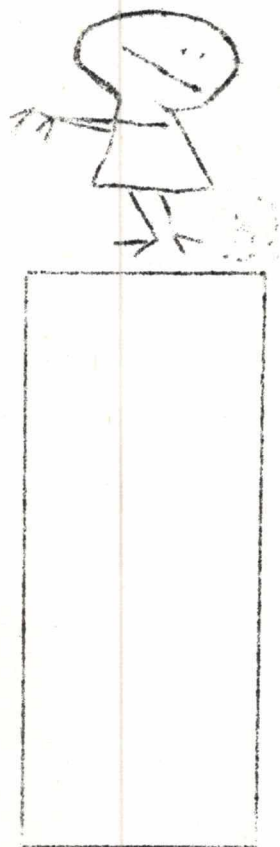


paraffalia

11



This is paraFANalia # 11, dated August 1964, and published by Bruce Burn, 12 Khyber Road, Wellington E.5, New Zealand. Duplication by Ken Cheslin, 18 New Farm Road, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, England. This issue is intended for circulation in the 41st Mailing of the OFF-TRAIL MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION, September, 1964. He who hesitates is lost. E&OE

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artists—
 William Rotsler
 Margaret Duce
 Philby Baxter

para

Only once have I tried Marijuana, and I think this is a good chance to record my experience. It was during a party at the home of Ricky Paris, then President of the Wellington Science Fiction Circle.....

I sucked harder on the roach. And coughed. And spluttered. And then I tried again, feeling the rough smoke rip down my throat to my lungs.

The world was a dizzy place as I stood swaying so gently under the clothes-line in the Paris back-yard. I'd come reeling from the party, looking for the drain, and found a gathering of friends out under the summer night sky. Under a few scattered stars and flat, wide clouds they'd puffed and wheezed their ways to some higher plane, leaving me a little man looking for a toilet. I found it in my bemused way and wandered back to join them round the totem pole of a clothes-line prop.

Maurice, called Fish from an old story, led the group since he'd procured the roaches at a cut-rate while on a trip to Auckland. Now he passed his last two fags around and watched from his hopped-up elevation as first Jack, then Rick, then I had a drag. Then Jack took the cylinder and puffed it down to its last inch.

First draw on the shortened dream stick gave me a dry throat and a slightly spinning head. Jack declared that he was going somewhere, standing waiting for his next turn. Rick inhaled the hot

(editorial)

4
smoke deep, held his breath, then exhaled slowly, slowly, letting life bubble out in blue doughnuts. He nodded, cautiously interested in some more.

Maurice grabbed the fag, held it in his lips and drew in some smoke. Like Rick he let it out slowly as he squeezed some ecstasy I couldn't clearly see from the vacuous body of the smoke. He gave the light to me, and I drew in more smoke, roughing my throat, giving nasty flavours to my tongue and watching Jack the meanwhile as he drew again on the other roach.

In my mind's eye he was two feet off the ground and holding blue balloons by his toes, and Rick was lying in a hammock painting mystic symbols on the floor of the world, and Fish was swimming wide-eyed in the thick air of the land and grinning with a happy mindless wonderfulness. To my eyes they stood, darkened beyond suntan in the moon-light and powdered starshine that filled the Paris backyard in monochrome reality. They stood: Maurice, feeling some inner magic working and giving him lift above the sorry hardened ground; Jack, hoping for the boost of wonder that might take him far above himself; Rick, coherently waiting for the incoherent miracle. I too, stood; wishing I'd not given up smoking so young: only 12 years old when I renounced the tobacco plant.

Pretty soon, Fish had left us for the movement of the party that jazzed its way with noise and colour in the basement; Jack ground his roach under his heel and dawdled back into the house, eyes looking wider than before, but disapointed, looking for his glass and not noticing his wife, Rick and I stood alone, tipsy with booze, too numbed for Mary Jane's quiet caress to fascinate. But in our sodden splendid states we found a common agreement and set fire to the rubbish in the nearby incinerator. We gazed at the garden, the shed, the wall, each other in the bouncing glutinous rouged fire light, and suddenly exchanged a few words and decided to make a funeral pyre of a dynasty.

We weaved our woozy way into the Club rooms and grabbed great arm-loads of Authentic Science Fiction Magazines from the WSFC shelves, then staggered out from the cloying air of the party rooms and into the warm outside air. We dumped the magazines into the incinerator, and the fire damped immediately. Down went the flames, quenched by the wet contents of the Campbell-edited issues; and out they went, finding nothing to heat-over in the Tubb issues. Ah, we sighed, then ran back to the party for booze. An offering, we thought perhaps.

Under the blind stars we poured some scotch on the magazines, struck a match and satched the fire spread. But when the scotch had gone, the magazines, singed, remained. A splash of vodka, another match, and voooooom. Richard Paris and I stood, toasting our hands and eyes and the insides of our minds, by the heat of entropy. Dimly we thought to save a favourite copy or keep the covers but Mary Jane tickled our minds and we laughed and jumped and went into the steaming party once more.

CONCERNING -FAN-: Many thanks to Ethel Lindsay for letting me use her good duplicator to produce paraFANalia #10, and also to John Berry who duplicated his own section of that issue. Ken Cheslin, who is duplicating this issue for me is indeed A Good Man. The Wandering Ghu, the account of my trip to U.K. will last a long time yet: this chapter of Part 2 is six pages long and if all goes as planned there will be ten chapters in the final product.

Down dark corridors I peer
 And wish vain hopes in lonely fears:
 Searching seeking some far light
 To herald ending for this night.

Shadowless dark enfolds my heart
 Keeps from me turmoil of art
 Which in truth I would command.
 Yet safe in gloom I stay unharmed.

Unbound these balmings from my life!
 Let me know what trials and strife
 I must surmount in fate's base play
 To make an art with my poor clay.

Lightless days are these for me:
 My art is lost to timidity.

2nd. September, 1963.

CONCERNING OMPA:

In the 40th Mailing:

DONPHIN - Most Readable Comments

COMPACT - Neatest production

WHATSIT - Best Cover

VAGARY - Most Interesting Magazine

- Ta for your comments Bobbie, but actually I'm more of a Libran. Birthdate 23rd September 1939. Being Libran I don't justify so much as make sure that you are given evidence of my supposedly balanced views.

They say that when Neville Chamberlaine went to Germany to see Adolf Hitler before the start of W.W.II, the first thing Hitler said, as he greeted the British Premier was, "Ah, Chamberlaine....care for a game of Czechers?"

This was his very first attempt to travel backwards in time. He sat at his desk, in his laboratory, thinking of how long he'd been working on the time-machine. Many years of frustrated effort had at last resulted in a working model. This was the final experiment. Once it was completed he would be able to proclaim his discoveries to the world.

He calculated carefully, and was once again assured by his figures. The theory would prove workable; the machine would work; he would go back in time. He thought, "In half an hour I'll step through the Doorway of the Machine and go back to...." he paused, wondering how far he should risk going back. "Hmmm. I'd better make it a return of half an hour. Yes, I'll come back to now...that is, the now that I'm in at present...that'll prove or disprove the paradox of

meeting yourself too...yes, half an hour from now..."

Half an hour later, after meeting no-one, least of all himself, he stepped through the Doorway that constituted his Time Machine. This was his very first attempt to travel backwards in time. He sat at his desk, in his laboratory, thinking of how long he'd been working on the time-machine. Many years of frustrated effort had at last resulted in a working model. This was the final experiment. Once it was completed he would be able to proclaim his discoveries to the world.

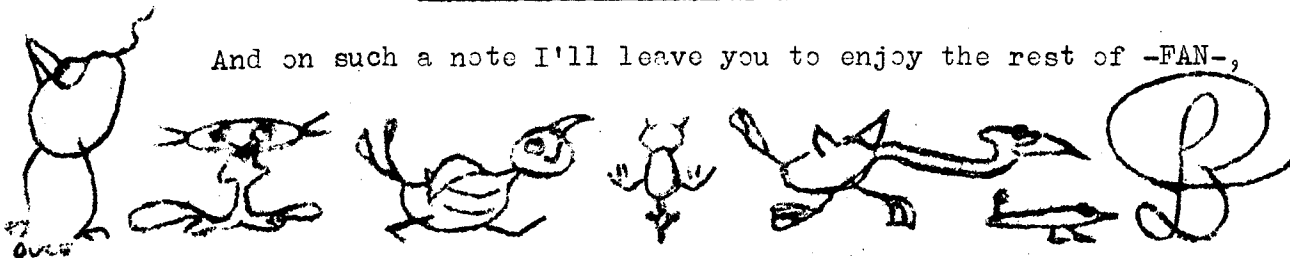
He calculated carefully.....

CONCERNING OTHER FANZINES:

A CHILDS' GARDEN OF OLAF - wonderful!
 THE SCARR - rec'd this'n in UK. Excellent Berry and
 THE BARRETT CHRONICLES Pt.1. - More? /Shaw.
 FRAP4- I like this one very much. It's liberal.
 CHAOS 3 - Where's #2? ABishop with a dirty joke!
 HYPHEN 35 - Trip-rep. good; Bash great; letters ~~Alert~~.
 SOL 38 - Very interesting. More?

Uncommercial Jingles is what we might one day be calling songs, judging from some attempts to up-date nomenclature. We all know of the dustman who has become the refuse collector and the baker who now is called a delicatessen. I wondered if this tendency to euphemisms will be reflected in the titles of the Uncommercial Jingles of the future, and just in case it will be I've prepared a list of songs with their new titles - I want to get in early on this field. First, I thought I'd up-date that wonderful, but now inaccurate, song by Cole Porter: 10¢ a Dance. New title: 10¢ Down H.P. bossa nova. In similar vein, the old thumper PUT ANOTHER NICKEL IN becomes SHOVE THE LOT DOWN THE SLOT. To the hip children of the coming slick and healthy era FIVE FOOT TWO, EYES OF BLUE will be known as FIVE FOOT TEN, SHE DIGS ZEN. And to further the cause of Europeanising Britain, BUSHEL AND A PECK will be retitled as 60 LITRE TWIST. Then there are the traditional numbers; they too must receive their alterations. COCKLES AND MUSSELS might become SUPERMARKET SYNCOPATION. These same teenagers will of course lack the understanding to like something called COME HOME BILL BAILEY, so perhaps it would sell under the name JAYDEE CURFEW HAND-JIVE. And to our nerve-wrecked decendants, worried about the dissolution of the world around them, I'd push a number I've just (re-) written called FALL-OUT SHELTER STOMP (for under-the-spot dancing). It used to be called "Stardust".

