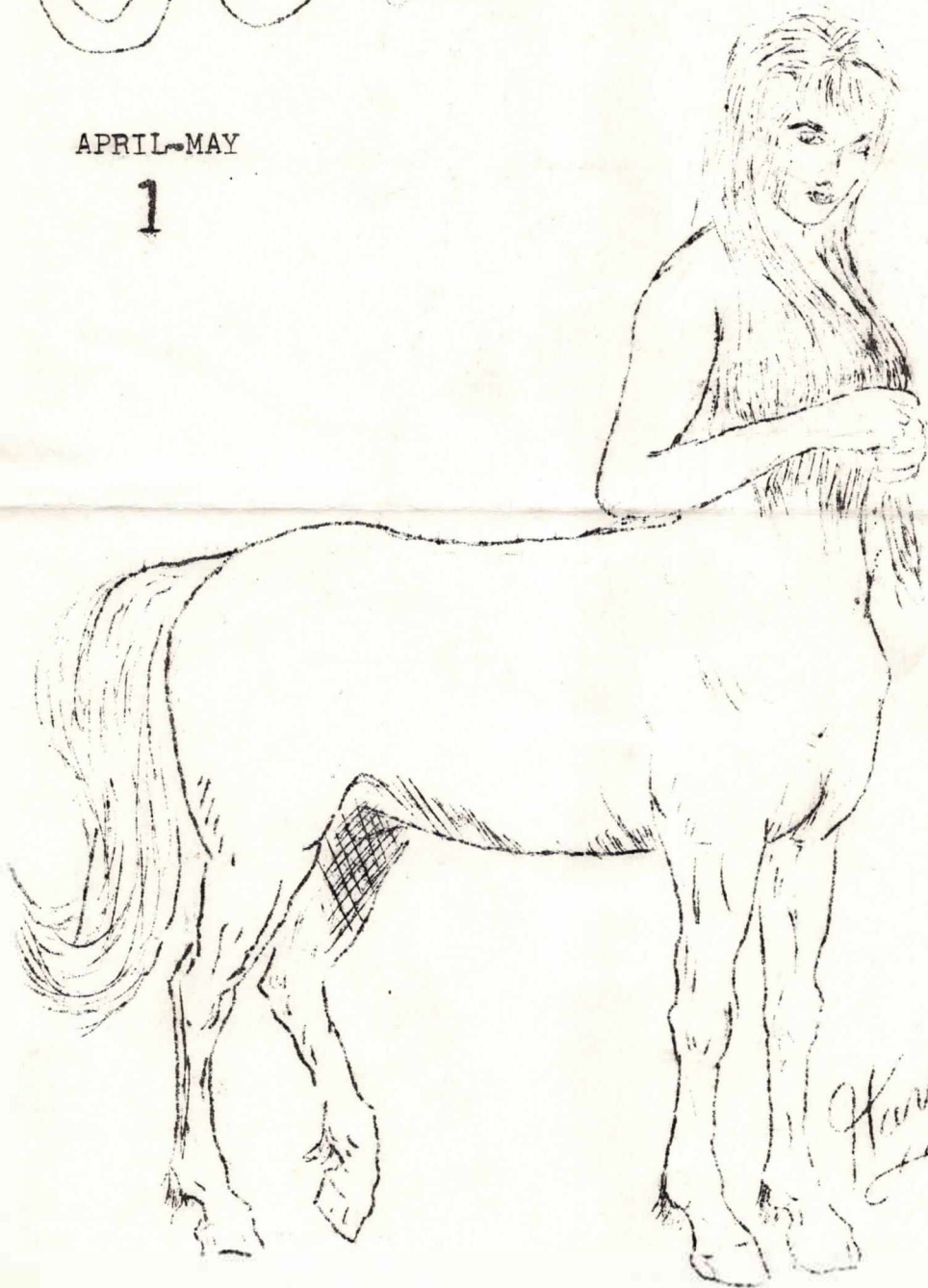


# CENTAUR

APRIL-MAY

1



*Kenn  
Lee*

25¢

HARRY  
T.  
BRASHEAR, PUB.

Comment letters  
Subscriptions  
Art work

5105 Liberty  
Heights Ave.

Baltimore 7, Md.

*I'll be damned  
if I know why  
you're getting this,  
but I'm sending  
it anyhow with  
the hopes that  
you'll enjoy it  
and comment on  
it. this is CENTAUR!*

*Radically,  
[Signature]*

JACK  
L.  
CHALKER, ED.

Fiction  
Articals

5111 Liberty  
Heights Ave

Baltimore 7, Md.

# CENTAUR

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WE MADE A LOT OF BOO\*BOO'S IN THIS ISSUE BUT PLEASE BARE WITH US TILL THE NEXT ISH. WE KNOW WE'RE WRONG BUT THE NEXT WILL BE GREAT

Micro

It's been suggested that I name this column "Belch" by Fearless Leader Brashear, but I ignored that. At any rate, I wanted to say something to let you know that we know you're there and hope you know us:

GOSHOWOWOBOYOBOY!

Well, here's CENTAUR, right on schedule! Not on schedule? FIE! FIE! I say! Well this is CENT, and you're stuck with it.

Notes on the interior: AERO\*FILE is, of course, by John Berry, and I just can't say anything about it. It's very enjoyable, as what Berry is not?

DISTIMMING THE GOSTAK is, believe it or not, in earnest. Why Earnest ate it, I'll never know--well, really. It's just some fen who, each issue, will get a chance to talk about something they wouldn't dare yap about under their own name for fear of being insulting, laughed at, or some other phenomenon. The poll is real, and we're all curious to see just what the results will be. ENO is Howard St. John, more of whom you will see in CENT during later issues. He is an excellent fiction writer, so you athiests--don't be hard on him for this column. Wait'll you see some fiction.

ARE THEY OR AREN'T THEY presents nothing to answer the question in the title, granted, but it does bring up one or two interesting cases and a theory or two.

A BIT OF KNOWLEDGE...by Mike Deckinger is also a bit unusual. The actual theme is, granted, fantastic--but it is entertaining in its presentation.

The cover, by the way, is a CentaureSS, not a Centaur. We thought she would look better than a drab old ordinary Centaur. Besides, her husband was out to lunch when it was drawn.

All stencil-cutting and repro this issue was done by Harr! with a lot of help by nonfan Tom Hardin. All I did was edit it.

May it be noted that I heartily approve of the name change from ASTOUNDING to ANALOG, and them who are against it are very sentimental fools against any progress and change--the very foundations of stfnal stuff. It's good business, pulls in the mundanes who are the real money of the mag, and gets rid of a title which I have always considered very juvenile and disgusting. I feel like a fool asking for ASTOUNDING or even AMAZING or FANTASTIC. ANALOG is dignified and it sounds good! I think that it is a big step forward!...though I do think that ANALOG should be spelled ANALOGUE: that's real high-class sounding!

May it be noted that, though we may at times sound or act like it, we are putting this out for fun and for your enjoyment. We would like to be thought of as bringing some enjoyment into your homes every two months.

Tell me--would you like a twelve to fifteen pager every month or a twenty-four to thirty-some pager every two months as is now stated?

The next issue will, we hope, feature a drawing of H. P. Lovecraft on the cover in conjunction with the story by him inside. We would've sent him a contributor's copy but we feared that it would get burned in transit.

Hope you enjoy CENTAUR, peoples.....

