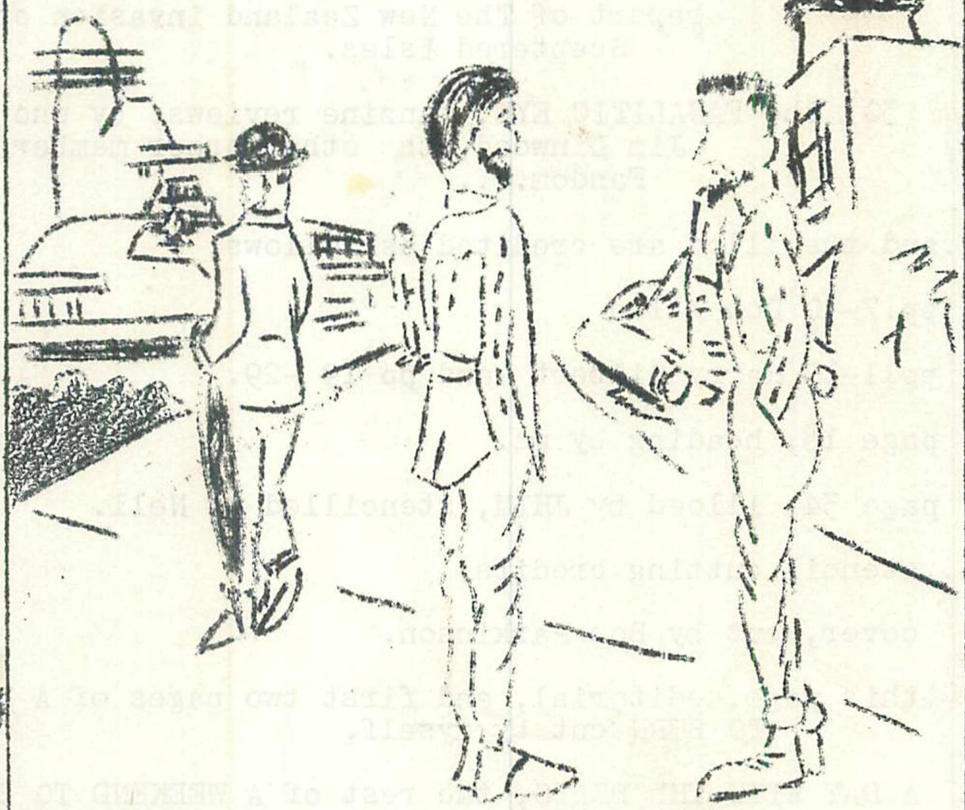
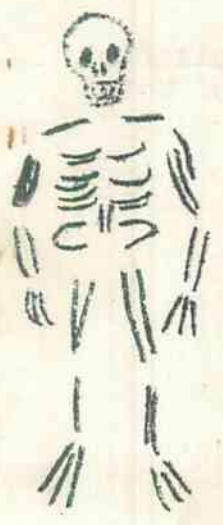


HUNGRY

no.
4

COVER DEDICATED TO RISPIN-THE HUNGRY



Boyle
2/2

OH, HE'S JUST ANOTHER DAMN BEATNICK!

Inside here you should find, in approximately this order,
the following fannish gems of unsurpassable merit...

PAGE

1. Cover, by the other member of Nottfandom,
Bob Parkinson.
2. This disguised contents page.
3. That stuff oposite, like an editorial thing, by me.
7. PARRALLISM, an article by Laurence Sandfield.
11. A DAY WITH THE BEATS, which is about the first,
and last published work of Bruce Kidd.
18. A WEEKEND TO BURN, By Archie Mercer, being a trip
report of The New Zealand invasion of These
Sceptered Isles.
30. The FANALITIC EYE, fanzine reviews, by who else but
Jim Linwood, the other other member of Nott
Fandom....

....and the illos are credited as follows;

pp.7-10 Don Allen

pp11-17 Harry Gilbert and pp 19 -29.

page 18, heading by me.

page 34, illoed by JHIM, stencilled by Nell.

.....stencil cutting credits.

cover, cut by Bob Parkinson.

this page, editorial, and first two pages of A WEEKEND
TO BURN cut by myself.

A DAY WITH THE BEATS, the rest of A WEEKEND TO BURN,
and THE FANALITIC EYE all cut by Nell Goulding.

PARRALLISM cut by Eric Bentcliffe.

..--oo0oo--..

This is HUNGRY FOUR, published at the sign of the blowup blast
furnace, which is intended as a genzine, from Alan Rispin,
35, Lyndhurst Avenue, Higher Irlam, Manchester, Lancs, England.
FORFREEFORFREEFORFREEFORFREEFORFREEFORFREEFORFREEFORFREEFORFREE.

SON OF NEDITORIAL

EXCUSES DEPT.

Those of you who were in the doubtful position of being the recipients of HUNGRY TWO will recollect, perhaps, that the mumblings I mumbled there were entitled, shudder, a Neditorial. Hence, after great thought and deliberation, all of three seconds, I decided that the above was the only logical title for this... er, mumbling style editorial. Also, after great thought and whatsit I come to the conclusion that I'd be typing this straight onto stencil. As though you hadn't guessed that already. And if this issue looks as though it's been thrown together, it's because it has been thrown together. The only soliciting I did was for the various illos scattered throughout this issue, though I'd had Harry Douthwaite in mind for some illos for some time. I'm sure any faned will get as much co-operation from Harry as I have had. Yes, he's a Good Man. A few people might have been wondering at the time it's taken me to publish this. Others will know the lazy slob that I am, so there will only be surprise that it has ever been published at all.

I feel rather guilty at calling myself an editor. The only piece I've edited at all is Archies triprep, after that I simply decided to be honest with myself and show my usual lazy habits, by non-editing the rest of the material.

EGOBOO AND ROSES

There should be egoboo lashed out in a good few directions for the aid given to me by various hardworking fen who have done all the work on this issue. Not to mention the duping this issue which is being done by John Massey in the Welfare Dept. of Lancs. Steel Manufacturing Co. here in Irlam. This is the second fanzine to be pubbed in the shade of an Iron Works. Then, of course, some people will split hairs about the fact that Irlam produces more steel than Iron, and the Iron isn't maleable like Archies is. Poo on'em. Then there is Nell Goulding in Maidstone who has been slyly cutting stencils for HUNGRY between sipping tea and eating treacle Sandwichs in the County Hall there. Now we know why Civil Defence in Kent is inadequate..... And Boob Parkinson and Jhim Linwood, who both turned out good pieces of work on short notice to continue the strong ties of mutual tolerance between Irlam and Nottingham Fandom. Har! And Good GOOD Man Eric Bentcliffe who let me have the already stencilled and illoed article By Laurence Sandfield. Since Laurence gafiated sometime ago, I've not contacted him to see if this is OK, though I'll send a copy to his Last Know Address. Bunches of steaming roses should go to Ken Pablo Is A Peeg Cheslin for Archies trip report, and also to Archie who was glad to know where is ended up, and Oked the pubbing of it in this zine. I don't know who I should hate for the Bruce Kidd ..er, piece of Fantasy. It has been in my possession for some time, after kicking about youngfandom for even longer. Please, don't take it seriously, I don't.....

THIS IS IRLAM DEPT.

This place where I live is typical of the southern fans Idea of The Industrial North. At a rough guess I'd say there are about 20000 people in Irlam, which makes it a nice sized town. The only claim to fame it has is that it has two historic industrial revolution landmarks ON EITHER SIDE of it. Not in Irlam, which seems somewhat MAD. These are The Manchester Ship Canal, which runs to the south of the town in a roughly east-west line, and the railway line across the country a mile or so north of Irlam. This line gathers egoboo from the dim past, because it seems that it was the second railway ever opened, after old Stevensons Rocket on the Stockton to Darlington line. And it was very difficult to lay, because just north of Irlam proper the countryside is all basically peat bogland. This belt of land, which cannot be used for industrial applications, is a boon to the weary souls of Irlam, for it provides a reasonable escape from the environment of industry in the town. North of the belt, called The Moss, there are the coal towns of the Lancashire coalfield.

But the biggest boon to the place is the Ship Canal. The land that the Steel Works is now built on used to be bogland, and there was numerous little streams criss-crossing the site. Then, when the Canal was built, this was drained and A New Era Was Born. The Canal was a convenient method of transporting the Ore and other raw materials, so it wasn't long before some bright spark thought of building the works on the present site. I wish they hadn't bothered. Afterwards, around the first World War period, there was a building boon to accomodate the workers. Since the expansion was limited by the Moss and the canal, it took place in the narrow strip along the main Warrington to Manchester road. With the result that Irlam, with the adjoining town of Cadishead, is about five miles long and about a half mile deap either side of the main road. There is a steelworks, comprising of four blast furnaces, about 20 steel furnaces, a rod mill and a wire mill. I wonder sometimes at all the labour that goes into making one roll of steel wire. Also scattered around the town are a soap works, a margarine works (some people can't tell the difference), a box works and two tar works. I think that' about it. Oh, yes, there is an engineering boilermakers too....

Entertainment? Pubs, pubs, and more pubs. There is one bugridden cinema, one coffee bar and a couple of "Social Clubs", and that is Irlam. Plus houses.

Now ask me why I hate the place!

EXCUSES,PART THE TWO

Some observant type people will notice that their copies have the first two pages of Laurence Sandfields article duplicated in a slightly different manner to the rest of the magazine. This is because I started duping this on a flatbed.

I admire George Locke's guts.

AT LEAST THEY WON'T ALL BE SCOTCH....

Yes, I've decided to swell the ranks of London fandom, and protect the good name of ENGLISH London Fandom, and all that jazz. So when you get this issue of HUNGRY I won't be at the old address in Irlam, I'll be moved in with fellow antiscot Bruce Burn at the flat at 36, WARRINGTON CRESCENT, LONDON W.9. I've been thinking a lot about moving down to The Smoke, but very inactive thinking it was. But recent events have decided me. I cannot let The Side Down! When Joe Patrizio moved down to London, and I became aware of Parkers' Blood, my true heart of oak stirred within me. Trumpets shrilled their call to war, to defend The Cause, to Fight Back, and to Keep The Flag Flying! The flat would become a place of siege, with piles of tattered Atom Anthologies and Orions on the threshold!

