

L.A.



JAZZ

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This is Gemini! An amateur and (alas) non-profit magazine produced (why?)/shurrup/ by Ronald Lane at 22, Beresford Road, Longsight, Manchester, England. This person does not necessarily agree with the opinions expressed so freely in these august pages. And he is liable to make ingenious alterations in any mss. he receives. His itching palm is ready to grab your money - and he wants sixpence for this magazine. Have -- you -- paid???? If not ----- why not? This editor person is ready to swap this mag for others, especially American. He refuses to swap with that rag Fido. This is the November 1944 issue - number five! Number six will probably be out for February - and it will be a super issue. I have spoke.

Join the British Amateur Press Association! Write yed

— WHEN WILL FAN- DOM GROW UP? —

FANTASY is an outcrop of human thought which can not exactly be categorised as an art, since it often embodies elements of science, philosophy, & even religion, and its converts regard it with varying proportions of the corresponding attitudes of mind. For many, fantasy is indeed a department of literature, highly imaginative and therefore satisfying to those who can derive little satisfaction from reality. For others it is the element of logical extrapolation, the presentation of the novel, unhuman, philosophic conceptions or scientific developments in fantasy which is the main attraction. And there is no doubt that in some the emotions which in earlier days would have been canalised in religious feeling are now stirred by fantasy.

The special and distinct qualities of fantasy appeal only to a limited number of people, but to these few they appeal very strongly, and these, finding themselves cut off in the interest from most of their fellows, tend to associate and organise themselves to a much greater extent than most people who have common interests. This is a rough description of the way in which the thing known as Science-Fiction Fandom has arisen.

But fandom is by no means as serious a business as these introductory remarks would imply. Fandom is, in fact, imprisoned at present within a vicious circle of futility and irrelevance, and it is the purpose of this article to define the nature of the imprisonment and to suggest a possible way out. For break out it must if it is to play any part in the raising of fantasy to the dignity it should ult-

imately acquire as an individual form of human activity, or at the very least a new art-form or philosophy. This process will surely take place - writers of the calibre of Wells, Stapledon, and C.S. Lewis will see to it; the question is, whether fandom can and will make a serious contribution to the transition, or whether it will always be what it is now.

The trouble is this. Fans begin young: they are bowled over - being imaginatively or scientifically inclined - by some story, very likely a good one, and begin to read voraciously and not very critically. They associate, first by correspondence; then they form clubs with any number of officials, & produce their own fairly or very bad magazines. At this stage their original enthusiasm for fantasy is likely to become transformed into a mere collector's itch - like the miser, they come to confuse the end with the means; and with that, they cease to be of any potential value to fandom as it should be.

If they survive this danger, they are faced with a worse one when they are very slightly older. They may begin to be ashamed of their hobby, and defensive about it; it certainly at present requires defence. This may take the form of aggressive narrow-mindedness ('All non-fantasy-literature is bunk') or, more likely, depreciation ('Of course I don't take it seriously - it's a relaxation'). Their writings, if they continue them at all, are either single-track or flippant, mostly the latter. Both types are bad, for themselves and fandom; and people of this class account for the great majority of all fans. And the attitude has a serious ulterior consequence: that the general standard of magazine fantasy remains deplorably low. There is no incentive to authors or publishers to take their work seriously, and few do: the competent authors write formula stories with their tongue in their cheek, regarding it as an amusing but rather low-class way of making money; and the incompetent majority do the best they can, which

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is not very good. Few of them - authors or publishers - take the trouble to learn much about the sciences or philosophies from which their work derives: this makes for lazy-mindedness all round. If as fans grew up they took their fantasy more seriously, authors would have to follow suit.

It is, in fact, time that fans studied the philosophy of fantasy rather than its mechanics - the underlying ideas and relationships rather than questions of authors and artists, dates and personalities. (A curious concomitant of this tendency is that of criticising a story not at all according to the development of personal relationships but purely on the scientific idea: a grave omission). Only then will their relationships with fantasy become of any value to themselves or to the world. At present most of them are no more than on a level, artistically if not intellectually, with cinema fans, while the real enthusiasts, the people who read Stapledon as an adventure of ideas and not as homage to a Great Man, are often unaware alike of their existence and of that of a small proportion of first-rate (or almost so) fantasy magazines because, in order to sell, they have to be presented under a fatuous title and within a lurid cover.