And on such a note I'll leave you to enjoy the rest of -FAN-,



Convention

GAGA

"CONVENTION GAGA" is a game for up to seven players, and it's not much use playing with fewer than four since the selection of cards available becomes smaller with the loss of each player from the maximum number. The cards can be made of any stiff paper or ivory board. To make them more attractive, I recommend you to put drawings on the cards suitable to the function of the cards. Just don't go mad and obscure the essential details each card must bear.

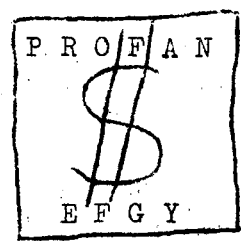
The PACK is of 125 cards, all shuffled together.

28 of the cards are NAME TAGS, thus:

- PROFAN
- CLUBFAN
- TRUFAN
- NEOFAN
- B.N.F.
- SERICONFAN
- FUNFAN

4 of each.

eg.



28 more are SCARPER cards, thus:

- A - Paid Hotel Bill
- B - Transport Home
- C - No Hangover
- D - No Post Con Depression

7 of each.

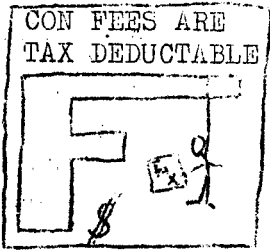
eg.



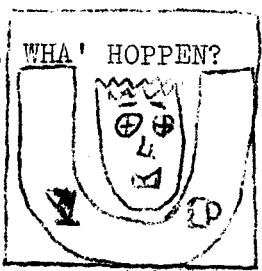
57 more are SHAM cards, thus:

- E - Five Novels Commissioned at the Bar
- F - Con Fees Tax Deductable
- G - A HUGO!
- H - Captured next year's Con Site
- I - A PROJECT UNDER WAY!
- J - Honorary LASFAS Membership
- K - Conreport on the boil
- L - Convention Oneshop
- M - GOSHWOWBOYOBOY!
- N - The Glowing Dedicated Look
- O - Planned Bibliography with favourite Pro
- P - Invited to join BSFA
- Q - Satiated with Egoboo
- R - Humbled by Honours
- S - Discussed Future of SF with Guest of Honour
- T - Press Interview (1/2" in East Lynn Gabble)
- U - Wha' Hoppen?
- V - No cramp from Sleeping Arrangements

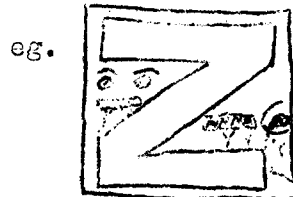
3 cards eg.
 " "
 " "
 " "
 " "
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 " "



eg.



- 8 the 12 remaining cards are WOW! cards, thus:
- W - Admission to Exclusive Room Party
 - X - All Night Gabfest
 - Y - Surprise Guest of Honour
 - Z - Invited to Brag Session
- } 3 cards each



The PACK is shuffled and made into a STACK, from the top of which each player takes in turn 11 cards. Should any of these cards be WOW! cards they must be placed face down on the table before the player and he must draw how ever many cards necessary to hold 11 in his hand once more. The previously established Chairman then picks up his twelfth card and discards as he wishes. The player on his left may then either take a card from the Stack or pick up the discard (this is called CONNING) in which case the card must be placed face up on the table before the player, along with its TWIN (if it is a SHAM) or its Mates (if it is a NAME TAG, SCARPER, or a trio/quartet SHAM). The game continues in this manner (if necessary, with reshuffles) until a player can declare himself "GAGA" when a tallying-up takes place and payment is made around the table, each player settling the difference between himself and each other player. NB, this can frequently mean the player going GAGA loses points/tokens/money, unless he has gone GAGA on a LIMIT HAND.

Well, that's the MODUS OPERANDI, now for the

RULES ↓

To declare himself "GAGA", a player must contain in his hand:

- Either a LIMIT HAND (see later)
 - Or a hand roughly as follows:
 - 3 identical NAME TAGs) only the 3rd card of
 - 3 different SCARPERS) these can be conned.
 - 3 pairs of SHAMs or 2 trios of SHAMs or 4 of one and 2 of another
- 12 cards

Naturally, he can have as many WOW! cards already on the table as he may have been lucky enough to pick. But beware the WOWED-WONDER (see Limit Hands)!

All players Tally-up their scores, thus:

SCORING ↓

For going GAGA	6 points
a NAME TAG set, conned (i.e. 3 identical)	3 "
X SEARERR """, concealed (NAME TAGs.)	4 "
a SCARPER set, conned (i.e. 3 different)	3 "
" " " , concealed (SCARPERS.)	4 "
each WOW! card	1 "

each set of SHAMs is worth:-

MIXED SHAMs (i.e. sets not under the same NAME TAG):

<u>Conned</u> pairs	1 "
trios	2 "
quartets	6 "
<u>Concealed</u> pairs	2 "
trios	4 "
quartets	12 "

CLEAN SHAMs (i.e. sets under the same

NAME TAG):

<u>Conned</u> pairs	2 "
trios	4 "
quartets	12 "

Concealed, (see next page)

<u>Concealed</u> pairs	4 points
trios	8 "
quartets	24 "

To explain the matter of CLEAN and MIXED SHAMs:

SHAMs come under NAME TAGs as follows:

E - Profan	K - Trufan	Q - B.N.F.	(Bet it? Some SHAMs go under two NAME TAGs, thus providing competitive conditions.)
F - Profan	L - Trufan	R - B.N.F.	
G - Profan/B.N.F.	M - Trufan/Funfan	S - Sericonfan	
H - Clubfan	N - Neofan	T - Sericonfan	
I - Clubfan/Sericonfan	O - Neofan	U - Funfan	
J - Clubfan	P - Neofan	V - Funfan	

Once you've worked out your Tallying-up, you have yet another piece of calculation to navigate before you'll know your score. We call this bit

DOUBLING ↓

A trio of SHAMs in a hand double a score once
 A quartet of " " " " " " " thrice

Pairs of SHAMs G, I, and M double a score once (hence, a quartet of SHAM G, I, or M will double a score 5 times.)

A pair of identical WOW! cards doubles a score once, but if a player has a pair of WOW! cards according to the following table his score is doubled twice:

W - Clubfan/Sericonfan	Y - Profan/B.N.F.
X - Trufan/Funfan	Z --Neofan

If the player also has the third WOW! card for his own NAME TAG (as above shown), then he has an extra doubling of his score.

N.B. The highest possible score is $\frac{208,896}{\cancel{158,174}}$ points:

For going "GAGA"	6	
Mixed { Quartet of SHAMs G	24	(& doubles score 5 times
& { Pair of SHAMs I	2	(& doubles score 1 time
Concealed { Trio Profan/OR/B.N.F. NAME TAGs	4	
{ Trio different SCARPERs	4	
Trio clean WOWs!	3	(& doubles score 3 times
3 pairs other WOW!s	6	(& doubles score 3 times
2 odd WOW!s	<u>2</u>	
	51	points doubled 12 times
		- 208,896 points!

To play "CONVENTION GAGA" with fewer than 7 players, follow the directions above but:

- for 6 players remove the NEOFAN NAME TAGs, one of each SCARPER, the N, O, and P SHAMs, and the Z WOW!s.
- for 5 players remove either PROFAN & B.N.F. or CLUBFAN & SERICONFAN or TRUFAN & FUNFAN NAME TAGs but retain NEOFAN and its appropriate SCARPER, SHAM, and WOW! cards. The SHAMs appropriate to the pair of NAME TAGs removed should also be taken from the Pack, along with two of each SCARPER card set and the appropriate WOW! cards.
- for fewer players, this pattern is followed.

(Limit Hands: see next page)

Right, you know the Rules, you have the Cards, You've even been able to work out your Score. Even with the Doubling. So here we have

LIMIT HANDS!

Players going GAGA on a Limit Hand do not incur debts.

But other players with lower scores are obviously in their debt.

A Limit Hand is one where the score is automatically computed as 50 points for each player in the game. i.e. in a game with four players, including the one going GAGA, the score of a Limit Hand is $50 \times 4 = 200$ points. Other scoring methods do not apply and doubling as previously shown does not count.

You can make up your own Limit Hands as you get to know the game (just make sure all players are aware of such Limit Hands!) but here are some examples:

THE SHAMBLING PSYCHOMORPH

This hand must contain 4 different NAME TAGs and 4 different SCARPERs hand either 4 identical SHAMs or 2 pairs of SHAMs. Only the fourth cards can be conned (or the second cards with 2 pairs) and a Conned hand has a Limit Score. A Concealed hand has a Double Limit.

STRAIGHT SHAM

This hand consists of any 12 SHAMs in sequence and carries a double Limit Score. The last card may be Conned.

SHAM PAIRS

As in Straight Sham, but with six pairs and the Score is a Double Limit.

EVERYBODY OUT

1 of each NAME TAG and 1 of each SCARPER plus 1 extra NAME TAG or SCARPER to make a pair. Score: double Double Limit. This hand can be formed only when 7 players are involved and must be Concealed.