But mainly, it's nearer to Maidstone than Manchester.

OMPA

This fanzine will be distributed as a postmailing to the June 1961 mailing of OMPA, and so save my neck. It doesn't look like the usual OMPazine, but then there shouldn't be a usual OMPazine, by the very nature of the organization. I'm supporting the Burn/Donaho/Lichtman constitution, because I know these three members have gone to a great deal of trouble to work out this thing, and I think it will work and improve OMPA. Besides, I'm always ready for a bit of change.....

WOT HAPPEN TO HITCHING FANDOM?

Seems Ron Bennett hardly goes on the road any more, Jhim Linwood goes by train if he's got the money, and George Locke hasn't much scope in Africa! Gee, what's happening to the fans of the road? Maybe they aren't ~~born~~ hitchers at heart? But then Chris Miller is moving about a bit with the aid of his thumb, in fact he's due up here just in time to help collate this zine, so there is one fan who has been converted to The Other Way Of Life. Someone tell me how things are in the US hitchingwise! I've been hearing fearful tails of states banning hitch-hiking. Is this true? When did Ron Elik last take to the road? I still intend to hitch or drive from New York to San Fransisco. Has any person done this in fandom. If so, who, why and how?

Er, I'm interested in hitching. I find that I talk with hitchers about hitching with as much enthusiasm as I used to talk with fans about Science Fiction.

Strange....

If there is any hitching memoir that you can think will be amusing, I'll gladly try and put out a special fannish hitching oneshot. Once again I'll appealing to the hitchers of fandom, past and present, to help me put out a zine that shows mundane fandom what we get out of hitching. I'd sure like to pub this zine!

I DON'T LIKE FLATBEDS.

Not even the ones with histories like the one Jhim Linwood donated to The Irlam Science Fantasy Society last winter. He put out movie music on it way back in the Good Old Days, but now he has access to rotary models he decided to get rid of it. Soooo.. last year I met him off the Nottingham train, and was surprised slightly to see him wearing, besides his usual outfit of shades, jeans and sandals, this enigmatic box on the end of his arm. Then when he drew nearer to me I could see, scrawled on the side of the wood coloured case, in Man With The Golden Arm Type writing THE LYNDHURST AVENUE AMATEUR PRESS. Gee, a Real Duplicat r...all for me! Pow! When I'd steared jhim back to Lyndhurst I inspected this Treasure.

This was a duplicator? Jhim said it was. I was dissillusioned.

The first impression I had when I opened the top was, "Gawd, what a mess!" Jhim had used it last about two years previously, but the ink on the silkscreen was still wet!

As I found out by putting my hands all over the most inky parts I could subconsciously find and then brushing the hair out of my eyes with my hands.

Not that I could brush it out with anything else..I'm no contortionist.

Linwood didn't say anything, the bum, so I was left to find out for myself that I had inky thumbprints across my forehead, and down my neck.....

I didn't examine it much more, as there was more important things on the agenda; we were going to go to a jazz club in Manchester that night to here some modern group that played at an all night session in a coffee bar.

When jhim had gone back to Lawrence country I had thoughts of immediately putting out an issue of HUNGRY and startle everyone with my regularity in pubbing from then on.

Ha.

The only cut stencils I had at that time were the ones for the Sandfield article, so, after much messing and fiddling to get paper through the steelworks stationary department, where I found it would have been cheaper to go straight to the shop and buy it over the counter, I started to dupe the first page of the article.

After the first twenty crudsheets I became aware that some sort of drastic measure was needed to produce anything other than a mass of black ink. Soooo...with duplicator in hand I went down to the kitchen and washed it. It was a good job I didn't have parents around that week because it took me the rest of the week to get the sink clean afterwards! Then upstairs again for another try. This time I got results!

After only ten crudsheets I could read the title!

Pow! This was living.....

Like, I ended up, after approximately 6 hours WORK with 120 slightly legible copies of the first two pages of the article and about 100 highly illegible crudsheets.

I HATE FLATBEDS!

The few who love jazz, now, these days, in an ultra, almost, of respectability. People no longer look at one pityingly or with contempt, should one mention such a leaning. We can even find individuals outside of jazz circles who are aware that the word is not a term used to denote commercial dance-music. Occasionally, it is true, the narcotic addiction of some modern so-called jazzmen hits mixer headlines, but does not seem to leave any lasting impression.

PARALLELISM

By
Laurence Sandfield

The open interest of Princess Margaret in hybrid jazz, and in commercial dance-music has helped to establish a certain snob appeal. Her actions in this matter have set the seal on the past efforts of the Marquis of Donegal and other aristocrats. The antecedents and family connections of Humphrey Littleton (I was with him at Eton, old man) perhaps did more than anything, but there is no doubt that Royal patronage put the cap on.

It wasn't always thus. Back in the Twenties the word jazz was used by dance musicians to signify a way of playing corny beyond words. The public confused it with the haphazard ragtime-style renderings of things like "Ma!" by Jack Hylton, and the sickeningly sweet sounds of the Savoy Hotel bands.

To people used to these and the pre-Six Whitman records, the singing drive of the Hot Five was an almost frightening thing. How the Edwardian ear (Two Lovely Black Eyes, Merry Widow, Eton Boating Song) must have reacted to the harshness of the Original Dixieland Jazzband is something that we at this time just cannot conjecture. To our fathers, and grandfathers, negroid intonation and the 'Hot' vocalisation of the instruments must have been unbelievably crude and untuneful.

In spite of the inevitable opposition from such sources, a small and maligned group of cognoschetti grew up. There must, in fact, have been many small groups and isolated individuals, and of these the Twenties has left us with such people as Rex Harris and Lord Don-egal among the 'fen', and Sid Phillips, Buddy Featherstonehaugh, Max Abrams, and Nat Gonella among the 'pro'folk.

During the Thirties jazz appreciation grew, discs by Ellington, Russell, and Armstrong gained many new devotees for the media, and the Rythim Club Movement began in this country. However, the variety stage antics of Nat Gonella's Georgians, Harry Roy et al, drew disdain from the Highbrows, and to our fathers jazz remained "that muck" played by "those madmen".

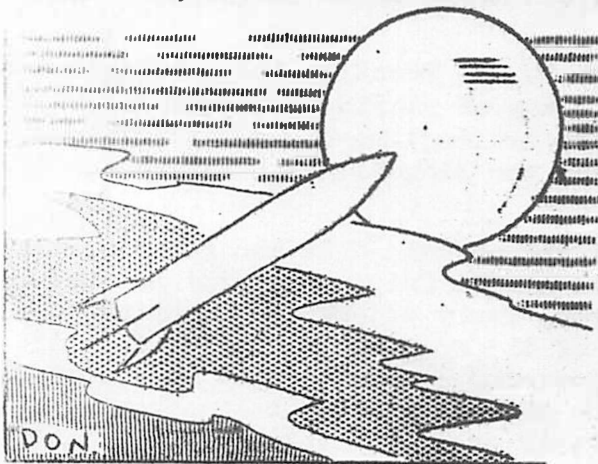
The pattern seems rather familiar, doesn't it ?

There is no need for us to follow the history of Jazz any further, as the story is, by now, familiar to most people. The attitude of our fathers doesn't matter any more, we're a lot of us fathers in our own right now, and, I think, all the more tolerant because of our love of jazz, to these younger folk who follow others styles of expression.

Now the pattern seems superficially the same as the pattern of s-f since the Twenties. It isn't, really, though. The s-f published in pulp magazines seems to have gone through this sort of thing, in fact my own late childhood and adolescence were made very uncomfortable by the sneering attitudes of 'friends'. I remember my father, who didn't believe anything, telling relatives and friends, "He believes all this, y'know." The fact that he could not tell the difference between an s-f magazine, and a serious work on rocketry, being purely irrelevant.

Well, all fen of my age have suffered in some similar way to this, I suppose. It still puzzles me how people can use their children's hobbies as a means to humiliate them, but it nevertheless happens.

Before the 1914-18 war, there was no definite literature called science-fiction. It did exist, but was looked upon as part of the genre of Fantasy, and quite rightly so. The 'Scientific Romance' was accepted (and possibly would still be so, if it hadn't received that appellation) by all the readers and critics and was read like the the Ghost Story, the Bird Tale, or the conte cruel for amusement.



Actually, there is a rather strange parallel here. Before the birth of jazz in New Orleans, there was extant a form of entertainment called 'coon-shouting' which was closely related to the piano ragtime, and, indeed, seems to have been just a different aspect of the same music. Weak, and commercialized versions of it appeared on the British music hall, sung by such artists as the Chocolate Covered Coon. Now these things are shadowed by a generation the lovely music of Buddy Bolden and his cohorts.

At about the same time there appeared on the British market some juvenile pulps which foreshadowed, in their way, the appearance of the American s-f zines. Dealing largely with aircraft and often featuring a 'Boy-inventor', these mags enjoyed quite a good sale. I can't give any facts about them, except that I do remember having seen one, and vaguely recall the name Herbert Strang in association. The big difference, was, of course, that the coon-shouting was entertainment for adults, whereas the s-f, if it can be called such, was juvenile.

With the inception of the Gernsback Amazing in the early 20's came s-f as we know it. And, inevitably, it gathered around it much adverse criticism. This isn't really surprising as the bright, garish covers hit the eye in much the same way that the music of the Original Dixieland Band hit the ear. And therefore people belittled what they couldn't bother to understand.

When the first s-f zines came over here, unthinking adults classified their contents with the juvenile trash they had long since grown out of, just as they had done with coon-shouting and jazz.

