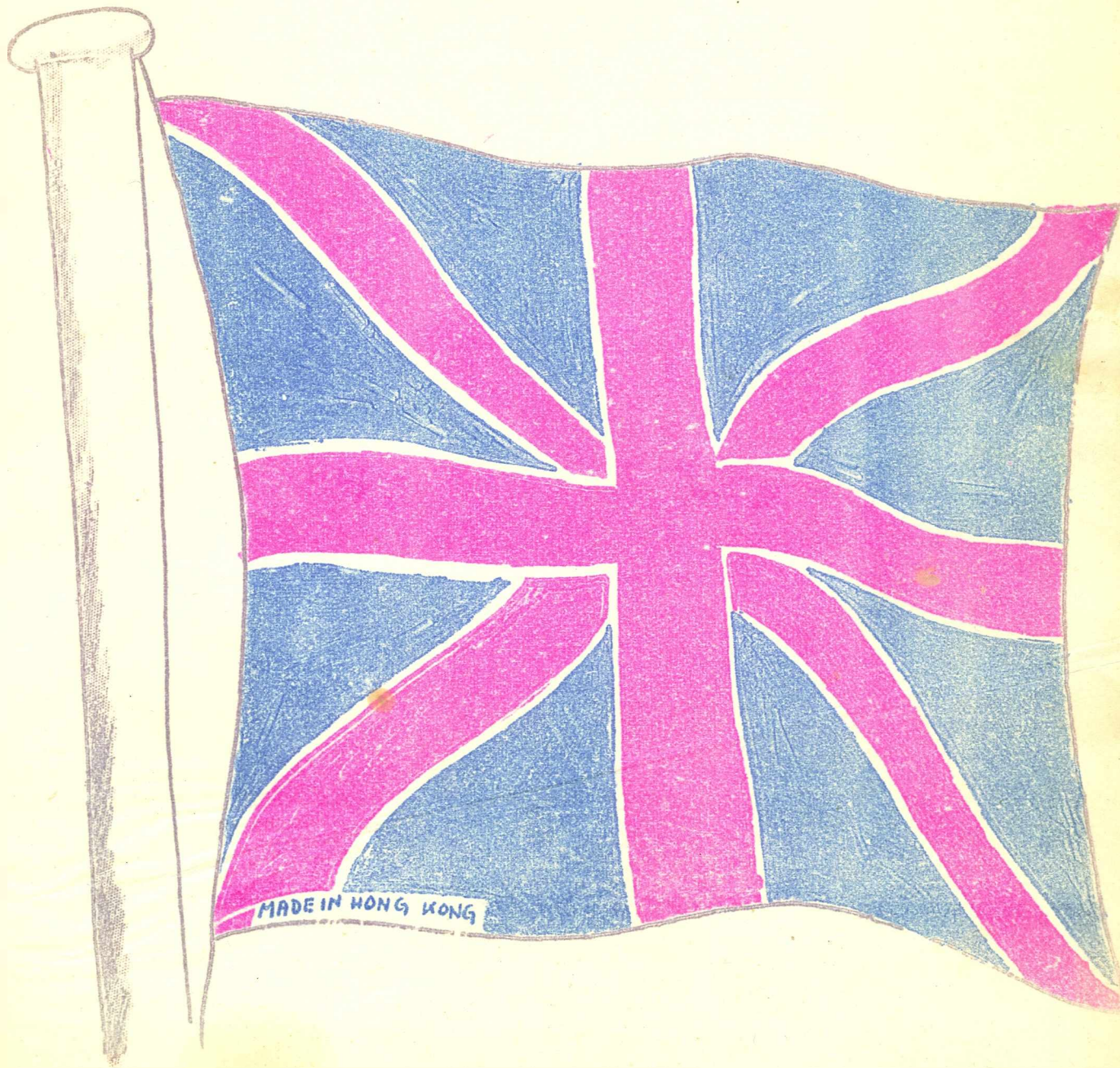


# GARBISTAN

PADS

FIRST ISSUE



28

"Matisse has no garbistan. I say the  
hell with him." --The Compleat Practical  
Joker, by H. Allen Smith.

PREFACE

Good Morning. This is GARBISTAN.

GARBISTAN is a fanzine.

By this I mean that it's not a serconzine or a fannish fanzine; it's an effort to reach back a little way to what fanzines used to look like (though still keeping it in the modern idiom as regards style); to become casual without being boring. It probably won't work, but at least it's a change.

This issue should have been half spirit duplicated, but having to type it and run it off within about ten days made this impractical. My hecto machine has a hand feed, one-sheet-at-a-time, and you have to lay the copies out in front of the fire to dry...

This issue you'll find a selection of vignettes, -- which just happened to crop up at the right time, without my asking for them, as contributions sometimes do, every ten years or so -- some other bits of humour, and some blatantly sercon items that would normally have gone in BEYOND were it not for the fact that the latter magazine isn't likely to appear for another three months or so.

This is a firstish, and firstishes are traditionally awful, but let's see what you really think of it. I'd like a lettercol next issue.

GARBISTAN is produced for PADS and circulated within it. If you got a copy and you're not in PADS, you probably won't get a copy of the next issue unless you contribute or LoC or send stamps or something --- anything to show you're still alive. It's a horrible thought, that I could be sending out all these copies to a readership that might be dead.

GARBISTAN comes from Charles Platt, 18E Fitzjohns Avenue, London NW3.

Produced for the 2nd PADS Mailing



## The London Club House :: Not So Much a Dissolution, More A Way Of Life.

For a long time (and this is, of course, purely my own personal opinion, as are all the other statements in this article that aren't direct quotes), Ella Parker's Friday meetings had been going down hill. The departure of the Kingdon Road mob prefaced a sad, inevitable trend. Some of the old regulars kept turning up every week -- Ted Forsyth, Jim Groves, Desmond Squires, Peter Maybe, Norman Sherlock -- but they contributed little, and did nothing to fill the gap left by the lagging attendance of people like Arthur Thomson and Pat Kearney.

A lot of new faces appeared: Peter White, myself, Terry Pratchett, Dave Busby, David Orme, Steve Moore; and the net result of all this was that the character of the meetings changed in two ways. Not only were they less lively, but the new faces were not old acquaintances of Ella Parker, were not interested, really, in discussions with older fans. Perhaps a little antisocially, they preferred to use the Ella Parker meetings more as their own meeting place, and talk mainly amongst themselves. Bearing in mind the differences in fannish background and interests between newcomers and their hostess, this attitude cannot be wholly condemned, and generally the newcomers returned all gestures of hospitality or friendship extended to them.

Nevertheless, the change in character of the meetings must have influenced Ella Parker in her decision to put an end to them, with the added excuse that there was being too much damage caused. (A rather pathetic accusation: serving the quantity of tea and coffee, in red hot cups filled to the brim, that Ella Parker does, inevitably a small spillage will occur sooner or later). The date of the final meeting was fixed, and, because it was clear that no one fancied the alternative suggested of meeting in a hall at the bottom of Ella Parker's block of flats on a different weekday, a search was begun for a proper club room.

The search for accomodation took five weeks and was the work of Lang Jones and Mike Moorcock. They spent a very large total sum of money on tube fares and advertising papers, and devoted considerable time to following up possibilities. As far as I know few if any people offered to help, and no one thanked them for their trouble.

In five weeks they discovered that for a small unfurnished room such as was required, agents were useless, and that the only answer was to study classified advertisements and newsagents' windows. Finally they came across the House.

It had basement, ground floor and two upper stories, with one room on each floor, plus a kitchen and lavatory. The rent was £4 a week, paid quarterly in advance, exclusive of rates, heating, etc. The occupier had to commit himself to paying the rent for 3 years.