TWO-FACED SCARPER

If a player has one NAME TAG of each half of a linked set (eg. one Sericonfan NAME TAG and one Clubfan NAME TAG), plus one of each of their SHAMs and also one of each SCARPER and his twelfth card pairs with any card in his hand, then he has a TWO-FACED SCARPER and Scores a double limit. eg. a hand containing: 1 Profan NAME TAG
1 B.N.F. NAME TAG
and one each of A, B, C, D, E, F, G, Q, and R
plus a pairing twelfth card is a TWO-FACED SCARPER.

WOWED WONDER

Any player who picks up all the WOW! cards available is immediately declared GAGA and gets a Limit Score doubled five times only. The rest of his hand is ignored.

WHATTACON WHIMSY

This hand contains quartets of SHAMs G, I, and M, and has a Double Limit doubled five times.

N.B.

Basically, this game is fairly simple and any confusion you feel is probably due to the unfamiliar names rather than bewilderment over the game itself. Anyone who has played Mahjong will have little difficulty in mastering "CONVENTION GAGA", since the latter is based on the old Chinese game.

PS. The best of luck to you.

11

PAT and..... BOB

WHICH MEANS THAT THE FOLLOWING COLUMN WAS CONTRIBUTED TO BY PAT KEARNEY AND BOB LUMLEY. FIRST, HERE'S

PAT

Although I am an avid reader of weird fiction, I have never actually believed in the supernatural, or in fact anything of that ilk, However, a week ago I experienced something which has changed my views considerably.

I was staying with my aunt at Andover, and it was she who showed me something for which I have absolutely no explanation. They got a sheet of card, cut it into twenty-six pieces, and wrote a letter of the alphabet on each piece. These pieces were then placed in a circle on a smooth-topped table, and a half pint tumbler put in the middle, up-side-down. I was then told that I was to think of the first letter of a word that only I knew. I was not asked to write this ~~DOWN~~ word down or even to hint at it. I had merely to keep it in my mind. Each person present, about four, was then to put a finger on the top of the glass. I was asked to concentrate on the first letter of my word, whilst the others were asked to keep their minds as clear of thought as possible.

Previous to this I had been told what was to happen, and I had laughed at what they obviously considered to be quite a normal thing. After we had set up all the props, and started thinking and so on, the glass was supposed to move WITHOUT any help from the assembled company to the letters of the word which I chose to think of. Kooky, eh? Y eah, I thought so, but ghod! it really works.

The word I thought of was CTHULHU, the alien horror made famous by the writings of H.P.Lovecraft.

Sure enough, letter by letter, the word was spelt out. I was amazed. I was so amazed that I HAD to try again. And again. And again. Three times more I tried, and three times more the words came up, without a mistake. The other words were CAROLE (the name of a friend - not present at this gathering), YONDO (A Clark Ashton Smith character), and JOHN RAMSEY CAMPBELL (a Liverpoolian weird fiction fan).

As can be imagined, the likelihood of the other persons present knowing ONE of these words or names is remote in the extreme. And as yet I have not figured out just how it was done.

oooooooo

I was lead to believe when I was at school that tropical rain was usually found in the tropics, and in theory no doubt this is correct, But after an experience which I had in Spain, I have come to doubt the validity of the fact.

I was, at the time, spending a two-week vacation in Lloret de Mar, a Costa Brava holiday resort. The previous year I had also been in Spain, but in a small village called Pineda, which lies about thirty miles south of Lloret. In this village there is a bar which has a very attractive young lady in charge of it. Now, wanting to see this young lady again, I set out on a Sunday to reach Pineda by local bus.

After a long ride of some two hours over alarmingly bumpy roads, I reached my destination, and spent a very enjoyable afternoon with the young lady. However, when it was time to leave, I discovered that there were no buses, and no trains until half past seven the next morning. The only solution was to walk, and try to thumb a lift.

So, I began to walk. And walk. After about an hour, the hitherto cloudless sky began to cloud over and the sun was soon obscured by heavy black clouds and within the space of ten minutes it was raining like I had never seen it rain in my life. I literally could not see my hand in front of my face, the rain was so thick. I was wearing only a light suit. Not a bit of shelter in (hah!) sight.

Without warning, after a few minutes of this rain, I heard the sound of a heavy engine, and soon after a pair of headlights glimmered through the murk of the rain. I stepped out into the road in front of the vehicle and tried to flag it down, but the driver leaned out of the window and shouted something at me and drove past. I was very angry at the fellow's attitude, and so I walked after the lorry, and the vehicle turned out to be, caught up and strolled along by the side of the cab trying to explain the situation. The driver still paid me no attention, so as a last resort I climbed up onto the running board, opened the door and stepped into the cab. The driver glared at me, but he made no attempt to throw me out, so I stayed. Which all goes to prove that the rain in Spain falls mainly on people who believe what they are taught in school, and don't wear raincoats.

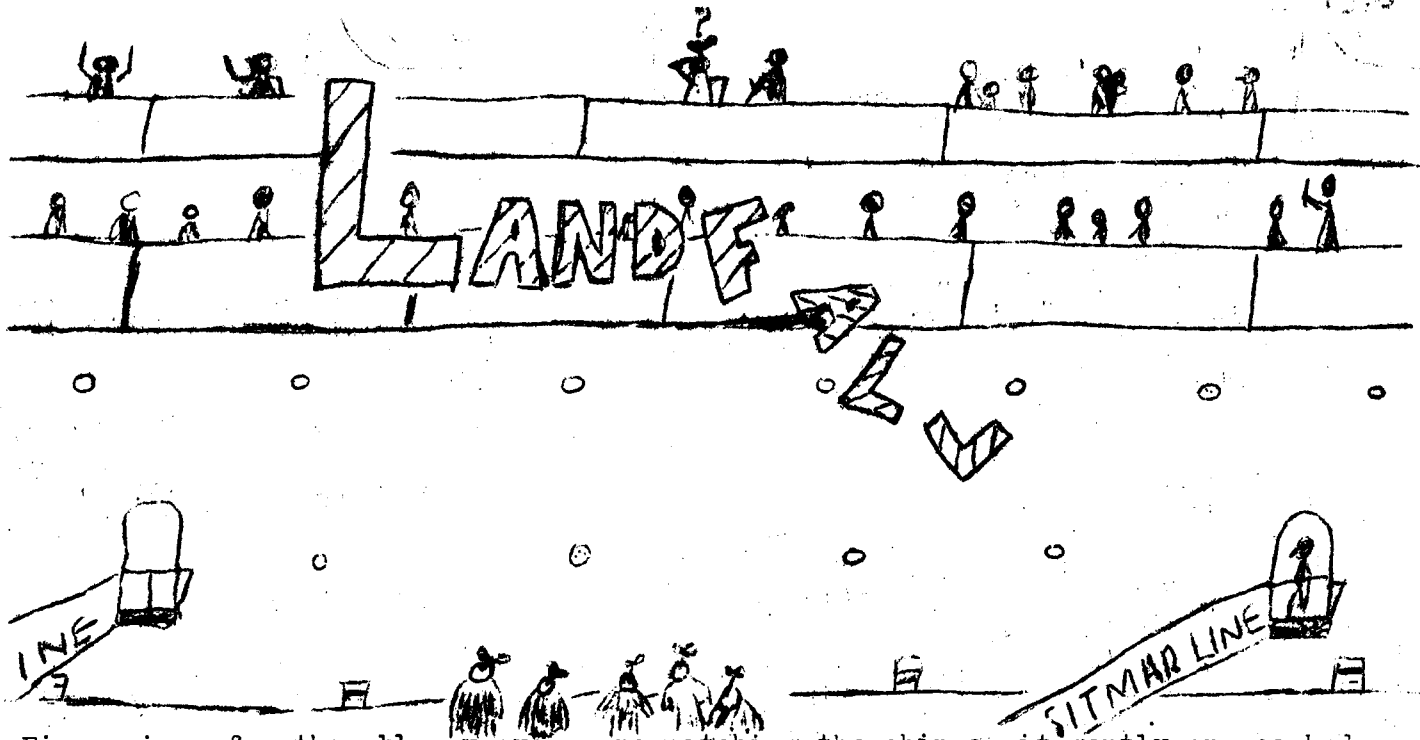
oooooooo

NOW FOR A SHORT ITEM FROM

BOB

I have just finished a delightful book by that veteran American author Robert Nathan. It's a delightful story - an allegorical fantasy which, if you like T.H. White, you will thoroughly enjoy. It's called SIR HENRY (Arthur Barker, 1956, 187 pp. 10/6) and is about a knight, Sir Henry, getting on in years who is a professional quester - he has no home and spends his whole life reluctantly seeking out maidens to rescue, dragons to fight, griffins to slay, etc. He has a horse called Ponderer and a dog called Manfred and most of the actual allegory in the book is given in the form of conversations between the two animals and other animals they happen to meet on Sir Henry's journeying. In the course of his adventures Sir Henry, somewhat unwittingly, rescues two of those 'pretty fair maids' which the songs tell about - and he spends the rest of the book doing his best to keep them happy. It's well worth reading. This quote, for instance, is a good example of the animal conversations:

Shortly after this Manfred surprised a small stoat in a thicket, and by boldness and good fortune caught the little animal by the neck. The dying stoat turned a look of great sadness and reproach on the hound, who held him in his jaws, and looked down his nose at him. "Why do you kill me," the stoat asked, "when I have not done anything to you?" To which Manfred replied: "It is a harsh world, my friend." "Well," said the stoat before he expired, "I do not see that you are doing anything to make it less so." oEoNoDo



Five pairs of rather bleary eyes were watching the ship as it gently approached the quay. At the same time, on board the ship, another pair of eyes was sleepily closed against the coming day. It was still early in the August morning, and my mind sought a brief oblivion, and so my eyes closed to the view of another landfall. Such a seasoned traveller was I that the end of a journey was to me an inconvenient moment when trivia had to receive attention. Customs. Baggage. Last Farewells. Trains. These were nuisances that had to be endured before my holiday could end and before my working holiday could begin, and I was single-mindedly concerned with suffering them. So single-mindedly that I had robbed myself of a wealth of enjoyment at what was for many a climactic moment as the T.V. Castel Felice berthed at Southampton. But no matter: the five bleary-eyed watchers were to provide a satisfying conclusion to the sea journey.