In the lives of our parents, the 1914-18 war had caused far greater disturbance, and mental upheaval than the second World War did in ours. The difference between the Edwardian era and the Twenties was far greater than that between the 30's and 50's. So they just could not understand the new trends of thought, and art, which were taking hold. Not even the 'intellectuals' of the day.

Therefore the mainstream writers, the critics bypassed it. In fact, they still don't get it, the whole generation of them. The critics often urge present day s-f writers to make their works more like ordinary novels - which would result in a dilution of the medium. Just as European ideas of harmony have diluted the pure stream of Africo-American Jazz.

Judith Merrill's "Shadow On The Hearth" makes this very obvious.

However, beneath all the fuss and ballyhoo of the phony boom, one can now see that s-f is indeed respectable. But it is, thank goodness, respectable in the way that the Crime Novel is. With crime fiction one is either an addict in some degree, or one doesn't bother with it. And with the regular pubbing of s-f in boards everyone can take it or leave it just as they please. It has one thing in common with crime fiction in that its devotees will take quite a lot of what a mainstream critic would look upon as indifferent -



writing providing that the elusive quality that makes it good of its type is present.

The followers of mainstream literature do not, it appears, have this tolerance. If they had they would read, understand, and enjoy s-f.

One of the things about s-f that is inclined to endear it to the jazz-lover is the fact that to criticise it properly one has first to assume its own viewpoint. One just cannot use the criteria of the mainstream novel to judge s-f. With jazz, one cannot use the standards of intonation and vibrato which apply to European music of any kind.

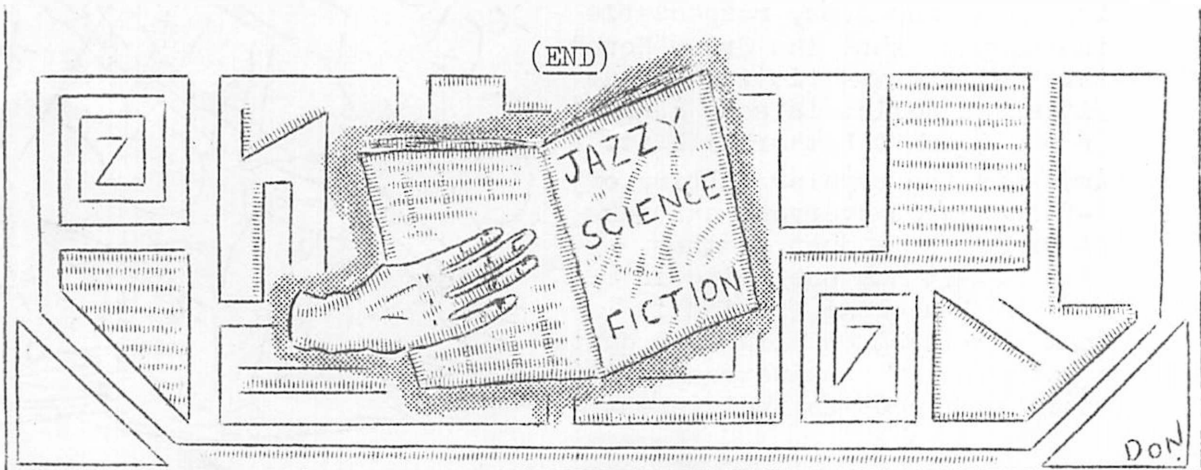
Now it is just this taste for something not precisely conforming with the accepted norm that distinguishes both the s-f fan and the jazz-lover. So they have one thing in common. A type of mental outlook. There are borderline followers of both media who never become fans, in the full sense of either. Nevertheless, these people respond to whichever of the two they like, and they form the great majority. In the jazz world they are the jivers, band followers, and Skiffle Club members; in s-f they are the ones who make the professional zines pay.

This brings me to the crux of the matter. Fen, these are the people who have given us hard-cover s-f. Jazzfen, these are the ones who have kept such as Sandy Brown and Humph solvent for the last fifteen or twenty years. They are the ones we have to thank for "Creole Love Call" and " More Than Human".

They, too, have had in their teens to satisfy Mum and Dad that they are not riding the slippery path to insanity, or filling their minds with subversive ideas culled from a fifth rate literature.

Think it over, all of you, and remember that it is to a very great extent your battles, but also their support, which have brought both s-f and jazz to the accepted respectability they now hold.

And, don't let me ever hear again an s-f fan knocking jazz. You've too much in common with the jazzman to look down on him!



A Day

WITH THE BEATS

I was cleaning up my room that Saturday when I first met Jim Linwood. You see, I was a good friend of Bruce Kidd, who was living on the other side of London in Essex and he had written to me about Linwood, and consequently I wrote to this strange fellow. He was supposed to visit me sometime on Saturday afternoon, but he came actually at ten in the morning crew-cutted and sweating. Most people of the Beat Cult (a word I dislike) know of him and I guess most people not of the cult might wonder what he was like. Well, he was tall (compared with me) and full of wild, wierd talk. He was like a man in a movie, always living like he was method acting all the time. I dug him; he was new and strange and mad.

But my roommate, John Worsfold, didn't like him at all, at first. John was not, you see, a "beatnik". He was a Joe Blow, but I liked him. So you can easily imagine why he didn't dig Jim G. Linwood. As I said I was dusting my Japanese tapestries and sweeping my wooden slat carpet, when the landlady knocked on the door. John was lying on his bed.

"Visitor for you, Len," she said.

"O.K. Show him in!" I yelled.

"This way," she said from outside somewhere, and the door opened and Jim Linwood slouched in, eyes sparkling. There was a whiff of benzedrine.

"Hello, Len," he said. "Say, those Japanese prints!" He began to admire them. "Yes!" he muttered.

"I'm glad to see you. Bruce told me all about you. Off course you're early. I didn't expect you this early but it

doesn't matter."

"Yes, well letsee," he said, "Yes, we must, we absolutely must, get the gang and go places."

"The gang?"

"Yes, sure. The whole insane bunch. You know, Mercer, Rispin and the others. And of course Bruce."

"Another lot of layabouts," said John.

"Oh, I forgot, this is John Worsfold, Jim. Hey, John, you've heard me tell about him!"

"Sure!"

Jim Linwood ignored him. He continued to dig the fine mountains of Kyoto. "Yes!" he yelled. "This is it!"

He stayed for two hours, talking, yelling, and Mrs. Murphy yelling back for him to shut up up there for God's sake, and digging every quaint Japanese curio in my room, including my samurai sword.

"And what's this?" he would say.

"It's a fan. Look, it's open".

Then he left, and it was like he was never there. But then he was; he had left a bit of his spirit behind.

John said, "You sure associate with some right old blokes!"

"So?" I said.

"Look at you. Beard. Sandals, crewcut, and kimono, for God's sake!"

"Well?"

"Why does he, that Lingwood bloke, have to come here? Why do any of your mates have to come here? Why can't you go to their houses?" he said.

"Because I'm the only one that's got a home!"

"Where do they live then?"

"Twelve of them live at the Y.M.C.A., seven of 'em live on a barge on the Thames and six of them live with Jim in the shack out Balham way."

"Where do they work?" he wanted to know.

"Work?!" I exploded. "Work! They don't work. They wouldn't. Work is the greatest restrictor of men's minds, the thing that turns lions to kittens and crushes the soul!"

"How do they live?"

"National Assistance."

"What do they get out of it?"

"Get out of it?" I said, "Why, the spirit of freedom. The knowledge and the experience that will save mankind in the end. You'll see. Others will follow us soon! Don't be too surprised is shortly the television companies go broke for lack of viewers! Television," I raved, wildly, "that box full of electronic garbage; that most efficient brain washer! And cinémas, too, and dance halls and honkytonx!"

"Ah!" sneered John.

I went and meditated in front of the delightful green hills of Kyoto, sitting cross legged and quiet. Fools, I thot, how can the civilisation be so blind? How did they get that way?

An hour after lunch, they came. Eight of them, howling. The landlady was out somewhere, so they got in. Jim came in and Bruce followed him. I recognised Archie Mercer and Alan Rispin and Ivor Mayne and Jim's girl, Dorothy Hartwell, popularly known as Marylou. There were a few bottles of wine and many cigarettes and a couple of other items brot up, bought on the impulses we all felt.

"Now, we must have a poetry reading, Lenny!" yelled Jim. "Now let us all empty our minds and in the void we shall know what we of all the slobos out there really do exist!"

They murmured affectionately. They understood him. They know he was mad.

"Let the readings begin in this simple, desolate, but equally beautiful zendo of Len's!"

Dorothy lay down on my bed, facing the wall. She said: "But first let's get into a responsive position to recieve the first offerings."

They got into positions. Archie lay under the table, Ivor on top, Alan Rispin sat on the window sill, both feet on top of Bruce Kidd's shoulders, while Bruce slouched on the sofa. He was smiling; a Zen Lunatic, a giggling soothsayer from the ancient provinces of China, in modern clothes. Two others

stretched out on the floor and looked dead. Jim sat in the cupboard, like a statue of Bhuddha in a dark temple.

Someonw cleared his throat. It was Bruce. I suspected he was high, on bennie or something.

"Tin Can." he said. "By Bruce."

"Roar of motor car, always a roar and a coming and gone on the country road is there no peace? Regrigerator, television, machines going up and down, in and out. Noise, and for what. Scrap heaps, and no grass, and empty tin can lying there, like the men."

"Is that all?" asked John. He laughed.

"Really!" said Bruce.

"What does it mean, then?" he asked.

"Don't you know?"

"No."

"Well, in your case, it's a joke. Either you get it or you don't."

John muttered and said something like "manix!"

Then "Marylou" got up and said "Colors," by Dorothy.

"Yes, yes," yelled Jim.

"Green traffic lite, red automobile, yellow. Plate glass sears into silver and men is gold. Lines of purple, black, pink going upwards, sideways, downwards into the concrete cosmos. They are brown; I am orange."