...jlc



# Distimining the Gostak

by EDWARD N. ONYMOUS

## INTRODUCTION

The person hyding behind the pseudonym stolen off a Stan Freberg record is actually a little old lady from Pasadena who owned a typewriter and never used it except on letters to her 193 year old mother. These letters would only be written when our little old lady could find out who mama had married recently, and that wasn't often, as her mama already had outlived 104½ husbands. Then, she accidentally received a copy of a fanzine one day, fanzines being mixed up as only the Post Office knows how, and she just happened to read it. She got some more of them, and then, just recently, she saw my name as one of those who helped pay for that photocover of that nude model seen on FANAC's Annish II. Finding my name out, she wrote me and found out about CENTAUR. Seeing her chance to finally explode (or something), our exchange of letters resulted in this column--eno7

Athiesm in science-fiction fandom has always been a rather controversial subject. Not having been looked into in many a year now, I have decided to do so, perhaps in a little different way.

Is stf fandom really just a gathering of athiests--they have no place else to go in this world. It is a known fact that most fans even neofans, tend towards rebuking the existence of a fod--or just plain ignoring the question. These same 'fans' readily admit that they never get a chance to read more than maybe one or two paperback stf stories, and an occasional prozine in a two-month period. If this is so, the name 'stf fan' and 'Science Fiction Fandom' are both blasphemous frauds to begin with. And it is true. The editor of this publication, Jack Chalker, has voiced that statement himself many times. He has also voiced his views on the subject--he is a Christianfan. A Christianfan? you may ask. "There ain't no such animal!" Yet there is.

It is suprising, the number of Christianfans there really are--using that double word in a very broad sense to mean any fan who believes in the existence (in all seriousness) of a God. Many of the so-called athiests are actually just saying that to be with the rest of the crowd, say statisticians. Some are real athiests. All, if not coming out and saying that there is no God, simply ignore the entire point. They ignore God--because they could use that hour and a half on Sunday to publish part of their SAPSzine or something of the sort (no offense to that fine apa intended--you just got some of them in there.) That is, of course, the majority--religion is merely a waste of time I could put to much better

use.

Chalker sent me up a couple've fanzines he received in a packet from a friend, containing certain interesting pieces relating to the-case-in-point. One of these was Lynn Hickman's THE BULLFROG BUGLE, his SAPSzine. It was the 8th issue, and obviously was the Christmas issue. Now, despite the fact that there was an illio on page 3 showing a nude girl climbing up a rope with a gadget of some sort, on page 26, which was actually page 9 [don't pause to ponder that--it just was] there was a full-page illio by 'Plato Jones' showing this: At the top were the words "Merry Christmas." The scene was inside a church, the pastor in his pulpit up front, and persons sitting in seats looking at him. In the isle was a man holding a basket. i.e.: it was a scene of the offeratory, services in a church.

Underneath was, in capital letters, "REMEMBER HIM WITH A BIRTH-DAY GIFT." Check that--it was in small Letters thusly: "Remember HIM with a birthday gift." Now, I have no idea of the identity of Plato Jones, though I have seen his artwork many times. Yet, isn't this evidence of a Christianfan? And it also shows the publisher's views--regardless of his views on nudes.

Chalker named me 10 fans who could be classified Christianfans! He also named 2 Honest-to Roscoe athiests (to borrow a term from Dick Eney), and 7 persons who took the ignorance view.

What does this--what have I, proved? FIRST: that fandom is certainly not organized because of science fiction or any type of literature. SECOND: that there are definitely many really sincere athiests in fandom. THIRD: that there are persons in the muck somewhere who believe in the existence of a God, instead of a 'blasphemous' 'ghod'.

And that gets us absolutely nowhere. So lets see. Below are two blocks. They are simple, in that one says "YES" and the other "NO". Cut one out (or make a facimiltie!) that you think you actually take a stand for in answer to the question placed before you, and mail it, eather anonymously or otherwise, to DISTIMMING THE GOSTAK, %Jack L. Chalker (who will count them) 5111 Liberty Heights Avenue, Baltimore 7, Maryland, U.S.A. No names will be printed--none will be looked at. We only ask for an honest answer to th t ONE QUESTION. I'm not asking your views on religion--nor on any one type or on churchgoing. All I want is the simple, sincere, serious answer to my question. And no goofs please--we are asking about a GOD, with a capital and reverent 'G', not some sort of fannish diety which is all in fun. Please answer--send it in as soon as you can, eather on a postcaud, in an envelope or letter, or however you like, answer now! Within the week! Here is the question:

YES

I BELIEVE

NO

I DON'T BELIEVE

Thank-you, good night, and good Luck.

Since Ed wishes to remain anonymous personal letter should be

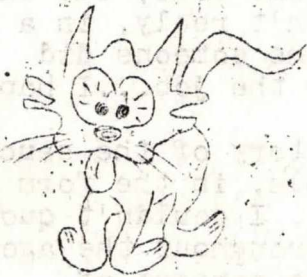
sent % Jack L. Otherwise, just let us know in any old letter--  
Ed'll eventually read then all.

JLC

MAY IT BE NOTED THAT THE ABOVE IS IN ABSOLUTE SINCERITY.  
PLEASE SEND IN YOUR BALLOTS! RESULTS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT  
'GOSTAK' COLUMN, NEXT ISSUE.

Hi

MY NAME IS DAVE AND  
THAT CAT DOWN BELOW IS MY FRIEND ELFEGO!  
I AM A REPORTER FOR REALM OF FANTASY  
AND MY VERY FIRST ASSIGNMENT TAKES US  
TO THE MOON! YOU CAN READ ABOUT OUR  
ADVENTURE IN THE FIRST ISSUE OF "REALM  
OF FANTASY".. SEND YOUR .25¢ TO.....



JACK CASCIÒ  
401 EAST CENTRAL  
BENLD, ILLINOIS



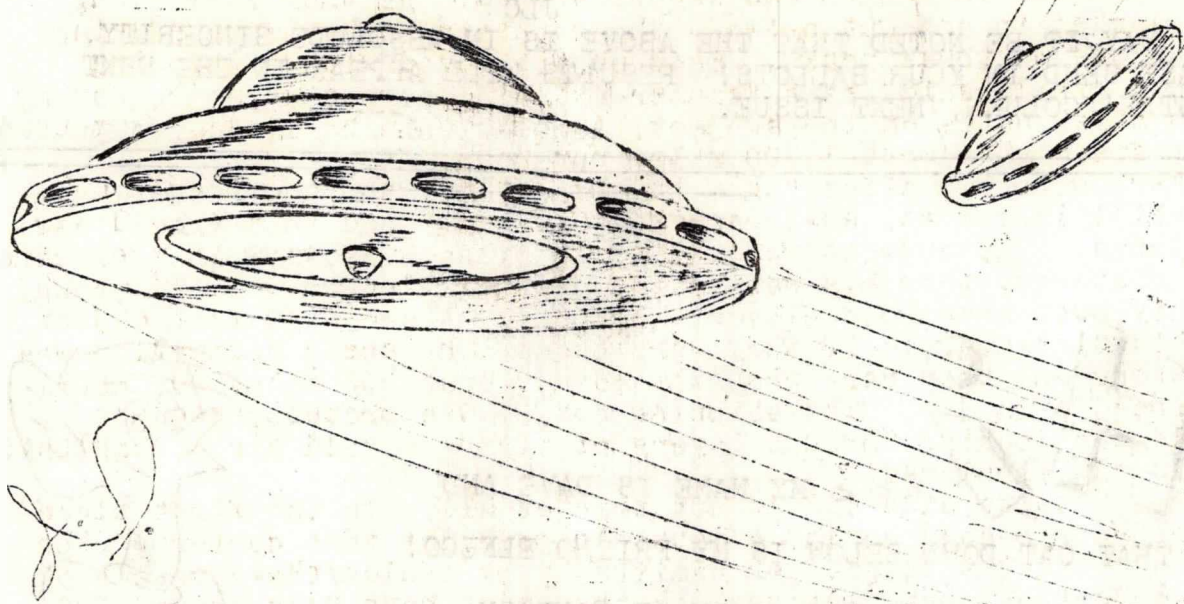
AD RATES

ADS ARE PLASMA TO ANY  
ZINE--SO HERE ARE OUR  
RATES, BLOOD LETTING  
AS THEY MAY BE.....