But we are tracing the development of the fan. Generally by the time he is truly adult - assuming he is not the arrested-development case that many fans (like many scientists) appear to be - he has become pretty cynical about his youthful eagerness. He sells or otherwise disposes of his collection, & he looks on the new generation of fans, starting little clubs and editing worthless illegible magazines and arguing earnestly about the illustratorship of a years-old story in a meritedly-extinct magazine or about the possibility of space-warps or about the means of attaining Utopia, with a jaundiced eye... He snubs the upstarts. He quits. And the young fans are, excusably, not sorry to see him go. They want to

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control their club and edit their magazines themselves, to have frequent rows with other young fans, and generally assume that authority which is denied to them in other walks of life.

The older fan is much to blame for this behaviour (though it must be admitted that the war must take its share of the blame for removing many potential genuine enthusiasts). It is up to him to realise that fantasy can be and sometimes is something more than a juvenile diversion, that it may, in a scientific age such as is dawning, become a great art-form or philosophy, even perhaps a science or religion; that in fact it will do one or more of these things, and that he and his kind, by abandoning their cynical apathy, can speed the process. This is as worthy an object as any other form of human activity; more so than many. The older fan, instead of contemning his younger and often superficially repellent congener, should keep his sense of proportion and put the creature on the path of development instead of letting him futilely stagnate amidst an immense pile of worthless lurid-jacketed magazines. He should remember that the young fan must have some quality of imaginativeness or awareness ever to have embarked; that the magazine he produces is practice for something better if persevered with, both in itself and in the often brutal criticism it receives from other fans.

Primarily the whole business is a question of organisation. As long as the more mature fans continue to hold themselves aloof, to drift away as they grow up, no organisation will ever attain any prestige, for each little clique will refuse to recognise the authority of other such - and with justification. But until the totality of fans are united under two or three people of the calibre of Stapledon no pronouncement they make will have the least effect. Such an organisation could run one really good professional magazine, containing a good prop -

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ortion of articles and research items as well as fiction - a magazine at least on an intellectual par with the literary weeklies, and which would with great advantage replace the whole batch of dissociated, ill-informed, badly produced ephemerae. Instantly it would appeal to a whole new public, a public whose existence is hardly suspected (certainly not by itself), most of whose members would neither attain nor desire the voluble activity of present-day fandom - a public on an intellectual par with, say, the classical music-loving public.

This could be achieved if a group of older fans were to cooperate seriously and form an organisation with sufficiently high aims to interest the real masters of the domain - whose authority, & only whose authority, would be sufficient to attract, and influence towards a broader intelligent attitude, the younger element whose enthusiasm is now largely misdirected - this very misdirection being the cause of the false disillusionment which later strikes them. Once the thing were under way its originators might have to be prepared to fill a subsidiary, or executive role - for there would quickly be attracted any number of first-rate writers and philosophers whose fantasy tendencies are at present not canalised but whose work would probably be usually better than that of the pioneers. They would have to accept this without rancour, and without resigning,

It is useless to think of building any such structure on the basis of any existing organisation, any British Fantasy Society or Cosmos Club. Such are altogether too parochial, too juvenile, their aims already frozen at too low a level, their authority abundantly open to question even amongst other fans. Anything resembling their magazines, one a kind of pen-club organ containing naive political discussion and 'reviews' which are no more than plot abstracts, and the other a fiction-heap of little more than school-magazine standard, would be quite ex

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ceptionally unlikely to command widespread professional respect. The corresponding United States publications, mostly better produced, are generally more flippant, adolescent and concentrated on personalia.

Until fans admit to themselves that fantasy is worth serious attention in quite another sense than that of mere collecting, indexing, personalising - until they acquire more than the superficial jargon of its associated sciences and are prepared to give real thought to it, to master its philosophy - they will achieve nothing worth achieving, and be ignored by the real students of fantasy who are not fans at all. They must admit that there are aims worth attempting; they must define them; then they can hope to achieve them. Then, with the impetus of their real enthusiasm, fantasy will come into its own.

John Aiken

— ALICE — IN — THRILLING-WONDER-LAND

part the fust --

'**A**ND now', said Alice, 'follow me'.

A babble of voices broke out among the assorted delegates as they trooped along behind their guide, and Michael, attaching himself to Alice, began to thank her for arranging the tour.

'Oh, that's alright', she said, 'I get horribly lonely here sometimes, although there is a lot of work to do now. The Queen of Hearts wants a

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Constitution, and you ought to be able to help a lot. I really don't know much about such matters. And she wants cinemas, and a guillotine - she says its so hard to find a reliable executioner these days. The last one was actually using scissors! and'

Michael shuddered. 'It was very nice of the Queen to invite us though', he said hastily.

'Oh, she was very pleased with the first one of you that came down a short time ago, because he made the Cheshire Cat disappear. He kept saying 'Cthulu, Ran Tagoth, Dostevsky and beer, In the name of these four you must now disappear'.