There was a heady feeling of wild, exuberant enthusiasm at the Ella Parker meeting when the news was announced. London fandom, it seemed, was going to be united. Or was it?

By a strange off-chance, (perhaps Fate would be a better word), grand old fan Ted Tubb had happened to turn up. Apparently oblivious of the obvious connections between the establishment of the club house and the establishment of the BSFA, he attempted, with quite a large degree of success, to take over command of the project. Seating himself before the legendary Ella Parker typewriter, the renowned author proceeded to hammer out a Club House Circular. It was full of wild claims, extravagant aims, distortion of facts. It was in some cases deliberately misleading. Mr Tubb spoke at length to the meeting

of how easy it would be to finance the Club House Project (wasn't there, he confided, £30 left in the London Circle Funds??), how he'd put £10 into it himself, how Norman Sherlock was going to sell his motor scooter... I myself, I seem to remember, was so overcome by it all I offered to put in the money I got from selling two pianos. A committee was formed on the spot. As an afterthought, Lang Jones was invited in on it, since hadn't he done some of the initial work, or something?

Of course, Ted Tubb wasn't the only disruptive element at that meeting. There were the usual platitudes from Norman Sherlock, the irrelevant discursions of Jim Groves, the tepid cynical sneering of Desmond Squires. Even after the Ted Tubb original circular had been denuded of some of its more extravagant claims, it was still not quite what Lang Jones or certain other people on the 'committee' had at first envisaged. In fact several people, on receiving it, thought it was a joke.

I duplicated 120 copies of the circular the next day, and sent them off to addresses culled from Ron Bennett's Fan Directory and my own address book. I paid for the paper, ink and postage myself. It had struck me as being a little peculiar that I was the only volunteer to do the duplicating, especially bearing in mind the enthusiasm that had been expressed the previous night, but at the time this fact didn't seem at all significant.

The next Friday, miss Ella Parker told me off severely in her best school-mistress fashion for not sending Des Squires a circular. She made it sound like an accusation that I had deliberately ignored the poor fellow. Somewhat taken aback at this unexpected and spontaneous vote of thanks at my spending four hours of my time on the Club House project, I pointed out that I couldn't send circulars to people whose addresses I didn't possess. This fact was grudgingly ignored, and Ella showed once again that she can't even climb down gracefully. I was beginning to learn more of London fandom.

During the next three or four weeks, Mike Moorcock made few appearances at Ella Parker meetings, and responded vaguely if at all to letters I sent enquiring about the project. At the meetings I was surprised to find general declining interest; I was the only person to ask about the developments regarding the club house, and the topic of conversation was soon dropped. This and the fact that Mike had declined to accept the money contributions of London fans present seemed to indicate that something had gone wrong.

Suspicious were confirmed when we were told that Mike hadn't received sufficient response for him to feel happy about committing himself to that three year lease. He wanted about 35 donations before going ahead. We would have to send out some more circulars. This time, I was unable to do the work (and unwilling, after Ella's response to the first lot), and there was a stony silence as all the big-hearted London fans sat fidgeting and hoping someone else would offer. In the end I typed the circular there and then, Ella ran it off on her duplicator, and we addressed them together. I was beginning to learn even more of London fandom.

A few more weeks passed.

I went to a meeting and found Ted Tubb there. Again, purely by chance, he had arrived at a significant point in the project; in this case, the end of it. His outlook was completely reversed; this was the depressed, fed-up, bored, unconstructive Mr Tubb who wasted no time in communicating his feelings to everyone else. After a preliminary pessimistic warm-up, in which he and Ella Parker agreed that TAFF was doomed and that Group '65 was hopelessly impractical and therefore deserved no further contributions ("What's a shilling against a hundred quid?"), some other people arrived and we learned that because Mike Moorcock was unwilling to take on the responsibility the Club House project

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was officially over. We added the number of people in the room willing to contribute to the number of others who already had and came up with 28. At least half of the contributions had come from outside London.

"Ah well, that's that, then," said jocular Jim Groves, who can always be counted on for a reassuring platitude in times of stress. The drones commiserated with each other for a while over the project, suggesting possible reasons for its downfall ("It was hopelessly impractical," said Ted Tubb) and then forgot about it and talked of other things. Peter White and myself left in disgust. Somehow the whole meeting had been a pantomime, with each person there over-playing his characteristic words and actions to the point of caricature and farce. It was the first meeting Peter had attended for about a month. He didn't feel like going to any more.

There is something wrong with London. In the same way that there is no corporate feeling or affection for their city amongst Londoners, most fans care little for their society, as a whole. (Compare this to Liverpool and the LiG). If London fans weep, it is crocodile tears; if they help, it is by cheering someone on; if they support, it is with words, at the most money, but never by devoting time.

Even in the exceptions, like Mike Moorcock and Lang Jones, who generate intense enthusiasm for a project and spend time and money on it, there is something wrong. Why, for example, did Lang sit in (bemused? Resentful?) silence during the wild meeting when Ted Tubb took over and the project was lifted out of his hands? Where did Mike's vast enthusiasm disappear to, and why? At the beginning, he was talking of taking a 7 year lease (we could always sub-let the property, it was worth far more than £4 a week), of how easily it could be furnished...and at the end, he seemed to have lost interest, continuing the project more out of duty than anything else.

Lang has suggested that when one has enough fans all in one place a 'critical mass' is reached, followed by successive splits and feuds. Yet while this may explain the fragmentation of London fandom, it doesn't explain the death of the Club House. The only answer lies in the character of London fans themselves, and always has done. One remembers Archie Mercer's reaction to London, and Vince Clarke's efforts to collect support for a club room.

Steve Moore, significantly the newest and youngest regular Ella Parker meeting-attendee, is the only one to have offered to perpetuate the meetings at his home. He lives at Woolwich, which is far enough away for London fans to complain about the distance and not bother to attend.

I looked around for a club room for a while, since no one else was going to, but, even though I found several promising hunting grounds, I decided there was little point in keeping together a group that was determined to fall apart.

What's the answer? As far as I can see, we need a fresh start. The prospect of having Friday meetings at a different place and seeing all the old dull faces gathered inanely together as usual is unbearable. So all I'll say is that, next February, when I'm established sharing a flat with some friends, anyone who cares to drop in on a Friday night will find me at home. If this builds into anything, fine. If it doesn't, there's no real loss; the greatest tragedy of all is that with the character of London fans, even if we did have a club house, there'd be no one willing to live there and help with the rent, no one willing to spend time decorating it, no one willing to donate furniture, and only a hard core of fans willing to support it at all.

What's the matter with people?

It's a bloody shame.

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## RHYTHM AND BLUES AND SF

The old analogy between jazz fan and sf fan is expanded to include R&B

By DAVE WOOD

Was it Sir Winston Churchill who once said "The debt that science fiction owes to the development of Rhythm and Blues is incalculable"? Perhaps not, but it is certainly true. In this short article I will attempt to demonstrate the affinity that has long been felt between SF and R&B, to use a pair of lay phrases. To discover the beginnings of this tale of intertwined destinies, we must return to New Orleans at the turn of the century. Men were fighting their way west and women were fighting their way east. Amongst this turmoil, there began to emerge a new kind of music: The Blues. Most of it was coming from a bar in the poorest part of New Orleans, known to all as the bar in the poorest part of New Orleans. Among the regular visitors there was a young writer by the name of 'Jewels' Vernon. While listening to the mournful wailing blues of the legendary Mississippi negro, Jelly Bean Homer, 'Jewels' was struck with inspiration and wrote his now-famous first novel "Ten thousand leagues under the mud." The book was an instant success and 'Jewels' felt he had a great debt of gratitude to pay Jelly Bean. On receipt of his first royalties cheque, he bought him a packet of crisps and a paperback copy of "Snow White and the Six Dwarfs" (an abridged version.) Through this act of simple friendship they became devoted companions, until Vernon's death in 1913, when he was knocked down by a speeding car. However, during the intervening years 'Jewels' was to write many near-classics of literature, all inspired by the blues singing of Jelly Bean and his close friend Blind Boggs. This is, perhaps, the earliest account of a connexion between Blues and science fiction, but there are many other such cases.