- \* CLASSIFIED: 3¢ per word, incl. name and address.
- \* 1/4 PAGE:.... 75¢
- \* 1/2 PAGE:.... 1.25
- \* FULL PAGE:.. 1.75
- \* OVER 1 PAGE: 1.00 PER ADDITIONAL PAGE.
- \*
- \*



# ARE THEY OR ARN'T THEY?



Although I have been in fandom for only a short while, I have noticed a complete lack of UFO articles in the major fanzines. I find this very strange indeed....check that....there has not been a complete lack of such, but the little there has been hasn't amounted to anything really worth talking about. In truth it seems to me that the flying saucer is science fiction come true, but then maybe that's the trouble; things that are true can't really, in a sense, be science fiction. I think it's about time someone did something about this, and I think I'm the guy for the job...I hope.

First of all, let's work a little on the history of the saucer. Believe it or not, UFO's are mentioned in the Bible, in the form of great balls of fire (sounds familiar, doesn't it). I couldn't quote the verse right now, but take my word for it. Throughout the ages unidentified flying objects have come up in little corners of literature and records, but despite this no one ventured to give them a name until 1947, when the first flying saucer was officially reported, June 24 to be exact. It was then that the Air Force went to work on investigating these reports. The project was given the name of 'Sign' and a 2A priority, 1A being the highest priority the Air Force could give a project.

This first sighting had taken place in Washington state and the story went something like this: Kenneth Arnold, an air force pilot, had taken off from Chehalis to fly to Yakima. About three PM he arrived in the vicinity of Mount Rainier, and having heard

of a C-46 transport plane that had gone down somewhere around there, he decided to look around to see if he could find it. He had been looking down at the ground when off to his left he spotted nine bright objects. He estimated these objects to be about 45 to 50 feet in length and saucer shaped. As they flew along they darted in and out between the mountain peaks, once passing behind one of these peaks. Each object moved with a skipping motion, Arnold said, as a "saucer skipping across water". Having taken a few notes on the subject, Arnold, when he landed, computed their speed at almost 1,700 miles per hour.

There were two sides taken to this story, and the result was, and still is, a mess, so-to-speak. One side said that Arnold saw airplanes. The objects were 20 to 25 miles away; now if they were this distance, then his estimation of their length was all wrong, so they must have been closer. He couldn't see a 50 foot object at this distance, so if they were closer the speed estimation was all wrong and they were probably doing about 400 miles per hour, the speed of a jet. The skipping motion was probably because Arnold was looking through layers of warm and cold air. Conclusion: Arnold saw airplanes!

The opposite side didn't buy this at all. In the first place the objects passed behind a mountain peak, so that confirmed the distance and the speed, yet admittedly he couldn't have seen a 50 foot object at that distance, so they must have been around 200 feet long instead. Conclusion: Arnold saw a flying saucer!

This story had been a real wieno at the time, but now it is just another UFO report marked 'UNKNOWN'. After the Arnold incident the reports started to flow in, slowly at first and then gradually increasing. God only knows how many reports there are on file today; one thing is for sure, they number in the thousands.

No matter where or in what crowd the subject of UFO's is brought up, someone always has to ask the question, "Do you believe in flying saucers?" Now let's face the facts: you may or may not believe in them, but don't forget they do not officially exist. It's like asking someone if they believe that little purple haystacks live in the sixth dimension. In the first place, there is no real proof that there are such things as flying saucers; people have seen them, sure, but then some people claim they have seen little purple haystacks too. There has been a lot of circumstantial evidence to say there are such things, but then there are a hell of a lot of 'ifs' on those reports too; who knows. I personally think that the saucers are there, but why, I wouldn't even venture to guess. That's a question nobody will know until someone makes a successful contact.

That brings up another question: what are they? Now I've gotten a lot of answers to this question, some of them have been sensible and others have been perfectly ridiculous. For instance, somebody I won't mention thinks that they are 'time machines'. I don't believe in time machines and I never will, for that matter, but every man to his own opinion. My personal opinion is that they are simply craft from another world watching us for some good reason. Don't get the idea they are spying on us, either. When someone is spying on someone else the object is not to be seen.



Now Christians are going to say (that is the ones who live and breath the Bible) that we are the only intelligent race, right here on Earth. Now I wish you would take notice that I spelt Earth with a capital 'E'; the Bible doesn't. Or in other words earth means dirt or soil; just because our planet is called Earth doesn't mean we're IT! There could be 10,000 other worlds with intelligent life forms, some below and some above ours.

Now getting back to the subject of UFO reports, not so long ago there was a case in a Baltimore newspaper about a missionary in Australia who waved to a saucer and the 'people' on the saucer waved back. Somehow I get the feeling that earth has suddenly become a universal tourist attraction. I filed this report under "fish stories".

Also in a Baltimore paper about a year ago was a report that went something like this. It seems that a couple of men were driving along and just as they came to a local bridge the car stalled and the lights went off. (This was about 2 AM in the morning). The two men got out of the car and saw a cigar shaped object hovering above them. It stayed there about five minutes, giving off a dull green glow, and then took off like a shot. During the presence of this object the men had tried to start the car, but it wouldn't give. When the object left, the lights of the car came on and it started without any trouble. Now this story sounds plausible and could very well be, but it sounds like the car was stopped for the sole reason of observing these two men. I can't see the reasoning in this no matter how hard I try. Why would two men be stopped when we have and could have been observed by the hundreds???

There is also something very strange about the number of these flying objects. i.e., the group numbers... They have ranged from lone wolves to an average of about six or eight in a group. The most startling report, though, comes from a little midwestern town where one day the UFO's seemed to have held a convention. They started to come in in the morning by twos and threes and stick around. The reported number ranged from a conservative five hundred to thousands! And to think that some of us haven't even seen one. That's a sight I would have likes to have seen.

If there have been a few people who have told a tale about 'space ships' landing. These people even have the gall to say that they have been aboard these ships and have seen and conversed with the inhabitants. I seriously doubt this, as I don't think either we or they are ready to make contact with each other.

There have also been reports that these ships may be radio-active... I don't think that these beings, as far advanced as they seem to be, would use a drive as slow or as primitive as atomic power. My reason for thinking this is quite simple. Most, if not all, of the UFO sightings have made no noise whatsoever and any known atomic powered engine makes some kind of noise. As impossible as it sounds, I think these people have mastered something in the way of a magnetic drive.

The next question to come up is one not so easily answered. What would you do if a saucer landed in you back yard? I am sure that what you say, and what you would really do, have about as much in common as a purple haystack and a human being. I KNOW what I would do....RUN...at least until I was sure of the occupants intentions.

cont. —>

Well, I got off the subject there for a while, but the fact remains that whether you want to believe in 'them' or not, the saucers are there, and there is nothing you can do about it. All I can say is this: don't let your imagination run away with you; the worst thing we can do is to jump to concusions. Keep an open mind on this subject as long as you can. THEY WILL CONTACT US.  
H.T. Brashear

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# BUDDHA'S BULLETIN!