And it did. And when he told her all about 'fandom', and that all fans had an Intelligence Quotient of at least 150, and knew all about the future, she must see you all. She'll be annoyed when she finds only twelve of you.'

'Oh, there's another one coming - he went back at the entrance to the burrow because he'd forgotten his typer and camera. He's the one who found the burrow you know, after transalating 'Jabberwocky'. But the others couldn't make it.'

Just then a shrill wail was heard, and a terrific commotion issued from the fans behind:

'But I only took a bit!'

'It's Smith! He's shrinking!'

'Put him in your pocket!'

'Find that cake', screamed the victim.

The cry was taken up on all sides, and the fans scrambled madly over each other in a mad search for the cake, while Alice watched in astonishment, and Michael sighed gently. And soon a hoarse 'Eureka!' was heard in the stentorian tones of Johnny Millard.

But alas. When the time came to administer

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been the cake the fans found there was no Smith. We'd been steadily shrinking throughout the search, and was now so small that none of fans could now see him. A sad silence followed this discovery, and all those who had written in harsh tones to the departed furtively wiped their eyes. But it must be placed on record, to the eternal discredit of fandom, that the Bright Light of Hope shone through some of the tears and some did not weep at all....

Then Gus had an idea. 'We could scatter the cake on the floor, and he'd be sure to find a piece, and he'd grow!'

The fans gazed with awe and delight on Gus. Well, some did. And soon the cake was lying on the floor, the assembled group tensely awaiting the result. And suddenly they saw a little moving, growing, speck.

With bated breath they watched him grow - an inch, six inches, a foot. And a shrill, wrathful squeak was heard, which resolved itself into a fiery monologue, delivered with what in other circumstances might have been regarded as admirable impartiality... ..you fools! You half-baked besotted..' he choked. 'I-I'll resign from the BFS!'

Michael blanched. 'No no, not that!', he cried.

Unheeding Smith continued. 'How would you like to have whacking great lumps of rock-cake thrown

A pretty pic
there ought to be

What a pity there
ain't;

As you can see.

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at you', he raved, 'and be trampled on by size ten's whose owners must scramble about the ground as if they were nearer two than twenty. Pah!' And snorting, he strode off .

The fans dashed after him, and by a mixture of flattery and argument persuaded him to remain with them, Michael clinching the matter by pointing out that the BES would collapse without its Secretary, a view which caused visible expansion of the Chest of Smith , and following which he strode to where Alice was standing in some bewilderment, & loftily beckoned the procession to proceed.

And thus it was they met the caterpillar. Alice, after some explanation, introduced the fans one by one, a procedure which they found very embarrassing - for how does the social code apply to a caterpillar? Nor did the caterpillar's evident curiosity help matters.

With a nervous cough, Frank Parker opened the conversation. 'I say, don't you find that hookah rather inconvenient?'

The caterpillar raised itself another inch and looked down on the speaker. 'Not at all', it spoke loftily.

'Haven't you tried a pipe', broke in Ron Holmes interestedly.

'Pipes!' snarled the caterpillar. 'I hate 'em.' Burke and Parker and Holmes bristled. 'We used to have cigars, until the Queen taxed them, and now we have to use these things' and he disgustedly waved his hookah in front of the fans.

'Here, try a cig', offered Gus.

'Ah, du Maurier', sniffed the caterpillar

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appreciatevly. 'Got a light?', it queried hopefully. The fans automatically felt in their respective pockets, and after a minutes fumbling a horrible truth dawned - this magnificently equipped expedition had ventured forth without matches!

R. Lane

(this magnifique serial to be continued - we hope by DRSmith next time - and then perhaps Johnny Burke? - and any others???) I plan six parts - which could be followed up by a 'Looking-glass' theme..RL)

EDITORIAL

BY the time you reach this part of 'Gemini' you'll probably have read the rest! But if through some strange alchemy your eye lights on this beautiful prose first, why, read on!

I think this is the best 'G' yet. It is notable chiefly for the improved format and Bruce Gaffron's cover, but also the long-promised controversy column has crystallised out, and I can at last boast a columnist - hope you like him! The Round Robin commenced herein has possibilities - go to it, fellows! If anyone wants to tackle a part, drop me a line, pliz. There are some thanks to be distributed - to Don Houston for the gift of paper and stencils, to George Ellis for the card covers, and to Bruce for his superb work on the cover.

