

8871

GARBISTAN  
LAST ISSUE

the badly-printed fanzine-worldcon issue

# NOTE TO READERS

This issue may prove confusing for some readers. It has, for a start, been produced in three different places over a period of six months. The report from Graham Hall on a party of mine was written in the good old days before the flat was smashed up (see editorial). All the addresses are out of date except this one: I NOW LIVE AT 71 Sinclair Road, London W.14 -- at least, I will do, shortly. Send all letters there. If I've moved again by the time this appears they will be forwarded.

This fanzine also suffers from illiteracy, superfluity, unfunny humour, cloying chumminess, egomania and boring writing. This is very easily explained.

GARBISTAN is a fanzine. It is traditional for fanzines to be illiterate, unfunny, cloyingly chummy, egomaniac and boring. Who am I to break with tradition. GARBISTAN is also juvenile, for good measure.

## CONTENTS:

I have no idea of the full contents of this fanzine since it was put together some time ago and I have no intention of reading through all that muck again.

### IN-GROUP MESSAGE TO BRITISH MUSEUM:

British Museum Please Note: if you want a copy, you will have to send me one shilling and sixpence plus 3d postage.

### IN-GROUP MESSAGE TO ROY KAY:

FREE INSIDE, CHAOS NUMBER FOUR! and free outside, too.

### TWO QUOTE CARDS:

JOIN THE PLOT  
TO ASSASSINATE  
PETE WESTON!

THE ARTWORK'S  
MUCK, BUT, GOD,  
IT'S IN LITHO!

### TWO SATIRICAL REMARKS:

ZENITH FOR THE BEST-FANZINE-OF-THE-YEAR AWARD!

BIRMINGHAM IN '66!

A SMALL  
ADVER-  
TISEMENT

JOIN THE BIRMINGHAM FAN APPRECIATION SOCIETY. President: Peter Weston. Secretary: Roger Peyton. ONLY BIRMINGHAM FANS MAY BECOME MEMBERS OF THIS SOCIETY.

The last issue, friends... due out on April 30th, produced who knows when. GARBISTAN has certainly lived up to old fanzine traditions -- such as irregularity, short life, and so on.

Actually the main reason for this issue being late was that my life was threatened. Round about the time of the last PADS mailing, which should have included this magazine, I was living in Notting Hill Gate in a three-floor 7-room flat I was sub-letting to various odd tenants. As the Good People moved out, we had to get others in fast to help out with the rent. The result was that beats and toughies took over the ground floor; their friends came in too. The gas meters were robbed, they had riots (when a vast mirror was smashed and a door thrown out into the street) and the smell was revolting... beds were literally in 24 hour use: as one beat got up, so another crawled in to take his place. The ground floor was in perpetual gloom, shutters over the windows. I think it accentuated the effect when they got high on drugs (which is what they spent nearly all of their National Assistance money on).

Anyway, to cut a long, long story short: I tried to get the most violent of the beats to move out. He'd smashed a lot of furniture and had just about taken over the house. Since I was responsible for it... He'd also broken into one of the other rooms and stolen another tenant's record player, records and money. (Though we couldn't prove anything). Because of the new rent and landlord and tenant acts, I couldn't force this individual to clear out. When I threatened him with police action, he threatened me with six months in hospital. Knowing his reputation for dirty fighting (he used to get drunk every weekend and go round the East End punching people -- anyone -- he met) this put me in a state nearing despair, as the house was progressively demolished before my eyes.

In such a state, I didn't feel like producing a fanzine. The troublemaker eventually cleared out (because his girl told him she didn't like out place, it was too smelly) but things didn't really clear up till we moved

So GARBISTAN was held over indefinitely. In the meantime I've been working, taking printing examinations, and playing with a beat group, all of which occupies one's time.

HERE

But now it's holiday time and ~~here~~ it is.

Some of the contributions were intended for the last BEYOND, which was to feature a 20-page Litho section. Unfortunately I didn't manage to get this produced at the College of Printing (They caught up with me at last!) and so some of the contributions intended to appear in litho appear now in duplicated form in GARBISTAN.

There's also a con report. I don't know why people bother to write con reports. I don't know why people bother to produce fanzines. Hell, I don't know why people bother to do anything except sleep all day. But since I'd written the damn thing I thought I might as well circulate it. No one will like it. But I don't really think the Bumcon deserves any better. Ivor Latto was too kind in his report in FANKLE --- let's admit it, for many people all conventions are masochism. They are looked back on with fond reminiscence in the same way it feels good when you stop hitting your head with a hammer.

Of course, the worldcon should be different: there will be a lot of people there to meet and talk to. And it will be in London. Which is rather an advantage; just for once I'll know my way around the con-town, and there'll be decent transport and a lot of entertainment available outside the hotel.

Frankly I can't be bothered to go on rambling any longer. So much for the editorial. There are too many fanzines already -- it seems absurd to add to the pile of crud -- but here's another. It was a shame to waste the stencils that I'd typed out three or four months ago.

Get out of fandom while there's stilltime -- real life is good for you!

# Birmingham in '66!

BY CHARLES PLATT AN HYSTERICAL CONREP

The '65 Bumcon started under circumstances that even a well-organised convention would have been hard put to overcome. First, there was the disadvantage of the hotel being twice as large and the attendance twice as small as one would have expected; second, and most important, the event took place in Birmingham.

In Easter '64, Brummies got the '65 con by one vote only. Among others', believe it or not that vote was mine. So please bear in mind that whatever happened as a result of the convention being in Birmingham and organised by Brummies, it was in effect my fault. If one person, last year, had voted the other way... and if that person had been me... you follow the reasoning?

Anyway, to start at the beginning, I stepped out of L-driver Norman Sherlock's car trembling only slightly and into the Midland Hotel. The Midland is typical of the worst type of large provincial hotel; as someone said, they have not, as yet, learnt that a hotel is run to please the guests rather than to please itself. Everywhere there were tall, knobbly porters and attendants and officious under-managers, scowling and mumbling to each other and looking with offensive disapproval at the con-goers.

This, too, was another death-blow to the con dealt before it had even started -- along with the semi-literate 'Brumbles' sent out beforehand, promising, if one could interpret the mis-spelt gibberish correctly, 'quite a good time' even though the attendance was below the minimum needed to gain the 30% hotel bill reduction. In the Brumbles, ha-ha-Higgs cartoons (gosh, those funny badges!) and illegible maps with North 45 degrees off vertical, all contributed to a spirit of mad despair and hopelessness.

Of course, I didn't let these little things stop me from having a real good time. I mean, for a start, there were all the people needed for a really good convention -- and people are more important than programming. Yes, all the regulars were there: Ron Bennett, Walt Willis, Arthur Thomson, Ethel Lindsay, Jill Adams, Pete Taylor, Irish John Berry, Dave Hale, Pat Kearny, David Wood, John Barfoot, Brian Allport, Brian Mc Cabe, Graham Bullock, Rod Milner ... the list is endless.

The very amusing opening ceremony got things off to a real good start that captured perfectly the sophisticated sense of humour that is such a feature of fandom. Ken Cheslin hadn't turned up to open the convention (perhaps he was too scared) but jocular Ted Tubb and Phil Rogers did the job for him in their inimitable way. Fans in the audience responded to the pantomime with sparkling humour and wit that must have been reassuring to attendees who had not been to a con before and perhaps feared it might be spoilt by the corny fannish absurdities of the older socialites.

After this, whoopee, a film! Excited by the prospect of watching 'Forbidden Planet' half the audience seized the opportunity of leaving the hall. Since attendance anyway was so miserably small, and since a number of fans still hadn't turned up, the result was that 20 or so fans wandered aimlessly through the endless corridors and sat around in the fanzine room, while 24 or 25 others sat hypnotised in the darkened con hall.