"Wow!" shrieked Linwood, and went running down the stairs and out into the afternoon street and did a monky dance and running along the gutters and squinting his eye up every lamp-post. He came back, giggling, with a fellow half an hour later.

"This is Roly," he smiled. "He's a real bhoddhisattva. I picked him up, preachin' Zen down at the bar down the road. He bot me a few drinx and told me all about himself. He's a damn fine fellow. What do you all say?"

"'Ray!" We picked Roly up and carried him down the stairs and ran down the street. He looked like a conquering hero perched on our shoulders. We were high. Later back at the room, we quieted down.



"I can most definitely feel, sincerely feel, turquoise vibrations!" said Archie Mercer. He was wandering again. Alan Rispin and Jim Linwood got into a deep sort of conversation of which I could hear fragments, like "existentialism", "not exactly true to dictator style", "fascism" and so forth.

Bruce was reading a book about war so I put on my recorder. Recorded music came down the air. Archie hummed. They looked so cute sitting there, like kids playing on the lawn, that I felt sad and happy. John was asleep.

Jim was saying, "Now you're here, Roly, you must, yes, you must, get your friends and we shall get a couple, yes, two cases of liquor and we can have a party at our shack, tonite. We are not alcoholix, but if you could bring some liquor with you, that would be great, man!"

"Sure, God Jim," (Roly was calling him God for some reason or other).

"Where were you last night, Dorouthy? You was supposed to meet me."

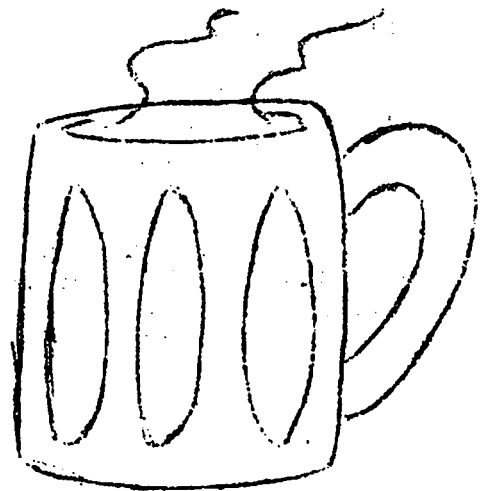
"Just got around to it, hun. I thot you'd never ask!"

"Where were you?"

"I went to the movies alone," she lied, "what did you do?"

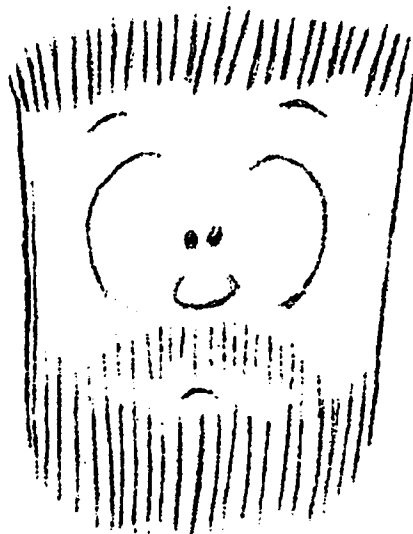
"Oh, I stopped in the shack with Ivor," he lied.

It was insane, the way it went on. They could go for days without bringing up a point on which argument could be based. I hoped they wouldn't fite in my room I had a lot of valuable curios.



At six in the evening we piled into an old car and roared off south to Belham. The day was warm, one fantastic day of many that were to come, but that is another story. We arrived at the "shack", which was a relic from the World War of 1939 to 1945. It was an old barrax hut. In it were a few cots, a kitchen at one end and a lavatory at another end. We ate a big meal half an hour later and sat around discussing everything. I went out and bought the liquor with the money we had scrounged, and raced back. Bruce was making the place look "shipshape" (as he put it). He was, I think, a fanatic over cleanliness, because he would pick up every mote of dust there was. He was crazy. Right after I came back he was amusing everyone taking the mick out of Westerns. With his big straw hat and denims, he looked like a vaquero.

At seven Roly Mason's crowd arrived, a band of young, bearded men, and women too. It was too good. We were joining forces you might say. The men were artists, play-rites and bums in general. At first the party (in honor of our alliance?) started with drinking and talking and then it grew wilder. Some of Mason's fellows were jazz musicians and crazy. They had brot their instruments with them. They played and it was like a minstrel show with a 20th century setting. Mad minstrels, I thot. I was drunk. Bad mad minstrels. Sad bad mad minstrels. Sad bad mad minstrels - hic.

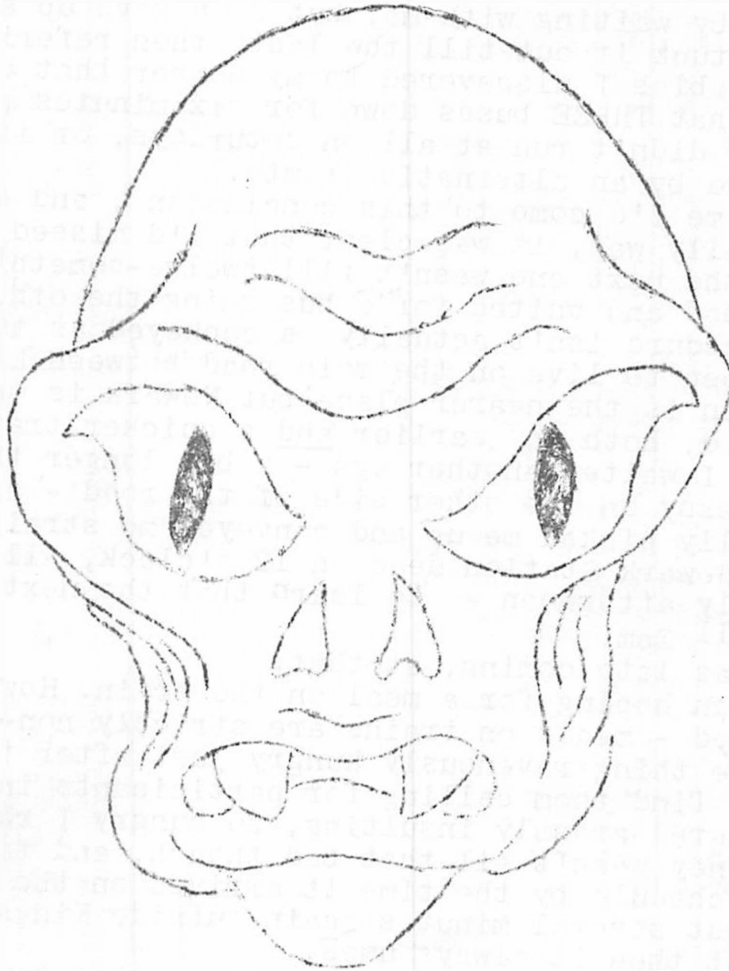


Someone was walking around naked. I couldn't see who it was. I saw Jim quite close, a gleam in his eye, a bottle in his hand, brooding like some mad Ahab. Then he whooped and ran into the throng. I passed out.

When I awoke up (with a hangover) I was in bed. The others were asleep in the dark of the shack. I got up out of restlessness, got cleaned up, and stepped outside. It was early morning and the sun was beginning to shine thru the mists.

As I walked along, I thot about it all. Why and why? Why all of this? I didn't know. But I had an idea that something big and good was bound to come of it. For us, and for who else? Who knows?

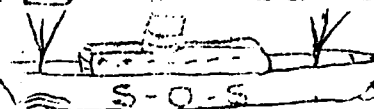
I walked toward the sun with confidence.



I had thought of calling this "THE NIGHT THE FEN FELL ON JILL", but desisted upon reflecting that it'd promptly type me as a Thurber fan, -when I'm positively not a Thurber fan. I have therefore decided to call it

A WEEKEND TO BURN.

by
ARCHIE MERCER.



It really started on the Saturday morning, when I was queueing for the six minutes past ten bus. I say queueing - one or two others did start off by waiting with me, but soon gave up and moved off elsewhere. I stuck it out till the last, then referring back to my assorted timetables I discovered to my horror that although there were no less than THREE buses down for six minutes past ten, all of them either didn't run at all on Saturdays, or if they did then they went round by an alternative route.

By the time I'd come to this conclusion, and discovered what the time actually was, it was clear that I'd missed the 10.45 train. So as the next one wasn't till twelve-something, I promptly crossed the road and waited for a bus going the other way.

This procedure isn't actually as cockeyed as it probably looks because I happen to live on the main road between Lincoln and Newark. Lincoln is the nearer place but Newark is on the main line and, I reasoned, both an earlier and a quicker train should be available. So I waited another age - a bit longer than I'd already waited fruitlessly on the other side of the road - and sure enough a bus eventually picked me up and conveyed me straight to Newark. I arrived at Newark Station dead on 12 o'clock, all set to be in London my early afternoon - to learn that the next train to London wasn't due till 2pm.

And it was late coming, at that.

I had been hoping for a meal on the train. However, I should have remembered - meals on trains are strictly non-functional. One boards the thing ravenously hungry just after the normal meal time, only to find them calling for participants in the tea meal. This I considered grossly insulting, so hungry I remained.

The journey wasn't all that bad though, and the train actually got back on schedule by the time it arrived on the outskirts of London. It lost several minutes again outside Kings Cross station of course - but then it always does.

Leaving me an hour or so to represent what had been intended as a good afternoon's shopping.

As a result I didn't get much territory covered I glanced into most of the secondhand and paperback shops in the vicinity of the CharringCross Road, but might almost as well not have as I didn't feel there was actually time to LOOK.

After which, back through the underground to the Parker residence.

A word of explanation seems to be in order at this point. The main attraction of Fannish London that weekend was the arrival of Bruce Burn from New Zealand, complete with all-night party at Ella's to welcome him. The idea was for half a dozen London based fans to travel down to Southampton Friday evening, spend the night c/o Jill Adams (who lives there), meet Bruce off the boat when it docked Saturday morning and escort him to town and to Ella's, where a small crowd of assorted fans would be on hand to celebrate. Which is where I was supposed to come into the picture.