PAUL SHINGLETON,  
320--26th STREET  
DUNBAR, WEST VIRGINIA  
Co-editor is Tony Rudmann.

This is a hectographed 'zine of humor and faanish pieces, including art work. Most of the material is from the NSF Manuscript BUreau-- and that includes a great variety of fan stuff. It sells for 3/25¢ from Paul (write to Poul Jr.). Why not try a copy, its realy a good zine!

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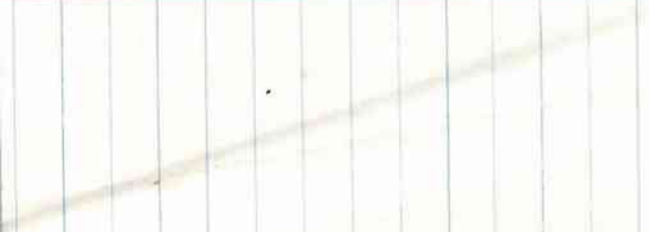
BILLY JOE PLOTT  
P.O. BOX 654  
OPELIKA, ALABAMA

This isn't just a 'zine, its also a club, and a darn good one too. The zine comes out quarterly at 25¢ a copy, 1.00 a year. This publication gets better every issue and I am sure will continue to do so. It has everything a zine should and more-so, why not try a copy or two or three, as a matter a fact why not try it for a year or two or three.

YOU MIGHT TRY CENTAUR TOO.







# A BIT of KNOWLEDGE BY

Mike Deckinger

"I'M SORRY, SIR," the tall, underfed-looking butler said to me in a most crisp and even manner; "Mr. Enderby does not wish to see anyone."

"But I'm his nephew James!" I cried, inching my way inside. "Uncle Clifford knows me quite well! Before father died he had made me promise to see my Uncle."

"They were very close." I said slowly, thinking of how father used to talk about him. I had dropped my voice into a lower more confidential, almost conspiratorial tone, and was pushing the door with my foot. Suddenly I pushed on the door, and found myself standing in a small but elegant foyer, the only one of the entire mansion, I know. The butler was glaring hotly at me and did not cease as he pushed back a wisp of grey hair that had tumbled down into his eyes. I knew he was surveying me, and I, too, took the time to survey him. He was a typical butler--thin and apologetic looking, with a taut, British face.

"Sir", he pleaded, "you do not belong here! Go at once! No callers are permitted into see Mr. Enderby."

"But I'm his nephew!" I repeated, pleadingly, trying to reason with the man. "Surely Clifford Enderby would not turn away a traveller who has come over 500 miles just to see him!" That was not exactly the truth--but I had come over 200 miles and I needed the extra 300 to make it sound much more impressive. Yet the butler was still reluctant, and my pleas fell on deaf ears.

"I am sorry, sir, but you should have known that Mr. Enderby permits no callers. I am his only servant--I do the work for him and it is to me and to me alone that he speaks. And I have strict orders to permit no one to enter, no matter who or what he may be."

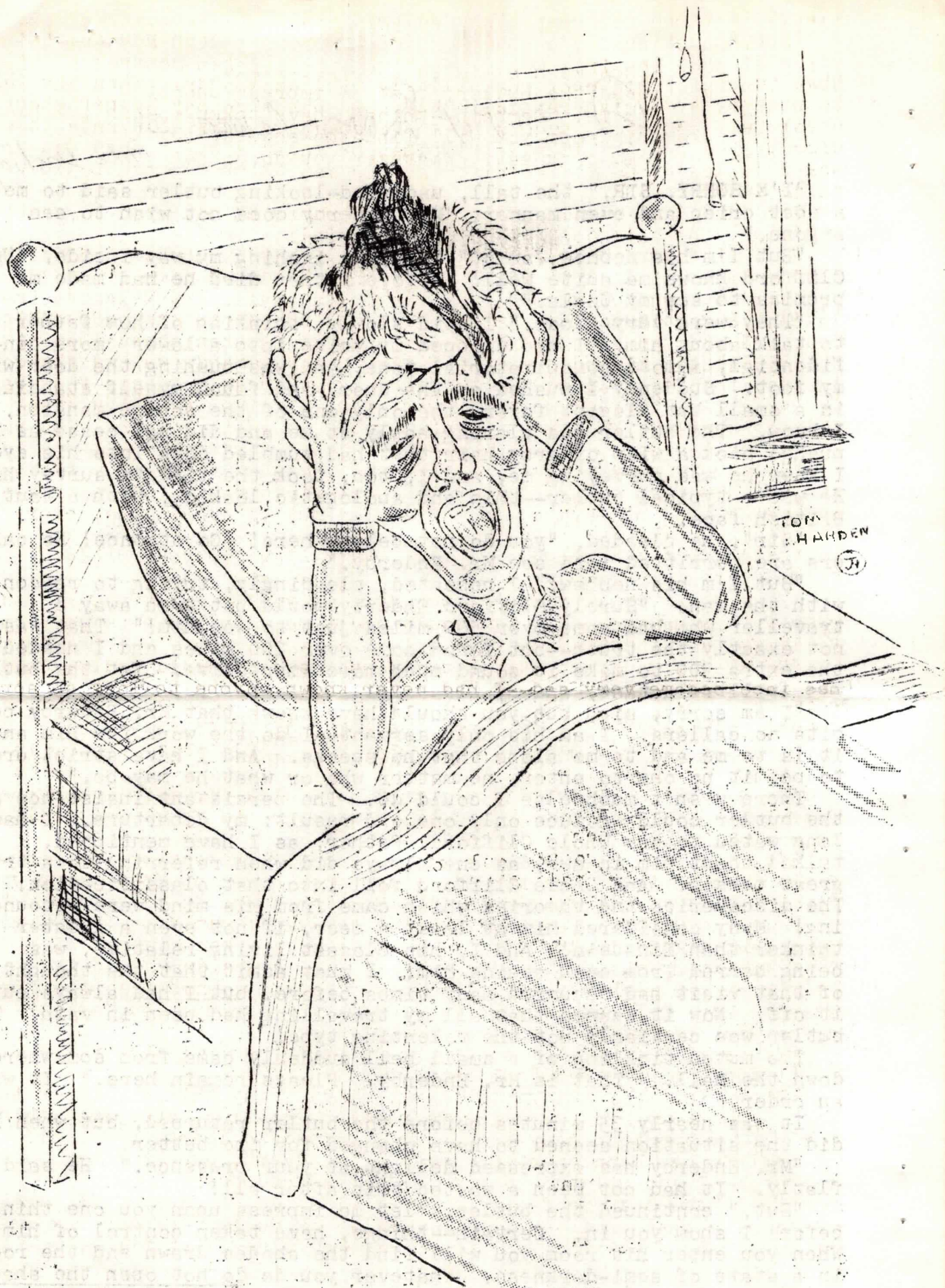
There wasn't much else I could do. The persistent insistence of the butler could produce only one end result: my departure. I had long wated to see Uncle Clifford, Father, as I have mentioned, talked about him in awe, as one always did when referring to a truly great person. And Uncle Clifford fell into that classification. The discoveries and theories which came from his mind were astounding! Many considered him at least a peer, if not even a greater thinker than Einstein! And I, his closest living relative, was being barred from even seeing him! I must admit that the thought of that visit had occurred many times before, but I had always put it off. Now it seemed that all my travelling had been in vain. The butler was certainly not the relenting type!

The muted tinkling of a small bell suddenly came from somewhere down the hall. "That is Mr. Enderby. Please remain here." It was an order.

It was nearly 35 minutes before the butler returned, but when he did the situation seemed to have changed for the better.