To all who comment on this issue - would you please rate each item out of ten? I'd like to get some concrete reactions this once! And you'll note a rather unusual method of stapling - if the thing falls to pieces, yell out please. One point - the price of 'G' is now sixpence, due to costs of cover and envelopes, and also to the fact that there will

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be a full page photo next time. Other points about the next issue are: I'll be trying double columns, & also a cover design - if I can think one up. There'll be green paper too - this latter happens to be a pet idea of ours. Material - possibly a further article on IQ's, an account of the New Year Con, article and poem by Hillman, and sundries. But we badly want interior artwork and good fiction - and of course anything else is welcome. There'll be the columns as in this issue, of course.

Some words about the policy of 'G'. It seems to be turning into a general sort of mag, which isn't exactly what I intended.- at first. But this issue is heading according to my present wishes -the soft pedal on SF, but not on fandom; discussions of varying nature - humour - poetry; and I'd like something that is worthy of the name of literature... up to now I haven't got it! I do want suggestions for the improvement of the mag. C'mon!

R Lane

— IN AN OLD LIBRARY —

Ten thousand tomes with pendant discs of jade,
Bowls of old Shang with bronze of Chin displayed,
And suddenly the small
Tinkle of girdle gems floats through the hall,
As though the wind custodian sings --
'I guard the fragrance of a thousand springs,
Draw near! Draw near!
Ten thousand yesterdays are gathered here.'

Ch'ing dynasty

— Yuan Mei.

Sermon delivered in Leeds - 'Cooperation is essential, but I have always found it difficult to get women into combinations.'

- SONG AT TWILIGHT -

"EVER seen a bear stand on its head?"

I admitted I hadn't.

"Damnedst thing. Saw it happen myself up in the northern forests. Was having a little rest. Hunting, fishing, shooting.

"Lousy places those forests. Trees. Millions of them. Go for God knows how far. All the same; no variations. Easy as hell to get lost if you're new.

"'Going up river for the day' you say. You stick by the rivers when there are any because they help you keep direction. Then you see a nice little buck to one side. After it you go, and next thing you know - no river!

"Set out in direction you believe you came. Before long you're walking in circles. Eventually die of something or other. Not nice. Sometimes have mountains as background, forest in fore, and snow decorations. Then picturesque; but still not nice.

"Was one of the new myself at one time. Wanted something to take back with me as a trophy. Laughed like hell at warnings of the old timers. Was lost before first day was out.

"Followed the usual plan and trusted to sense of direction. After three days knew it was no good.

"Shot at every living thing I might be able to eat, but seldom hit. Soon ran out of ammuni -

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tion. So scrapped gun. Cold, tired, hungry. Quenched thirst by sucking snow and ice.

"Kept marching. Nothing else to do. Had more or less lost hope. Suddenly entered into clearing that ran down to banks of river. Saved. Then saw bear.

"Was big and meaty. Food; bear steaks. But couldn't do a thing about it. No means of killing it. Decided to leave it alone and approach river further along. Then noticed its actions.

"Head was well down in snow. Mixed up with front paws. Back half was prancing around. Wondered if it was mad.

"Took some time to realize what it was doing. When did wonder again. Bears don't usually stand wrong way up. Not natural. Would like to have asked what purpose was, only daren't. Mad bears worse than ordinary.

Wellsy had a little lamb
It's name was RRJ
And everything that Wellsy wrote
The lamb was sure to say.
(Any relation between this and the rest of the magazine is purely accidental).

"Funny how you get the craziest ideas at such times. Remember wondering whether the thing thought it was Julius Caesar. Probably because once knew guy who claimed he was JC. In nuthouse now. Association of ideas.

"Lived in the same area as me for a while. Wore table cloth and a coffin wreath. Then tried to stab mayor. Said he was Brutus. So they took him away.

"Bear went on for long time. Up, down. Up, down. But never got legs more than six inches off ground. Top heavy, Or rather bottom heavy if you

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prefer it that way.

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Suddenly found myself beginning to freeze solid. Inaction. Bear remained unaffected. Advantage of natural fur coat and movement. Up, down; up, down

"Decided would have to move if ever wished to move again. So had to leave bear still going up, down; up, down. Sorry as hell. Was back in town in four hours.

"Would like to have seen what happened in end. Did bear get self up, or go home. Or is it still -1 playing up, down right now?

"Don't know. Never will know either for can't find exact situation. And if could doubt if would risk journey.

"But often think of it. Wonder what its idea was. And what it would have done if it had got its legs up to stay.