For instance, in the late summer of 1934 Eric 'Earl' Russell heard a rare blues record called "They Dirty Done Shot My Ma" and immediately set about writing his masterpiece "From the Earth to the Moon", subtitled 'An Account' and published by Public Subscription. James Blush had a lifelong friendship with Texas John Bunkhouse, the R&B singer from Georgia, and it was Bunkhouse, through his moving songs, who supplied the original ideas for many of Blush's most famous works, such as his "The Frozen Pear", and "Earthman Go Home!" The culmination of years of mutual understanding was a bluesy R&B record by Texas John on which Blush played vibes and nose-flute. The song, titled descriptively "Ganonko and Gran", was a smash hit and established Texas John Bunkhouse's name.

All this was, of course, long ago, but the link between the two art-forms is still strong, and, if anything, growing stronger. Well known SF author Anthony Ridgeway is agent for R&B singer Dr Feelfine, and they work together on both musical and fictional ideas. Ridgeway's highly praised novel, "Another Side of Here" was inspired to a great extent by the Doctor's classic, "There". It would also be true to say that the song was based largely on Ridgeway's earlier story, "Where."

So strong is the link between R&B&SF that it has recently been suggested that the BSFA Convention and the Annual Negro Blues Festival be combined. Among those sponsoring the idea are Archie Mercer, Ron Bennett, Charles Platt, Sleepy John Estes, and myself. As an experiment, next year's Con will feature an "Evening of Blues". Among other famous singers making personal appearances will be Howling Wolf, Sleepy John Estes, Sonny Boy Williamson and Red Kitchen. It is possible that demand for tickets (yes, you'll have to pay), will exceed supply, so if you are going to Brum next Easter and would like to attend the "Evening of Blues", send your name to me: "Dave Wood, 14 Edinburgh Street, Radford, Nottingham. Please be as quick as possible so that I can order the right number of sausage rolls.

-----DAVE WOOD

## SPECIAL IN-GROUP COMPETITION!

All through the year quotes have been trickling into my memory, and not coming out again. It's time this useless residue was disposed of. Hence our Christmas Brain Teaser. The idea is to match the quotes below with the names of the people who said them. Since most of the comments were addressed to me personally (though a few were made to other people I know, and others did appear in (type)writing), this looks at first sight impossible. Closer examination indicates, however, that in each case just about only one person could have made this or that comment..... Answers appear further on in the magazine.

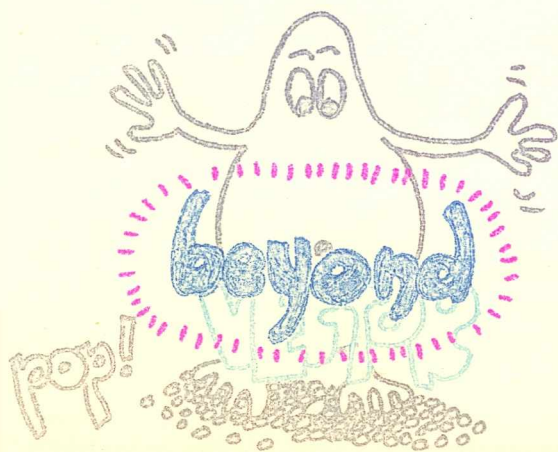
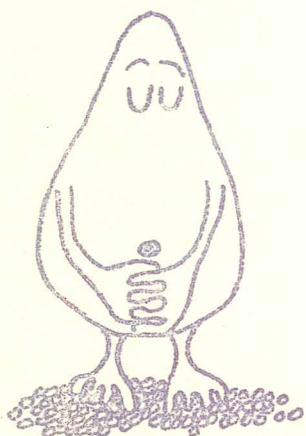
John Ramsey Campbell	Is your name Charles the Platt?
Ted Tubb	Many's the time we've hunted the cripples down the embankment...
Roy Kay	From now onwards, all material in ----- will be under my own name
Mary Reed	So <u>both</u> the publishers thought their ad was going on the back cover!
Mike Moorcock	So my match-making didn't come off, then?
Archie Mercer	What do you mean, copied?
Beryl Henley	They refused to publish my second letter?
Dave Hale	Sometimes I wonder if fandom really matters. --About once a week.
Ella Parker	For God's sake act your age.
Rog Peyton	I warn you, Linwood slept in that bed last weekend.
Charles Platt	Send it to Bonfiglioli. He's sure to print it.
Pete Weston	I believe everyone should be married by the age of 18.
Mike Higgs	Ah, then <u>you</u> can save me 'Garth' out of the Daily Mirror.
Eddie Jones	What's the difference between Stalin and Jayne Mansfield?
Doreen Parker	I nearly slapped his face...
Lang Jones	I can easily explain association of 'death' with 'orgasm'.
Ron Bennett	In that case, I'm damned if I'll let him into my flat!
Dick Howett	No, I'm not good enough at being sarcastic; I'll be <u>rude</u> to
Charles Smith	I'm dying of some unknown disease. /him!
Cliff Teague	I think that fandom as a whole is dying, actually.
Kyril Bonfiglioli	You and your readers seem to be taking us seriously!
Arthur Thomson	Yes, you nearly knocked her out, but she was tipsey anyway.
Peter White	All the people I've known who've committed suicide....
Harry Nadler	This time it's the real thing.
Dave Wood	By 'love', I don't mean <u>love</u> , if you see what I mean.
Desmond Squire	Let's see, I can't remember whether I'm feuding with you.
John Barfoot	Was it you who tried to kick our door down at the con?
Chris Priest	I feel sorry for Group 65, really.
Alan Dodd	I agree with you 100% on this, but don't quote me!
Graham Hall	To write about a publication which has not been submitted to you is usually considered both uncivil and legally dangerous.

Keep the names in the same order and write them down separately. Then add the quotes in what you think is their correct order. Then check with the answers further on to check on your score, and what it means. Then have your head examined for wasting your time instead of turning on to the answers straight away.

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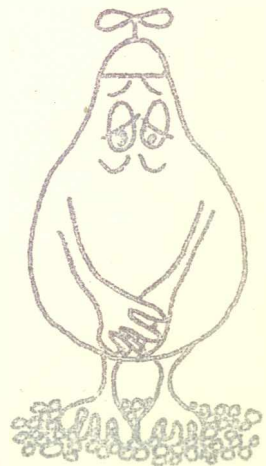
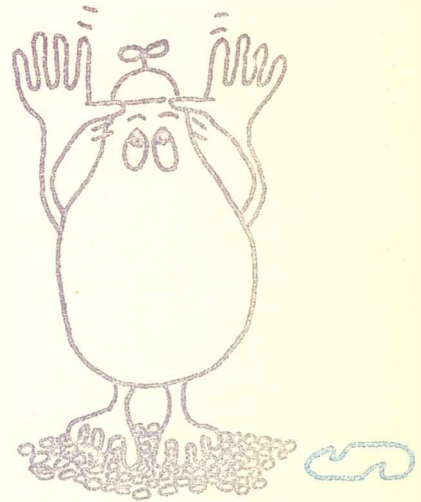
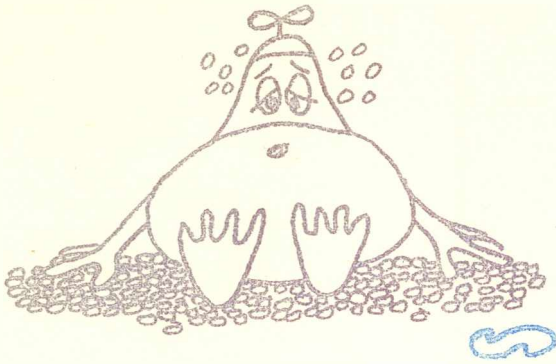
a fan is born.

ivor lathe.