So I emerged from the underground at Queens Park station, wended my way down Canterbury Road and rung the "Parker" bell on the recessed doorway that led to the upper premises above the abandoned horse-butchery. In a while feet pattered on the stairs, and the door was opened by a youthful fan whose face was a new one on me. He knew me though. "Hello", he said, "you're Archie" - as if daring me to deny a fact so patently obvious to anyone above the mental age of two months. "I'm Chris," he continued. He was top-Chris Miller, young fan from the far northern city of Barrow in Furness, with whom I'd been corresponding. Naturally, if one comes south to meet someone from New Zealand, the first person one meets just HAS to come from even farther north than oneself. Stands to reason. Or something.

Upstairs, several fans were sitting around waiting for the party to begin. Present then, or soon afterwards, were Ella Parker (of course - after all, she lives there), Ethel Lindsay, Ron Bennett, Arthur Thomson, Ken Cheslin and Potter, Ted Forsyth, Don Geldart, Jhim Linwood and Groves. Alan Rispin hadn't arrived yet.

More to the point, perhaps - neither had Bruce Burn.

Going upstairs to the spare room to dump my kit, I found a woman in bed. A very nice woman too, name of Irene Potter. Fanning for two as she is just at present she suffers from what seems to be known in oriental fandom as chronic gynaecology, which she finds somewhat unsettling at times. Leaving her to rest her weary pregnant carcass, I returned downstairs to learn the Awful Truth about Bruce Burn. This was that the boat had been delayed a day or so, and would not now be docking until the Sunday morning.

Several of those who had been going down under the old arrangement were unfortunately no longer able to make it. However, the opposite applied in my case - whereas I couldn't have made Southampton from Lincoln in the required time, now I could, so I duly added my name to the roster for Southampton. By this time the drinks had been opened and the party officially - Bruce Burn or no Bruce Burn - got under way.

The next event that I can recollect - apart from the temporary incursion of Tom Porter, young Newcastle-type fan currently on the town - was the decision of the Potters to evacuate, and Arthur's obligingly departed to run them home.

Which he somehow contrived to do, only he seemed to be taking an unduly long time about it. The explanation he gave when he finally DID get back amongst us was that he'd Got Lost, and found himself on Hampstead Heath. A likely story, so naturally it was accepted without question.

Arthur now contrived to take charge of the proceedings. Lining us up in two squads - a panel of older fans and an "audience" of younger ones - he started a session going on the inner meaning of fandom or something equally blah blah blah. Still, it contrived to pass the time fannishly until Ron - who was running the Southampton expedition - decided it was high time we were going. He rang for a taxi, and when it arrived - with what seemed agonising tardiness - five of us piled in - Ron, Jhim, Don, Ted and myself (Alan Rispin still not having arrived yet). There was about thirty-five minutes before the train left Waterloo, and Ella's flat being considerably north of the river we were all on tenter-hooks lest the driver should not be able to make it in time.

Actually he did it in more like fifteen, and there was ample time for me to get a ticket, the others to try sundry slot-machines, and to view the scenery (-"There's a man and woman snogging on one seat, and two men snogging on another" - Jhim Linwood) before we boarded the waiting train, found ourselves five vacant seats in the same compartment, and set off on another stage of this highly mobile week-end. As Shakespeare had it, then, "Unto Southampton we do shift our scene".

We alighted at Southampton at some unearthly hour. It was light, but not very. We milled around aimlessly for a few minutes looking for signs of navigational life, then struck out boldly in the direction that some bright spark - probably Ron - suggested. And lo and behold, after not many minutes we were standing outside the gate of a veritable cok, whilst good old Ron dickered with the policeman on duty at the entrance.

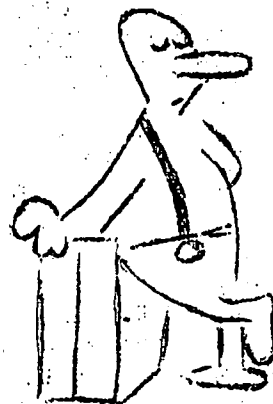
There we learned that this boat, the "Castle Fleece", would be docking at No. 2 Dock, whose entrance was about a mile away.

So off once again we set, across a patch of green and verdant wasteland that didn't look as though it had long been reclaimed from the sea. I may as well mention here as anywhere that everything I saw about Southampton (with the inevitable exception of the customs shed) I liked - it was all pleasant and green and like that, even the waste ground. A bit further along there were a few small commercial premises - depots and things for various firms - including one belonging to the "Itchen Transport Co." which raised a small laugh. The other side of the wasteland was an area of

ornamental gardens and verges and things, including a somewhat non-functional pair of toilets - they each had their separate entrances but the casual user had to go right up the path almost to the door in order to determine which was which. Naturally, I picked on the ladies'. Over another road and round a corner, and there was another dock entrance. Yes, said Ron - this was the one. Several other miscellaneous people were standing around the entrance, which proved it. Trouble was, there was a policeman standing on duty at THIS entrance too, and whether it was the right one or not, his instructions seemed to be to keep us off.

Which would have been all right, except that the spots of rain that had been just beginning were turning into quite a shower.

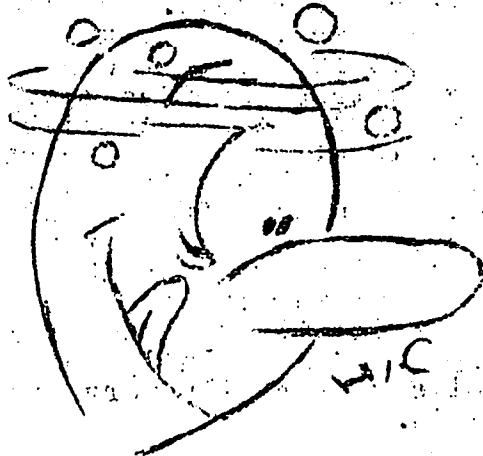
Putting on our macs, we found temporary shelter under the eaves of the dock post office and in a telephone booth. I was rather sorry I'd brought my mac with me - I'd left most of my kit at Ella's, but had borrowed one of her blankets on the grounds that having no jacket I might be cold in the train. I hadn't been, but if only my mac had likewise been lacking, I'd have had the perfect opportunity to dress up as Moondog. However, it was not to be, and Ella's blanket remained dry. Ella's probably happier that way, anyway, even if I'm not.



The rain was getting steadily worse, and when we learned of a reasonably nearby cafe that was supposed to be open, we unanimously decided to make tracks for same. We reached it, divested ourselves of our soaked macs, and looked around for service. A male member of the staff who took our orders apologised for there not being waitress service that early in the morning. As the other two tables the establishment boasted were being served by a girl, this started us speculating upon such deep philosophical mysteries as "when is a waitress not a waitress?" We achieved a set of muddy coffees, and some of us tried to order more solid fare, but the bloke proved so adept at turning a deaf ear that most of us gave up the fight in disgust. Outside the rain was belting it down for all it was worth, and the place began to fill with the human flotsam of the storm - mainly docker-types. Came a lull, and we grabbed our macs and evacuated the place not really very much more refreshed than when we came in.

We made the bus shelter, just across the road from the dock entrance, before the rain came on full spate again. The gutters were flowing full, and I was getting worried lest the pavement too should be covered, inasmuch as I was wearing sandals. We laughed when we saw the policeman leaping wildly from island to island as he sought access to the further side of the dock gate. Ron Bennett started a whistling session, that was all very well except that whenever anybody caught up with him he promptly changed the tune. Then there was another lull, and as people seemed to be passing through the gates now, we decided to follow them. In our turn we discovered for ourselves just why the policeman had had to leap, then we were inside with nobody trying to stop us, and we were able to take shelter in a large building some little way along before the next step-up in the tempo of the storm.

The lower floor of the building didn't seem to be anything in particular - just a shambles of packing-cases, loading equipment, little offices and the like with sundry stairs, escalators and goods elevators leading upwards. We, together with quite a crowd of other people bent on similar errands, wa our own, congregated in an open entranceway that gave right on to the middle of a largeish ship that was lying alongside. This ship sported the name, not of "Castle Fleece", bur rather of "Castel Felice", which, inasmuch as the vessel was supposed to belong to an Italian line, made much better sense. And it was clearly the vessel we sought. Passengers were lining the rails several deep and we now had the job of identifying the fan who had come all this way to meet us. We held aloft George-Locke-art-dept posters, one of them depicting a spivvish type standing upside down with the lettering "Go Home Bruce Burn - New Zealand Needs You", and the other a clever parody on the Nuclear Disarmament campaign, reading "Ban the Burn" with a rocket taking on the shape of the familiar ND symbol. All in vain - nobody could read them at that distance.



However, by dint of much shouting, our wants were made know to those on board ship and - eventually - Bruce Burn made his appearance. Although for quite a while we'd been pointing out face after face to each other asking is that him, once it WAS him we all recognised him immediately and sought to make ourselves known. This we effected by the brilliant stratagem of - now the rain had stopped for a while - going right forward to the edge of the dock

from where we were in convenient loud talking distance, and the posters could actually (I THINK) be read from shipboard. We held converse for a few minutes, then some port official drove us away from the water's edge, with the information that the proper place for us was the balcony that ran along somewhere above our heads.

Access to the upper portions of the building seemed to be feasible only in one place, at the end we'd come in, ascent and descent being made by means of a twin-set of one escalator and one flight of stairs. The escalator was cunningly scheduled so that it was always running in the opposite direction to that in which one happened to be going at the time, so we used the stairs. At the top we found ourselves in the segregated end of a large customs shed, access to the functional portions of which was strictly forbidden, but from where said portions could be watched. The balcony we were after, however, was on a higher floor still, and up the next lot of stairs (without a parallel escalator this time) we went. Right at the top was a door.

Which was securely locked.