Someone woke me from my doze. Russ McIvor. "Hey Bruce, there are some blokes up there who don't want you to land!"

I sat up, startled from my snoozing. "It's true." said Russ. "They've got placards up on the wharf."

I grabbed my camera and followed Russ onto the promenade deck. "Where?" He pointed to a loose group of men - eight or a dozen dreary figures standing aimlessly on the quay. I looked closely. No placards... "Well, they had them a moment ago." Old neighbours from Sidcup? No, I'd be able to recognise them vaguely... Fans? That one over there..cloth cap, huge bluish overcoat, glasses, moustache...John Berry? No, he looks more like an Atomillo of Ron Bennett...hmm, Ron knew I was coming to England...That fat one in the ragged raincoat...Archie Mercer? "How many were there, Russ?" "Oh, about five." Five!

Someone on the quay yelled out "Bruce Burn" and I waved and the bloke in the cloth cap waved...and the ragged raincoat fluttered an arm...and somehow there was a group of five very English looking men waving and gazing up the steep side of the hull. I could guess the identities of two of the group, but the other three looked just like people. By gesturing wildly to each other, we arranged to move towards the bow of the ship where there might be a chance to shout more than a

hoarse 'hellow'. But the cranes and the trolleys and the wharfies and the P.A. System confounded our attempts to do more than introduce ourselves.

I'd been right about the bloke in the cloth cap and blue overcoat. He was indeed Ron Bennett. The big gent in the ragged raincoat was Archie Mercer, as I'd thought. The lean and handsome bloke between them turned out to be JHim Linwood, who was a fellow member of OMPA, but the other two men on Ron's left were complete strangers. Of one, I thought "He's bald, wears glasses, looks grim... George Charters?" but he was introduced as Ted Forsyth, a name which then meant nothing to me. The fifth member of the party looked studious, with deep careworn features. Who...? "Don Geldart." yelled Ron Bennett, grinning and waving and nervously coughing. Gee, five fans to greet me!

A squall of rain weaved across the quay and the ship and the fans retreated to shelter while I sought my various ship-board friends to wish them a final goodbye. Finding them amongst the hurley-burley movement of the crowd was not easy and after a while I returned to my cabin, wished the lads there good luck and staggered with my luggage up to the main gangway. Standing there, I was able to see more fellow-passengers than I'd been able to find in the crowd and all farewells were said during the hour of waiting before we were allowed ashore. Eventually, the voice of Noah on the P.A. System announced that we could proceed ashore and I thought "Boy! Now for some coffee with Ron and co.!" How wrong I was.

From the gangway we were sheperded into a large "Overseas Passengers' Terminal" where our baggage had to be checked prior to going through customs. Food and drink were made available to us, for a price; and I felt quite a thrill watching the considerate service of the women behind the counter. In New Zealand, when you ask for something like a ham sandwich you either get one (with or without mustard) or the counter-hand says "We haven't got any." My first impression of England's snack bars was that if you asked for that same ham sandwich, you'd be asked in turn what you'd like on it: Chow Chow, piccalilli, mustard, french mustard, tomato, lettuce, "...brown or white bread, love?" Marvellous - especially that cheeky, friendly 'love' which sounded so much more pleasant than 'sir' or 'mister'. Another hour passed in this vast echoing hall; then we were permitted into the Customs shed - which meant I had to hump my baggage about a hundred yards in a milling crowd to a bench. A further announcement stated that people with their own transport arrangements would be dealt with first - the boat train passengers would have some attention later. Since my ticket from N.Z. included the boat train fair to London I dumped my luggage and made for the far end of the shed where a press of people stood waiting for disembarking passengers.

It was a host of strangers, and faced with so many people I felt shy of staring back at them through the hightwire fence that kept them in England and outside of no-man's-land. And then again, I wasn't sure that I'd be able to recognise any of my five welcomers at close range. I needn't have worried. A voice let out a strangled "Oi! Isay! Here! Bruce!" all in one syllable, I looked again, and there was Jhim Linwood grinning at me over three jostling shoulders. He fought his way to the wire barrier and we shook hands.

"Welcome to England, mate. Archie and Don are over there. We've got a train ticket for you. How soon can you get out?"

"Where?" I couldn't see Archie or Don.

"Over there..." he waved vaguely, just as a well-dressed gentleman thrust his nose

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through the wire netting. "Oh, this is Don Geldart." Grin. Grin. "When can you get out?"

"Oh. Well, I've got a ticket on the boat train..." which explained everything. "You're all nuts coming down here!"

"Well, you won't need it." said Don. Jhim: "We've got your ticket already."

"Alright, I'll see if I can get through customs." I skipped away, found a porter, put my baggage before the startled gaze of a customs officer who put X wherever he could then fixed his gaze upon my camera. Just for looking, he charged me £6.10.00, so I left it in bond and arranged to send the money down from London (I had just over two pounds cash in my pockets). The porter and I shoved my luggage onto a trolley, I said a few more goodbyes to nearby passengers, set off at a brisk pace behind the porter, and finally entered England.

Jhim grabbed my typewriter and a bundle that contained paraFANalia #6; Archie took the haversack; I picked up my suitcase; Don Geldart carefully manhandled a miscellaneous bundle that fitted more or less into a large flax basket. We staggered to the big doors that led to what looked like a rather damp and dowdy world, found a clear area, dumped our loads and grinned at each other.

"Where to now?" asked Jhim. "Ron and Ted have gone to warn Jill. Shall we go straight there, or to a pub for a quick one?"

"Where's the pub?"

Don chuckled. "There's one near the bus depot."

So we set off, splashing over wide areas of tarmac and eventually into the dockside streets of Southampton, jumping puddles on the rough pavement, and after walking a mile or so through intermittent drizzle I entered my first English pub and drank my first pint of English bitter. I can't remember which brew of beer it was, but I can remember that I was surprised at just how very flat the liquid was - no fizz at all - and how very tasty it was too. The biggest difference between New Zealand beers (which are vaguely like English light or mild ales) and English beers is that N.Z. ones are drinkable only so long as they are fizzy - and most Kiwi beer is chemically made too. English beers are so tasty they don't need to have fizz. Upon drinking my first beer, there in a nondescript pub in Southampton, I decided that maybe the fortune of The Wandering Ghu would prove true: that I would return home and publish the Perfect Fanzine only when I might have consumed twenty thousand beers! Yes, Pommie brew was that good.

I had barely caught my breath after downing my pint when we set off again. This time we went directly to the bus depot and just reached the bus in time to whizz off to Jill's. I had no idea of who Jill might be, but as we sat in the front seat upstairs on the bus, Archie filled me in on what was supposed to happen for the rest of the day. Apparently, someone had arranged for a "Welcome Bruce Burn" party to be held the night before, since my ship was scheduled to arrive on the 27th August. But of course, the ship just happened to arrive a day late so the stalwart fans of London held the party without me and then Ron Bennett gathered a few volunteers for the jaunt to Southampton on the following day. Somehow, and in a rather sorry state, my five new friends had made the trip and while waiting for me to leave the ship they'd contacted Jill Adams, a local fan, who had offered us all shelter and food until the London train was due to leave.

Archie was still talking. Did I know Jill Adams? "No." "She's a married fan with a young daughter who's another BSFA member - Jill, not the daughter. You'll like her." A panorama to the right as the bus glided up a hill: such warm soft greens and browns and such a strangely blue-clouded sky. "See that slate-blue sky?" said Jhim, "Ron's been getting all his colour-slides with slate-blue over everything." "Over-exposure, under-exposure, old stock, lens-filter, emulsion rot, tommy rot." Red-tinted road surface...lovely. Warm looking houses with small pebbles thrown on a concrete cover over the brick walls and high close hedges round the gardens. "Jhim's from Nottingham, like Alan Sillitoe." Jhim grinned happily, Don smiled quietly, Archie filled me in.

Suddenly, someone recognised a landmakr and we all squeezed down the narrow stairwell to the rear platform on the bus, grabbed a bundle each from the luggage space and then walked briskly over the road to one of those cosy looking houses set back in its own garden. Don tapped on the front door, which quickly opened to reveal a thin gentleman and a little girl, who were identified as John Adams and his daughter Penny. We were all made welcome, tea and cakes were thrust into our hands, and chairs pushed beneath our slowly collapsing forms.

So we sat and talked for a couple of hours and I had a chance to take closer stock of my new found acquaintances. First, everyone looked a little pale and tired - which wasn't surprising after the night before - and their clothes and even their expressions tended to look a little dowdy and wan. This, I'm sure, was partly due to the fact that for the preceding few weeks I had been assaulted on all sides by bright colours and suntans, but nevertheless my impression remained that people in England do look pale and colourless in almost every aspect. Their expressions are invariably unreadable and somewhat reserved and because of this it's very easy to ignore individuals in England (especially in the cities). Generally, their complexions are either creamy or near-white - unhealthy-looking anyway - and this was something a little new to me. And the colours of their clothing are normally somewhat subdued - soft colours, like the countryside around with browns and blues, or like the towns they live in with greys and blacks and just a suggestion of brighter colours in womens' shoes and handbags and mens' socks and hat-band gimmicks.

Eventually, Ted, Ron, and our hostess, Jill Adams arrived back from their fruitless expedition into town (they'd been looking for us).

"Well, Bruce, English fandom rescues you from some of our dangerous English customs." said Ron, with a curious inflection on each word that made the simple sentence sound like an over-rehearsed proclamation in a play. He spoke with an accent that gave his words a friendly touch - even with a bad pun. His big smile and effacing spectacles gave him the look of a sprouted-up schoolboy and his whole body seemed to register excitement beneath the bulky overcoat.