"Mr. Enderby has expressed delight at your presence." He said flatly. It had not been a wasted trip after all!

"But," continued the butler, "let me impress upon you one thing before I show you in. Certain--things, have taken control of him. When you enter his room you will find the shades drawn and the room in a state of semi-darkness. Whatever you do do not open the shade.



TOM  
HARDEN

71

That is most important! Mr. Enderby will be in bed. When you talk to him speak slowly and distinctly. Do not stay any longer than absolutely necessary and by no means speak of current events, new discoveries and the like. Only what he talks about. When you are asked to leave, do so immediately. Do you think you can follow those instructions?

I nodded diffidently, uncaring of whether he believed me or not.

"Good," he said deeply; "Now please follow me."

We walked long, through halls and lavishly furnished and decorated rooms. At last we reached a mighty hardwood door.

"Remember what I have said," he warned again, and released the latch. Before I could even reply, I was thrust in the room and the door was slammed shut behind me. Accustoming to what was almost total darkness, I made out new forms in the gloom. A large shadow against the far wall obviously was a bed, directly across from which was a lattice through which minute beams of light trickled like shining needles, ending in minute pinpoints on the floor. The room was otherwise bare. I approached the bed.

"I'm truly glad to see you, James," boomed a voice from the bed, and the dim form of my uncle came slowly into view. He was haggard and white, and his sixty-odd years came out in every line, every cell in his face.

"Good day," I blurted, finally. "How--how are you, Uncle Clifford?"

"Fine James, just fine. It was nice of you to visit me. I made your father promise that you would visit me when you were very small. Tell me, how is your father?"

"He died of a heart attack two months ago," I said sadly. Suddenly his face became very sad--I had never known anyone to look so sorrowful.

"I...I'm sorry to hear that. Daniel and I were very close. Our mother--but no, you wouldn't remember her, would you? Was he in much pain?"

"No," I said softly, "it was much too quick for pain. We were eating when he suddenly placed his hand over his chest and collapsed. It was all over. He was dead."

"It must have been quite a shock, James. There were few men finer than Daniel." He turned. "And what have you been doing with yourself--NO! Don't answer that!" He sighed and looked at me. "I suppose you want to know how a man like myself got into this--and just what 'this' is."

I admitted I did.

"There are many reasons, Jimmy, many. Many you would not understand. Your generation just isn't taught to understand, is it? It never was, I'm afraid.

"You see, I found the danger in learning."

"I don't understand," I said, puzzled.

"There are many things to learn, Jimmy, many things you are taught. When I was your age I was always reading--reading, studying, thinking. It was not an easy task, but I wanted to learn, and I did. All of my life has been spent in reading, studying, experimenting, research--I accumulated knowledge; facts from everywhere! You realize that we store facts in our brains, don't you? Well, what we see, what we read--everything we say or do is recorded permanently in our mind. It is locked behind 'forgetfulness' at times, but it is always there.

"I've been doing this all my life, Jimmy. All the knowledge I



have gathered is stored in these cells. But I learned something else too--that the mind has a limit. A sponge can soak up only so much water. Our brains are greedy little sponges, absorbing, absorbing--absorbing all!

"But there is a limit as to how much the sponge can store, as I said. Yes, there is a limit on our brains. I have reached that limit."

"Fantastic! I sighed. "The idea sounds absurd!"

"All unknowns sound that way at first, Jimmy. My brain is filled. There is no room for anything more!"

"It began a year or so ago--I kept getting these strange headaches, from somewhere, somewhere deep in the Cerebrum. It happened every time I read, every time I thought deeply on any new idea! I cannot but be a recluse! I cannot learn any more. That is why I am this way, and will be until my death."

I was at first too dumbfounded to even speak--but somehow I knew he was telling the truth!

"You must go now, Jimmy, it has been a strain just talking with you. I fear this will be the last time we shall meet. Goodbye boy."

I turned to go, but as I did I heard something flutter at my feet. The newspaper! The newspaper I had been reading on the train! I had unconsciously been carrying it in here! And now it stared, not at me, but at Clifford! And the headlines were face-up!

I glanced at my uncle, and I saw that he was fighting to keep from reading that paper! And suddenly he lost--he was scanning every word and picture he could see!

Suddenly he bolted upright, even as I snatched the paper up and folded it away, out, out of sight.

And then I could see his full head. It was terrible, bloated like a balloon, yet distorted and rough. Droplets of blood appeared on his forehead and began to cascade down his wrinkled brow. Then a wide crack appeared in his forehead, as something dark and horrible thrust its way through the flesh and bone.

He screamed, and I bolted, out of the door, out of the house.

I ran into the butler and yelled for him to summon help, then I managed to shift my thoughts, and I was calmed.

And that's it. I read a brief report of his death in the obituary section of the local paper a few days later. Death was attributed to unknown causes. Perhaps the police were looking for me. I will not know, since I have vowed never to return to that hellish house.

And reminiscing, I am very frightened. This morning, twenty years to the day after that 'incident,' as I read my newspaper, I suddenly had a severe headache, though coming from, it seemed, a deeper port portion of the Cerebrum than I had known was possible.

I've gone to three schools since then, and I guess you know my scientific advances have been a bit more than ordinary. If I have Uncle Clifford's brainpower, might I not also have his limit?

I wonder, is awareness the only thing needed to trigger the strange melody that grows in my head?

.....Mike Deckinger

# The FAAN Presses

reviews by Jovial Jack Chalker

In the future, this column will deal with the fanzines and other fan publishing done between the last issue and the present one-- though since this is a first issue I can't honestly do any 'zines in particular this time. Instead, I'm gone run down a few fan press publications of note, and perhaps a 'zine or two. Let's start off with the infamous FANCYCLOPEDIA II published @ \$1.25 a copy by Dick Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Road, Alexandria Virginia. This is the greatest modern fan work of the decade, and anyone not possessing a copy of it is a fuggheaded neo! Here, arranged alphabetically, is the history of fandom, the cons, the entire sub-English faan lingo and definitions and origins of many subjects related to matters sfnal. Even the Shaver Mythos, The Lovecraft Nythos, Conventions, Science-Fiction, and many other general terms are traced down and excellently and wittily defined. Then, of course, there is such words as GOSTAK, GAFIA, FUGGHEAD, GRULZAK, HANG FROM THE CIELING AND DRIP GREEN, and defines MIMEOGRAPH(Y), HECTO, etc. This is one that if you don't own it, you are SANE! Now, you don't, as self-respecting, dignified, sfnal FAAAAAAN, want to be called THAT ugly word, now do you? And Dick (has/will) put out a booklet of rejects for FANCY II and this will be available to friends of his and his fellow ap members, and also to anyone who wants one (for a fee, of course), should be ghod.

Seattle Fandom has announced a forthcoming fanpubbed book publication of Berry's THE GOON GOES WEST in late summer. Another treat not to be missed.

Now a few random reviews. Ratings go as follows: Top Honors: X 2nd place: IX, last: I. Roman numerals, see? Clever, arn't I? Anyway, here we go. Some a bit dated. That will be corrected next time.

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BHISMI 'LLAH #3: From Andy Main, 5668 Gato Ave, Goleta, Calif. 15¢, trade, letter-of-comment, contributions accepted for copies. Letter preferable.

BHIS is fast-rising. It is a bright spot in the ever-surprising Southern California fan publishing circles. #3 was keeping in policy with the ever-increasing quality of BHIS. Lead off is a fannish article on how to cheat the Post Office by Alan Dodd. Good--at least it's not on movies. Next comes the Englishvan's parable 'Goldfish and the 3 Vile Pros' by Ken Cheslin. This struck me as rather silly--and senseless, even though it ended up being Englands answer to Feghoot.