No doubt about it, Friday was certainly a mad raving scene; we all stayed up till 11.00, or even midnight, having a wild time that is hard to imagine. Why, I am told that on this night alone there were at least none, possibly more, room parties! The Committee is to be congratulated on ensuring things got off to a real good start by presenting a film show.

Saturday saw the first of the auctions. Mindless fans sat like vegetables while bundle after bundle of totally valueless British-edition US magazines, rare vintage '55-'60, were sold at bargain prices -- when there were any bids for them, that is. This is just one part of the con which could have been organised more intelligently; it should be obvious that most auction material obtained as donations from fans will be unlikely to be worth anything. A system of splitting the auction price between the convention and the donor would provide some incentive for people to contribute better stuff. Otherwise this type of auction might just as well be abandoned.

Alas, this spectacle drove me away from the con programme, with the result that I missed the only serious and intelligent item on the list: a talk by G.H.Doherty. This was in utter contrast to the rest of the weekend's 'entertainment' in that it was thought-provoking (so I'm told) and interesting.

In the badly-drawn convention booklet, under a spaceship saying 'Yah, missed!', (the sense of humour is overwhelming), was billed a "Mad, Raving, Saturday Night Shindig." Oh boy, what a fab event it was. At 7.00, the starting time, the hall was littered with abandoned chairs and the occasional dour-faced fan staring glumly out of the window. But by 7.30, things were really moving: a page boy with a vacuum cleaner had arrived, and Ken Cheslin was staring benignly over the room.

At this point I decided I couldn't stand the pace any longer. I found Gray Hall and Dikk Richardson with Mary Reed and Lang Jones in Lang's room, sitting looking fed up. This was not just because of the convention, but because all the drink we had bought that morning was locked in Mike Moorcock's room, and Mike had disappeared earlier, out to some Indian restaurant. It was a pretty sad state of affairs.

About 9.00 Ted Tubb appeared. "I've done all I can," he gasped. "No man could do more. For Christ's sake come and get a hum & sway session going, or something." This was the first intimation -- other than the fact that at 8.30 there had been no more than 25 people dotted around in the vast con hall -- that something was wrong. When we got on the scene, this faint suspicion was confirmed. Instead of the 'Mad, raving Saturday night shindig', fans were standing in little groups looking as miserable as only fans standing in little groups can look. The very idea of a hum and sway in the brightly-lit, sparsely-decorated hall was laughable. As Mr Tubb remarked, 'For a hum and sway you've got to have everyone well oiled'. He took a look at the fans in the hall, shrugged helplessly and departed.

Soon afterwards Moorcock arrived. We drank with single-minded desperation and need: anything to shut out the depression-vortex that had settled over the place. Peter White turned up (he had been working that Saturday afternoon) and joined Gray Hall, Dikk, Mary and myself. Mike and Lang prepared to give a recital in the convention hall, working against time so that there would still be some people left there by the time they got started.

They didn't do very well, actually; at least 15 people failed to be driven away by the noise. The fact that top C had stuck permanently on helped, though.

I encountered Rog Peyton, happily intoxicated, in the corridor. It turned out that rumours that he had been weeping and crying "Our con's a failure!" earlier on were not completely true. We sat down and had a kind of alcoholic heart-to-heart talk (or rather mumble). "You hate me, don't you?" he said, and belched. I denied this. "Snide bastard!" he retorted. We were off to a grand start. Revelations followed: "I would never have stood for publications officer for a second year," he said, "if it wasn't for the fact that you were after the job." And again: "I'd never have published the last paragraph of the review you did of EARTHWORKS (Brian Aldiss' novel) if you'd not been standing against me." Rog later told Peter White he thought I was a snide, underhand individual.

Around this time I encountered Harry Harrison and Brian Aldiss. An inter-

esting discussion escalated into naked violence: I was shut in a wardrobe, which they tried to tip over on its front. (Things become a little vague here).

I later encountered Peter White, who had, earlier on, been hitting one of the hotel managers on the head with a hat under the impression the man was his wife (or something). There was something about Dave Busby having lost his key, and Julia Stone was worried about Mary Reed, because she was worried about Pete Weston. "He's suicidal when he's like this," she said. Now Julia was searching anxiously for both of them. Filled with the spirit of goodwill, helpfulness, and intoxicant, I decided to locate Pete and Mary and bring them back together again. We tried Dave Busby's key in a variety of doors, one of which was supposed to be Pete Weston's. We finally got into a room which was empty, and rather than proceed further, settled down there to go to sleep. Just as we were getting comfortable the door of the adjoining room slammed and a figure appeared in the doorway of ours. It was the manager who Peter had been hitting on the head. "What are you doing, singing at this time of night?" he demanded.

When we'd got rid of him, we found that the room we'd blundered into was in fact Rog Peyton's. 'Good old Rog,' we thought, 'he won't mind us kipping down here.' I had his bed and Peter stretched out on the floor.

At five thirty Peyton and a mob of inarticulate Brummies nearly broke the door down, in spite of my shouting that they'd better shut up and go away else the manager would throw them out. We eventually gave in and moved along to Mike Moorcock's room.

The next morning was hell. Moorcock had been up all night, presumably in a last-ditch effort to enjoy himself, and woke us up at 7.00, turning people out of bed, opening windows, and carrying on barbarically. A quote card stuck to the dressing table mirror read, 'GET OUT OF HERE WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME!'

Gray and I breakfasted at Lyons out of dirty cereal bowls and greasy glasses. Then, boyohboy, it was AGM-time!

In the last LES SPINGE, Cheslin wrote what must surely be one of the worst ever funny-columns, and ended it with a serious bit to the effect that 'apathy is my watchword'. In the AGM he certainly lived up to his motto. The whole thing resembled one of TW3's worse humorous sketches. It went on too long, wasn't a very good parody (in this case of itself), and the funny bits were spaced too far apart. I sat next to Ivor Latto, who groaned occasionally and now and then gave a faint, sick smile. As Cheslin's total ineptitude was rubbed in our faces, (he had not planned the meeting at all, had not even brought a constitution along, and was incapable of keeping order), Doreen Parker took over. She didn't seem to know about S tandard Procedure, and kept asking for people to speak in opposition officially to each proposal, but at least she was aware of what was going on. Cheslin, sensing dimly his authority had been usurped, contented himself by telling people occasionally to 'shut up'. He then smiled in embarrassment.

There were many useful features in the AGM. For instance, it was unanimously decided that VECTOR should improve. But really it was better as a music hall than as a serious example of democracy at work. Really, it was very amusing, and the committee are to be congratulated for presenting an enterprising hour's comedy.

Shining out against the background of murky depression, as most people I think agree, was Harry Harrison's Sunday afternoon Guest-of-Honour speech. Filled with boundless energy, he gave an unrehearsed quick-fire talk that can only be described as inspired. He showed the stamina of Kruschev and the humour was overwhelming. The description of Bob Silverberg's writing workshop where manuscripts are evaluated by weight and are never re-read was perhaps not very kind or exactly true, but it was damned funny. Harrison maintained

his level of exuberant vitality throughout the ensuing pro-panel and auction; it was the only thing that enabled the selling of the utter rubbish that was mixed in with the occasional bargain. Such was the atmosphere of compulsive buying that Mike Moorcock sold an empty whiskey bottle, allegedly autographed by famous authors, to Pete Weston for 4/6d. A bargain if ever there was one.

When Harry Harrison finally ran out of breath and adjectives to damn the books he was selling, Brian Aldiss took over in style. "I'll sign this C.S. Lewis Trilogy myself," he said, "since the author isn't around any more to do it himself." It was suggested by doubting, cynical fans that some books had suffered this policy of forgery of authors' signatures also; for example, the copy of STARSHIP TROOPERS bore a 'Robert Heinlein' autograph strangely reminiscent of Michael Moorcock's writing. But I cannot believe, myself, that professional authors would stoop this low.