This was duly reported to official dom, which could come up with no better answer than this being Sunday, the person whose job it was to open that particular door wasn't around. However, Officialdom did its best, and after we'd spent a few frustrated minutes crouching at the top of the stairs, somebody (I think he was another visitor like ourselves) came back with a key that fitted - and we were through. The balcony ran right along to the end of the shed, and we soon located Bruce again, this time several decks lower than us, and somewhat frustrated in his turn because we kept bobbing up somewhere else whenever he managed to force his way opposite to where we stood. We settled in the end for the end, where we were able to take shelter from the next rain-storm in a covered passageway. Emerging from there, we leaned on the rail looking down on Bruce - who was now somewhere up in the bows - and watching a dockside crane loading an enormous cargo of chairs which the crew promptly unpacked - apparently the ship was running short of chairs or something. We were at a height equivalent to several stories above dock level, but that surprisingly enough didn't give me any qualms - what DID make me feel uneasy though was the crane. High as we were, this nevertheless towered about as high again above us, and - in particular - bulked only a few short yards away from the balcony. It was contemplation not of the height which I was on, but of the narrow gap betwixt crane and balcony and the height of that gap above the ground that made me shudder.

I don't think I could have taken that crane-driver's job.

It was now maybe seven or half-past, and the whisper had it that they'd be ashore by ten. As Jill Adams had arranged to have breakfast ready for us all, we thought this was a bit thick, and hoped sincerely that they'd be able to improve considerably on this. The rain kept coming back, and as the movement of passengers into the customs hall seemed imminent, we decided to forsake Bruce's company until he arrived in the latter location, so we trooped back downstairs again to customs-Hall level and settled ourselves on one of several wooden benches that a benevolent officialdom had thoughtfully provided for the comfort of waiting delegations.

And there we waited.

And waited.

And waited.

Eight o'clock came and went, and then half-past, and even nine. This was ridiculous. In fact, we frequently mentioned precisely this very fact to each other. And, every time, agreement was unanimous. Ridiculous it certainly was. Luggage was appearing all over the customs hall, lined up in alphabetical rows dressed to a low bench affair that ran down the length of the place. And at the far end, long lines of (we could only suppose) ship-passengers were assembled. But never a customs man was in sight. Then all of a sudden - by this time, we were all slightly cheesed off with officialdom in general and all forms of life that tended to slow down ship-landings in particular - the end of the hall furthest from us was a mass of blue-uniformed peak-capped officers representing Her Majesty's Commissioners of Customs and Excise. There seemed to be furious activity at the far end of the hall, and the odd disembarkee soon began to roll through. This, I thought, looked distinctly promising - assuming that they were starting at the letter "A", Mr. Burn's turn should not be much longer delayed.

Unfortunately, they weren't (it transpired) dealing with the ordinary passengers at all right then. And so, of course, his was.

It was then noticed that the dockside cranes were still landing passengers' luggage on the outside platform, and at the rate they were going it might take anything up to all day. Then - once again at last - passenger-types began circulating amongst the luggage, claiming their own and moving with it to the bench-counter. Several times somebody thought he'd spotted Bruce somewhere in the shambles, but each time proved to be a false alarm. Now the customs officers began infiltrating down the counter, and we could actually see that business had really

started. The nearest letter to us was "Z", and we were speculating on the possible "Z" surnames involved - at least I was, we weren't communicating all that well except to agree periodically that it was ridiculous - when Bruce suddenly appeared just the other side of the impenetrable segregation-barrier and for the first time we were able to get right up close to him.

Or, rather, three of us were, Ron and Ted having already chickened out - with the not unreasonable-sounding excuse that it was only fair to notify Jill of the delay - and gone on ahead, together with all our baggage in order to leave the remaining three more scope for helping with Bruce's.

Bruce was now able to explain - it must have passed ten o'clock by this time - that the passengers being dealt with at that moment were those who were in theory due to proceed from the docks under their own arrangements rather than taking the boat-train for London. And as Bruce had not realised that he'd in fact be in the former category, he would have to wait to be processed with the latter. Then he was away again, and we three resumed our sentry-duty standing around at various vantage-points to catch him in good time as he came through, cleared.

Eleven o'clock went by.

A diversion was caused by Jhim and myself deciding it was time we located a toilet. We prowled almost the entire length of the downstairs premises unsuccessfully, then ventured forth into the open to ask a handy policeman. This worthy promptly asked us if we meant male or female. For a moment we wondered just what mickey the man thought he was coming, but it turned out he was being perfectly serious. It seems that the weaker sex frequently deputize their menfolk to go and ask embarrassing questions of the sort.

Then back to the upstairs location, and more waiting. Bruce Burn eventually came through, free and smiling, at just on twelve o'clock midday.

Bruce's luggage, contemplation of which had been causing us some concern, proved to be easily portable - one heavy suitcase (the worst item for personal transportation, as suitcases so often are), one bulging rucksack, a large open basket containing (amongst other things) an item for the OMPA mailing and (fannish touch, this) a battered-looking portable typewriter. The OMPazine, incidentally, thus became so far as I'm aware the second such to come under Customs scrutiny (SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY, because it came in such a large parcel, was the first. This was probably the first time the Customs had to pass a bulk OMPazine as personal accompanied

luggage, though.) Anyway, this gave us one item each, and we set off to look for a bus. Whilst waiting for this, however, we sidetracked ourselves into a pub on the grounds that They Were Open, and it was high time Bruce was introduced to our insular habit of drinking. After a quick round, the bus was transmuted into a taxi, and in a few minutes' time we disembarked outside Jill's house.

There we were met by a pleasantly shy young man who introduced himself as John Adams, husband to Jill of that ilk, and by an even shyer small girl name of Penny. It transpired that Jill, Ron and Ted had gone back to the docks only a few minutes before, to see how we were getting on.

John proved to be considerably more fannishly knowledgeable than one had imagined, recognising some of our names immediately and we were soon sitting around the living-room drinking coffee (which three of us, at any rate, sorely needed) and talking. Penny sat quietly doing jigsaw upon jigsaw - all the time we were there, she hardly did a thing else. Perhaps she LIKES jigsaws. And in the fullness of time the missing trio came back, and we were complete.

There was not very much time left, however, before the late afternoon train left for London and for various reasons we thought it advisable to be on it. More coffee was poured, buns and things were handed round (the breakfast theory had long ago been overtaken by events) and the talk continued. At one point, Penny left her jigsaw to go and get something from another room. She ran, sort of - and the house, though pretty solidly built, shook. "There goes Cecil!" I exclaimed as she galloped across the hall.

"The patter of tiny feet," said Jill, with a weary smile.

And damn it - she was, literally, entirely correct.

Then it was time to go. We gathered up the assorted luggage, and assembled in the front garden for a couple of photos before moving on down to the bus stop, and the train. Jill accompanied us to the station, and saw us into the corridors of a couple of the overcrowded coaches. Then we waved goodbye as the train pulled out. And back to London.

At first we were scattered up and down quite a length of corridor. I found myself with Bruce, and we continued comparing our respective local institutions, Bruce having expressed fascination at the upmteen little differences between the two countries ever since landing - if not before. In New Zealand, for instance, they don't have double-decker buses, or terrace houses, or - - (ask him yourself some time).

He was just beginning to clear up the mystery of how come New Zealand has a desert road without having a desert, when somebody else of the party squeezed through to our corner to inform us that there was room for us to become reunited further along.

There was - in the luggage van, and soon the six of us were once more together, plus for a wonder all our assorted gear still intact. I sat down on somebody's something - one of ours - and some non-fannish type promptly moved something else, on which I was leaning rather heavily, out of the way. The result proved to be even less comfortable than standing up - so I stood up. For a time I watched a Chinese family, the two small children of which showed a most enviable capacity for sleeping in almost any position they happened to find themselves half-off the lap of one or other of the parents. Then I noticed a series of hooks high up along the walls, so I hung my haversack from the nearest, rested my elbow in the resultant sling, and promptly fell asleep on my own two feet. I was awakened by Ted Forsyth tickling me under the chin, but he only wanted to point out that there was now a better fannish-type seat (possibly Bruce's big rucksack) vacant. And it was dozing uneasily thereupon that I finished this particular stage of my week-end odyssey.

At Waterloo, we split up. Ron, Don and Ted went down with Bruce to his uncle's in East Sheen or something, and Jhim Linwood (who had very wisely brought his full week-ending kit with him) made tracks straight for St. Pancras and the next train back to Nottingham. He has since informed me that if I'd gone with him, I could have been back home myself by ten-thirty or so. However, I had to call at Ella's first to collect the rest of my stuff and give her back her (unused) blanket, so taking a couple of extra items from the others who would be turning up there again later, I now descended again to the underground and caught the Bakerloo for Queen's Park once more.

Arriving back at Ella's, loaded with most of the non-Burn-type gear of the party, I found Chris Miller there again. Nobody was using the big easy chair just inside the door, however, so I sankfully thank into its inviting depths. Now this armchair of Ella's has two specific qualities, namely, (a) it's exceptionally easy to sink into, and (b) once you're in, it's even easier to simply STAY sunk. So I stayed there, whilst Ella poured me full of stockpot soup (an entire puddingbasinful) and coffee. This latter probably kept me awake for the time being, but only just - I was in no mood to arise from The Chair, and an hour or more passed while I relaxed within its inviting depths. Eventually, just as it was beginning to get dark, I managed to bestir myself enough to get organised for a wash and a shave - the last shave, I decided on the

spot, that I would have till Tuesday morning, however scruffy I might appear on Monday. I was fully aware that I had forfeited all chance of arriving home at any even remotely reasonable hour by this time, the last functional train having long since departed, and I had no idea of what train I'd be catching now, nor even for sure by which route I'd be travelling. So I dawdled around, nattering to Ella and Chris and one or two others (such as Arthur Thomson) who had put in an appearance in the mean time. Eventually I decided to set myself a deadline - I'd leave at eight.