More coffee was dished up by Jill. She is a young housewife who had first burst on the fannish scene at the London World Convention in 1957 - she is a vivacious person, with a bright personality, and I felt that she would have liked to have still been in London, rather than in the far smaller town of Southampton. Of course, she was born a Londoner, and she quite obviously got a kick out of having so many fans under her roof, so her frustration at living in a fan-less provincial town was quite understandable. She was a kind and considerate hostess who worried that none of her unexpected visitors seemed very hungry. But, with sausages and sandwiches and many cups of tea, we all sat about talking of many things: Ron's slate-blue colour photographs, Husband John's hobby, Penny's numerous jigsaw puzzles, First Impressions of Blighty, the Welcome Bruce Party, food, and lots of

other things until it was time to leave. To the last minute, we were loathe to go; but go we did in a sudden rush for a bus that sped us to the Railway Station.

During the bus ride, Ron briefly brought me up to date with a few things. First, did I want to stay in OMPA? "Yes, of course." "Well, send a magazine immediately to Daphne Buckmaster, the Association Editor, for the almost-due mailing." "I was planning to; the bundle Jhim has is paraFANalia #6." "Good - send it tomorrow, she'll have it on Tuesday or Wednesday." Did I know Ella Parker? "Who?" "Ella Parker." "No." "You'll meet her later, then." "Oh." "With Inchmarray bust up, Ella is the focal point of London fandom. She held last night's party for you. Ted here is one of her BSFA Friday-nighters." "Friday-nighters?" "You'll learn. Don's a Sergeant in the Army. He met Ken Potter in Cyprus and became a fan." Grin at Don, trying also to look at view of Southampton spread outside the starboard side of the bus. Amazing; all the houses look as if they'd grown where they stand...so ordered and neat...similar houses everywhere, same pitch to all the roofs...the grass and trees look as if they're allowed to grow in spaces specially set aside for them; unlike N.Z. where the buildings and roads look as if they've been allowed to rest temporarily in the countryside.

At the Railway Station, more pushing as we squeezed aboard a very crowded train. We pushed through packed parraiges where people stood or sat in the corridors until we found a relatively empty luggage compartment which we immediately comandered. Archie reclined on a heap of baggage and quietly fell asleep. The other five of us spread out on the floor of the carriage. With a few introductory and self effacing remarks, Ron produced a pack of cards. I pretended not to notice them as he riffled them under my nose - after all, Ron's reputation as a card player had spread easily to the far ends of the earth. But Ron is a determined character: he said "Hearts?" and Don, Tedm and Jhim nodded fatalistically, and drew small change from their pockets. I tried to avoid what was, I felt sure, a disasterous fate by admitting my ignorance of card games, but Ron kept on saying things like "Oh, we won't play for money...It's not gambling" and so I joined the circle.

And, to Ron's credit, I must say that the game was not a gambling one. It could be, just as one can make a gamble out of anything, but the way he played Hearts made it simply a point-amassing game. Luck came my way once I got the idea behind the game and so by the end of the jorney I felt content at having given Ron 'Maverick' Bennett a run for his money points by coming second to him in the tallying up. From their actions during the game, some insight might have been gained to the characters of the fans in the carraige: Ron, quick and humply confident; Jhim, nervous and impulsively decisive; Ted, dour and determined; Don, quiet and thoughtful. Archie, at odd times would stire and wake up and regale us with his feelings of complete disinterest in games.

We reached our London terminal station and the party broke up once more: Archie left to find his way to Ella Parker's, Jhim made tracks for the nearest hitching-area going north, and the rest of us stumbled onto another platform. I had wondered for some time how I would travel from this station to my uncle's house in East Sheen. Uncle's instructions to me had been clear, but of course I'd somehow mislaid the letter containing them. But I needn't have worried - good ol' Ron had mapped out a route across London via an intimate relationship between buses, underground railways, and dark streets.

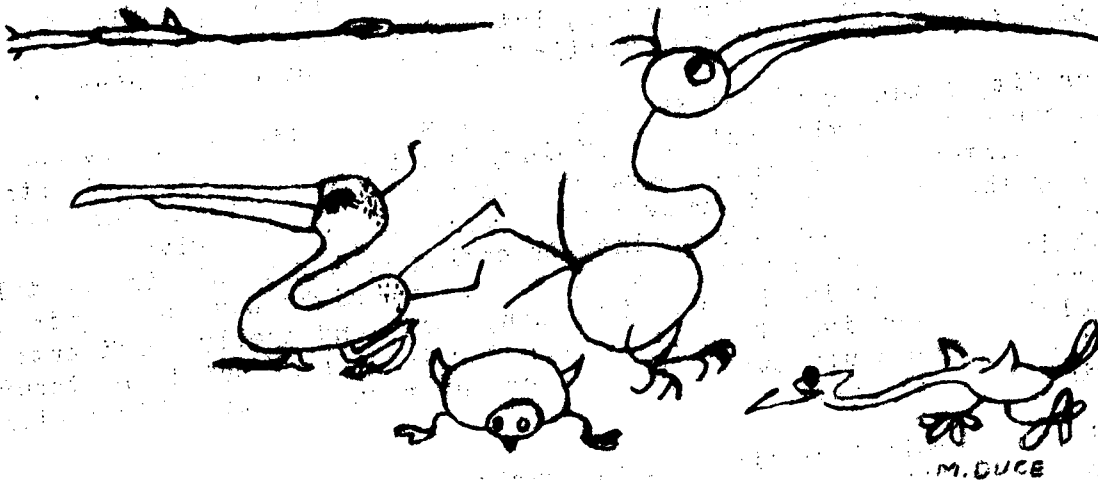
Eventually, we sat on the top deck of a No. 33 bus and passed through some of the jumble of suburban London. Red-brick houses, small walled-in front gardens, grey pavements, black damp-looking roadways between two, three, or more stories of

dirty red bricks and ugly grey concrete. Occasionally, a little relief in the form of colourful trees or shrubbery...but numerous advertisement hoardings supplied most of the colour to the streets. Of course, dusk was beginning to fall - that wonderfully long dusk that England enjoys - and this probably had something to do with the dismal appearance of the streets.

So, under Ron's expert guidance, we reached our destination: a quiet two-storey house in Temple Sheen Road. Our banging on the front door succeeded only in raising a neighbour who told us that nobody was home except "the old woman" (my grandmother) and that Eric (my uncle) would not be home for an hour or so. However, Eric had told her that I would arrive on this day and so she happily took custody of my various packages.

Ron, Don, and Ted seized me and made tracks for a restaurant. After all, they'd not eaten for about seven hours. Then, filled with steak, they dragged me into the depths below London and we made our rapid, bewildering way to the North Western suburb of London called Kilburn and the home of Ella Parker.

to be continued





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Some of the following letters are old. But since they offer some form of comment on the previous issue of -FAN-, or because they contain something I consider worth publication, you'll find Ancient Words Of Wisdom herein. Many apologies to all who wrote for this long delay, and even more apologies to the people who wrote but arn'n't quoted here. There may be another issue of paraFANalia in three months; like this one it'll be restricted to OMPA and a few other folk. To ensure a copy, comment on this issue.

First, here's a letter dated April 22nd. 1963: WELCOME TO NEW ZEALAND! This is a joint letter of welcome from those you have loved and left back in England. We sincerely hope you will be happy in the new life and country you have chosen for yourself. There are many things you will need to know about your new way of life but, with grit and determination we have no doubt you will carve for yourself a niche in the community suited to your mental agility and native wit. § It is unfortunate that you have no real wish to feel important because we here feel, that as the Representative of the LIG you will have a position of importance thrust upon you. We have no doubt that you will bear this great honour with equanimity. § We would like to think we were the first to welcome you to your new country and to wish you well in your new way of life. § The very best of luck be yours. § Sincerely,
ELLA (for SFCoL) KEN (for Stourbridge Group) DAVE (for CMD)
Parker Cheslin Hale

This was breathtakingly wonderful. To receive a letter like that upon my arrival back in New Zealand was a wonderful experience. The innuendoes and references in the letter gave me a great kick of enjoyment, and after reading it I felt that perhaps England wasn't too far away after all. Thanks, Ella, Ken, Dave; thanks for a lovely thought and for carrying it out in such a heart-warming way.

BILL TEMPLE, 7 Elm Rd., Wembley, Middx., England. 26.1.63. We were frozen up, and I'd ordered paraffin to be delivered. It didn't come. But paraFANalia did. Well, it helped to warm us up. § "Everyone seems to be leaving New Zealand..." says one of your correspondents. Did you see that TV interview with a bunch of teenagers, in To-night, the other evening at the height of the Freeze? Everyone seemed to have the same ambition: to leave for New Zealand. § Your report on the trek of the supporters of the Committee of 100 (now reduced to 97) certainly caught the atmosphere of the phenomenon. I doubt if you, personally, needed to be encouraged by "the popular Swiggin' (sic) sign."

LEN MOFFATT, 10202 Belcher Downey, Calif, U.S.A. 24.3.63. Somebody, I think it was Betty K., was speaking of the effect of pornography in your letter column. No, I don't mean that the lettercol features pornography - I mean porno pix and the like were being discussed therein, yes. Betty said something to the effect that such pix were more likely to make her laff than to have an erotic effect. Of course, some such pix and stories are supposed to be humourous - presented to entertain funny-bonewise rather than to excite other~~wise~~wise. However, perhaps what she says also helps prove something I've long assumed - that is, that pornography (pix or stories) have more of an erotic effect on the male than on the female. Oh, I've

heard talkes of guys getting their gals "excited" by showing them photos of couples copulating and then like, but said ~~gals~~ ~~was~~ could be the exceptions that prove the rule, or - more likely - said guys were talking through their hats. I'm more inclined to suspect the latter explanation, based on yet another old maxim that ye "talkers" arn'n't always the "do-ers" they claim to be.

ROY KAY, 91 Craven St., Birkenhead, Cheshire,
England. 26.3.63.