Terry Jeeves, it was revealed later, had won the Doc Weir award. The ridiculous situation that resulted in this was really very simple: votes had been received for about 20 different people; the result was that each name got about 4 or 5 votes, on average. Jeeves won simply because his was the only name that had been plugged for the award widely. Response for his name was thus coordinated; there were perhaps ten or fifteen votes for him. But balance this against the 60 or more people who didn't vote for Terry Jeeves! For all we know, if the voting form had left a space for a second choice, or if there had been a system of nominations, Jeeves would not have won. Certainly one can think of people who have done more for fandom than draw soggies, write mediocre fan fiction and produce bad book reviews. Ron Bennett, for example, has fostered the best spirit of fandom. Terry Jeeves has done nothing more than contribute to a lot of fanzines.

I can't bear to go into the details of the Cleveland-sponsored Sunday night party, or the fan-politics speech given at it by Dave Kyle, or the involved and stupid questioning that it inspired from Brummies like Alan Roblin. Yet another auction followed, to make things worse. Ted Tubb busily mixed and dispensed drinks: the money for the party seemed to have been divided about equally between sherry-Martini-beer and bitter lemon- tonic water, which didn't inspire great merriment in the audience. Ted kept getting me to taste his mixtures ("I can't take it any more, my stomach's too delicate") and the predictable result was that after a few sherry cocktails, gins-and-oranges and mutilated Martinis, plus some Brown Ale, I was, unhappily, hopelessly drunk. I have horrible memories of someone auctioning the convention decorations, and of someone else actually buying them; of drinking banan wine that tasted of bananas; of nearly braining Ivor Lattø with a falling stepladder; and of knocking on Lang Jones' door and breaking a hole in the panel. Bottle walking at the Mancunians' party was interesting, except I could stand up anyway, let alone on bottles. Eventually Ted Tubb, possibly filled with remorse at the drunken state his mixtures had led me to, led me down to Harry Nadler's room where, amongst screaming fans, I sank into oblivion.

Other things happened that night I would like to have witnessed: Peter White had a memorable conversation with Pom Boardman, for example. "A hundred years from now Ellington will be recognised as the only truly creative composer of the mid-nineteen-hundreds. In just the same way, science fiction will be remembered as the only valid literature of our time. I mean this. I'm serious." Another Boardman quote: "Sometimes I fear that I will be an editor all my life, and never a creative artist. That is my own personal cross to bear."

Peter also talked to Pete Weston, who said, "Your head's a better shape than mine, mate." And about 4 am, Ted Tubb appeared with a crowd of fans, wandering slowly around the corridors, clinking bottles and chanting "Get back to your wives!" Several under-managers and porters and page boys turned up to watch in wonder, but eventually disappeared, leaving the fans to proceed unmolested.

The next morning, of course, was Monday, so we all went home. It was a pretty awful morning: everywhere people were wandering around with faces both long and white. The hotel management had locked the doors of the convention hall, and inside could be seen various officials conversing about the mess. They would let no one in. Various feud had developed during the convention, perhaps being a by-product of the depressed atmosphere. Mary Reed had returned to Pete Weston for unknown motives and had been slapped for her trouble. Old fans and professional writers were clearly fed up with the younger element.

Me, I enjoyed the con, though a better programme and some proper organisation might have helped me enjoy it more. It was Birmingham that depressed me more than anything, and the clannish, out-of-touch atmosphere about its fans and the hotel itself. Many people must have found the event more depressing than I did. The sense of hopelessness, of nothing happening, of boredom, of depression, could be felt everywhere: from the ground floor lounge, with its expensive drinks, where local Brummies (non-fans) slumped nine tenths dead in the evenings, to the officious under-managers just waiting to throw someone out.

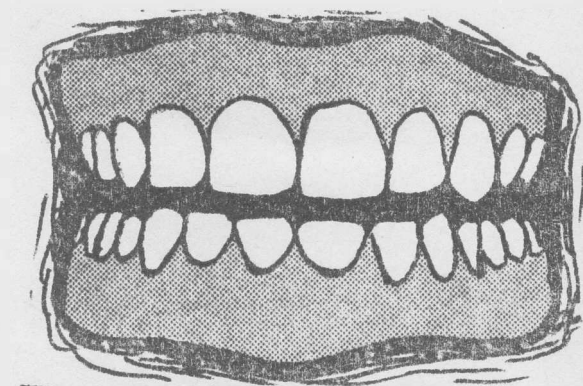
Yes, it was a great convention; if hysteria was the only way out, well, what the hell. The committee did a grand job (nothing like under-programming, I always say) and this ought to be recognised. I'm sure that with the experience they've achieved the Brummies could put another Easter con on that would beat even this one for sheer exciting enjoyment. Who wants to go to Yarmouth? In all seriousness I propose, BIRMINGHAM IN '66!

-----  
Grateful acknowledgements to Peter White for supplying ideas and quotes --CP  
-----

QUOTED VERBATIM (SPELLING & ALL) FROM THE PROGRAMME BOOKLET:

"When my neofannish eyes beheld the first Birmingham convention, their was scarce fourty attendees." --Ken Cheslin.

VERBAL QUOTE: "It's not the chairman's job to spell." --Rog Peyton.



**ZENITH**

**SAD TO SAY  
IN RECENT  
ISSUES (WE FEEL)  
HAS LOST ITS BITE**



THREE POEMS BY BOB PARKINSON.

THE MEDITERRAINIAN BY MOONLIGHT  
Gibraltar-Tangier Summer 1964

Here, where the salt surf spray divides  
Us from the palaeozoic sea;  
Hold my hand tightly lest we drift apart  
Over the rim of the world.  
High above - Circe's swan rides westward  
Following her lunar lover through the night  
Amid tattered stormclouds.  
And the waves' crash has become  
The pounding pulse  
At my temples, and in my fevered brain.  
Tonight, I have stood by an ancient sea, and seen  
The never-ending rhythm of distant worlds. Here  
Somewhat west of the moon,  
By the world's rim,  
Where the salt sea spray sings  
A dirge as old as the endless world.

SITE 6A

The early sun, refracted,  
Wakes molten pools from the desert, desert floor;  
The dull, warm air  
Is acrid, brassy in the mouth;  
And the soft, steady pulse  
Of some electronic metronome  
Beats constantly, under an empty sky.  
On the pad a bird waits poised,  
Steaming lox white-ly in the morning air,  
While insistent, moving hands mark  
The passing seconds, along unseen wres.

That sudden, stabbing roar of flame  
Is become  
The thunder of the dinosaur  
And the soaring skylark's song  
In the corridors of my memory.

REASON ENOUGH

If all the bright stars in all their glory  
Were all we sought  
There would be no point in going;  
The endless, empty parsecs of the night  
Echoing the hollow in our soul.  
The billion man-hours so expended  
Might as uselessly be  
Wasted, feeding a billion hungry mouths.  
The world has had enough of destiny,

And the gnat-thin calling of the far, high stars.  
It has done with the glory of God, too,  
Which is a pity;  
The men who built high soaring cathedrals  
Would, I feel, understand  
The raging majesty of the thunder-jet  
Launched to the sky.  
If the going were only  
For our own glory, man against man,  
In petty parliament,  
There would be no reason  
Not better concerned with our own.  
But if we went, none the less,  
In wonder at the Glory of God,  
There would be a reason.

-----Bob Parkinson

SO YOU WANT TO BE A POP STAR.... By Nina Mc Donagh

So you want to be a pop star! Why? Fame. Fortune. Ah yes, fortune... that means money. At the top the pay is good, but first you must begin with one-night-stands. An unknown group averages £12 per night. Out of that, manager takes at least 10%, agent 15%. If there are five in the group, that leaves £1 16s each. Don't forget the share of petrol, and the odds are you've clubbed together to buy a van on H.P.