Then we get to Mike Deckinger and his excellent fannish fiction again, this time with 'The Saboteurs,' fanzine reviews of great merit by one Leslie Gerber, another piece of Feghooty-type stuff supposed to be true by Jeff Wanshel, book reviews, PRISM, which cannot be discussed here due to the identity of the reviewer, (publishers note: reviewer was one JLC) England again with Dot Hartwell reporting on how westerns are driving people nuts there-- old stuff here, they've driven the U.S. crazy for 2 or 3 years now--very well done but, as I said, it's carrying coals to New-

castle, and a very well regulated lettercol which is so spiked with Main that he calls it an 'editoriallettercol.' In it, incedently, he comes out and tells me he doEEN't favor book reviews (well then, Andy, just what are we fans of?). And that's BHIS #3. The 'zine was good and will be even better when it ceases to be a Feghoot Clearing House. Definitely for the youngest neos, yet entertaining. You might try a copy. He's progressed wonderously from his first issue, and it might be interesting to see just what does turn up in the next issue, Rating: for real neos: X, for the general faan, VI (and a half).

The latest YANDRO, almost entirely one big lettercol, needs no description here. It would be of interest only to the followers of YAN for at least the fast few months and they've already read it. EXCELLANT 'zine, though. You get it, of course? If there is one among you who doesn't, send not the 15¢ for one copy, but \$1.50 for 12 to Bob Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana. Worth double the price (now Bob--don't take that last suggestion seriously!)  
RATING: IX

SURE...I've got bundles of 'zines just lying around--but if I did one I'd have to do 'em all and most of them are now fairly dated. Next issue, if I tackle fanzines for real, they'll cover the two-month period starting with any 'zines received AFTER May 30, through July 20th. I'll have enough then.

-----Good ole Jack L.

### *The Time Machine*

LOVECRAFT! Yes, next issue there will be none of the mistakes of the current one, and there may be some BIG supprises in store. #2 will definitely NOT resemble a crudzine. We've got good material this issue--it just don't look that way! THE DOOM THAT CAME TO SARNATH is the wierd story of the founding and final destruction of a great city--told without a word of dialogue in the most unusual fantasy you've ever read! Yes it is by the great H.P. LOVECRAFT. Howard St. John, we hope, will present his side of the Lovecraft theme with CONSPIRACY OUT OF DORWICH, in which a house leads a writer to find wierd secrets lurking behind a prosperous New England town--in the newest addition to the Cthulhu mythos by a brand new writer. We think you'll agree that Cthulhu and co, didn't go out with high-button shoes after reading this. AND THERES MORE! Including a lettercol, artical and an evaluation of Lovecraft. A COLLECTOR'S ITEM. ONE YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS!

# AERO - A TRUE CONFESSION by JOHN BERRY - FILE

I have always been somewhat amazed at the self-glorification sought by secret agents writing their memoirs after the war. Captain Peter Churchill, for instance, has written several massive volumes about his experiences in France, and although I take my hat off to him and the other brave men and women who were his contemporaries, I must also place on record the opinion that they go out of their way to stress the difficulties they encountered in obtaining secret information about German military operations, etc.

It also amuses me to read of the breath-taking experiences they underwent when parachuting from aeroplanes. There is absolutely nothing to it...I parachuted many times, and save giving a sensation I rate as the second finest in the world, it is just a slightly more physical and mental strain that running for a bus with your breakfast in one hand and your trousers in the other.

The secret agents of fiction are even more fantastic. Take James Bond for instance, the famous creation of Ian Fleming. In the course of one operation Bond suffers untold physical tortures and only by a fluke brings his task to a successful conclusion.

I must say that Peter Cheney's 'Dark' series of secret service stories most closely followed the authentic pattern, but even he wint off the rails sometimes in the interests of his publishers who wanted sex to help sell the stories.

If I've given the impression that I'm a little cynical about the accepted secret service agents, I've done my

task, because, believe it or not I know what I'm talking about.

You see, during WORLD WAR II or at least, during the first three years of it, I was in charge of a dedicated group of agents who moved hell and high water to wrestle the secrets of Britain's sensational new aeroplanes from the authorities before they wer publicly announced.

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Admittedly I was only fourteen years old at the time, but aviation was (and still is to a lesser degree) my whole life. I could recognise (or spot to use the correct jargon) every type of aeroplane to fly over the south of Birmingham, where I lived. I built up a large library of books, magazines, newspapers, journals, cuttings and notes, and rapidly became an authority in my own district.

When I had mastered the art of recognising the aeroplanes which the government permitted details of, I put all my attention to building up a file of the many secret types which the government refused to mention.

Now I want to state this in all sincerity.

By many devious ways which I am about to divulge, I discovered everything there was to discover, and I mean dimensions, engines, armaments, speeds and general configurations, of every British aeroplane which flew in WW II months and in some cases years before they were official released.

My point of course is that if a boy of fourteen and a few of his friends of the same age could manage this with compara-

tive ease, why with the whole might of the many military intelligences behind them, were our experts fooled by a fake photograph of the Dornier Do 217 which was cleverly released by the Germans through a neutral country as a 'cat out of the bag'. The photograph had two engines painted on in the wrong position, whereas in fact they were underslung, and the publication of the photograph was heralded by our authorities as a great scoop, whereas, as I said, the Germans planned it that way. I knew the photograph was wrong, simply by assimilating various snippets of information and using my knowledge of previous designs by the Dornier Co., but it was publicly stated in aviation journals that the photograph was a true depiction of the Dornier Do 217.

That just goes to show what a clever boy I was ( even though I was 37th out of 38 in my class at school, and the one behind me was an idiot ) and it also shows what a great advantage I had in my self-appointed task of compiling this detailed list of secret types.

And this is how I did it...

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#### THE WHIRLWIND BUSINESS

Take the Westland Whirlwind. When the war started, I was shunted away with a big ticket tied to my lapel, giving my name, age and sex ( I didn't know the difference in those days ) and ended up in Lydney, in Gloucestershire.

This very fast twin-engined aeroplane flew over all the time, later on squadrons of them did.

I didn't recognise it, so I knew it to be secret.

I was soon able to draw a three view silhouette, and scale it up and make a wooden model to 1/72nd scale with accurate camouflage and squadron markings.

The brother of the man I was living with worked at the Westland factory, and when he came home one day he couldn't see any harm in answering a precocious pup, and I speedily solicited the dimensions, armament, engines, top speed, and the fact that it was the Whirlwind. He told me how many were being built, and what the pilots thought of them.

By the middle of 1940 I knew as much about the Whirlwind as the designer did, and I was only 13 years old.

And do you know that the government didn't release anything about the Whirlwind until 1942?

The biggest joke of all regarding the Whirlwind was that an aircraft recognition booklet was captured from the Germans ( a book published in 1940 ) and it gave silhouettes and details of the Whirlwind, and the government, after months of consultation decided, weell, if the Germans knew about it our own anti-aircraft gunners may as well, and gave brief details.

I managed the Whirlwind Business myself, but with the Short Stirling Affair I was forced to work with Flossie Eggington, a gorgeous specimen of pre-adolescent girlhood, who made Mats Hari look like a choir mistress explaining why the boy soprano had lost his voice.

#### THE SHORT STIRLING AFFAIR

I was cycling past Elmdon Aerodrome, just outside Birmingham, in 1942, when a very large four-engined aeroplane took off and flew over me, not more than a hundred feet away.