For many years, lovers of original Negro blues existed, quite rightly, as an ignored minority. The record manufacturers paid them lip service at best, more often forgetting their musical tastes completely. Few if any blues records made the charts. But now, somewhat unaccountably, the minority taste in blues has risen to the status of a major cult, indulged in by musically tasteless fanatics who worship the inane and inarticulate moanings of the depressed, suppressed American Negro as though they were Ultimate Truth.

The emergence of this minority taste to popularity came, strangely enough, with the rise of the Beatles and the so-called Liverpool sound. The Beatles, before their success story really started, included versions of many of the 'classic' blues numbers in their performances, and the flood of other groups that followed, needing material in large quantities to play and sing on stage, also used songs originally composed by Negroes. Quick to scent a new, non-existent trend, the record companies, led by Pye International, plugged blues for all it was worth, until after eighteen months it has all paid off. Chuck Berry came out of hiding and did a British tour, Bo Diddley visited England, and thus the British ear was reintroduced to rock-and-roll, now retitled R&B. From there it was a short step to pretending that blues was really the same as R&B, and to flooding the shops with hodge-podge Golden Guinea LPs and other reissues of the 'greats'.

Record papers, (the MELODY MAKER in particular), plugged original Negro blues, and the minority cult surrounding it was fully publicised in the process -- not to the extent that the record buying public was converted en masse, but to the extent that most people were actually aware that the tepid offering the T Birds or Yardbones were soullessly hammering out was in fact a 'classic', and even felt obscurely guilty about buying an 'inferior' British copy.

Some people will sooner or later read pro-apathetic tendencies into this article. This is incorrect; for while I admit racial bias, I would crusade as willingly as any fighter-for-freedom for the equality of all nationalities and creeds. The mind that labels this article anti-Negro has leant too far over backward to avoid falling on its face; it belongs to the person who is self-conscious when talking to or about Negroes, consciously tries to be nice to "them", and automatically despises the word 'wog' on principle. The racial prejudice in this article is nothing more serious than saying, for example, "All the French are sex-mad exhibitionists", or "All Americans are gadget-happy gum chewers." I would submit that the American Negro singer who assails us with his tuneless music is a soul-searching pain in the neck; a moaning, no-good reject; a failure who would still be a failure under any circumstances.

This is the impression one receives from Negro Blues and its exponents; the music originally composed and sung as they sat around camp fires, drank cheap wine, rode the rods under trains, picked cotton and indulged in all the other lovably heartbreaking exploits that they then went on to sing about -- not to mention the endless tales of sexual and emotional misery ("My baby done left me 'cuase I ain't never no good to her no more", etc etc).

Some people have got the idea that there is something unique about the Negro's hard life, that the blues is something only a Negro can understand or suffer. What rubbish this inverted racial superstition is. There have been oppressed minorities throughout history, and traditionally their music has been



abominable. Anyone who has heard recordings of Welsh miners bemoaning their hard life, trying inarticulately to communicate their misery via "music", cannot seriously draw any distinction between this awful noise and Negro blues. In a strange way, though, the subconsciously potent image of a black skin -- the Mystic Black Man -- has lent a unique and inimitable meaning to the music of a small fraction of the world's oppressed and needy population.

There can be no other reason for the worship of American Negro blues. The 1964 All-Negro blues festival at Croydon (sponsored, believe it or not, by the National Jazz Federation), demonstrated to me conclusively that, while the performers were average-to-good musicians, they were nothing more than this. Sleepy John Estes, living up to his name, croaked endearingly into the microphone about his hard life; someone whose name I have forgotten was rediscovered living in "extreme poverty" in the USA and flown over (what a claim to fame); Memphis Slim explained painstakingly, with a vocabulary of around 400 words that suggested his normal mode of communication was grunts-and-sign language, how he hadn't liked the idea of flying and had had to get drunk before taking off, and then proceeded to display his inanity still further by ignoring the microphone, thus becoming inaudible throughout the whole of one number; Howling Wolf forgot the words of Smokestack Lightning; and anchor-man Sonny Boy Williamson, the only true performer present, traded disgracefully and disgustingly on the personality cult he has built up as a slightly grimy, over-sexed, chuckling, down-and-out hypochondriac. ("My name's Son-ny Boy Williamson, I's in charge he-yar... I'd sing some more, only I's feeling real sick, for the past week, real sick, folks...")

Meanwhile the audience applauded wildly at each new exhibition of lovably endearing crass stupidity, and showed true artistic appreciation by varying the length of their ovation in direct proportion to the degree of misery, poverty and sickness displayed by each performer.

Such worship of suffering is hard to explain. It would be reasonable if it were accompanied by equal compassion for Negroes unlucky enough to remain undiscovered by the record companies, but the blues lover restricts himself to studying and marvelling in delighted wonder at the hardships and pain of the lives of his idols. It seems possible that this idolisation of suffering is, in reality, compensation for a guilt complex brought about by the feather-bedding of the welfare state; but whatever the reason, the blues lover who, though passionately interested in the hardships of the singers, doesn't raise a finger to support or help the vast majority of oppressed American Negroes, is hard to understand or tolerate. The fan glories in each new savoury tidbit of information concerning the seedy lives and habits of his idols before they came to fame, and relishes each new revelation of poverty or starvation.

Moreover the blues lover has, when referring to other forms of music, the superior attitude of the religious fanatic who has found the Only True Faith. So-called imitations of the blues are scornfully derided. "No one," he states categorically, "who has a white skin, can hope to capture the Feeling of the Blues." Certainly no white musicians could hope to copy the bored, lifeless performance of the songs that was displayed in the '64 National Blues Festival; they would be laughed off stage. The fact that there are in fact many badly done versions of blues numbers by groups in this country is irrelevant; the poor performances are due only to lack of talent or skill, not to the lack of a magic 'something'; -- it does not mean that NO English singer is

capable of singing a blues number with as much or more feeling than there was in the original version. Anyone who has been to the Marquee Jazz Club on a Manfred Mann monday night will confirm that under these conditions this group has more life and talent and feeling for blues than any of the so-called Negro 'greats' has in his little finger. But to the blues lover, a group like Manfred Mann is incompatible from the start, since they are commercial. They have committed the sin of pandering to the public taste in their records; they have made money out of it. Everyone knows that to be a real blues singer you have to be penniless, drunk, hard-done-by and stupid. The Manfreds, unfortunately exhibiting none of these qualities, are at once branded 'Unclean'.

Really, there is as little to recommend the blues fan as there is to support the music he enjoys. He has no time for other, inferior types of music, and is scornful of attempts to copy his idols, unable to realise that there is a distinction between a note-for-note, sound-for-sound copy and an individualised, creative version of the original. He is bigoted, self-centred and narrow-minded; he revels in poverty and misery and indulges in a peculiar form of inverted racial discrimination, that differentiates strongly between the capabilities of Negro and white man. I have as little time for him as I have for the ridiculous publicity his minority cult has succeeded in generating.