Everyone's happy, the late nights don't bother you as yet, bookings are rolling in, the kids scream for you. Your manager decides on making a demonstration disc. You pay for it. Manager hawks it round all the record companies -- that costs money, too. Publicity costs are constant: photographs, handouts, a fan club... group writeups sent to agents all over England...

By now the wolf is sharing your table; you are working to pay off debts. What's this? Your manager on his knees (a natural position, by now) saying you are to cut your first commercial disc. You do that -- and wait for it to hit the charts, and wait, and ... wait. Six months later, you're still on the one-nighter grind; you may see your was-to-be hit record as a 2/- buy on a record shop's surplus stock counter. Do you give up? NEVER. Beat music is your life blood, though you've aged 10 years in 8 months, rejected a promising career, and your family refuse to speak to you, you struggle on. You will make it.

Suppose out of the blue you have a hit record, and all the things that follow; but now you need new instruments, a new van, new stage suits. Manager and agent must share in the good times: they now take at least 35% between them. Not to worry, though; you're at the top. You can stay there, IF you turn out at least 3 more hits in the next six months and flog yourselves to death once or twice nightly! Smile, make jokes, and most important, allow hundreds of hysterical, screaming teenage girls to maul you and slobber all over you. Do that, plus a lot more, and you may last 12 months.

Remember, whichever way it goes, the tax man cometh.

I haven't mentioned the hangers-on, the borrowers who never pay back, the Shylock agents, the people who only crawl out from under when you have the money to spend. You'll see a side of life that will repel, yet at the same time draw you.

Still want to be a pop star? Of course you do. Then the best of luck; you will certainly need it.

-----Nina Mc Donagh

THIS CONTRIBUTION CAME  
FROM GRAHAM HALL 6 MONTHS AGO.  
IF IT HAD A TITLE, I'VE FORGOTTEN IT.  
I DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND IT, ANYWAY.

...by Sir Alan Herbert...

(Reprinted from PUNCH, January 20, 1965, by permission of Haddock Productions Ltd.)

When I read what Professor Florkin had said, I thought: "This is highly interesting. It sounds authentic. But it will be hotly denied tomorrow."

The story appeared in the "Evening News" (I did not see it anywhere else). It was distributed by the British United Press.

"BRUSSELS, Wednesday

The Belgian newspaper "La Meuse" today quoted Professor Marcel Florkin, of Liege University, an authority on space medicine, as saying last night that both Russian and American spacemen have suffered serious effects from going into space and that, because of this, a manned landing on the moon would not be possible for another 100 or 200 years.

Professor Florkin claimed that on their return to earth all the spacemen were in an abnormal state. They all suffered from brain trouble.

'The Soviet cosmonaut, Valentina Tereshkova, is actually in a very abnormal state,' the newspaper quotes him as saying.

'We must no longer think of man in space. This is now a legend, an illusion, an idea of the past, an antiquated notion.

'Man cannot live in a state of weightlessness for more than five days. It would be useless to send him to the moon for he would be dead on arrival.'

Professor Florkin, 64, as President of the International Union of Biochemists, was Chairman of an international conference on space biology earlier this year.

He made his statements at a Rotary Club meeting at Seraing, not far from Liege.

He was quoted by "La Meuse" as saying: 'Russian research has proved that absence of gravity modified the multiplication of cells.

'After five days in space man is condemned to death.

'We have reached a dead end in our work... We will have to start all over again.'

According to the newspaper, Professor Florkin said American and Russian experts agree among themselves that human flights in the cosmos were impossible.

Summarising his conclusions, the newspaper said: 'Professor Florkin is insistent on this point: it is absolutely out of the question that man will go to the moon. Those who claim he will are fools or liars.

'Why are they lying? Because they do not want to offend public opinion, and because they fear a reduction in expenditure on astronautic studies.'

Professor Florkin was quoted as saying that both the recent Russian three-man flight and the US two-man 'Gemini' project, planned for next year, show the limited scope of these experiments.

'The Russian flight was made solely to study the effects of sudden acceleration at take-off,' he said.

'The significance of the 'Gemini' project will be limited to the technological aspect.'

It would be no more than a 'flea's jump,' he was quoted as saying." (BUP)

I thought, "This tends to confirm what that irreverent fellow said in a letter to "The Times" in 1962:

'The flying fish, no doubt, provokes the wonder of his fellows. The flight is exciting, but it gets the fish nowhere, and he returns with relief to his natural element. So, perhaps, will Man.'

"But this," I continued thinking, "will never do. Space is now the Top Vested Interest. The great Apollo 'lunar project' by which the Americans, bless them, still hope to land a man, alive on the Moon in 1970, will have cost at least £14,000,000,000. In 1965, I read, they will 'really get going on the most breathtaking venture in history.' If Professor Florkin is shown to be right both Russia and the States will be mainly populated by the unemployed. Both economies will totter, and little Britain, which has kept out of the nonsense, will nimbly dart ahead."

So, next day, I was interested to see in another paper:

#### "BRUSSELS

Professor Marcel Florkin, of Liege University, today told BUP that he had never said Russian and American spacemen had suffered serious effects from their flights.

Dr. Florkin told BUP that when he made his speech to a Rotary Club at Seraing near Lille, he could not even remember the name of the Russian spacewoman, Valentina Tereshkova, about whom he was credited by "La Meuse" with making certain statements.

'I never mentioned her,' he said. 'The whole report is scandalous. Everything I said has been misunderstood. The report is a caricature of what I said.'

But the Professor continued:

"I do not deny having said that five to six days is the maximum period during which a cosmonaut can remain in a state of weightlessness, and that this makes it impossible to launch manned Moon or Mars flights."

'I said we should first solve this obstacle, perhaps by creating a form of artificial gravity inside the space capsule through rotation, but this is widely known among scientists.'

Professor Florkin, who presided over an international conference on Space biology in Florence earlier this year added:

'I also deny having called American and Soviet Space scientists liars for not admitting that human flights into the cosmos are impossible.' " (BUP)

The agency "followed up"; and the story of the story continues:

"In a Brussels radio interview, Professor Florkin said: "The very simple things I said during a luncheon meeting have been sensationalised.

"I am quoted as saying that "The Soviet Cosmonette Tereshkova is actually in a very abnormal psychic state."

"This is the first time that I heard of the word "Cosmonette", which until I read the newspaper report did not form part of my vocabulary.

"If I had said what I am supposed to have said I would have made an incorrect statement. I can reassure you on this point. Madame Tereshkova is not in a very abnormal psychic state and I am happy to tell you that she is well."

Asked for his comment of Professor Florkin's denial, M. Paul Gabriel, Editor of "La Meuse" claimed that he had a tape recording of the Professor's remarks and it showed that he had made the remarks attributed to him. "La Meuse" maintains that its report is true, both as a whole and in detail, he said.

"We have a tape recording of what Professor Florkin said and it shows that what we published is literally what he said," M. Gabriel said.

"It is true that the word "cosmonette" slipped into the sentence attributed to the speaker. What he said was: "This lady (he did not remember her name at the time and was prompted by somebody else at table) in particular is actually in a very abnormal psychic state."

"Our tape recording also shows that he said all space men showed pathological phenomena on their return to earth."

Professor Florkin, as the tape recording shows, also qualified, as either liars or fools, 'all those who claim that manned moon landings are still possible in our time.' " (EUP).

You will now be perfectly clear about this important matter.

...A.P.H....

+ + + +

General Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society (well known for its Christian efforts in providing Bibles for destitute Zulus), the Rev. Dr. N. J. Cockburn, came up with the following fore-taste of modernised Gospels in a Canterbury Cathedral service in February.