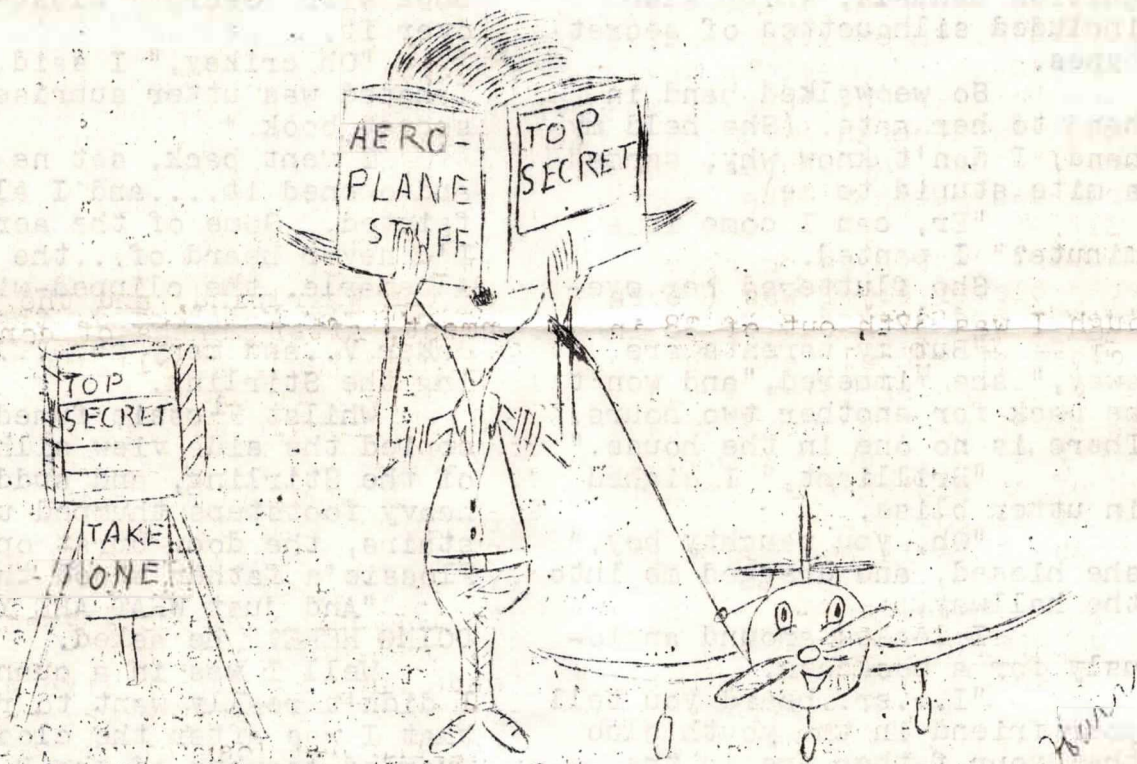
I knew that Britain had three new secret four-engined aeroplanes, the Avro Lancaster, the Handley Page Halifax, and the Short Stirling. From careless clues dropped by exuberant members of Parliament on the

radio, and crafty comments in aviation magazines, I knew the Lancaster and the Halifax had four inline engines and twin fins and rudders. The one which had just flown above me had four radiale engines and a single fin...i.e...I had just seen my first Stirling.

I had trained myself to remember minute details of aeroplanes as they flew past, and I cycled home like mad and quickly sketched out an under-side plan view of the Stirling..

exclusively made radial engines, I know that the Stirling was powered with Hercules engines, and I soon gleaned the horsepower of them from my father.

I had spotted three gun turrets of the Stirling as it had flown away, one at the front, one at the rear, and one half way along the top of the fuselage. I had seen that the tail had been large, and, knowing how family traditions were carried on by aircraft firms, I took a chance and drew a provisional



which, in all modesty... I can say was almost perfect, when I finally laid my hands of the official silhouettes.

My father worked at a factory near Solihull, where Bristol Hercules radial motors were built. These had been mentioned on the radio as 'powering one of our new heavy bombers' so, as Bristol's almost

side-view of the Stirling, and gave it a Sunderland rudder. Trouble was I didn't know what the cabin was like, where it was on the fuselage...and, I must admit it, one or two minor details intrigued me too.

It was here that Flossie featured in my plans.

We were playing table tennis at a youth club, when I

and overheard her tell a friend  
 that her father was in the  
 Royal Observer Corps. I drop-  
 ped my bat and fell prostrate  
 at her feet. "Can I walk you home,  
 Flossie?" I asked seductively.  
 "It's only half past  
 seven," she said with big eyes.  
 "It might rain," I  
 hissed. "You see, for some time  
 I had been trying to get into  
 contact with someone who was in  
 the Royal Observer Corps. I had  
 read that such men were issued  
 with aeroplane aircraft reco-  
 gnition manuals, which also  
 included silhouettes of secret  
 types.

So we walked hand in  
 hand to her gate. (She held my  
 hand, I don't know why, seemed  
 a mite stupid to me)

"Er, can I come in a  
 minute?" I panted.

She fluttered her eye-  
 brows, and looked coy.

"But my parents are  
 away," she whimpered, "and won't  
 be back for another two hours.  
 There is no one in the house."

"Brilliant," I sighed  
 in utter bliss.

"Oh, you naughty boy,"  
 she hissed, and dragged me into  
 the hallway.

I looked around anxio-  
 usly for a bookcase.

"I...er...heard you tell  
 your friend in the youth club  
 that your father was in the  
 ROC," I said with as much  
 subtlety as possible, under the  
 circumstances, because, for some  
 mysterious reason, she was try-  
 ing to kiss me.

"Oh, yes," she panted  
 heavily, "and he's got a secret  
 book on aeroplanes, and he keeps  
 it in the wardrobe in his bed-  
 room."

"I say?" I said, try-  
 ing to keep my voice calm, "um  
 ..shall we go upstairs?"

She looked at me with

her hands on her hips, and  
 blushed.

"Well, what a suggestion to  
 make," she said. "You only met  
 me tonight, and now you want to  
 go upstairs, oh well..." and  
 grabbing me by the lapels she  
 dragged me upstairs so fast I  
 swear my feet didn't touch the  
 ground.

She sat me on the edge of  
 the bed.

"What a nice wardrobe," I  
 said, trying to make with the  
 repartee. I nipped over and  
 opened it...and there...on the  
 floor of it...was a small bound  
 book with 'Secret' plastered all  
 over it.

"Oh crikey," I said, in what  
 I hoped was utter surprise, "a  
 secret book."

I went back, sat next to her  
 and opened it....and I almost  
 fainted. Some of the aeropanes  
 I'd never heard of...the  
 Albemarle...the clipped-wing Spit-  
 fire...the Manchester...the Martin  
 Baker V...and many more...includ-  
 ing the Stirling.

Whilst Flossie fumed, I  
 copied the side view silhouette  
 of the Stirling, and suddenly  
 heavy footsteps thumped up the  
 stairs, the door burst open and  
 Flossie's father stood there.

"And just WHAT ARE YOU  
 DOING HERE?" he asked.

Well I was in a quandry.  
 I didn't really want to reveal  
 that I was after the closely  
 guarded secrets of the R.A.F.,  
 and yet from what I heard my  
 pals talking about there was a  
 certain element of danger in  
 being caught in a bedroom with  
 a girl of tender years by her  
 father.

"I...er...I only wanted to  
 know whether the Short Stirling  
 had a power operated gun turret  
 halfway down the upper fuselage,"  
 I offered.

"OH." His face calmed  
 down. He looked at his daughter.  
 "Is this true?"

"Yes," she said, somewhat sadly, I thought.

"Good boy. So you're interested in aeroplanes, well, if only you'd told me before."