At about five minutes to said eight, came more feet on the stairs - 'twas Bennett, Forsyth, Geldart and Burn fresh from their side-trip to East Sheen and back, and ready to carry on with the interrupted "Welcome Bruce Burn" party of the night before. I left therefore somewhat after eight after all, Alan Rispin still not having arrived yet.

For the remainder of this highly mobile fannish week-end I'd be on my own.

At Kings Cross I discovered that a Newark train left around eleven or twelve or something, so I kipped down in the waiting room for an hour or two. I slept on the train then - they woke me for Peterborough in case I wanted to get out there, but I slept through Grantham altogether and only woke up just in convenient time to get out at Newark as planned. Now Newark boasts two railway stations and a bus station, which are all situated at distances of something like a mile from each other. Buses don't run at that time of night, but in something over an hour's time there was supposed to be a train for Lincoln through the other station - so there I proceeded to proceed, on foot natch. First of all, I thought I'd missed the station altogether, then I found I could wander on via the pedestrian-gate of the level crossing, and did so. No wonder I'd missed the station - on investigation it proved to be otherwise locked up for the night, and entirely deserted. The waiting-room was locked, and the outside seats were covered with standing water - apparently the rain had been coming through the canopy all the way along. This, I thought grimly, is a hell of a way to run a railway. Then I discovered a large trolley part of which was relatively dry, so I lay down on that, covered myself with my plastic mac thing, and went back to sleep.

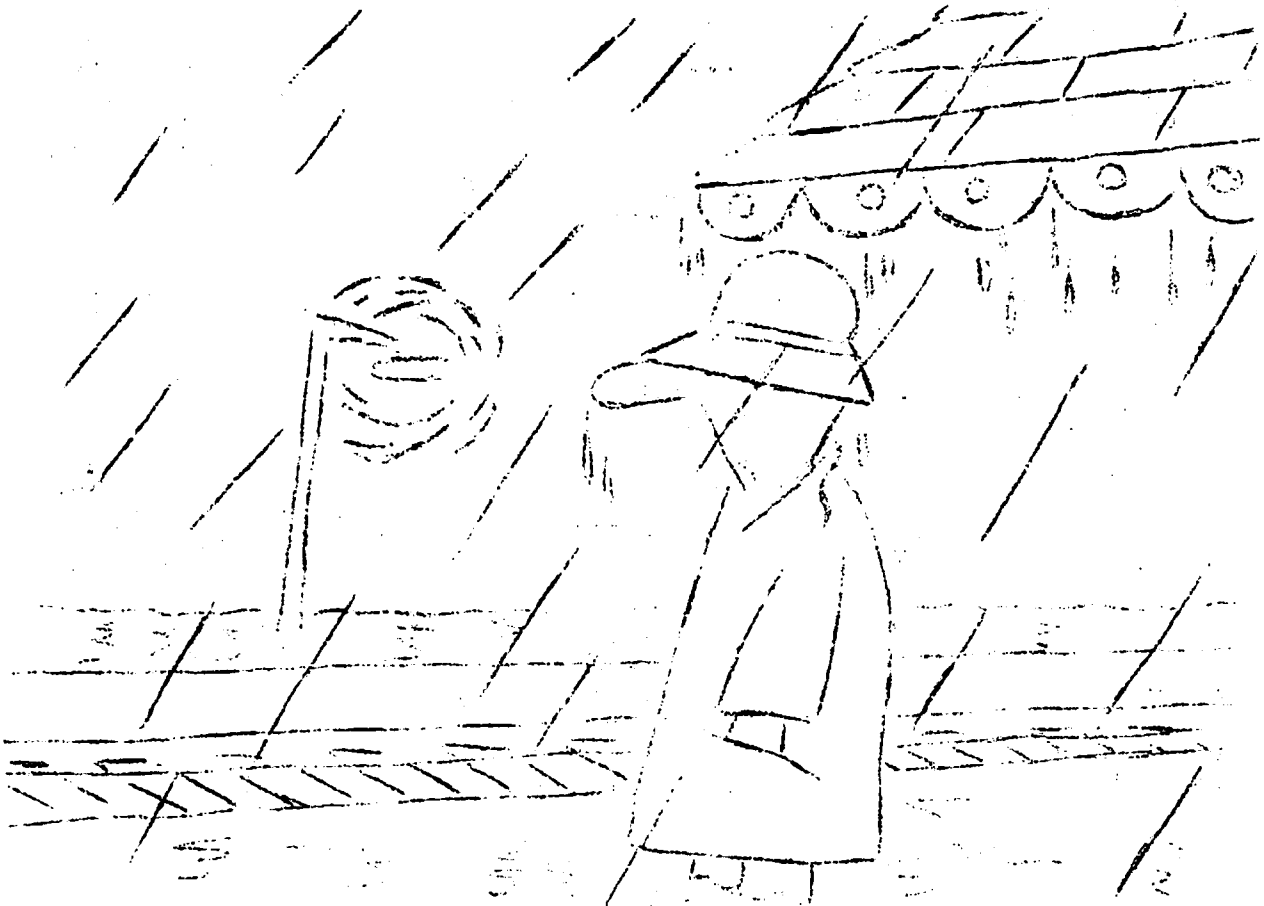
I was awakened by a sudden cacophony of banging and clattering that denoted barrows and trolleys being moved across the line. All at once both platforms were aswarm with porters. The gaslights were turned full on - the station had come alive. It seemed that a train was imminently expected. It was. I duly boarded it, in exchange for Newark's share of national morning papers, disturbed one of two full-

length sleepers who had hitherto been enjoying a darkened carriage to themselves, and set off again. This train didn't stop at Hykeham but ran straight through to Lincoln. It was either walk four miles or wait another hour or so for the first bus, so I wandered across to the bus station (in Lincoln these things are fairly compact) and tried the waiting-room door.

It, too, was locked.

Just In Case, I went round to try the side door of the waiting-room. This proved not merely to be unlocked - it wasn't even THERE. The door-less entrance gaped wide and inviting. Two or three other men were asleep on the long seats, and once again I lay down. This time I couldn't sleep, however. I might have done - in fact, undoubtedly WOULD have done - but the bus-station was showing signs of waking up anyway, and I didn't have all that long to wait. So I caught the first bus home, arriving on the Mercatorial doorstep a few minutes after six a.m. I promptly took my outer clothes off, got into bed properly - - - and THEN I slept.

I was an hour and a half late for work that morning.



THE FANALYTIC EYE

Fanzine reviews by Jhim Linwood

VIPER 2 Bill Donaho's Ompazine from 1441-8th St. Berkeley 10 Calif. 25/- or 2/- to yours truly.

In the editorial Bill explains that HABAKKUK is not designed to be "The Beatniks' Pad Companion", but a mag of general-nature, whilst VIPER is of a sercon and fannish nature, and apart from a skit on ON THE ROAD by Busby that's precisely what it is.

Busby's piece (obviously intended for HAB) shows just how easy it is to satirize Kerouac, and even made me read the novel again. John Berry also tries his hand at satire, this time on the pro-mags, with a number of letters between the aspiring author and mag editors. The most outstanding thing in this ish is the first part of Alva Rogers' history of Astounding entitled "Before Campbell". This covers the period 1930-37 and is wonderfully illustrated by Alva's reproductions of ASF covers. If the first part is indicative the series is going to be a landmark among sercon fans, and certainly deserves reprinting in it's entire form when complete. On ASF I can only echo what Bill says in the editorial; I'm glad Campbell changed the name... the present crimes committed to SF can be attributed to ANALOG not ASTOUNDING. In the last 2 issues I've seen over here the fact articles were more inspiring than the stories, so I'm all in favour of ASF cutting the stories entirely and just being along the lines of the old "Electrical Experimentor"... who knows; it may make a full circle.

The ish is rounded off by mailing comments. Definitely a fmz worth subscribing to.

ESPRIT Vol. 2 No. 2. 1/-, LOC, or contrib from Daphne Buckmaster, 8, Buchanan St., Kirkcudbright, Scotland.

"The opinions expressed in this magazine are not necessarily those of the editor"... is the postscript to the first page of this zine in which fans can climb on their soap-boxes and give forth opinions on all sorts of subjects; controversial or obscure. The letter col, which makes up the bulk of the zine, is divided into various subjects; Future of SF, Learning History, Fandom and SF, Afterlife, Perception, Advertising, Status Seeking, and the Golden Section, therefore a full LOC from Joe Faan would be cannabalised for convenience throughout the letter section. Like in the mag that started this trend, HABBAKKUK, ESPRIT

is meant to be thot-stimulating (it is too!), seems this type of fanzine will grow in popularity and will make obsolete the HYPHEN-ORION formula.

The rest of the zine has Radell F. Nelson on Existentialism, Brian W. Aldiss on Brian W. Aldiss, Jeem Norrie on Telepathy (Kingsley Amis sez you can't think that!), John Rackham on "Were Property", Nan Gerding on Education, and Maximus Cranium (Daphne?) on Human Nature.

Esprit abounds with excellent artwork.....highly recommended.

LEXICON PROGRAMME Produced for the LXICon by Tony Walsh, Boob Parkinson, and Norman Shorrock (who duped it).

Most of the credit for this fine production goes to a newcomer to fandom, Boob Parkinson, the rest must go to Eddie Jones for the wonderful artwork. The cover (Eddie) is of the "what happens next" variety, and deserves a rating in the next SKYRACK poll. There are 2 appreciations of the GOH, Kingsley Amis, one by Brian Aldiss the other by yours truly... I must add that mine is unnessessary, merely giving a thumb-nail sketch, whilst Brian's piece describes Amis almost in three-dimensions. Elsewhere Ken Slater writes on SF (what else?), and there are the usual ads and personal greetings from fangroups.

This was a pleasure to thumb thro' to find the next item on the programme....a wonderful souvenir of a wonderful convention.

THE BUG EYE 7 Hel Klemm, 16 Uhland St., Uffort/Eick, (22a) Krs. Moers. Federal German. LOC, trade, review.