"A programmer of an electronic computer sat down, prepared to plan his work.

And as he issued his commands, some aimed at the impossible and achieved nor results, because he was trying, in this particular case, to conjure profits out of losses.

Other commands aimed at the possible, but still came to nothing, because the programmer had not dug deep enough into systems analysis. So that the industrial workers failed to understand his plan and, out of fear, sabotaged the work by strikes....."

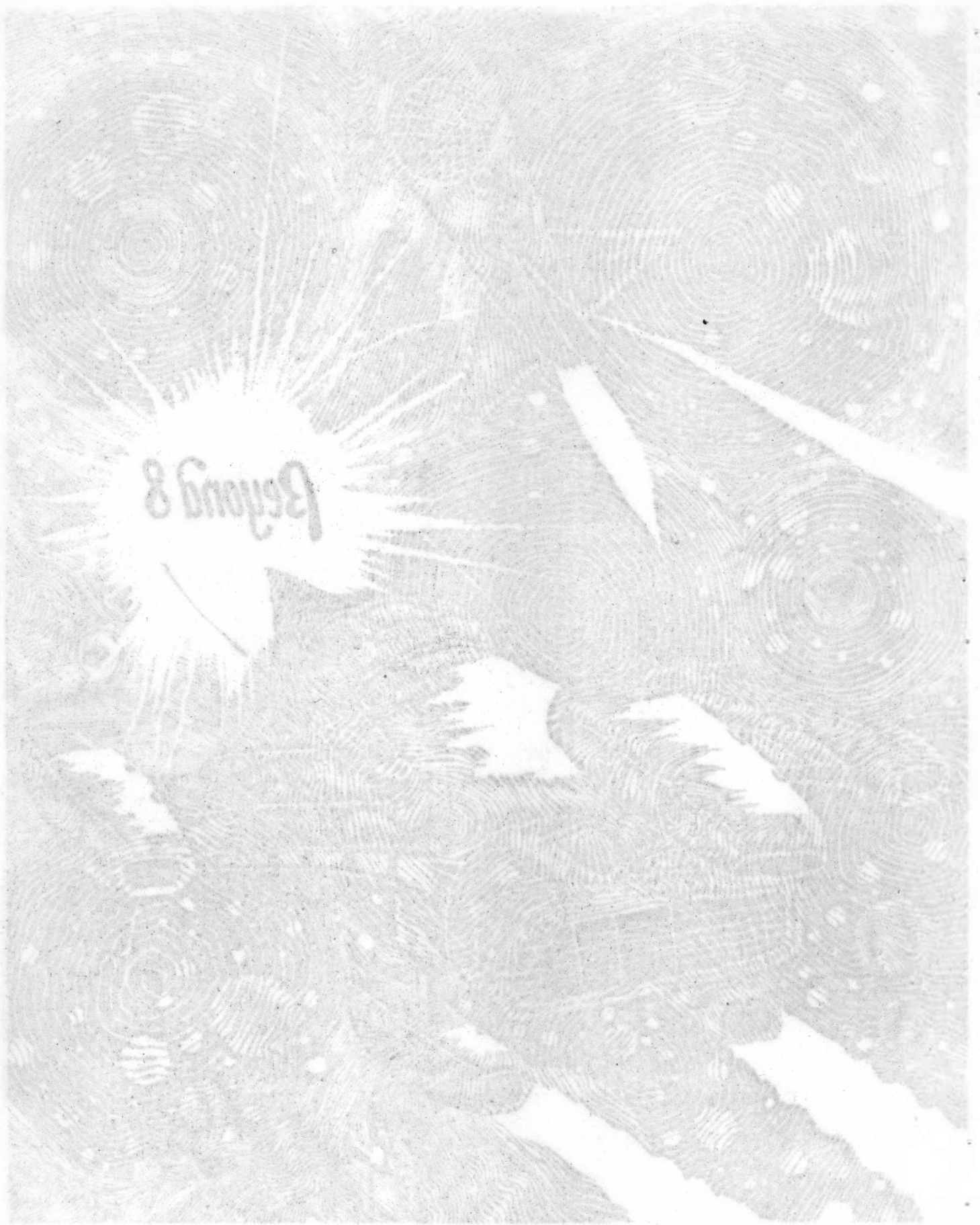
One needs go no further into how he finally manages to produce 30, 60 and even 100 times greater production.

The same Vicar suggests a new version of the Lord's Prayer.... "Give us this day our daily bread, but give it to us through an industrial civilization."

The B. & F.B.S. is sponsoring the "Feed The Minds" campaign. Slogan: "There's nothing like curling up with a good book (preferably The Good Book) after the dinner you didn't have."

ILLUSTRATION ON NEXT PAGE BY JOSEPH ZAJACZKOWSKI





# THE PLAYBOY

By Dave Wood// A pungently expressive monolog delving fearlessly and accurately into the soft, slick world of Playmates and Bunnies. More relevant to twentieth century society and the sexual revolution than ever with the emergence of English imitators KING and PENTHOUSE/////

## PHILOSOPHY

So he says to me, do an article on the moral values of PLAYBOY. On the lines of either "There's nothing wrong with looking at dirty pictures" or "Hugh Hefner is sick sick sick, and go into detail of what his philosophy actually means".

Well, what are the moral values? How the hell should I know? Everything that COULD be said about Play boy has already been said, and quite honestly I don't think it is worth all the fuss. First of all, it's ridiculously over-priced, though this does have the effect of discouraging people who just want to look at the pictures. THEY go and buy ROGUE or about 3 dozen other imported Playboy imitators for 3/6d or 5/-. Most people buy Playboy because Playboy says this is the In thing to do -- which is a pretty good sales gimmick.

WHAT SORT OF A MAN READS PLAYBOY? (as the ad. says). I'll tell you .. soft music please .. The Playboy man is handsome and debonair, a man about town in every sense, he dresses well, always has a beautiful woman on his arm, travels by fast car, dines on the best food at the best restaurants at the most expensive prices. At least, that is what editor Hefner encourages us to believe. The truth, my friends, is that the typical Playboy man is ugly as sin, travels in a 1910 Ford with his mother beside him giving directions, and is content with chips at Fred's. What else can you expect, if he's going to squander 8/6d on Playboy magazine every month, 12/6d on the Christmas and New Year editions?

Hefner's philosophy, which has taken him about two years of boring boring repetition repetition so far to inflict on his readers is, as I see it, a feeble attempt to convince HIMSELF that he is doing the world an irreplaceable service by keeping it well supplied with pin-ups and Serious Articles, and it also gives some of the more self-conscious readers a chance to kid themselves they're intellectuals for looking at them.

But enough of this. Talk on Playboy often centres on the pictures. Let's consider the general fiction and articles, which can be first class. Certainly the writers are all there: Bradbury, Clarke, Blish, Pohl, and Shel Silverstein, who is a very funny man. Most of the humour -- apart from the pathetic party jokes -- is adult and good. Feiffer contributes regularly.

That's about it -- not much, but there's little more you can say about such an insignificant magazine. Forget about the pictures -- after all, they were originally only a gimmick to catch sales. The cheaper imitations have largely usurped this field, and now there are nudes in Playboy only because people expect them to be there. Instead, enjoy the rest of it; it's not bad at all, even if overpriced.

---



# AT LAST (A REPRINT)

# AT LAST.....

Finally the dream of London SF enthusiasts and fans has been realised in concrete form. Not merely a clubroom, but a Club HOUSE, has been obtained.

Naturally this is for the benefit of everyone, whether living in London or not. Following normal tradition, all interested parties will be kept informed of developments.

For the past five years, Ella Parker has thrown open her house to everyone for informal meetings, socials and get-togethers as well as providing premises for the meetings of the BSFA. Now she is no longer able to offer her usual hospitality and so, spurred by the threat of London having no regular rendezvous for fans at all, the CLUB HOUSE has been obtained.