"No. Guess I never saw a bear stand on its head."

being an allegory by

Don Houston

-THE POLEMICAL FAN-

(comprising the more serious excerpts from letters -)

Julian Farr: The 'Feminine Form' is a long overdue attempt at rational, detached consideration of the value of nudes; it wins many marks merely for the attempt. However, as an argument it is weak, & though not so obviously, stupid. Take, for instance, the statement that there are but three reasons for frowning on

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nudity -- (a) a desire to be dissociated entirely from the orgiastic freedom and promiscuity of pagan festivals (b) the emphasis on a life removed from this world could only regard nudity as a side-tracking influence & (c) a fanatical few see foulness. (a) & (b) help to explain the attitude of early religious men towards nudity, & the dogmatic preaching of the churches ever since may help to explain the point (c). But I can quite visualise an attitude of a person who values above all else the rational capabilities of man, & who regards sex and emotionalism as being unfortunate animal necessities -- animal in that we share them with most gregarious animals, necessities in that they help the survival of the race & community (as reason originally developed for) and unfortunate in that they sometimes interfere with the rational processes of the mind, & always consume mental (or emotional) energies which could, in certain people, be utilised for 'better' purposes. Therefore the above type of person would wish to avoid any superfluous stimulation of the direct sexual (or even emotional) impulse. If this is so, then it only remains to show that nudity does stimulate the direct sexual impulse; and it does not, as your anonymous contributor suggests, merely arouse 'infantile yearnings'...

"The real charm of the nude is that it portrays for everyone an expression of their own ideals, yearnings, and desires.... No other subject can intrigue man as much as can man's counterpart." Is not this last sentence an admission that the sexual aspect of nudity is dominating?

He then suggests that the value of the nude is its 'beauty' - the fact that it evokes 'feelings of beauty'. This is possibly true, & if beauty can be defined as the harmony of form, line, tone, & colour - it should be possible to derive as much 'feelings of beauty' from a nude held upside-down as it is possible to derive feelings of pleasure from

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a nude held in the normal way ('nude' here is taken to mean the picture of a nude!)/and if you hold a landscape upside-down?/ It is not my opinion that such an appreciation of nudes is common. This opinion is based solely upon my own observation - perhaps I am wrong.

A third suggestion as to the attraction of the nude (while still not admitting a sexual basis) is that it 'is not desires that are aroused but infantile yearnings...the procreative aspects may count for nothing in all this'...It seems to me that mother-love is suggested here: this is born out by later reference to 'forms that express idealised maternal qualities'. Now I admit that this reaction is not a 'direct sexual' one: but I do think that it is a perversion of the sexual impulse that is to be deplored. However, I think I have pointed out that an appreciation of nudity by the majority of observers at the present time of sexual restriction is dominantly sexual; stimulation of the sexual impulse can be reasonably avoided for the sake of intellectual energies; there can be reasonable objection to the unregulated and incomplete satisfaction of the sexual impulse afforded by nudes. Whether these persons can reasonably expect restrictions on the publication of nudes and can reasonably say that the general appreciation of nudes is bad, are part of two larger questions..... The article for its woolliness -4.

Dave McIlwain: To my mind the feminine form is beautiful by virtue of the fact that it is both feminine and homo sapiens, and I, as onlooker, am both masculine and homo sapiens. I don't derive a great deal of aesthetic pleasure from the contemplation of a sheape or a female spider, both of which are indisputably feminine forms. /just pure cussedness/

DR Smith: The 'Feminine Form' is well-written and well argued, but it appears to suffer from the author being a subscriber to the Christian and Victorian fe-

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eling that 'sex' is something evil, wicked, naughty
, that nice people will have nothing to do with. He
therefore tries to argue nudes out of all connectio
-n with the sexual impulse. You would not try to ar-
gue any aesthetic appeal into the smell of fryingba-
con; you like it because it reminds you of the taste
of bacon; and appetitè and eating are not considered
disgraceful but good parts of the physical life. And
thus with sex. There is no reason to sublimate the
sexual impulse which is the fundamental reaction to
the nude as if it were something to be ashamed of. At
the same time, since we are more than animal, it can
be admitted we appreciate the beauty of form and pos-
-ture as well...

an editorial note - the IQarticle inferred in the ed
-itorial will have to be left till next time-no room

Things and such --

Strefford Wayside Pulpit: 'Let none think
Love's Labour lost because the fruit does not appear
immediately'.

'Twas just the other evening
In a fortune telling place,
A pretty gipsy read my mind.
And promptly slapped my face.

Monograph on education - '..There are also
Universities in which it is estimated one person in
one thousand, one hundred and fifty is educated'.

She was a gorgeous creature
He was a doting male.
He admired her figure in English
And wanted to prove it in Braille.

poems via NUZ --

DUST MOTES

THE editor of this magazine confided to me recently that he had long been seeking a columnist to enliven his pages. A columnist who should be something more than a reviewer and something less than friend 'Swine'. A writer who can and will discuss more than science-fiction, and comment freely. I am flattered that he considers me to fill the bill - and so, meet Lemot.