The blues singer is similarly preoccupied with himself and how Life Has Done Him Wrong. I have sympathy and compassion for the Negro fighting against the hypocrisy of the American Constitution and its interpretation; but the general level of low intelligence and sheer uselessness exhibited in his music doesn't encourage any efforts towards fighting for civil rights. I'd rather spend my money and time helping the starving Indians or Chinese or Africans of this world. The American blues singer is continually trying to communicate his misery, his uniqueness, how horrible everyone is to him, and all the rest of the story which we all know is identical for any under-privileged minority (black or white) unable to earn itself a living. He is a chronically hard-done-by exhibitionist, making endless -- futile -- attempts to communicate his tragic plight; and frankly, when it's expressed in these terms, I'm just not interested.

-----JOHN WILSON

#### THE MARINER PROBE TO MARS....

At the start of the probe's trip its velocity relative to earth is in the neighbourhood of 25,600 mph. At encounter with Mars, its velocity should be in the region of 11,405 mph relative to that planet. A maximum error in launch velocity is plus or minus 30 mph, and in the mid-course speed correction the an error of one mph will result in the probe being 9,000 miles off course by the time it reaches Mars. In calculating the trajectory of the probe, the solar 'wind', the positions of Mars's two moons (which must not shield the probe from the sun, earth or Canopus, the star used to orientate the spacecraft), the gravitational effects of the sun, venus, earth, mars, mercury and jupiter and the technical limitations of rockets and tracking equipment all had to be taken into account. Moreover the probe must not be allowed to hit Mars, so that the planet is left free of terrestrial micro organisms. At encounter with mars television pictures will be transmitted over a distance of 150 million miles back to earth.

(Information from FLIGHT INTERNATIONAL, 3-12-64).

Tales from the Moebius Strip, number one.



by BRIAN ZUGORSKI

On the far world of Arcturus Five, where the shimmering vapours of liquid nitrogen swirl enticingly over the lakes of frozen sulphur, the skipper of WANDERER IV was in trouble. Having lost his crew to the delights of the social life of the planet, he was unable to carry his valuable cargo of Validusian Dergs to the neighboring system; and as any spaceman knows, Validusian Dergs are extremely perishable.

He had to have a crew with which to blast off before midnight; in despair, the skipper donned his protective clothing and trudged off the spaceport landing area into the turgid Arcturian nite-life, to search through the flashy chrome-and-plastic bar rooms, the seedy brothels, the riotous bawdy houses and clip joints for someone -- anyone -- to make up his crew for the trip. He journeyed from hangout to hangout, collecting semi-conscious shiphands as he went, most of them in desperate need of quick cash. It was eleven o' clock before he had assembled anything like a complete crew, and then, in the dim red lighting of the bar room they had ended up in, they each signed the one-trip-only loyalty pledge. The forms flicked through the skipper's fingers: navigator, engineer, deck hand, cook... and it was then that he realised he had no ship's carpenter!

The post was hereditary, the duties inessential, the title traditional; but the spaceman's union wouldn't allow takeoff without a carpenter aboard, especially with a cargo of Dergs. So the skipper sighed, directed his crew on ahead of him, and again went out into the cruel Arcturian night.

He finally found the man he sought lurking in the doorway of one of the brothels, near penniless, hunched up like a pile of old rags, shivering within a tattered heat suit. By his side was a bag of possessions. Nevertheless, the man had his pride, and refused to sign on unless his conditions were met.

"If I takes the job," he whined in a grating voice that made the skipper wince, "you gotta understand I gotta have an hour off every day, not in me free time, in me working time... paid time, you unnerstand... and I wants some wood, some screws, some brass fittings..." He produced a tattered list of materials. The skipper clenched his fists in exasperation, but it was twenty minutes to midnight -- he had to have the man. And finally, with only a minute to spare, WANDERER IV blasted off with a full complement of semi-competent intoxicated crew members.

It turned out that the ship's carpenter was, after all, no trouble at all; he had brought aboard of all things a set of woodworking tools such as those found occasionally in museums, and for an hour every morning muffled sounds of banging and sawing came from his room. The crew was consumed with curiosity, but the captain stood by his agreement with the carpenter and no one was allowed to intrude on the carpenter during his hour of privacy. Nevertheless, the little man's secret hobby seemed to have a definite effect, bringing about a mysterious bond between officers and crew alike. Despite the mottled character of the crew, morale was good.

Time passed quickly, and the skipper relaxed, confident that the trip would be a calm one; until, when they were seven days out, the meteor struck.

Luckily, there was no damage to the valuable animal cargo, but the engines were disabled, and with the unskilled men the skipper had been forced to



hire, there was little chance of repair being made before the ship was drawn down into the turgid atmosphere of Arcturus 6, the planet even now growing larger in the front viewport. Morale sank dismally, the crew gave up all pretence of work, the engineers threw down their tools and the ship's doctor issued liberal supplies of medicinal alcohol.

Then, as if in response to the changed social atmosphere, the carpenter suddenly condescended to put his half-finished work on display. With no objection from the crew, he shifted his mysterious hobby to one corner of the dining hall, for all to see. It was to be a beautifully constructed coffin: already the base had been carefully hewn out of white pine, and three of the four sides stood carefully dovetailed together. The men marvelled at the patience, devotion and skill in the project; and magically, that afternoon, the engineers began to work furiously on the crippled engines, sweating over the repairs with desperate determination that astonished everyone.

Day by day, Arcturus 6 grew nearer, and the coffin took shape under the skilled hands of the carpenter using the forgotten craft of woodworking. Soon the four sides stood steady and firm, the brass hinges had been positioned and mounted, the lid affixed, the wood stained and polished, and a blank brass nameplate screwed in place upon it.

There was a mere day left to planetfall when the joyous cry rang through the catwalks and passageways: the engines were working again! And simultaneously, in the dining hall, the ship's carpenter laid down his screwdriver, swept up a neat pile of shavings and sawdust, and quietly announced the completion of the coffin. At once the men assembled around him, touching the smooth wood, marvelling at the beautiful construction, examining the brass fittings, opening and closing the lid.

The man held up his hand for silence, and the talk stopped immediately.

"You have all been wondering about my project," he said, pride in his voice. "You have wondered what use there is for a coffin, and why I should spend my time labouring over such an object." He smiled enigmatically. "The answers to these questions will very soon be apparent."

In quick, jerky movements he hoisted the coffin on to his back and strode off down a corridor, followed at once by the entire crew. He took up position by the airlock. "Line up by the portholes," he said, and even the captain hurried to obey, elbowing for a better view.

The carpenter spun the wheel on the inner airlock door, and swung it inwards. Tension mounted as he loaded the coffin into the lock, matching its position exactly with some previously laid chalk marks. Finally he grunted in satisfaction and closed the inner door again.

"Now," he breathed, "you shall see."

With a convulsive movement that shook his fragile frame, he pressed the lever that opened the outer door of the airlock. There was a puff of frozen air out into the void, and the entire ship's company watched transfixed as the coffin spun slowly, end over end, receding into the vast infinity of space until it became a pinpoint and then was gone.

The carpenter walked up behind the captain and casually embedded a chisel in his back. The skipper fell to the floor, killed instantaneously.

"Right," said the carpenter, "start the engines -- before it's too late!"

The men scurried mindlessly to obey him.

-----BRIAN ZUGORSKI

==I wouldn't mind Ted Tubb sticking his spoke in if it wasn't shaped so much like a spanner==

# A NEW QUASIRELATIVISTIC TIME-DILATION PHENOMENON

by Dick G. Sharrel.