Membership is £1 - 0 - 0. More would, of course, be appreciated, as a house is a hell of a thing to get off the ground, but it has been launched and it will stay up only if there are enough interested parties to provide fuel.

For your pound, you get: Membership, facilities for duplicating, dark-room, a library, recreation room, refreshments and sleeping facilities for the odd night. We aren't exaggerating when we say that this is a Club HOUSE. Three large main rooms, plenty of cupboard space, cellar, kitchen and usual offices, telephone etc. The house is semi-detached and centrally situated close to four Underground stations, and 'bus routes. Getting it was a chance in a million. Your support will keep it for SF!

This will be a permanent home for SF fans in the capital, a regular place for the visitor to go to when in search of fellow spirits (not to mention somewhere to stay for the night).

The committee consists of a good cross-section of London SF enthusiasts -- Ted Ball, Jimmy Groves, Lang Jones, Mike Moorcock, Charles Platt and Ted Tubb. Membership money and donations should be sent to:

Michael Moorcock,  
8 Colville Terrace,  
London W.11.

And quickly, please. This house is heavy.  
Details of the opening night celebration following shortly!

SEE EDITORIAL IN THE  
1ST GARBISTAN FOR MORE INFORM-  
ATION ABOUT THIS EXCITING PROJECT!

PEOPLE HAVE WRITTEN TO GARBISTAN.....

Mike Moorcock:

The Club House feature was quite fair and interesting, though you weren't very kind to Des Squire who may sneer when he's cynical but usually says something relevant and practical. ... I must admit that I did quickly lose enthusiasm, myself, as soon as it was obvious that most of the weeks of searching, with Lang, were virtually wasted. It also occurred to me, somewhat belatedly, to ask myself why I was so enthusiastic when I was seeing most of the people I wanted to see regularly without need for a club house. Selfish, maybe, but perhaps it stemmed from the virus apathy going around at the time.

As regards the article on the negro blues cult, I'm inclined to feel that the best British white groups are considerably more inventive, lively and musically interesting than the 'originals'. Although the best Negro blues singers have something which most of their imitators lack -- a richer vocal range -- it is nonsense, as Wilson says, to say that only a Negro can 'Feel the blues'. Many of the more sophisticated Billie Holiday - type white singers are as good as she, if not better.

On the other hand, I enjoy the Negro package shows. Howling Wolf, looking like my pinup (I speak without irony) Guy the Gorilla, or like an Epstein, is marvellous just to look at -- and I have always liked the few recordings of his that have been available over here for a good many years. I like the disgusting ones because they're disgusting and the great, half-conscious, shambling word-forgetting ones because of something in me which is attracted to what they represent. Not only a Negro can respond to something deep-down and archetypal, and that goes for those who watch and listen as well as those who play and sing. I don't give a f about their horrible hardships; it's the result that's entertaining. I share John Wilson's dislike of the cultists -- and for the Negroes who do the self-pity bit, especially those clean-skinned, even-teethed, Eastern urban negroes who've been doing pretty damn' well all their lives.

Wilson will probably be unpopular for his views, but I'm inclined to agree with most of what he says.

Re Dick Howett and his Vector review. I thought the BSFA ideal was two-fold: to inform and improve. It may do the former, but it's made no attempt to do the latter. I think Peristyle tries to, and can't understand why Howett should attack him so. Howett's a bit thick, I take it?

Peter White writes from Epsom Golf Course....

I found John Wilson's article on the Negro Blues Cult rather disturbing. While I despise the current vogue that this kind of music is enjoying, I do so for reasons very different from Wilson's. Despite all his denials, Wilson shows himself to be a racist in almost every paragraph. Typically he despises those who consciously 'try to be nice to "them"'. Perhaps he prefers a more honest approach to the race question, perhaps he would show greater respect for the un-selfconscious clansman and his quaint burning crosses. Personally, I will always prefer the hypocritical do-gooder to the honest n[redacted]hater. But Wilson reveals his complete lack of common sense when he assures us that "the racial prejudices shown in this article are nothing more serious than saying ... 'All Americans are gadget-happy gum-chewers' or 'All the French are sex-mad exhibitionists'." If he means that it is nothing worse than proto-fascism, he is, of course, perfectly correct.

Negro blues is bad music in the same way that pop music is bad music. But Wilson seems to forget that the American Negro has produced valuable music. Howling Wolf may be a laugh, but the music of John Coltrane, Cannonball Adderley

and Cecil Taylor demands to be taken seriously. The linkage of jazz with the racial struggle is symbolic rather than direct. It is in no way an expression of oppression, and yet it cannot help having certain undertones. As Taylor once said about the record companies that refused to record his music, "They don't dare let us fly".

Nor did Wilson's crafty dig at the Welfare State escape my notice. I haven't got the time or energy to go into this question now, but I will say that the principle of the welfare state is one of the few I would be prepared to fight for -- even to the extent of dynamiting the offices of both the DAILY EXPRESS and READER'S DIGEST.

(About this Negro blues question... I of course wrote the article myself. Peter didn't realise this and spent some time looking through BSFA membership lists etc for the name of John Wilson, so he could write him a personal letter! Upon my revealing my Wilson identity, Peter was understandably taken aback.... I would answer his points briefly by saying first that the racial prejudice I mention has and always will exist in some form, and that it is harmless providing it doesn't get out of hand. It is only when this occurs that we get the burning crosses. In a different way, as Bob Parkinson points out in the BEYOND 6 lettercol, the classification of large social groups by some convenient title (ie Jews, N[REDACTED]S, Dustmen, Landlords) protects us from the terrible and virtually impossible prospect of having to take in all the people in such groups as people. Only by classifying them can one retain some degree of isolation from the hordes and of sanity. I did not, of course, wish to imply that the hypocrit is a worse individual than the racialist; I was striking out at the colour-supplement culture which consciously tries to be nice to Negroes, not realising that so long as they think of them as 'them' there can be no equality and no understanding.)

Nina McDonagh introduces a degree of moderation....

I admire John Wilson's courage in attacking what has now become a fetish to a large number of people. While I agree with most of his statements, I must jump to the defence of Sonny Boy Williamson. He is not over-sexed, and at his age I should think sex is fast becoming a bitter-sweet memory. I've met Sonny Boy quite often, and find him a rather lonely old man. Another point Mr Wilson seems to have missed is that most blues singers have never suffered the hardships they sing about, and are in 'show-biz' to make money; off stage, they are happy, child-like, almost, and cheerful, providing there is enough 'booze' around.

Fetishist Graham Hall writes...

Yes, Platt, you ignorant, Manfred-Mann-manded imbecile. I wouldn't comment on what you have to say, unless you let me, Paul Richardson and Dave Wood contribute an article to GARBAGE 2, representing the true facts, instead of this biased 'John Wilson' article. ((Gray, Dave and Paul were asked to write a reply but never got round to it --CP)) Any person with taste need only listen to a decent blues LP and compare it with THE FIVE FACES OF MANFRED MANN, and he'll be converted. I don't mind your damning Negroes because of the racial prejudice, ((Why not?? --JP)) but when you start sticking up Manfred Mann as an example of the True Light, you make me want to puke. D'you hear? PUKE!! ((At this point the letter becomes a trifle incoherent and overweighted with warped viewpoints, so I'll go back to Gray's comments at its beginning)).

So that's what happened to the Club House. All I heard about it was the second circular which reminded me I hadn't sent any money yet. Since I hadn't received anything in the way of information, naturally I didn't send any money,

not that I would have done anyway.

Richard Gordon's piece: not-so-good vignette would be the phrase to describe this; a picture without a frame. G.S.Cole's piece is on a hackneyed plot, and pretty useless, but compared with a couple or three tales I could mention in the second PADS mailing, it's Hugo-worthy.