Bug Eye is the unofficial voice of a group of young Gerfans; Hel Klemm, Rolf Gindorf, and others, who have broken away from the conservative serconess of Gerfandom. I get the impression that they've said to themselves "To hell with all this sercon jazz - let's be Faaaaans, get drunk, jump into bed with the nearest dame, etc."...this misinterpretation of trufannishness (well, let's say extrapolation) is obviously the result of reading too many highly coloured con reps from both sides of the pond. What amuses me about BE is it's undertones of "Goshwow, we've discovered SEX", and many other symptoms of adolescent-rebellion...Don't get me wrong - this is the best thing that could have happened to Gerfandom, but please boys... don't overdo it.

Most of this ish is concerned with Conreps and club news, while Ken Cheslin puns and Alan Burns writes on eating.

Mike Deckinger writes an interesting piece on Hollywood gimmicks. Big spectacles bore me too (not you, Ella)...the really great films that automatically spring to my mind are small screen black and white efforts; "Sweet Smell of Success", "Touch of Evil", "Crossfire", "Murder by Contract", "Citizen Kane", "Rififi", and "The Criminal". The only really BIG film that impressed me was "The Big Country", which had to be larger than life to put across it's message. The final scene, in which the two ranchers (subtly representing East and West) fight it out alone, two insignificant specks on the vast prairie landscape whilst their men watch on, having been shown the futility of violence by pacifist Greg Peck, is to me one of the most vivid in 5 years of keen movie going.

CACTUS 6 Carl Hallstrom (nee Sture Sedolin) PO Box 9040,
Boden 19, Sweden. Trade, LOC, Sub (10 for 7/- from Alan Dodd)

Since the last ish Carl has been serving his country in the army. Best thing herein is John Berry writing about Dick Eney and Les Gerger. Elsewhere, Rainer Eisfeld writes on Serconess, and Ray Nelson continues his Beanie Brigade series. In the letter-col, Alan Dodd fans the flames of the feud he started with Ron Bennett a year back; Ron in his LOC adds "He's (Dodd) entirely wrong when he says "Bennet 1960 is snide, insulting, and rather insulting and downright rude". What I fail to see is why Al limited this description to 1960.... Yuk.

Liked the RIP cartoon on page 5 showing two Swedish soldiers standing by a smoking machine-gun, with the caption "Oh, nothing but some beatnik with a bunch of reindeer... wouldn't stop".

3 Small Toilet Articles...no, it couldn't be

KOBOLD 2 Labouring gnome Brian Jordan, 86 Piccadilly Rd.,
Burnley, Lancs.

Nice review of "New Maps of Hell" here. Brian tends to agree with Amis, and quibbles only with insignificant details. Brian gives a run thro' of the press reaction, two reviews he missed are the ones in "The New Statesman" and "Tribune". The former dismisses SF as a glorification of the present day...these are precisely two of the criticisms Kingsley made in his GOH speech. In "Tribune", Raymond Fletcher writes that the secret SF addicts like himself can now come out of hiding as Amis has made the genre respectable. Personally I think Amis speaks for the majority of young-

fen in his placing of Poul & Kornbluth, Sheckley, etc. above more established authors, and I believe young-fen agree with him when he speaks of SF's low literary value... younger fans tend to be more widely read than oldsters and know what the other hand is doing, so to speak.

COLONIAL EXCURSION 7/- - from Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorks.

Ron's 1958 Trip report is a must for all trufen all 94 pages of it, lavishly illoed by Atom and Ron's photos, is a sheer joy to read. The only criticism I have to make is that Ron keeps making remarks along the lines of "Can all this really be happening to little ol' me"...this tends to destroy the realism that Ron creates at his descriptive best. Ron concludes that TAFF is evil, because one makes firm friends of people one will probably never see again. Apart from this CE is not only fine TAFF propoganda, but proof that fandom is a fine and wondrous thing.

ELLIKFORT FPELLIKFORTAFFELLIKFORTAFFELLIKFORTAFF

ORION 27 Ella Parker, 151 Canterbury Rd., Kilbrn, London. 1/6.

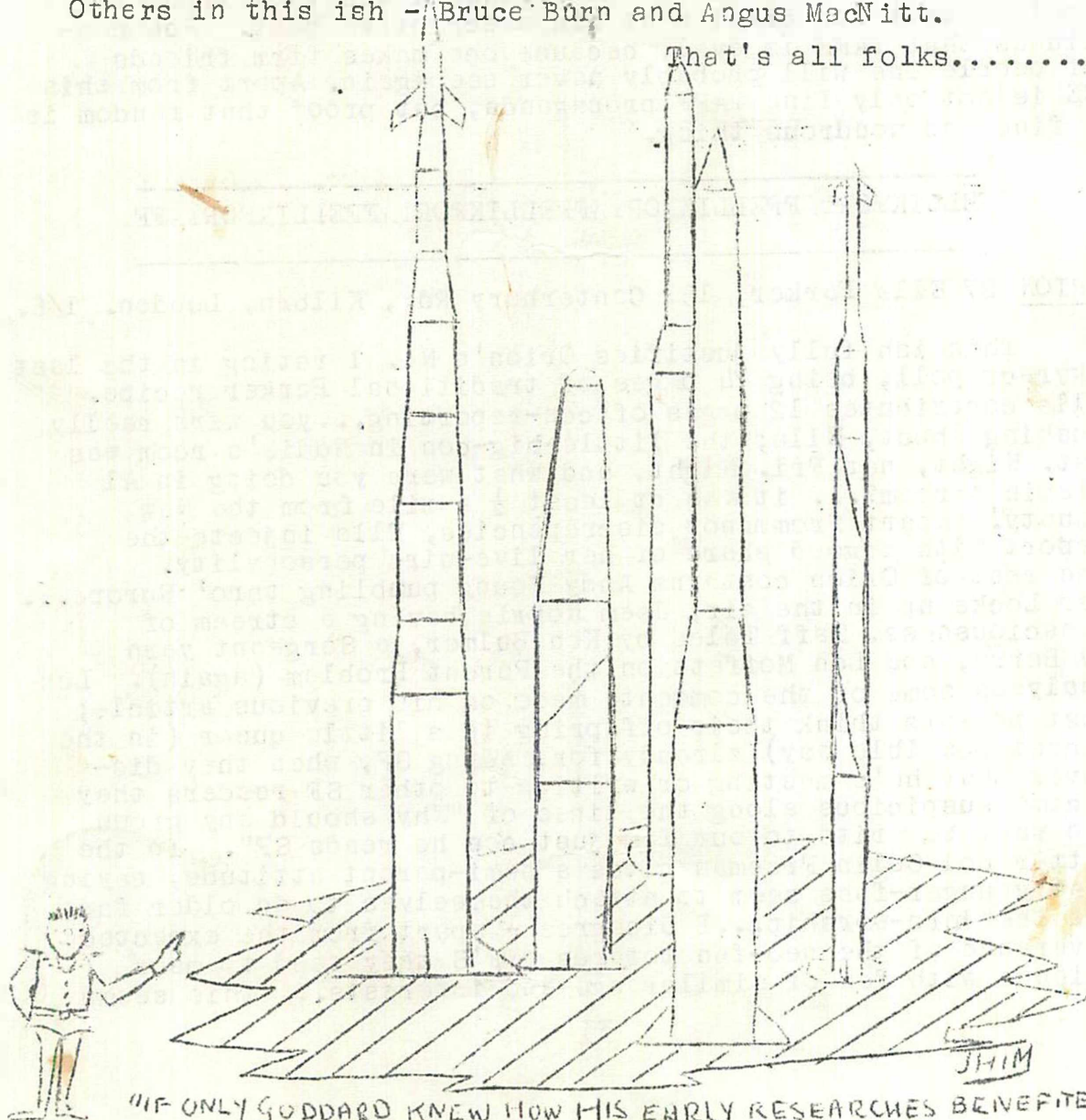
This ish fully justifies Orion's No. 1 rating in the last Skyrack poll, being 74 pages of traditional Parker recipe. Ella contributes 12 pages of con-reporting...you were really rushing about, Ella; the little-big-con in Eddie's room was Sat. Night, not Fri. Night, and what were you doing in Al Rispin's room?... it was at least $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile from the New County! Apart from minor discrepancies, Ella injects the report with a good share of her live-wire personality. The rest of Orion contains Andy Young pumblng thro' Europe... Geo Locke up in the air, Jeem Norrie having a stream of consciousness, Taff Tales by Ken Bulmer, a Sergeant yarn by Berry, and Len Moffatt on the Parent Problem (again). Len analyses some of the comments made on his previous article; most parents think their offspring is a little queer (in the nicest possible way) already for reading SF, when they discover that he's meeting or writing to other SF readers they become suspicious along the lines of "Why should any grown man want to write to our Tom just cos he reads SF". In the letter col Colin Freeman gives a semi-parent attitude, saying that younger-fans seem to attach themselves to an older fan who they hore-worship...I disagree - apart from the expected reverence of the neo-fan towards BNF'S they tend to make friends with fen of similar age and interests... this seems

to apply to the rest of fandom too. Best quote in the letter-col comes from Bob Smith; My Ghod, a fan can't go to the toilet without some one writing it up as a fannish event! Atom has a linen-page all to himself with his Artist at Work illo.... suggestion; colour this illo, and frame it.

GOUDY | Pat (male) Kearney, 33, Elizabeth St., London, S.W.1.
Trade LOC.

Promising first from energetic SFCol newcomer, Pat Kearney, which suffers only by the ed's lack of experience and goshwowerly. Pat, like myself, is a keen movie fan, and shows superb taste by giving "The Criminal" a rave review, but doesn't draw conclusions from the movie's social overtones. Others in this ish - Bruce Burn and Angus MacNitt.

That's all folks.....



"IF ONLY GODDARD KNEW HOW HIS EARLY RESEARCHES BENEFITED MANKIND"