Both the editor and I agree on the desirability of anonymity, for your scribe does not wish to be involved in mutual recriminations because of his freely expressed opinions. He hopes you will bear him with tolerance, and while he does not intend to speak rashly, it must be confessed his views remain - opinions. And if you do not like him, you have but to drop a line to the revered editor, when this scribe will lend an ear to your words. Indeed, all communications which are intended for this one must pass through the editor's hands, for we cannot indulge in personal correspondence.

So to work. Among the many activities of the fans of this country is to be numbered the production of an anthology of poetry by Messrs. Holmes & - I think-Williams. And while we hasten to applaud the industry of those concerned, we are alarmed they intend to charge possibly 2/- for the same. / ^ this is very indefinite - ed/. It must be confessed the writer balks at paying that price for a selection of poems of very doubtful value; especially as so many anthologies have been produced in the past, and are being produced now. This passion for reprinted stuff is shared by the editor too - witness his publications outside of 'G' /viper!/. Whether the price be 2/- or otherwise, I venture to predict the scheme a

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financial flop, which those concerned will blame fandom for. Unjustly. A better scheme for those wishing to lose their literary qualities on fandom is surely that followed by the editor of Gemini' /sorry for that 'viper', old boy!/ in his magazine 'Parnassus' - namely the irregular production of a magazine in a very limited edition for those interested. Then the work is appreciated, and the loss is small - well, illustrious editor? /Yes - 3/- - and the mag is sent gratis/.

This recorder also wishes to put on paper his opinion of sundry other publishers - Benson Herbert for example. While hearing that the gentleman himself is very likeable he does not think a very great deal of his publications. Probably the director of Utopian Publications is cynically aware of the nature of his products, which it must be conceded do little to enhance the standards - such as they are - of science-fiction.

Another publisher to fall before the epistler's sword is Victor Gollancz. How often has the writer been pained at the near-daily appearance of those horrible yellow backs by 'Cattus' 'Gracius' & their ilk. The work of this Roman gentry - and their English brethren - has nothing to recommend it beyond doubtful propagandist value, while the monotonous exposes of the Left Book Club must surely appeal to a rather stultified community. Doubtless the many professed 'Marxists' in and out of fandom like them.

And to those men who dote on Wells & Marx I would advise a careful reading of 'World of William Clissold'. After a while you might realise that one of your heroes does not like the other. One wonders by what strange alchemy you reconcile their -ah - teachings. But if you happen to be a CP member, I cease to wonder. The chief virtue of Wells is his

power as a propagandist, although his Fabian socialism (boocrrgouis! saith the Marxixt) is as acceptable as Marx' economic foolery. I might here remark on the unbalanced nature of those who profess to be 'revolutionised' by one of Wells' prolific political series after apparently reading the rest - or most of 'em. Yet such are perhaps better than those 'intellectuals' who fly high above the sordid mass of humanity and disdainfully Point the Way, eventually settling on a Fence and carping to their mutual satisfaction while carefully Holding their Noses.

As my pen reaches this stage my thoughts are side-tracked by a note from the editor (type -- written thank God) /whyyou!/ mentioning that he and Frank Parker have just been to see 'Bambi'. Neglecting the question of what the hell FP is doing in M/c, I'm trying to recollect what I remember of 'Bambi'. I liked it a lot more than Disney's other stuff, even the famous 'Rite of Spring' piece. This is perhaps because it contained a real plot, unlike 'Snow-white' and anything else I can think of offhand. I do think this greatly enhanced it, and I also think this film contained some of Disney's most effective animation. I've heard it said that the more natural scenic effects might well be done by straight photography - God forbid. I insist none of Disney's work looks natural - it has a faintly unreal appearance I delight in, and which is the chief feature of the delicate animation which characterises the work of the Disney studios. I remember the 'prince of the forest' - Disney instilled into his magnificent deer a majesty and dignity I do not think even the most adventitious natural film could compare with. Whether Disney's creations be deer or mouse always they are appealing. He can make you roar at Dopey or smile at the quaintness of his forest creatures. You might be thrilled by the power he put into the fight scene in 'Bambi', moved by the pathos he can suggest with such genius. Disney is not a technician - he is an artist of the highest calibre. A genius.