A bearded architect from Glasgow raised his Ivor Latto voice: Favourites were the cover, simple and effective, G.S.Cole's story, and Dick Howett's review of VECTOR, although he was over-stating his case somewhat. Like John Wilson, he started his criticism from a confirmed attitude of disfavour. This anti-blues piece simply boiled down to the fact that Wilson has for some reason conceived an acute distaste for the blues, and everything connected with it.....performers, enthusiasts, the recording companies, the lot. This isn't criticism, it's a diatribe. One of the many distasteful comments is when he compares Negro blues performers to 'no-good rejects', people who are 'failures and would still be failures under any circumstances'. Presumably, with a semi-detached, a decent wardrobe and a mini, the white's music is more worthy of appreciation; but the Negro is a loser, so a knife in the throat for him, boys! Still, however disagreeable the arguments, they make better reading than a catalogue of Jim Crud's works of fiction since nineteen-oh-nameit.

Speaking of catalogues, here's Phil Harbottle:

I like the title GARNISTAN. It's evocative. I don't know what it means, exactly but it made me think of yesterday's gravy for some reason. If I ever published anything like it, I'd call mine BASTINADO. A great word. (Try this game: find a length of stick. When you meet a friend, produce the stick and tap him sharply on the feet with it. When he asks 'what are you doing?' look him in the eye and snarl 'Bastinado!' You're sure to get a reaction, usually a punch in the face).

I was one of those who received a London Club House circular, and it looked too good to be true. ((It was! --CP)) I decided to think it over for a while, hoping for future news, but nothing happened. Now this. It is a shame.

As regards Gavin Dixon's piece on stream of consciousness I must confess plainly and directly that I've never made any real study of this form of writing. It's simply a case of 'I know what I like'. I will concede that Gavin was sincere in his attempt to follow what he thinks are 'new thoughts' in literature. However, I have the idea that James Joyce started all this stuff back in the 20s. Not quite a new idea. Further, it doesn't seem to have caught on -- to put it mildly. And I would hesitate to say that Joyce is a respected literary figure. I'd also hesitate to be associated with the coterie who claim that sf is something very new and different, the Great New Literature of the age. I'd tag it as simply another form of literature, the most interesting there is. My favourite author is John Russell Fearn who often had trouble in writing himself out of a paperbacked book. I know what I like -- but I don't think it's Great Literature. "Stream of consciousness" may be fascinating to a few individuals, but I think it's a lousy failure.

From Charlie Winstone up there in B ummieland

The Negro Blues cult. This marvellous article has put into writing something that I didn't like to admit, even to myself! I don't like the blues music as played by the majority of Negroes seen around. I agree that most of them cannot play or sing. I am one of those people John Wilson mentions, I suppose, who consciously tries to be 'nice' to coloured people, but I cannot help it. How does one try to give up a self-imposed habit of many years' indulgence? There

are many white R&B performers who also get on stage and let loose with what they call R&B. I can see a lot of calumnies being thrown at John Wilson's head, but I, at least, agree with him. The only thing is, not to let the disparaging of the coloured R&B performers spread to other types of musicians.

The VECTOR review was I thought a little hard. Especially as Rog Peyton does not get a copy of GARBISTAN, and after all he can only print what he is sent. Perhaps a total ban on editorials in British fanzines could be instituted? Roger Peyton's are referred to as 'wo ly' and mine have been called 'waffle' and 'tripe'. This bad would at least save our prides a little.

From Terry (E cubed) Jeeves:

The London Club House: I enjoyed this account of the story behind the house. I'm afraid I didn't participate since I feel that (as with Cheltenham) a club should provide its own house, and then offer membership to bods out of town who can only get there once a year or so. I did feel you were a bit too harsh in the plain speaking department, though. Honesty can be too much of a good policy.

A fan is born: I liked the drawing, but felt it was a soggy 'pinch'. Can't people invent their own characters? I've even had soggy 'filched' in a pro mag in which I have a regular cartoon. Another cartoonist submitted similar work and the editor (a friend or relation, I believe) accepted it.

((Ivor Latto drew his comic strip that was in lastish before he ever saw a Soggy, let alone knew what the word meant. --CP))

From John Barfoot. Who must live somewhere near Phil Harbottle.

"The Negro Blues Cult" put into words what I've been thinking for a long time. I like some R&B, although I wouldn't have known it was R&B unless I'd been told. I visited a friend of mine once while he was playing some Huddie Ledbetter LP. I laughed at part of the song ("I gotta hole in my pocket, and a nail sticking through my shoe".) He stared at me aghast. I was informed that this was soul, real down-to-earth stuff. Perhaps I'm not sensitive enough, but this man, singing quite seriously (and very badly) about a hole in his pocket made me laugh.

And lastly here's Archie Mercer:

John Wilson certainly makes some original points, some of them even valid. I applaud his disinclination to consider the Negro as something innately superior to the non-Negro.

(AT THIS POINT I STOPPED TYPING  
ARCHIE'S LETTER TO MOVE HOUSE.  
REGRETTABLY, WHEN I WAS READY TO  
CONTINUE TYPING, THE LETTER HAD  
GONE - LOST! SORRY ABOUT THAT,  
ARCHIE, HA-HA! ER.....)

GARBISTAN NUMBER TWO. LAST ISSUE. PRODUCED FOR THE THIRD PADS MAILING. EDITED BY CHARLES PLATT WHO LIVES AT 325A WESTBOURNE PARK ROAD, LONDON W.11. Tel PAR4697 SINCE I'M RUNNING OUT OF STENCILS, NO EDITORIAL, NO NOTHING. HERE'S GRAY HALL.

"ARE YOU A FAN?" By Graham M Hall.

Sick sick sick joke: What sort of day is it that begins with bumping softly into Archie Mercer in the Charing Cross Road, and ends with Julia Stone sleeping with Desmond Squire? ANSWER: The day of Platt's Party.

It was an omen seeing Gunther Eulenspiegel and Archie's twin sister outside Forte's. I should have headed back to Victoria Coach Station and gone home. But alas, poor innocent that I am, I let the Beared Bristolian lead me through Foyles and other places and, by a devious tube route, to Notting Hill & Platt's house...

Of course, it was too much to expect to see Charles there... Mike Moorcock, Lang Jones and Norman Sherlock, and a little moorhen, Sophie, yes. But in time he arrived, along with, after an hour or two, several fen in the form of Peter White and Chris Priest.

Platt, Priest and I piled into a car and went drink hunting. Shortly, Priest was the instrument of the fates in introducing us to the Mad Taxi Driver.

After a game of dodgems in which Priest had managed to beat even the insane skill of the London Cab Driver, we reached the oasis, spent a handful of notes on drink, borrowed 48 glasses (poor doomed souls!) and headed back.... Platt seemed unnaturally perturbed by the proximity of a taxi to our booze-laden boot, and actually broke into hysterics when Chris removed his spectacles for a spell, but we arrived back at 325A unscathed and carted the booze inside. Few fen, if any, had arrived, but from then on there was a gradual trickle of fannish arrivals, most of whom I spoke to for but a few seconds, but who no doubt managed to enjoy themselves without me.

A quick trip to the Wimpy Bar with Charles, Daphne Sewell, Peter White & Co, Chris, Archie, and Norman. Platt demonstrated his terrible addiction to food by eating a large greasy mixed grill and then dispatching of Daphne's untastes egg-burger, and then we returned to Cliff Teague, who had been guarding the drink.