The theory of Relativity entails a phenomenon known as Time Dilation. The interval of time measured by an observer moving with velocity  $v$  is expanded or contracted according to the formula:

$$dt' = \frac{dt}{\sqrt{1-v^2/c^2}} \quad \text{where } c = 3 \times 10^{10} \text{ cm. sec}^{-1}.$$

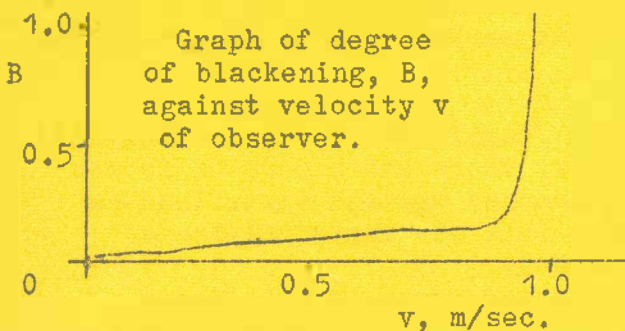
Now in measuring time, it is necessary to set up some kind of scale of time intervals. This is achieved by means of a device known as a clock, but it must be emphasised that this need not be an ordinary pendulum clock. In fact, any physical phenomenon which changes in a more or less uniform or cyclical manner can be used as the basis of a scale of time. For example, Geologists measure time by means of the degree of decay of a sample of radioactive carbon ( $C^{14}$ ). The Royal Observatory standardises its time by means of the vibrations of the atoms of caesium vapour, and so forth.

The author has performed a number of experiments in which the time scale is measured in terms of the degree of blackening,  $B$ , of a flat rectangular block of organic substance, dimensions 12 x 14 x 1 cm, subjected to constant heat flux from an electrical heating device.

For the scale adopted for the measurement of  $B$ , see table 1. The degree of blackening was measured optically, and the material selected for the blocks consisted of an aggregate of organic starches and other carbohydrates, together with smaller amounts of proteins and traces of fats.

Degree of Blackening	Value of B
Grey-white	0.00
Medium brown	0.50
Totally black	01.00

It was found that while the experimenter stood in close proximity to the heating device, the degree of blackening  $B$  remained very small or nonexistent, and the rate of passage of time was therefore very slow. However, if at any time during the experiment the observer was



called to the telephone or door, and thereby forced to move away at a velocity  $v$  (usually about .9 m/sec or 2mph), on his return  $B$  was invariably found to have assumed the value 1.0 (see table one).

It is thus clear that the movement of the observer is associated with a sudden and rapid increase of the rate of passage of time, measured on the  $B$  scale, due to the relative velocity between the observer and the experiment.

## SUMMARY:

A quasirelativistic time dilation phenomenon is strongly indicated. In view of the data obtained, it is recommended that electric toasters should be switched off when answering the telephone, etc, or moving away from the experiment.

-----DICK G. SHARREL

1: A. Einstein, Ann. d. Physik, vol 17p p. 891 (1905).

# A PLACE TO DIE

by Richard Gordon.

Ain't it dead funny, thought Joe, as he mooched sourly away from the games table with empty pockets, how I can never win a thing these days. Why, I used to be the best card sharp in the business... He looked at the greasily shining face, sweating with excitement, of the mark who'd just taken his last couple of quid off him, and wondered how the hell it had happened. In the old days he'd have wiped a silly little slob like that clean in ten seconds. Lost me touch, he thought moodily. I'm just a bum, and so is everyone else in this Godforsaken hole.

A pimpled and bespectacled little twerp was sprawled over a rickety table, oblivious of a couple of jaded tarts who were trying to get him interested in them, oblivious of everything but the bottle of rotgut he was trying to open with a rusty pen knife blade. The metal top successfully resisted his every attempt. He sliced madly at it, and only succeeded in cutting his fânger open to the bone. The bottle top leered at him, securely in place. Someone bumped into him, and knocked the bottle to the floor. It shattered, and the liquid made its escape, mingling with the sawdust and the spittle which had collected between the beer-stained boards. The twerp sobbed with frustration; someone laughed loudly, and slapped him on the back. He turned round and lashed out with the rusty pen knife at his tormentor. He missed, and got a belt in the guts for his trouble that laid him out in the remains of his gin bottle. The glass viciously sliced open his neck, and the blood ran out to mix with the filth of the floorboards. He didn't achieve the release of unconsciousness, but lay amongst the bloody sawdust, beer and spittle, sobbing with frustration and wondering why he couldn't die. It wasn't that much to ask, after all...

In a corner, a once-famous concert pianist was giving himself a fix. The dope had cost him all his remaining money; not that he enjoyed it any more, but he had to have the stuff. God only knew what would happen to him now that he could afford no more; he told himself that he was prepared to kill for it, if he had to.

In another corner, an intellectual-looking type was trying to write a bestseller. He had been trying for years. Every day he came in, and sat in the same corner, and tried to write. He had another drag on a crushed filter tip, and started the paragraph again. "John, I love you!" Then hideously out of tune trumpet notes blasted through his head from the floor above as some aspiring Louis Armstrong began his regular evening practice. A splash of water from the mildewing ceiling put out his fag.

The aspiring author threw down his pen in disgust.

"This is hell," he muttered.

And so it was!

-----RICHARD GORDON



Some time ago, in BEYOND, Phil Harbottle said of a stream-of-consciousness story written by Gavin Dixon: "Stream of consciousness writing is a very convenient way of camouflaging disinclination -- or even disability -- to write grammatically and concisely." Gavin's reply came too late to be included in BEYOND 7; but seeing that it's of general interest it appears below.

I have no wish to defend my own work, but I must support the theory behind the genre to which it belongs. The stream of consciousness has been used by many writers in many different ways: James Joyce and Virginia Woolf; T.S. Eliot used the same technique in much of his earlier verse; Conrad often narrates a tale through the subjective impressions of an individual. The technique is not new -- indeed, Hamlet's soliloquies may be regarded as the direct representation of consciousness. What is new in prose, relatively at least, is the use of dramatic soliloquy; that is, the presentation of a personality or situation by means of writing in the first person and the present tense. The "I" is talking to you now about things which are happening now, or about memories which are being recalled at this moment.

Naturally what is said may be chaotic, incoherent or impressionistic; but this is the direct presentation of a mind at work. My mind is not completely logical and orderly in its thoughts, and such evidence as I have of the workings of others' minds leads me to suspect that I am no exception. In fact, I would go so far as to say that it is almost physically impossible for any person not abnormally endowed with concentration to spend more than a few minutes without some aspect of the outside world intruding upon his conscious; and of course, there are many levels of consciousness.

This last assumption adds to the complexity of such writings and this in turn affects the form of composition. Writers find that they cannot use traditional forms to achieve the effect they want and so turn to new methods. Virginia Woolf and James Joyce are complex in the extreme and Joyce experiments with many forms of punctuation, even, to create his effects; but this does not preclude their work from being important literature.

I am sure that Mr Harbottle will appreciate that Charles Platt's story 'Persecution' in BEYOND 6 is in the stream of consciousness. ((For the benefit of curious readers, this was the one that for some reason Science Fantasy accepted for the December issue. I couldn't resist mentioning that --C.P.)) I wonder if he objects to this... or is it simply unusual form he objects to? If he likes 'Persecution' it is certainly not the 'story' he enjoys, for there is very little in the way of events contained within its lines; rather, the presentation of a certain state of mind. I think that the use of normal punctuation weakens the total effect of contact with a personality and that is why I chose the form I did for 'I Remember Praying' (BEYOND 5) since I believe it to be better suited to the task of writing such a piece.

If one seeks to achieve something new in literary composition, however far one falls short of the mark, the chances are that new forms will be needed. There are many analogies that suggest themselves to me, but I shall restrain myself. Surely Mr Harbottle would not oppose the introduction of new thought in literature, for he himself is an ardent supporter of something very new and different in this field of art: science fiction.