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I am reminded by all this chatter on films of a most interesting picture - 'Lady in the Dark'.. While I have no intention of usurping Mr. Holmes functions as reviewer, I excuse myself here by claimin -g the film is unusual. Many of you might know the plot, and indeed may have seen it - if you haven't, do so. Briefly the picture concerns a woman, Liza Elliot, who has risen to be editor of a fashionable magazine, but is troubled by headaches and nightmar- es. These nightmares - or more correctly, rather str -ange dreams, are depicted in the film, and are ana -lysed by a psychologist whom Miss Elliot (Ginger R -ogers) consults, and from them he is able to penet -rate his clients' psychosis. And while it is of cour -se necessary that the 'dreams' should have entertain -ment value, their interpretation seems logical en- -ough; as it should be considering the thing is ar -ranged in advance! It is a most interesting film be -cause of its psychological content if nothing else . Although there is much to appeal.

Space grows short - a pity. I had intended some choice comments on the BFS, but they must wait. I'd like to point out this column is entirely spont -aneous - I had very little idea of what the finished product was to be when I started. I feel a column of this nature should be spontaneous even if it there -bye lacks a literary polish. As it does!

Lemot.

And now, a problem. The most reasonable answers rec -eived within one month get a free 'Gemini'!

The Emperor of China wanted a Governor for the impor -tant province of Canton. He had by rigorous examin -ation narrowed down the candidates to three men of apparently equal qualities, and to select the best suited he devised the following test: He showed the candidates five discs, two green, two blue, and told then he was going to put one on each of their heads.

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This he did, taking care none could see the colour of disc placed on their own head. Then he took all three into a room, telling them not to communicate in any way. The first one to tell him the colour of all three discs would be Governor. After about ten minutes one came out and told him all the discs were blue. He was right. How did he know?

g e m i n i l i t t e r

Willie Watson: Received your copies of 'G' and promptly went wild. I thought the boys and girls in England had just about given up the ghost as far as amateur publishing goes...Cover for second ish quite delightful. If I didn't know a great deal better I'd say it was by Turner...material as a whole good enough, tho' some interior pics would be a great innovation. Or am I being absurd? /Well, Harry, Bruce, Arthur, Ron? /...Ahhh, the fourth ish and that cover! Delightful, to say the least. Material better, too.....

DR Smith: 'I was little impressed by the cover this time -- it does not illustrate anything in particular and is not effective as a pure design. Inside the heading poem by NUE seems most feeble, but the extract from 'Dynamics of a Particle' redeemed it... I enjoyed the account of the meeting at 'Avalon'- tho' it didn't fill me with a desire to join in! 'Science-fiction & Reality' bears the hall-mark of an enthusiasm as yet unsoured by too many years of hackery, but there is some truth in it, SF does stimulate an interest in science & expand ones visions there - bye, &, If you take it that way, encourages you to think about things, which is a very valuable feature. 'Surprise Incident' is sufficiently well written for a fan - better than many /uh-huh/ - but it has no point... a report of a minor incident in some future war of which we are told practically nothing, is without interest, and aparcularly so at the present time.. /OK, OK,-pax! / 'The Ghastly Wood'- good of

its type, tho' the last line rather tickled me with the thought that maybe the bloke ought to have washed his ears out more often & then weeds would'nt grow in the dirt./some others remarked thus - but the poem was liked natheless/. The picture of Pilot Officer Prune trying to get the Forces programme on his Philco' while one of his colleagues, finding the beer engine no longer works, rings up the cellar man, does not impress me./Wasn't a Philco, and I bet it wasn't the Forces --- say, who told you all this, anyhow?/

Bruce Gaffron; "...Down Avalon Way" was B----y funny!!/ 'SF & Reality' should be somewhere where certain narrow-minded people could read it...'The Fem. Form'- Ah, now this is interesting. A really interesting argument well put. I wish the story had been longer - still, 'twas nice while it lasted...The letters, as always, were the most interesting part of the lot./ Not room for many this time, tho' - I want to put in a lovely piece I have just gotten from Arthur Hillman - which will leave but four pages for this column. But next time.../

Bob Gibson; Il dit - "Arthur turned out a nicely cut stencil for your cover...'Dynamics of a Particle'- that is a real way of dramatising geometry./ a point - how many fans recognised the theorem embodied in the same? Some didn't, and thereby missed the point in part./ 'Down Avalon Way' - the description of the last gathering left me green with envy..This one makes a much darker green with lavender spots... Wish I'd been there. /Bob scribbled a pretty li'l sketch of the 'Ballnet Avalon' - which we could reproduce... See! I can quote Charles Cutwidge Dodgson too!

He thought he saw an albatross
That fluttered round the lamp.
He looked again and found it was
A penny postage stamp.

You'd best be getting home", said he,
"The nights are very damp".