An amount of my brown ale had mysteriously disappeared, but no matter. Platt started showing off necromantic experiences by rushing up some punch: gallon and a half of cider, half a pint of gin and whisky and brandy and it began to taste all right. Unfortunately, odd wines were sunk into it during the evening, with Des Squire's quarts of Spanish Burgundy especially notable, and the taste gradually deteriorated. I think it is too much of a coincidence that the brewing of that hellish punch was followed by so many incidents.

Platt had, in his wisdom, feared that too few fen would turn up, and so arranged for half of London's beatniks to come as well...at half past eight... By 9 pm the punch was looking poor and Platt worried. "I don't know half of these people," he kept muttering. So, with the strength of drink behind us, we decided to throw out some of the gatecrashers. We began asking the infidels who had invited them; if it wasn't Charles Platt, they were thrown out. Peter White, alone, seemed to have invited approximately 75 people. Anyway, it was great fun, but I got drunk with power, and the party even quieted down a little. One poor kid was dragged down two flights of stairs by the front of his shirt, and several others were bodily ejected. Mike Moorcock told us we'd thrown out one of his friends, Peter White told us we'd thrown out at least ten of his friends, and poor David Orme was bounced three times before Charles told me who he was.

Having been so efficient that it was hard to find anyone, let alone someone who shouldn't be there, we moved the drink and fans up to the second floor and screened everyone trying to get up the fourth flight of stairs. That was when I began to make a fool of myself....

"Are you a fan?" I asked this goateed fellow in a wine coloured cord jacket.

"No," he replied, "I'm John Brunner."

J.G.Ballard was there, being politely charming, and so was B.J.Bayley, being

faceless. Dave Bushy and Ethel Lindsay had arrived, and promising neo Bob Little. Downstairs, or, to be pedantic, on the stairs, the pace was rapidly increasing, and one had to bribe the natives with firewater to get from top to bottom.

Things began happening. I almost knocked a girl out with an unexpectedly brutal head-butt. She later vomited into the (luckily) empty punch bowl. Her friend threw the contents of the bowl out of the (third floor) window. A fellow who had been standing on the front door steps at the time was not allowed back in... Someone (Peter White??) tried to kill me by throwing a glass from a top floor window. Police arrived and stood across the road, watching. Shortly afterwards, accompanied by wafts of strange-odoured smoke, a private party that had been in progress on the ground floor (some of Platt's tenants) broke up, furtive ragged figures skulking away along the street... Twenty milk bottles that had been standing on the front door step were smashed. A West Indian asked me if this was a flophouse. Three thousand beatniks asked if it was Marcia's place, and were told that Marcia lived at 321A. A ginger-haired queer (Peter White knew him, I think) was dragged downstairs, paralytically stoned and begging to be taken to the lavatory.

Meanwhile, the drink had run out, the fen had been ordered back downstairs, and several -- Archie Mercer, Pete Weston, Mary Reed, Chris Priest, Daphne Sewell -- were sitting behind Julia Stone in the corner and even talking about sf. By popular request Platt was playing with his organ, accompanying Mike Moorcock, who was shouting some folk songs he didn't really know very well. J.G. Ballard was sitting watching, looking bewildered, holding a copy of BEYOND. Colin Fry, who has been published in New Worlds, was behind the door, looking equally bewildered. The end of the drink signified a turning point in the party, and when I went to fetch some more I was chased by a Mad Taxi Driver....

The fen went back upstairs, and I saw several trying to explain to some lost femmenonfan all about fandom. I found myself a bedroom and maybe would have good to sleep were it not for the arrival of some more fen who turned the place into a room party a la con.

Passing a bottle of white wine round that Platt had been hiding, a small gathering chatted happily. Mike and Lang, Charles, Peter White & obnoxious friend, Des Squire, a girl called Elizabeth, and myself. Des was sitting irritatingly on my feet, and I felt suddenly tired. Screeching 'out, out, out' for about half an hour finally had its effect, and as I consigned myself to the realms of nod, Colin Fry came in and asked to share the floor. He snores....

Downstairs, they got up early (or had they been to sleep?) and we were rudely awoken by Peter White, who, at the time, I hated with a white hot hatred. For two hours, laughing fen climbed the rickety stairs to yell unanswered goodbyes through the door to Platt, in a neighboring room. Presently, Charles got up, Colin Fry, who is a Good Man, left, and we found the only other person left in the house was a regular tenant.

After a messy breakfast we called on Mike Moorcock, feeling more than a little hungover because of last night's punch. Charles ate an ice cream, toast and a milk shake with Mike and Lang and myself at a place called the Varsi Grill near the Bayswater Road, and afterwards I headed back for Victoria Coach Station.

I found it all by myself, and as I calmly strode across the Buckingham Palace road in a euphoric glow, that taxi knocked me tip over elbow and split my horrible jeans.

Of course, it was Charles's party and he shone... walking around looking worried when it got out of hand... tiredly ordering fen away from his bedroom at 2 am, vacuuming his floor at 3....

And I hate taxis.

## TWO CONSIDERED OPINIONS ON THE WORK OF J.G.BALLARD

A letter from Chris Villars:

In all the works of JGBallard of any worth, he concerns himself with an entropising world -- ie one progressing towards anarchy. Examples of this are DROWNED WORLD, THE TERMINAL BEACH, THE REPTILE ENCLOSURE, EQUINOX, and so on, visible perhaps most clearly in THE VOICES OF TIME.

Teilhard De Chardin divides mankind into two distinct factions: those who observe and confirm movement, ie progressionists, and those way who say "nothing moves", ie regressionists. Ballard undoubtedly belongs in the former class; that is to say, he refuses to accept the evolution of Mankind.

Ballard's stories probe the depths of the mind -- always a regressive, neurotic mind; this further confirms his position. He seems to be fully aware that the mind (or better, the consciousness) is the part of mankind which is evolving and yet in his stories it is this very thing that he states is regressing. His characters slowly collapse in upon themselves and become minds digging back into the past.

There is another point. We not only see regression of the mind, but we see a regression into beauty! These terrifying, stagnating worlds are glorified, made to seem magnificent. In a sense this is saying that regression is what is best for mankind.

I hold exactly the opposite view: that progression is all that is acceptable and that Mr Ballard is wrong.

As a writer, I like him for his style and superb talent at creating images of this world of his (no matter that it be false). I do like him because he expresses himself superbly. He is the ONLY true expressionist writer in science fiction today.

It is ironic that the expression of his regressionist ideas in fact is bringing progress -- in the science fiction field.

A letter from Peter White:

Certainly JGBallard's work deals with death -- of a sort -- and decay -- of a sort -- but to isolate these aspects and concentrate only on them is to analyse oneself rather than the writing. As far as general moods can be given particular labels, he deals with birth and death; instant and infinity; evolution and decay -- the symbolic opposites that make up our inner minds. His material is that of the surrealist and his technique -- that of conscious manipulation of the images -- close to the New Apocalypse style that sprang from surrealism. Both of these terms are infinitely more valid than "regressionist", which sounds to me like a glib and empty piece of jargon. As for the crystalline forest in EQUINOX, it cannot be interpreted in Villars' terms. Its symbolic significance is archetypal, and such symbols cannot be given any specific meaning -- if they could, there would be no reason for the artist to use them in the first place, rather than a direct statement! Ballard sees personality as something that extends into its environment, through time as well as space.

Ballard wrote 3 years ago "I would like to see time used for what it is, one of the perspectives of the personality..."

On one level the crystalline forest is an Absolute Faith: a state in which the personality is at last secure, rigidly fixed in space and time. (The faith is ambiguously Christian). Only in the Freudian sense -- where security is a goal of the Death Wish -- can this be related to death as Chris Villars proposes.

---



"BRITAIN IS A WORLD BY ITSELF, AND WE WILL NOTHING PAY FOR WEARING OUR OWN GARBISTAN"

- WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

What, no status-symbol  
Litho-printed advert on the  
back cover, from some famous  
firm of book-publishers??