-----GAVIN DIXON

QUOTE: "Often people ask me my age and I get all embarrassed because I can't remember."  
--Lang Jones

## THE SOULFUL MAN

By G.S.Cole

The Prime Minister was already late for an appointment, had no interest in science beyond its cost, and even less interest in the particular work of the Case Biological Industries. So Dr Priemal wasted no time in ushering him into their main laboratory, introducing him to the calm guinea pig Neuman (who was by far the calmest man in the room), and seating him in a convenient chair.

"I must stress that my time is strictly limited," the Prime Minister explained, frowning. The wicker chair was very uncomfortable.

Dr Priemal adopted his lecturer's pose before a nearby work bench. "Of course, of course," he said briskly, and, minutely correcting the position of his glasses, began. "As you may know, recent advances in the study of the human brain have made it possible for scientists to identify certain areas of the brain to which almost all varieties of human emotion can be traced. We have also found chemical substances which are able to act upon particular areas, producing a lessening or intensification of the emotion traced there.

"Last week, here in C.B.I., we traced the brain area responsible for the higher moral and spiritual tendencies of the human being," he continued. Dr Priemal turned to look straight at the worried-faced Prime Minister. "I hate regret the complete vagueness of the term, but we seem to have found the soul."

In sudden anger the P.M. searched the Doctor's poker face for some sign of amusement; but when he saw how absurd was the idea of a practical joke perpetrated by the man he sighed loudly. "You have just lost me the election," he said. Priemal was unmoved. "...But go on, go on."

"I was going to say," Priemal continued, "that our discovery is a little too indefinite as yet; we feel that a careful stimulation of the area -- to observe the unnaturally intense effect -- will be the final proof. Mr Neuman has been selected from a number of volunteers to help us."

"You want to give this man an overdose of 'soul'. What will that do?"

Dr Priemal was already filling a syringe. "I imagine," he replied without turning, "that we produce a highly moral and religious human being."

The Prime Minister sprang to his feet. Priemal went past him, holding up the syringe, to Neuman, who was also standing up, rolling back his sleeve.

"I hope very much that you're mistaken. This will bring down public opinion like a ton of bricks..."

Calmly Priemal found a vein in Neuman's upper arm. "I hope, sir," he replied, "that I am not mistaken. This has been..." he withdrew the needle and lightly dabbed the skin with cotton wool "...virtually a lifetime's work..."

Stepping back, he placed the empty syringe on the work bench. He and the P.M. watched Neuman with rapt attention. He stood as quietly as before, returning their gaze with unruffled calm.

"Do you notice anything, yet, Mr Neuman?" Priemal asked. Neuman shook his head. "Nothing --" he gave a thin, trusting smile "--in fact I feel quite..."

The smile froze. Immediately, agony swept across the man's face. His eyes blazed, he screamed; blood dripped from his hands and a semi-circle of light flickered from temple to temple. Slowly his body began to glow, and as it glowed he rose from the floor; he was radiant as he passed through the ceiling of the laboratory and disappeared from view.

At last the P.M. opened his mouth. "Good heavenly God," he murmured.

"Yes?" came Neuman's voice, sepulchral and booming, from somewhere high above.

-----G.S.COLES

In spite of the bad reputation VENTURE has somehow acquired -- because it is a reprint magazine, or because of its tatty appearance -- it continues to present a selection of surprisingly good fiction. The December issue is one of the best so far, in spite of the atrocious interior illustrations. Farmer's THE ALLEY MAN is the featured story -- which must be a way-above-average tale by anyone's standards. This has appeared in England in a paperback already, but the rest of the stories were new to me.

They vary from mediocre to excellent. Gordon R. Dixon provides a pointless story on the endlessly boring novice-encounters-witches-in-the-20th Century theme; Damon Knight tries unsuccessfully to pluck heartstrings in a tale of a young girl and an alien monster, sworn to exterminate man, revived accidentally after centuries of cold storage. Needless to say, monster helps girl. Isaac Asimov's piece of fiction is the third mediocre one; it deserves no comment at all and is completely uncharacteristic of his usual work.

NEW MOON, by Doug Morrissey, is half way between Ballard and Bester, though not nearly as good as either. Some of the style and incidental images resemble those of a Ballard, but are combined with the driving stylised emotional force characteristic of Bester. Neither effect comes off completely, but the experiment is interesting. The story itself deals with a star ship crew who awaken from deep freeze to find they are only partially aware of their tasks. They try to execute their roles from instinct and half-remembered facts, but are marginally successful only. The navigator cannot operate his equipment correctly, and anyway he finds the ship is dangerously close to a star that cannot be identified; the engineer wrestles with the ship and its power source, threatening to end the chaos he has caused with one final explosion; the cook finds himself incapable of producing food palatable to other people; our hero, the captain, finds he can no longer hold command; and the single female crew member dies bearing her child. Finally the ship crashes on a planetoid; the hero is the last to die, and in his final minutes everything comes clear. There is a strong surprise ending that retains its impact even though unoriginal. The story is powerful (if occasionally ham handed) with good ideas behind it.

DAY AT THE BEACH by Carol Emshwiller is quite touching, and the feminine touch in the writing transforms the hackneyed subject of after-the-bomb into one that is original and powerful in a quietly mundane way. The image of a young mutant child nuzzling affectionately up to his hairless mother's neck and biting off a lump of her flesh is characteristic of the whole story: animal action in the family life suggested by the story's title.

GO FOR BAROQUE by Jody Scott is the most entertaining and original story in the issue. Not only is the humourous psychiatrist-patient conversation and transference competently handled (few are), but the old, old, old subject of alien invasion is twisted into a really new position. The aliens are healing the humans, restoring them to a zany attractive insane reality, liberating their souls from conformity. Light and inconsequential, but fun.

An overall ratio of three relatively mediocre stories to four good ones is more than can be found in most sf magazines these days. Not to mention five famous names in one issue... In fact VENTURE presents a better fictional selection than either of the current British magazine issues, and on the mercenary side, its wide columns of type make up for the higher price and fewer pages. It doesn't deserve its bad reputation; I recommend it.

-----CHARLES PLATT



# PENTECOST

"For, lo, the winter is past,  
the rain is over and gone:"

--The Song of Solomon.

by Bob Parkinson

The white may softly showers down  
Memory of previous snows,  
While the red-tipped petals are  
A foretaste of the future rose;  
Though now the crimson of the blood  
Has changed to scarlet of the fire,  
The flames here lit within our hearts  
Consume the last of our desire.

The blood and snow beneath our feet,  
The lives these may shed for Thee;  
The cold of winter, 'mid midsummer's heat  
And our longing to be free.  
Thunder and roses in the blood,  
Our memories of spent desire,  
Now, where past and future meet,  
The passion of the burning fire.

And here I am, gone seven years,  
That have passed fast and yet so slow,  
And all that I did ever learn -  
Ten thousand ways of saying no.

-----BOB PARKINSON

fanzine review; VECTOR.

by Dick Howett.

For an official organ, VECTOR sometimes plays a pretty tune, when the wind is in the right direction and the moon is full. However, to bring up an old thorn, it isn't really a fanzine at all; indeed, in this bright new Britain of ours, VECTOR is well and truly classless. So what do we make of this oddity? How do we see it in the light of a fanzine review?

The latest issue again reaches its own peculiar standard of dullness. But this seems nobody's fault, as usual, and to name its editor, Rog Peyton, as the instigator of this melancholy would be unfair. After all, the poor soul is only doing his best.

So what do we have in the 29th issue? The cover sets the scene, with a pretty picture of a yacht drifting into a sunset. All very picturesque, but rather queer. The time will come when VECTOR has a good sf cover, instead of these meaningless doodles that we have been treated to over the past year and back. When magazines like Beyond, Les Spinge and Zenith seek originality, VECTOR continues to drag when it should lead. Doesn't anyone care what face our official SF organisation puts on its information sheet? Red sails in the sunset are all right for the general run of crud,.. but perhaps VECTOR is rather like a ship drifting...