Thanks very much for sending me those two zines, I enjoyed them very much, specially paraFANalia. § The best thing in -FAN- was the last thing about the commercial traveller. Someone ought to reprint that. § There are two kinds of person, one feels he has to protest about things in a definite way, the other tends to sit back and leave it to "someone in charge" to get it all sorted out for him.

ALAN RISPON, 5 Kingdon Rd., London, but
see later for new address.
5.7.63.

Me Burfday party was quite a success although there were about 15 people there in the end. Marie Cruz, Gwen, George Locke, Pat Kearney, Pete Mansfield, Alan, Frances, Aidan (non participating yet), Elkingtons all, Dick Ellingsworth, Nell Goulding (who vacated her sickbed for a few minutes to dance, was overcome, and had to retire to the other room to rest. She has had flu coupled with wierd backaches and things like that. But she was well enough to enjoy most of the party from her bedside seat. Anyway, tis good to have a gal in bed through a party, no?) Jhim and Marion Lhinwood, Bette Woodhead and daughter Wendy were there also. Dick got carried away (literally, eventually) and got a load of Vodka inside his guts on top of the creamcakes from up the road, making him sorta queesy. Then he monopolised Wendy, and took her for a walk (Better being slightly worried). He poured out his heart to Wendy, who was very sympathetic to him and when they came back old Bette was dead worried, and dashed out of the room to see Wendy and enquire in a motherly way, but she was reassured. Soon afterwards Dick collapsed and I managed to heave him bodily to the bogs before he got it up. Then he crawled up towards his room, but couldn't make it and curled up on the kitchen floor.....

DIANE GOULDING, 5 Kingdon Rd., London NW6, England. 23.10.63. I'd been meaning to write to you ever since Al went off two weeks ago to tell you about Things. Yes - Al is gone. One minute he was here vaguely talking about University and then Newcastle U. phoned him one Friday and said "Cum - on Monday" so he went on Wednesday 9th. § Chris Miller got married by the way. Jennifer left college and they were wed in Wisbech the Saturday before last - quiet family wedding on a lovely sunny day. ...Good heavens, even Jim's talking of getting married before the con., too. Dick has left his old job and is hoping to get into one of Arthur Sellings bookshops. The party was to celebrate both of these events. We Really had a party to celebrate both of these events. It consisted of us lot, Bett, Ivor Mayne, Mike Moorcock, and a girl who was a friend of a friend of Chris' and who Dickon tells me, was a



right twit who actually believed all that M.M. said. I don't mind Michael J. Moorcock now, by the way. Oh yes, the Moorcocks gave birth a couple of weeks ago - a gurl, named Sophie, or Sophy, maybe.

BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 S Croft Ave., L.A., Calif 90056. 11.11.63. One thing to remember about

Laney (to dredge up what you were saying in a letter) is that he was in many ways as inept outside of fandom as the people he criticises. This eats me, too, that even many of the fans whom I dig most as people (since, in the final analysis, if I don't dig a fan as a person, I don't dig him at all) are not making it in terms of achieving some sort of personal success other than in their mental activities. I could name names but it would be somewhat pointless. And in a way I can include myself, because I know that given somewhat different circumstances and outlooks on my part, I could be doing a hell of a lot better than I am. The trouble with that sort of thing, though, is that if I were achieving more in terms of "success", I would be a much less happy and alive person than I feel I am. § Yes, the Church of the Brotherhood of the Way is a recognised religious order now, and for information you can write to Dick Ellington. Frankly, I became disenchanted in the Church as such some time ago. It is an interesting idea, but an idea that doesn't take into account certain inevitable (I feel) traits of humankind. In short, it is too ideal ever to work on a large scale. I have seen it work on small scales, but not for a long period of time in any case. To some extent, it works out all right in the most closely knit part of "Berkeley fandom", in that people in this particular grouping are always willing to help the others so long as they are able to do so. Or, as someone put it once, "Berkeley fandom is a series of interlocking debts."

Bob: what are the "terms of 'success'" you have in mind?

PETER SINGLETON, Ward 2, Whittingham Hospital, Nr. Preston, Lancashire, England. 15.12.63.

I was wondering if you could help me to get in touch with NZ fandom and fanzines. I assume that NZ has at least one fanzine? I hope so. Well, NZ has got at least one ~~fan~~, if nothing else! Any fmz would be assured of LoCs from me, or proz in exchange, or money; or even all three at once if need be.

Peter: this is the first fanzine from NZ in four years and you have a copy; you must be in touch with NZ fandom already!

ALAN RISPIN, 18 Bewick Road, Gateshead 8, Co. Durham, England. 27.4.64 Ella was up

to her old tricks at the convention. She had free booze in her room and made it invitation only each night. So, naturally, the Irish fans were in there all the time, and even Wally Weber although he'd no doubt been warned by Ron Ellick, was railroaded in there a lot of the time. Still, we had Ina on our side, and Norman brought 72 bottles of homebrew down there....so, like, the true con spirit was in plenty of evidence. There was so much booze to be got rid of there that Mike Moorcock organised a "hum and sway" ceremony, one of the integral parts being that people should always have a full glass and whenever 'DRINK!' was called, it had to be drained...it worked too. The climax was when an 'virgin'.. 'pure as drifting snow' was chosen to be sacrificed...and who did they choose? Yup, our Nell. She was too boozed-up to realise the mickey was being taken, and thought it was great to be the centre of attention like that. I was killing myself in the corner, and lots of piddle who looked straight at me when she was dragged out couldn't help it either...it nearly sabotaged the whole proceedings! And then Mike tripped over the body....yaroo, it brought the house down!

In SMOKE, George Locke gave his readers some idea of how a game of mine, called "JOPHAN'S QUEST" was constructed, played, and generally handled. He also quoted from one of the oneshots that have been produced during playings of the game. The oneshot he quoted was from the second game, and so I thought perhaps I might quote liberally from the first game. Then it occurred to me that none of the oneshots had actually been published so why shouldn't I quote from all that are available to me? So, the following. I hope that my readers will enjoy it all and will keep in mind the fact that these lines were written under duress as part of a game. I've supplied some sort of a running commentary between the quotes, but these can give only a vague impression of the game. Still, you might get a kick out of it. All three of the following games were played at 5 Kingdon Road, West Hampstead, London N.W.6, England...a sort of house divided into flatlets.

Jophan's Quest

WRITE 15 LINES:

This is the inaugural one-shot of the game of Jophan's Quest. I'm not sure that I approve of being nobbled for the very damn first contribution, but I suppose that's just the justice of the game.

This isn't going to be a very good game, but what the blazes, it's just a sort of trial game that Alan Rispin will be editing the Oneshot. of. He looks like being at the Tower of Trufandom before either Patrick McKearney or I. Ummm, maybe he won't, at that. He's shot ahead of Paddy and I, but har har har he's landed on the Club Space, and last I saw he was frantically tripping down the stairs to his own room to get to work on his typewriter. Ho, ho, now Paddy's gone to get Norma Clayton's typewriter from her room in order to catch up with Alan and myself, but I might, with luck (and speed), nip him in the bud. Ohhhh! No, I don't really think that'd be a very good idea. Perhaps if I can squeeze out a few words about the Terror of Apathy (which is what I'm caught in right now) I might make the line-count. So: THE TERROR OF APATHY. There was once a Club called Apa and the whole truth of the matter is that it really was the Entrance Money that was the Terror of Apafee. Ugh
Bruce Burn.

§=Somewhere here in this magazine you'll find a plan of the board for JOHPAN'S QUEST which should make the occasional references to it in the oneshots a little easier to follow. Notes on the above: Alan Rispin was resident in No. 5, as was Norma Clayton. Date was January, 1963, as is shown in the next contribution from Pat Kearney, who had to write...=§

A 20-LINE SEASONAL STORY CONCERNING FANS

The snow was lying pretty damn thick when I arrived at Bruce's place up at Hampstead. Sue was cold and so was I. Alan greeted us at the door with a belch and a gay haloo. He showed us up to his room where he had a gas fire going and sat us down in front of it. Bruce was out with Francoise and Jhim was, we figured after a lengthy discussion on the subject, at his place with Marion. The gay dog! At length we got around to playing this damn game Bruce had devised and pretty soon we were in the swing of things. Three typewriters were clacking away and the sound of frustrated teeth gnashing could be heard for a block. The reason

I'm writing this rubbish is because I fell into one of the hazards of the game. I've to write twenty lines about seasonal fans or something. Of course not being a good ~~play~~ writer doesn't help at all. Anyway, if Bruce doesn't like it he can lump it. Make it fifteen lines, says Burn. Jeez he should tell me to write fifteen lines! He's just finished his hazard; he's all right! Pat Kearney.

§=Sue was Pat's girlfriend; Jhim & Marion were Jhim and Marion Linwood; Francoise was my girlfriends: that was a good fannish circle. Alan Rispin, meanwhile, had fallen into one of the game's traps and he had to write...=§

A 10-LINE OUTLINE OF YOUR FAVOURITE SECTION OF FANDOM

I like letterwriting fandom better than any other kind of activity in this micro-cosm, and I have very valid reasons for liking it too. If one corresponds with other fans there is much more feeling and intimacy possible in the pages of a letter than could be possible in a fanzine. A greater range of subjects could be talked over too. The correspondance can also cover the more temporal fan matters that would lose all meaning if discussed in fanzines. The range of people and the degree of communication between them and you is only dependent upon yourself, instead of an editor who might very well cut off the very piece of the letter that you want to be published! Letterhacks are best! Alan Rispin.

§=About this time, Pat fell into another trap...=§

10 LINE FIRST EPISODE OF A ROUND ROBIN

Once there was a little fan and he was out to the big city to become a big name fan. He decided to look up the most well known fan in London who was called Bruce Burn. He went to his house and was let in by a tall blonde woman who reminded him of the most beautiful woman he had ever imagined. She wore a sheer, clinging gown and muttered under her breath all the time as he climbed the stairs behind her rotating rear. He thought he heard her say "He's no good...he's too small,..." and the little fan thought of the things that that could mean...and shuddered. After climbing for what seemed ages, he was lead into a room of utter magnificence. There was a golden typer and a washbasin with a built in bog...what luxury. There was a man at the other end of the room. He held a zap and it was pointing at the fan.... "Die!" said the stranger.