He lent me the book.

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GENERAL NOTES.

My notebooks, some of which I have retained to this day, and which I sometimes show rather proudly to my son, would have been worth their weight in gold to the Germans. I had drawings and one or two photographs of the crude radar installations on the Wellington and Sunderland.... the powerful searchlight in the nose of the Douglas Havoc.... the jet installation in the tail of a Wellington...the power-operated gun turrets in the rear of the Windsor...even a provisional three view silhouette of the North American Black Widow, which, believe it or not, was featured in a comic strip in an American magazine whilst it was still on the secret list.

I was only fifteen of sixteen when I knew many operation bomber and fighter stations, what aeroplanes were being used, and their squadron markings. I flew in a Lancaster when I was in the Air Training Corps (I only joined for the purpose of increasing my knowledge) and had my first view of a radar set in operation.

And much more.....

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I sometimes think my fanciful days were spawned during this period, because I published a small circulation magazine (five was the circulation actually) dealing with aeroplanes and I often illustrated the secret types. My first incursion in humour started when I wrote about the Horsa glider which I

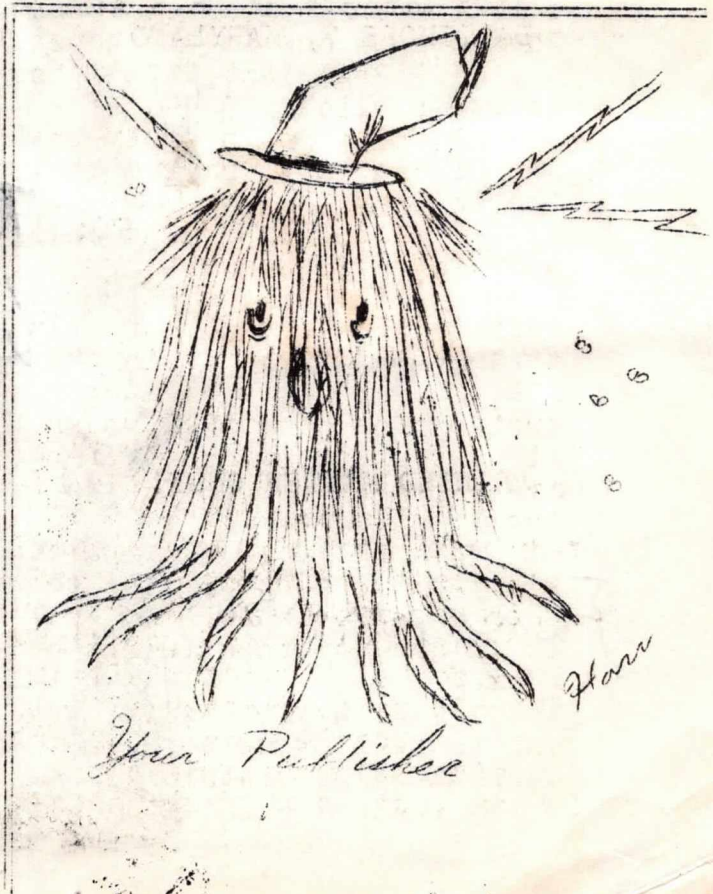
had examined whilst in the Air Training Corps. I wrote:- 'and attached to the woodwork above each rudimentary seat were football bladders. I cannot see any aesthetic reason for trying to inspire the glider-bourne troops with sporting inspirations whilst floating down above enemy territory. It also seems to me that toilet requirement are nil....not even facilities to urinate.' The point being, of course, that the pseudo football bladders were for urination!

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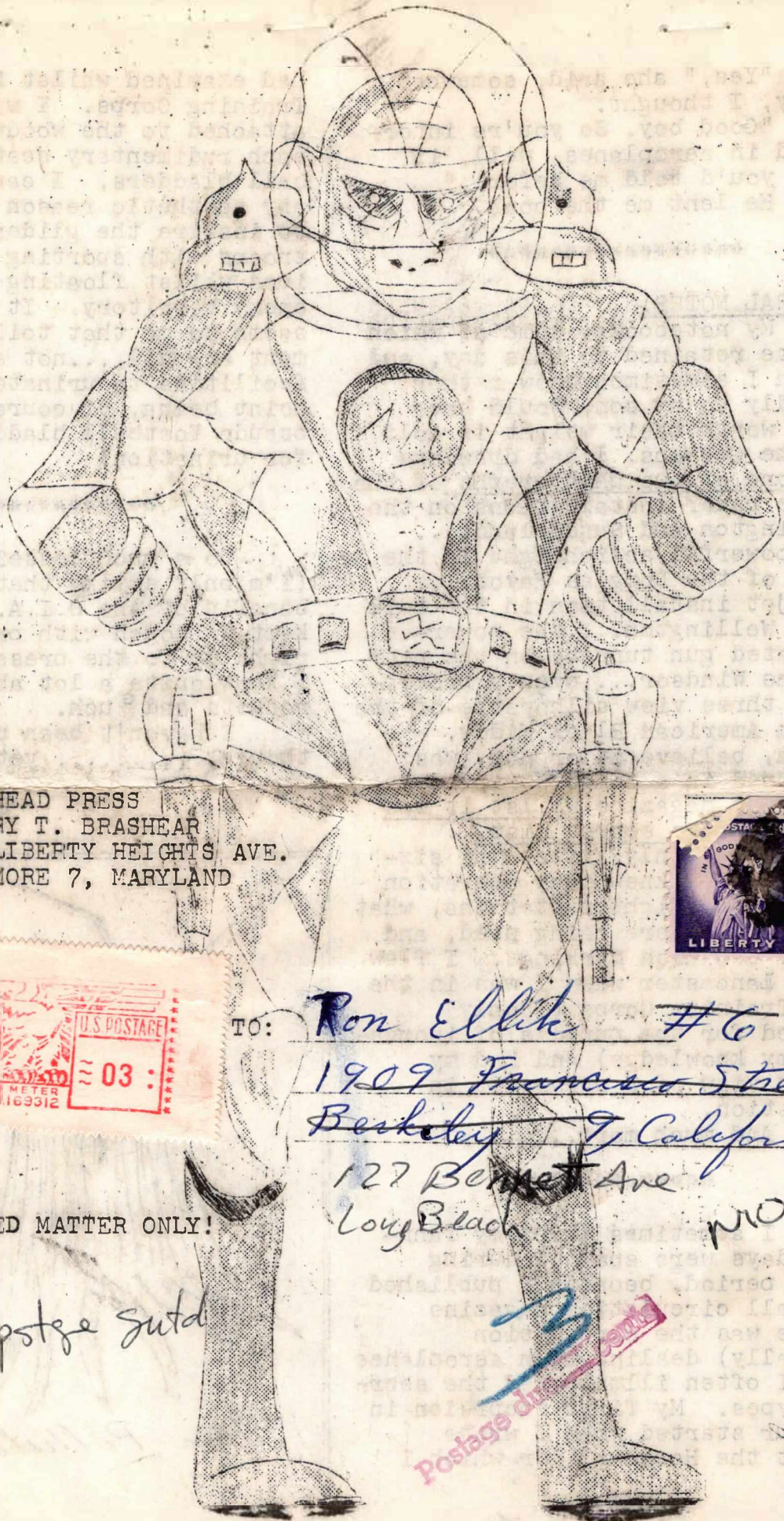
To a much lesser degree (I'm only saying that for the benefit of the C.I.A.) I've kept in touch with progress right up to the present day. I know quite a lot about rockets and such.

I haven't been up in one, though,.....yet!!

John Berry  
1960







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