'SF & Reality' - yes. Sure, SF is escapist - like all

fiction. The individual who can't 'escape' into imagination, exercise, discussion, music, hobbies or whatever gives him his vacations from dead normality must be dull indeed. /Pliz, what is normality?/. The critic who disdains SF as escapist may find his own escape in criticising. For everything anyone enjoys is an escape from the monotony or the discomfort of things ever-present but disliked. /And yet, the monotony could be enjoyable - one can become conditioned to a point when any departure from a routine would leave the individual at a loss - the moral of 'Brave New World' can be applied to this century/. 'The Feminine Form' - all right as philosophy. Practically, as applied to fantasy and especially fandom, its continual depiction is monotony. /Due to the poor quality usual. Certes VOMaidens would bore anyone./...The insert 'Rubaiyat' is the high point of the issue. /Agreed/...Now for the heavy job. Rating pics, fiction, art, verse, and articles in order of preference... Do I prefer blue to ice cream, or callisthenics, or sillitude to all of them? And stone masonry? (Definetly ice cream)...

Ann Gardiner; "...The cover, is an improvement. Need I say more? /need I answer/... Accuracy, for an editor, is an essential quality. /need I answer?/. Apparently, if the quotation on top of page 2 is meant to be authentic, you lack this virtue.....I also have a plea to make as I bow in humble supplication before your editorial waste paper basket /a fire-worshipper - why, ANN !/. You have a contents section neatly laid out in order of the pages. But, why, pray, no authors, artists or other contributors listed.....Anyway, why? /Simple, me-in Ann - prevents your feeble minds from being biased by the great names which appear in these pages. But I bet you'ns turn to the end of the contributions before reading 'em/. 'Down Avalon Way' - was - but I will spare your blushes, and rate it top. /I like you top/. 'The Feminine Form' seemed to wander from one subject to another. /You intrigue me/ The original idea has possibilities, but it appeared to digress in places to the much broader paths of sex and the nude

generally. Not that there is anything wrong in that, but the two subjects are scarcely synonymous..... Having enjoyed the letters more than all the rest put together, I think it will be degrading to rate them. Therefore I will end with a rapturous note on the lighthearted habit of sticking utterly superfluous bits & pieces here and there to fill up the gaps & lighten the general atmosphere of intellectual strain."

Space bein' short, we shall now descend to potted remarks: DTucker - "For this issue I have little but praise. As Fannags go it was more or less superb.. I liked 'Surprise incident' best -- last, but by no means least, 'The Fem. Form', always a subject of great interest! DHouston - 'I rather fancy an account of life down a mine. Provided you insert some of your inimitable humour./I keep thinking on't/. Most interesting was the Nelson account. Apparently as remarkable as the first." SF & Reality" - a class of article I hope you will dispense with altogether - too normal for your claimed policy. Tho the second point deserves special mention. It embodies what I believe to be the only 'creative use' of the literature." Arthur Hillman - "I'll just say I liked them all & leave it at that. One word - try & get the dupping better or some of the word were undecipherable in my copy." /Was the stencilling at fault - due to sticking stencils together, some being very unsuitable for this machine. This issue should be better, especially from page 15/

Now I shall finish the last stencil - until next time. Sorry I can't use all letters received, & evn more sorry I can't answer 'em all. Material is still welcome, as are subs; & the price is now 6d..RL

r a t i n g s f o r 'G' 4. 1. 'Down Avalon Way'. 2. Rubaiyat. 3. Gemini Litter. 4. 'The Feminine Form' tied with 'Science-fiction and Reality'. 5. Cover - on -ly two rated it on points tho. 'The Ghastly Wood' & 'Dynamics of a particle' were quits. Whole issue 7/10

— THE SNARE OF —
— BEAUTY —

When oft upon some lone and cloud-wrapt hill
I see the dawn-skies' pale and roseate fires,
And hear the trickling murmurs of a rill
Like threnodies of far celestial lyres,
I catch a glimpse of Beauty's golden snare
Set secretly for humans who are wise,
To draw enraptured to her hidden lair
The faithful few who constitute her prize.

Down phantom paths and subtle, secret ways
She beckons all who have a mind to read
In crystal streams the music of her lays,
In moon-drenched nights the tenets of her creed.
The starry heavens are vistas of her realm;
Low murm'ring woods the voices of her bands;
And still in dreams her sweet allure o'erwhelms,
From out the misty depths of faery lands.

Pale, fragile Beauty! May your gentle snare
Entice me quite away from worldly care;
May swiftly bear me to your shy domain
And let my famished spirit there remain.

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by - - - - A. Hillman .

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