§=And at this dramatic point, I found I had to write....=§

AN ODE TO FEMME FANS

Ah, a song to thee oh femme-fanne,
Birdhood is thy art,
And while you while the wills of fans
You'll surely win my heart

But to call thee bird is not so wise
For birdsxfly far away.
So with wide-spread arms and deep-drawn sighs
You'll flee from me when I make play.

But judge me not by these harsh
While I do write this muse;
I can only call thee bird at times
When JOPHAN'S QUEST says, "Bruce,
carcusc!"

§=After that, perhaps justly, I fell into another trap and had to write ten more miserable lines of prose as a Derogation of the Leader in the Game. The Leader at the time was... myself, so justice did triumph. Pat Kearney contributed something about Sericonville written in the Ginsberg style, and then by a fantastic fluke I found I was to write some more, in the form of...=§

SUGGESTED IMPROVEMENTS TO THIS GAME: Stuff it in the nearest, deepest, darkest, dirtiest hole that might be available and bury Alan Rispin above it, because he just won this First Inaugural Game of (FANFARE: blamblahblatralatantivie!) JOPHAN'S QUEST. Bruce Burn (Ex-inventor of Fannish Games).

The next game has already been reported by George Locke, so I'll pass on to the third game of JPHAN'S QUEST, from which only two poems are worth reprinting:

Norman Sherlock: There was a cerebral psiticoid
 Who looked very much like a solenoid
 So fast did he chatter
 That all of his matter
 Turned into a rather flat ovoid.

AND this wonderful offering from fabulous Ken Potter:

Femfemfans make our way so light
 And fill with joy each lonely night.
 As in darkling shadows we cower
 Their memory livens each long hour,
 And when the booze is flowing free
 And when they sit upon your knee
 Oh what exquisite joy you find
 With lovely, lovely femfemfan kind.
 Alas, with all these praises said,
 They hardly ever come to bed.

In the fourth game, Dick Ellingsworth contributed some poetry, a pen portrait of Don Geldart, an extremely bitter and unprintable exposé of Pat Kearney, and one or two other things that'll be printed towards the end of this page. Don Geldart, himself, contributed a poem and a sort of autobiography. Then, after I had written a savage denegration of fandom and an aimless 3rd episode of a three part round robin that defies completion, Don continued with....

A REVIEW OF THE LAST SF BOOK READ:

The Bible.

I received this rather over-powering tome in the mail the other day. I suspect that it is being published by this unknown firm, no publishers' name on the cover, to clear out their backlog of work that they have had lying around their office for some time. On reading this book one is struck by the many different styles used by the, one can only suppose, different authors. Each chapter could have been issued separately and none of the enjoyment would have been lost. The authors seem to be on the current sociological kick that is at present running through the genre. There is present in the writings a code of morals that, could they be lived up to, would make the world perfect. Don Geldart.

Dick Ellingsworth had to simply WRITE 18 LINES:

Bruk Bearn sat in his ivory tower staring away across the Canyon of Kridis'sum... Fondling his purple beard he wondered at the bareness of the countryside around him. Then, heaving his gross body from the Great throne of B'N'F, the sorcerer waddled over to his Magic Coffee Pot.

Uttering the magic incantation Vruc Zinn Artra he stared into the murky depths of the Pot. Great flashes of light proceeded from the innermost depths, threatening to blind him, as a voice issued from the spout.... "I am coming, Bruk Bearn - Beware!"

The sorcerer staggered back, afraid for his life. In the Pot, at the last moment, he had seen something black and terrible in a distant swamp, gathering power for the time when it would come forth and invade his ivory tower. Also, he had seen, in that last fleeting moment, a warrior in a strange building, a warrior with a shield of many colours - a warrior who was also on his way to the tower.

Was this warrior friend or foe? Would he protect Bruk Bearn from the awful

Whipping Boy

The Sergeant entered the Captain's tent and flopped into a chair. He lit a cigarette, puffed smoke, and then leaped to his feet as the Captain came through the entrance.

"Easy, Sergeant." The Captain sat down behind his table. "Well?"

"Not a sign of him, sir. We've looked into every hut in the village and checked all our own tents and vehicles and can't see a trace of him. 'Fraid he's in the bush somewhere. Miles away by now." He trailed smoke out of his mouth as he grinned. "I reckon the tribesmen'll start looking for him soon."

Mopping his brow with a khaki-clad forearm, the Captain glared at his Sergeant. "When I say so, those tribesmen can do their hunting, but until then I'm in charge, and while I'm in charge I want that man found and brought to this tent. I want every one of your men out looking for Randal. I don't very much care how you do it, but I want that boy found and found quickly." He removed his hat and wiped the sweat-band on his elbow. "I know your boys don't give a damn and I know you'd rather let Randal get out of the Park and back to the base on his own. What matters today, though, is that Randal isn't an ordinary soldier. To these people in this village he's a boy, and when boys do what Randal did these people can get pretty mad." He slammed his hat back on his head and stood up. "Get out there and find Randal. And when you find him make sure I'm present before anybody tries to bring him back: tie him up if necessary."

"Sir." The Sergeant straightened his back and left the tent. His feet thudded for a moment on the hard-backed ground outside the tent but quickly faded and then the Captain was alone. He could relax - for the first time since Randal's disappearance had been noticed at Revielle.

He pulled out his pipe and began filling its wide bowl with tobacco. His fingers tamped the brown fibres carefully. He put the stem of the pipe into his mouth and clenched it with his teeth as he fumbled for his matches. Then he drew flame into the tobacco and sat back to wait for some word from the Sergeant.

The Captain was a big man. Not so big that he was oppressive, but big in the sense that his body was broad and strong. He wasn't a tall man, but he stood straight and held his head high and even the huge warrior-tribesmen of the Park admired his stance. They also admired his moustache, a ginger bristle of a moustache that refused to be bleached by sunshine to match the tawny colour of his hair.

He took out his hand-kerchief and wiped his face. It was hot in the Park in the summer - all Kenya was sweltering, but in the Park everything was stewing. He

put the damp kerchief into his khaki shorts and took a pencil from a pocket on his sweat-soaked shirt. He fumbled in a ruck-sack beneath the table and brought out a writing pad. He wrote a brief account of what had happened since the night before when Randal had been found with one of the village-chief's wives.

The Captain wasn't just a slogging soldier. He had an imagination and he had more than enough foresight to know what would happen to a soldier who took a chief's wife. He knew that as much as Christianity had taught these people of the justice of the white man, it still wasn't enough to make them shed the tennet that punishment should fit a crime. Their crimes were rare and their punishments were all the more brutal because of the scarcity of their application. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, that had been their justice since the dawn of time, and that had not changed. It was quite obvious what would happen to Randal if the tribesmen found him before the Captain did.

Randal? How did a youngster like him ever get into a situation like this? A youth, barely nineteen, flung overseas from his native land. But that's the way it's done nowadays. A child is suddenly galled a grown-up and gets plucked untimely from its college and thrown into the world of the Army. National Service. They learn the bull and they learn the roughness and toughness and sometimes they benefit from the experience. But other times they lose a little and life becomes a long booze-up where fatigues can be performed mechanically. There's a monotonous gaiety to such a life, and its very listlessness is an attraction.

And Randal had fallen to that attraction. His instructors has given him good ratings back in the first months of his service. He'd seemed keen and his energy had been that of any young man eager to see the world. But now, his keenness was blunted and his energy dissipated. No doubt he was sick of the Army game.

Perhaps that was why he'd put his name down for this trek into the Park. Something new to try: living in a native village in the jungles of Africa. Only the jungle wasn't really a jungle. It was a huge piece of forest-land with large grass-land spaces splitting up the bush. And the Village was real enough but the soldiers had to live to one side of it in their own tents. In the village they were strangers, not guests of visitors. Not friends. They attended the village dancing and the evening fire-circles, but though the jungle-juice might flow they had to remain diplomats. Revelry might be around them, but they could not quite join it.

For the fire of Nationalism had touched the land and its banked embers were glowing even here in a quiet village in the Park. Riots hadn't touched it, and the fighting passed it by. But ideas had come to the village and the ideas had developed there until the villages were all awaiting a dramatic omen of the coming days when a man of their own race would rule them as part of an African nation.

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Feet pounded outside the tent, and a red-faced corporal appeared at the entrance. "Captain, sir, they've found Randal."

Pipe into pocket, hat back onto head, the Captain stood up. "Right. Take me to him."

They ran to the main path from the village and stumbled along this until it entered the nearby forest. There, they left the path and entered the brush itself, the corporal hacking a way through the thick undergrowth. Although a number of men had already passed this way, it was impossible to do more than shuffle forward in single file.

They came to a small stream, half-choked with undergrowth, and moved more quickly along its rocky bed.

The corporal nodded ahead. "He's not far along here, sir. Didn't get far: he must've tried to follow the stream in the dark and fell down a small waterfall."

Boots squelching, the corporal and the Captain stepped onto the bank of the stream and followed a recently made path into the bush. They scrambled down a low cliff and followed the path back to the stream.

In a small clearing at the foot of the waterfall were the Sergeant and half a dozen soldiers, standing round a blanket-covered figure. The men came to attention and the Sergeant saluted the Captain and walked towards him.

"Sergeant, what happened?" asked the Captain.

"He's alright sir, just a bit damp and cold. I've got two men bringing a stretcher and the first aid kit so we should have him back at the village in two ticks."

The Captain nodded. "Good. Is he conscious?"

"Not at the moment, sir."

"Umm. Better send one of your boys ahead to fix a nosh for everyone - and some hot soup for Randal. What do you think happened to him?"

