



mi comes once again from Eric Bentcliffe, of 47, Alldis St, Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, England. It is being typed on June 10th, Whit Friday, when the TAFF result is still being awaited with baited breath from Bradford to Stockport. And whichever way the voting goes, I'd like to go on record as saying that I'm most grateful to those who have voted for me - and those who have been kind enough to extend me invites to stay and be fed. I'm hoping (IF), to visit Potsdam, South Bend, Berkeley, and Minneapolis amongst other places - and does anyone know of a Bus' Timetable giving fares and routes throughout the USA, something like this could be invaluable to whoever wins TAFF.

JUST ONE DAM THING AFTER ANOTHER

On a recent Sunday I travelled over to Sheffield to spend the day with Terry Jeeves and Valerie. After a pleasant lunch-with-natter we boarded Val's car and took ourselves off to the Moors beyond Sheffield. After taking a couple of unfortunately long short-cuts we eventually arrived at a local beauty spot and then proceeded to desecrate it. Y'see there was a most pleasant little stream cascading down the hillside, a most pleasant little stream which meandered hither and thither and into a river. We decided to change all this. Eager Beaver Jeeves led the way, and suitable rocks, turf, and timber were used to dam and divert the stream in no less than three places, "The next time we come here, we may find a Swamp!". A certain amount of one-upmanship was noticed, as I attempted to dam the stream in one place a certain gentleman was observed to be attacking the problem a little higher up the hillside, and making sure that the water never reached me. It was all good-clean-soaking-wet-shoes-fun. I hope to go back there one day and discover whether we have changed the whole face of the beauty spot, and to see if I can sell them a pair of Alligators!

HARRY TURNER, WESTERN FAN

Last evening, Sid Birchby and myself drove out in Sid's car to a local hostelry called 'The Hare And Hounds' at a high-up spot named Werneth Low. After several satisfying draughts of Draught Bass, we decided that since we were within reach of Harry Turner's place we should do something about this. Harry, unfortunately was out though, eldest son Phillip revealed that he'd taken Marion and the boys (Bill and Bob) to the local Cinema. Sid suggested that we ask the Cinema Manager to flash a message on the screen for Harry, "Will The Owner Of Hi Fi Equipment 37634856. Please Come To The Foyer", but on discovering that they were showing a western at the Cinema we mentally shuddered and drove away. Alas poor Yorick, and like that.....

Sid, incidentally, is off to the scene of the most recent Harrison adventure, Austria, within the next few days. He's promised to bring me back the Schloss Unrath, if he can find it. I don't quite know what I'll do with it if he does manage to smuggle it back into the country, but it should make a very nice souvenir. Is there anyone interested in freehold tenancy of a somewhat gory Bavarian Schloss, just in case? It would make a rather good BASTION H.Q., I suppose.

THE FICTION FRACTION

I've read a couple of rather praiseworthy s-f yarns this past week. One is the poorly re-titled SPACE PRISON (Formerly: The Survivors.) by Tom Godwin. This I think is one of the best science-adventure stories I've read for quite some time. Godwin has become bracketed in my mind with logically worked out s-f, and this story is both well thought out and well developed. It tells of the survivors of a colony-ship who are cast onto a literal hell-planet by an all-conquering horde who have Superior Weapons. It's well done, the colonists don't master their difficult environment in a matter of a few days with the aid of an atomic-generator which someone finds in their pocket - they take several generations to do it, and make some excellent reading in their strivings. Eventually, they are revenged on the race who cast them onto the planet, with the aid of the local fauna. This is a Pyramid G480 pb, and has been imported into the U.K. The other story which I've recently particularly enjoyed is Phillip Wylie's TOMORROW (Popular Giant G156). Wylie, I gather is somewhat of an expert on Civil Defense, particularly as this applies to the dread possibility of an Atomic-war. In this novel he's used that knowledge to present what is probably the most authentic and horrible account of just what would take place, in a city, after a plutonium bomb had landed. The story falls down on two counts for me, but should be read for the Aftermath scenes - Wylie attempts to build up his city before knocking it down, but leaves me with the impression of a small American town rather than the large twin-city (Minneapolis- St. Paul size) affair which is intended. The ending, with everything in the garden relatively rosy, I found also rather disappointing. I'd recommend the story though, particularly to Summit Conference Types.

CACTUS FEAT

One of the most recent fanzine arrivals is Sture Sedolin's first annish, Cactus No.5, and it's a pretty creditable publication, all 75 pages of it. Highspot, I think, is Archie Mercer's report on the Easter Convention - complete with a truly wonderful typo referring to a shop for "second hand or damaged-gods" (I understand that Swedish for good is god). Ray Nelson has some fine cartoons therein, and the letter column is a bright and breezy one. There's a fine photo-cover, too. I had a letter from Sture a couple of days ago, in which he mentions that he's now in the Army, and doesn't particularly care for it. And, I don't blame you, mate....

EASTERCON PHOTO APPEAL

If anyone who took photos at the Kingsley has prints for sale I'd be most pleased to hear from them, particularly if they have any shots of THIS IS YOUR LIFE. I'll pay money, honest..... Keith Freeman kindly sent along some colour-transparencies he took at the con a few days ago and these are very fine - but a little too expensive to have copies taken. Anyone Got Old Fashioned Black And White Still Photos ???

Salutations.....