The editorial again pleads for material for the next issue, and then goes on to remind us 400 or so members that subscription time is here again. 400 minds and nothing for the next issue?

In VECTOR 29 Archie Mercer leads off with a report on the Marquartstein Convention, held 'right on the edge of the Bavarian Alps' during the 1964 August Bank Holiday weekend. Judging by Archie's report, all who attended had a jolly time and there is an excellent offset-litho section of photographs to augment the chapter. But for us Anglos, this German Con had little or no meaning. Good old Fred wasn't doing his usual monster turn like he always does. Gert didn't spit on the club chairman like she always does, or Joe didn't give us a witty chat like he always does at a convention. It was all missing from Archie's report. In short, the Germans have their kind of con and we have ours. The photographs were no more than a collection of faces (however pretty) and thus the article had no impact, if that is the right phrase. Doubtless, the Germans would have been equally bored by an article on our last con.

Yet again in VECTOR we find that old fool, Dr Peristyle, replying to another batch of useless questions. Charles Platt, I'm surprised at you! Your question, "When will Man reach Mars, Venus and the stars", is something I expect from my five year old budgie, not from the editor of Beyond. Did you ask that silly question for effect, or was it just to see how stupid Peristyle really is? ((Both. --CP)) Just why I object to your question is obscure, but it shouldn't tax anybody's imagination to answer it. If the Peristyle column is a joke then it is lost on me. For a joke it isn't even funny, only inane, and is a direct contrast to the worthwhile 'For Your Information' column run by Jim Groves.

Jim, it seems, is the embodiment of the BSFA ideal. To inform. Three cheers for this lad. He is all that Peristyle is not! Ask a question and Jim will answer it to the best of his knowledge. However, I was rather saddened by the lack of it where that author, Louis Charbonneau, was concerned. Jim Moyles

asked for more information about this author, and Jim Groves had to reply that he didn't know anything about him. Pity. I'D like to know more about Louis Charbonneau, having been a dedicated fan of his since reading "No Place on Earth", surely one of the best sf novels written.

Nevertheless, Jim Groves carries on and gives his answers to other questions, including "Who is Dr Peristyle?" WHO CARES!? Surely Peristyle can keep to his own page?

"A Question of Characterisation" filled most of this issue, or seemed to, and set me ain a very good mood. Dave Busby stated in his article that "... ..many fans don't know what good characterisation is." He then went on to point out all the pitfalls of various stories and novels until one was left in doubt about anything. This article, at 8½ pages, was too damn long! Anyone can pull a quite-readable novel to bits, given an idea and unlimited space in VECTOR. Of course, he has to praise one or two stories just to keep people like me happy, but dear oh dear, what a long time Dave Busby took over it. Dave, you state your case with undue precision, dragging in the inevitable 'examples' and making life difficult for the reader to concentrate. But you stated your case in the first few paragraphs! Why did you feel it necessary to underline your argument in such a lengthy manner? I suspect the Editor urged you to make up for the 399 other possible suppliers of material by asking you to write enough to fill the entire issue, just in case nobody sent anything in. By so doing you killed an otherwise good article with padding and lengthy, wandering wording.

Finally, the letter column provides another insight into the minds of brother fan. What would we do without letters of comment? VECTOR's lettercol is always so precise and interesting, mainly for the very good reason that the letters are mostly written by sf readers as opposed to sheer fans. Fans tend to ramble on about margins and God knows what, while the other kind stick to the point and provide a helpful service in the construction of the magazine proper; ie, material and the use of.

In the Lettercol Charles Platt continues the plea for better artwork in VECTOR and Rog Peyton replied in his usually wooly way, stating that he would rather print mediocre subjects competently drawn than interesting stuff. But judging by the LoC's of the issue, most of the readers think differently from Rog Peyton, who only prints the former because he reserves the latter illustrations for other publications. Just WHO is Rog. editing for?

-----DICK HOWETT

The following collections are at last for sale:

NEW WORLDS no. 4 to no,140. All mint.  
NEBULA no. 1 to no. 41. Complete. Mint.

Sold as sets only. Send your offers to Dick Howett,  
94 Ravensbourne Crescent,  
HAROLD WOOD,  
Essex.

All offers will be acknowledged.

Don't miss your chance to acquire these valuable collections.

-----  
FROM A CURRENT POPULAR SONG (by the King Brothers):

"Pardon me, miss, but I've never done this with a real, live, girl."  
-----



SOLUTION TO THE IN-GROUP QUOTE CHRISTMAS COMPETITION.

Compare your quote-matching with the correct answers given below. Score according to the figure in brackets: add this figure on if you got the quote correct. Score zero for any quotes you got wrong.

- John R-Campbell: I can easily explain association of 'death' with 'orgasm'. (5)
- Ted Tubb: I believe everyone should be married by the age of 18. (4)
- Roy Kay: Sometimes I wonder if fandom matters -- about once a week. (9)
- Mary Reed: By 'Love' I don't mean love, if you see what I mean. (3)
- Mike Moorcock: Many's the time we've hunted the cripples down the embankment. (5)
- Archie Mercer: Is your name Charles the Platt? (2)
- Beryl Henley: So my match-making didn't come off, then? (7)
- Dave Hale: I warn you, Linwood slept in that bed last weekend. (9)
- Ella Parker: In that case, I'm damned if I'll let him into my flat! (0)
- Rog Peyton: For God's sake act your age. (8)
- Charles Platt: From now onwards, all material in --- will be under my own
- Pete Weston: So both the publishers thought their ad. was /name (5)  
going on the back cover! (2)
- Mike Higgs: Yes, you nearly knocked her out, but she was tipsey anyway. (6)
- Eddie Jones: What do you mean, copied? (2)
- Doreen Parker: I nearly slapped his face... (Score 3 if you thought this  
/was Ella Parker) (9)
- Lang Jones: Send it to Bonfiglioli -- he's sure to print it. (8)
- Roh Bennett: I agree with you 100% on this, but don't quote me! (7)
- Dick Howett: I feel sorry for Group '65, really. (9)
- Charles Smith: Ah, then you can save me Garth out of the Daily Mirror!  
(Score only 1 if you live in London) (8)
- Cliff Teague: This time it's the real thing. (4)
- Kyril Bonfiglioli: To write about a publication which has not been  
submitted to you is usually considered both uncivil  
and legally dangerous. (5)
- Arthur Thomson: Was it you who tried to kick our door down at the con? (7)
- Peter White: No, I'm not good enough at being sarcastic, I'll be rude! (9)
- Harry Nadler: You and your readers seem to be taking us seriously! (7)
- Dave Wood: They refused to publish my second letter! (9)
- Desmond Squire: I think that fandom as a whole is dying, actually. (6)
- John Barfoot: What's the difference between Stalin and Jayne Mansfield? (5)
- Chris Priest: Let's see, I can't remember whether I'm feuding with you. (6)
- Alan Dodd: All the people I've known who've committed suicide.... (2)
- Graham Hall: I'm dying of some unknown disease. (5)

YOUR SCORE:

- Zero and below You are healthy. You know the right people.
- Five and under Be careful not to get in with the wrong sort. A chance acquaintance could be the first step...
- 6 to 10 You are in danger of slipping into fandom -- probably even neofandom. Take prompt action. Stop writing letters at once.
- 11 to 20 The only hope is to gaffiate. You even know Doc Peristyle.
- 21 to 30 You are Beryl Henley.
- 31 to 180 You cheated.
- over 180 You either cheated badly or can't add up. Maximum score is 172!

I thought that for the good of its appearance GARBISTAN ought to have a plain back cover. But I couldn't leave the inside of it wasted, with nothing on it at all.