"Well; he must have been running along the creek last night, run over the edge of the water-fall, landed on his side and conked his head on a rock. We found him halfway out of the stream with a lot of flies feasting on him - he's got a nasty bruise that bled a bit on the side of his head. He was asleep and dazed when we found him and I think he's badly concussed now."

"Any damage apart from the head?" The Captain lit his pipe again.

"Yes. Bruises and cuts all down his left side where he landed, two broken fingers, and a very badly sprained knee. I've put a tight bandage on his knee and tied his fingers to a piece of wood but there's not much I can do about the rest until we get him back into camp."

"Very good Sergeant. I'll get back now; I'll have to see the chief of the village. Send someone over to tell me when you get back with Randal."

"Right sir." The Sergeant grinned. "I reckon Randal's taken enough for his crimes, don't you?"

The Captain looked at Randal and then back to the Sergeant. "Yes, I think he has too." He looked back at Randal. "But the chief may have other ideas and of course I should put the poor devil on a charge." He puffed smoke. "I'll be at the chief's hut."

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Inside the hut, it seemed much cooler at first. But after a few minutes the Captain became itchy with the humid air. At least the outside air was new and more or less clean, he thought. The air in the hut had the scent of drying vegetation in it, mingled with the sweat of the occupants.

The Chief sat on his mat and watched the Captain sitting crosslegged before him. There was no savagery in the face of the Chief, and perhaps a ghost of understanding lurked in the wily mind behind the wooden face. The Captain hoped so.

Suddenly, the Chief smiled sadly and muttered in dialect to his son who sat beside him. The boy dashed out of the hut, leaving the two men sitting, quietly facing each other.

"Captain?" said the Chief in almost unaccented English. "You know what I really think about all this? You know how I feel?" He shrugged massively. "I feel helpless. How about you?"

The Captain hesitated, surprised at the candour of the Chief. "I'm sorry, sir," he stuttered, "I don't quite follow you."

"Oh, come Captain: we're both educated men." He smiled again. "Well, more or less. Certainly we must both of us be aware of the problems that can arise in a village such as this. Yes?"

"Uh. Yes, of course."

"You seem nervous, Captain?"

"Well, to be honest you've rather startled me."

"I have?"

"Yes." The Captain smiled now, feeling safer in civilised company. He chuckled. "I'm afraid I expected you to be more like your villagers. I didn't realize that you had received so much education."

"Ah, I see: you expected an authentic primitive withh-doctor perhaps." The Chief raised his hand placatingly. "No, don't protest. No apology is necessary. After all, when I was younger, before I actually commenced my schooling in your own land, I honestly thought the London Bobbie was a sort of wand-waving demon with a white-man's face and a bald black-man's head." He shrugged. "Education can do a lot to dispel such notions."

"Of course." said the Captain. "And I regret that we haven't been able to meet before, sir. Otherwise this whole.. deplorable circumstance might have been avoided..."

"Yes." The Chief scowled at his feet, determindly following his own line of reasoning. "Education. Tell me Captain, would you call the people of this village 'educated'?"

The thought had never before occurred to the Captain. Educated? These villagers? The men with the gouges in their cheeks and the hunting spears in their hands? The women, pounding grain in earthen pots or suckling children at sagging breasts? Educated? "No."

The Chief continued to scowl at his own feet, as if unwilling to speak directly to the Captain. After a moment he sighed, then spoke.

"You're right, of course, in a way. They're simple people who live off the land

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around them. I've tried myself to teach them some of the things I learned while at my schools in England, but they can't comprehend the things I tell them. And that's not so surprising: you can't really expect a man to understand things he's never seen, even less things which can't be seen. Like justice."

Something, the tone of the Chief's voice, or perhaps a premonition, brought the Captain back to wary suspicion again. He attempted to interrupt the Chief, but was waved into silence by one black arm.

"No Captain, let me finish. You see, I've been lucky - I've seen how Justice works and how the peoples of civilised countries can be tolerant. But my villagers, - yes, my villagers, because they were my father's - have never seen anything but the old ways. The old ways of planting crops, the old ways of building huts, of keeping order, of hunting and cooking. The ancient ways of life. That's all they know and nothing I may say of the ideas and concepts of more civilised places can alter the way they see everything."

"But...But.. They're not savages!"

"No, Captain, they're not savages. But they are people who know that if you plant weeds with corn, the weeds will starve the corn unless they are plucked from the ground. They know that if you set a torch to a hut it will burn down unless you throw water at it and extinguish the flames. They know also how to keep order by setting examples amongst themselves."

The Captain sat immobile before the large Chief, horror apparent on his face. Horror and bafflement at the civilised leader of a village of primitive people.

"And that's why I feel so helpless." the Chief said. "I can do nothing to appease the anger of my wise men. Only one thing can please them and close the matter for them. Your boy must be punished."

"Of course. He'll be charged and held for trial in Nairobi."

"My wise men insist that he has performed a crime against the black men of this village and should therefore be judged according to the ancient laws. Otherwise, they tell me that this affair might become an incident that the Nationalists - yes, Captain, the Mau Mau - can use. Unfortunately my wise men are more fanatical than their title indicates."

"I can't have one of my men punished by you... your wise men!"

"Of course." The Chief nodded. "We expect you to perform the punishment."

"But that's tantamount to an incitement to Mutiny where we're concerned."

"And where my people are concerned, to act in any other way would be tantamount to a declaration of hostilities. As for me, that young man will cease to be a criminal if he has the courage to volunteer to the judgement of my.. wise men."

"Your wise men! Your wise men only want to play their game of justice as they always have done. They'll want what they think's a fit punishment, and you know I can't permit that."

"Captain...."

"Dammit, you cannot make a eunuch of a British Soldier!"

The Chief bellowed with sudden laughter, leaning on his knees and shaking violently. Then he sobered with equal suddenness. The contrasting mood gave his words a sorrowful quality. "Oh, Captain, please forgive my seeming amusement, but I don't intend that he should be treated quite so harshly. Neither you nor I, nor the people we represent can afford for this problem to become an Incident. Oh no." He sighed heavily again. "No, but my villagers insist that your soldier must be punished, so..." his eyes scowled at his feet once more "I've convinced my wise elders that my wife was not seduced but only assaulted - she's my newest wife and won't dare to contradict me. I don't think the wise men really believe me, but if your boy is punished accordingly I think they will begin to forget the matter." He closed his eyes for a moment, and in that time the Captain saw the man as a human being and not as a problem or an adversary. A human being with his own problems plaguing his own life. The the Chief's dark eyes opened once more and looked directly into those of the Captain. "He'll have to be flogged - at least six strokes of a whip my son will give you as you leave this hut. It must be done at sunrise tomorrow."

The Captain stood, nodded, and then left the cloying air of the hut.

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The tent-flap rustled, and the Captain half rose from his bed. In the darkness he could barely discern the broad shape that was his Sergeant. Then he relaxed and sat up in his sleepless bed. "Alright, Sergeant, You can shuffle those flat feet at ease or something: I'm awake."

A gruff chuckle came from the Sergeant. "Just thought I'd wake you a bit early, sir, before the sun's up." He produced a lamp and flicked it on. "Ah. Never did like getting up before the sun, not even when it meant breaking troops in." He watched his Captain closely as the officer reached for his razor. "Sleep well, sir."

"Uh?" The Captain filled a basin with cold water from a bucket, and tried to raise a lather on his stubbled chin. "No. You?"

"Like a log, sir."

"Oh." The first stroke of his razor brought blood from a tiny cut by his ear. "Damn. How about Randal?"

"Oh, so so. I've left him in my tent. He's doped to blazes, but he's awake and alive and smart enough for a parade ground." The Sergeant took some satisfaction from his own words.

"Good. How's he looking?"

"Pale. The bruise hasn't stopped up much - no bleeding outside, but I think it'll be a while before he can do any heavy exercise." He caught a look from the Captain. "Oh, he'll be alright for this. His knee's playing up a bit but I'll walk with him just in case. And with the pain-killers I've pumped into him he won't feel it too much." The bluff man hesitated. "Sir..."

"Yes Sergeant?"

"Sir, I want to say that this is a bloody mess, but I'm with you all the way on it

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 sir." Again, he hesitated. "And.. I've got Randal to sign a statement declaring his voluntary punishment.. just in case this ever does get spoken about later on..."

"Thanks." said the Captain. "This won't be reported officially by me. I'd like you to keep quiet about it, - and I'll have to ask Randal for his silence - but thanks." He wiped his face over briskly. "I'll be out in a few minutes. Take Randal down to the Chief's hut now, will you, and I'll see you down there." His voice sounded casual - almost bored. The Sergeant left the tent briskly, leaving the lamp behind him, and his officer slumped onto the bed, fumbling for his pipe.

Lucky to have a Sergeant like that, he thought. Rigid man, but realistic.

He struck a match and began puffing at his pipe, filling the still and humid air of the tent with blue smoke that hung and writhed above the ground, ~~showing~~ slowly dissipating like wraiths of thought. He dressed. Smartly. Then he turned the lamp off and stood by the tent-flap, watching the red rim of the sun jump by fractions from a bed of trees that covered the plain to the east. It was suddenly above the horizon in one apothecic leap, and its colour began to change to gold.

The Captain shook his head, put his pipe down on his table, and lifted the tent-flap clear. Then he stopped, remembering the unusual accessory to his uniform for that morning. It lay on his table, waiting to be held in hand. The whip. He stood silent and looked at it again, just as he'd done many times the evening before. It was of leather strips, platted together for the handle and left free for the thongs. It didn't look heavy, but the ~~XX~~ hand ~~XXX~~ that gripped the short stub of a handle found that the strips of leather were long enough to produce the effect of weight just by leverage. They hung now, limply, in a bunched circle on the table and in a spider-web sweep to the earthen floor where they lay disguised in the sparse yellow grass which clung grimly to the hard ground. He grasped the whip. In his hand, it resembled puppet-strings hanging empty, without a manikin to manipulate. He looped the thongs and held them in his hand, then walked quietly towards the clustered huts.

the end

