

illustration by LEE RIVERS

O
M
P
A

4th mailing



june 1255

No 11

andromeda

SPECIAL SCATOLOGICAL SUNDAY EDITION

ALL THE CYTRICON SCANDAL

READ
ALL
ABOUT
IT !

PECULIAR
PORNOGRAPHIC
PURPLE
PROSE !

TRAGEDY ON MARS

by EDDIE WHITE

They landed there on the red desert,
The vanguard of Terra's great might.
But their ship sank down in a sand-drift,
The hull faded almost from sight.

The Captain believed they could clear it
If water and air would hold out.
Alas! there was yet one more factor
They recked not, nor knew aught about.

For out in that rust-coloured desert,
The sight of which set men athirst,
Lived myriads of strange metal-eaters
Who literally ate till they burst.

For aeons through rock seam and stratum,
These creatures so small, microscopic,
Had lived on and bred unimpeded,
Voracious, and worse, allotropic.

The crew of the ship worked like trojans,
Clearing sand and effecting repairs;
Then, whilst from their labours they rested,
Came on them the worst of nightmares.

Small creatures in numbers far greater
Than sand-grains they covered en route.
Pure metal was scarce on Mars' surface
And here a feast; savoured to boot.

They came from beneath and all round it,
And finally 'flowed' o'er the top.
Like acid they went through the metal
With appetite nothing could stop.

The first thing the crew knew about it,
Their last living knowledge as well,
The hull leaked, and then all air left them
As it burst the now paper-thin shell.

Then the sand they had cursed so roundly
Did last honours and buried them there
On that bleak unfriendly red planet,
Vainly reached; yet man ever must dare.

Those men were all gallant heroes,
But their effort was, seemingly, vain,
For tho' they reached Mars as they wanted,
They never would leave it again.

They lie, without even a headstone,
'Neath a carpet of unfriendly sand,
It's treacherous surface unbroken
Till the next expedition should land.

-oOo-
oOo
o

Andromeda

is still published by

Pete Campbell,
60 Calgarth Rd,
Windermere, Westm.,
England.

6d (10p) per copy;
1/- for two issues;
£1-16-6 for 73 issues.

(I know it looks peculiar putting it like that, but even in fandom one occasionally comes accross someone who's cerebral capacity is not great enough for him to figure these things out for himself.)

Advertising rate: 7/-
per page, smaller areas
pro rata; three inser-
tions for the price of
two.

Subs exchanged.

This issue is being
inflicted on members of
the Offtrail Magazine
Publishers' Association
---better known as OMPA
---and will probably
pollute the June 1955
Mailing.

On your
right
is a box,
If there's a number in
the box, its the No. of
the last issue due on
your present subscrip-
tion. If there's no
number, don't panic---
You'll be an exchanger or
OMPAN or something like
that.

Art editors:
DON ALLEN and
GEORGE WHITING

London for the '56 World Con

Join the L S F O for good service

Westmorcon in '91

etc etc etc etc



SEZ PETE



Don Allen

VOTE FOR THE FANARCHIST PARTY !

Ghoo !

At last I've got some spare room to get a few words of my own into this crowded ole fanzine.

Let's start by discussing the current issue, since that is the most conventional subject for an editorial. The cover, of course, does not require a great deal of comment. Suffice it to say that while it may or may not be our best cover to date, it is certainly the greatest published work of our Mr. Rivers.

I'm no expert at judging poetry, so when verse is offered for publication I usually accept it without comment--after

is likely to strike you as being just a little too egotistical. Its appropriate that way, I suppose--we campbells all have egos, if not beards--but Don lettered the heading without ~~me~~ consulting me, and I daron't defy him by not using it, because he is now The Power Behind The Scenes. Esteemed members of My Public, you may not realise this, but I am merely a figurehead....brutally hag-ridden by a long succession of Art Editors: Brian Lewis, George Whiting, Don Allen..... Who knows where it may end? As these villains gain more and more power, their lust and avarice will know no bounds. They may oven---and I shudder to think of it---go so far as to make me stencil the

it is a proud
(you can turn over now, sonny)

all, it doesn't take up much space in the magazine, and who am I to deprive a budding genius of his chance to appear in print? Every great bard from Wansborough to Shakespearo has appeared, or may appear, in ANDROMEDA. But in spite of my happy-go-lucky editing, I seem to walk into some quite excellent material.

Of the three poems in this ish, "Tragedy on Mars" is a short story in verse form, while "Beyond Death" and "Professor Hibrow" both contain some food for thought--I hope you like them as well as I did.

Regarding the editorial, about all I know at this stage of writing is that it should be six pages long. That is because the interlineation took six pages. And believe me, I'm not gonna do any more interlineations with the lettering-guide; in the time I took to cut this one, I could have typed an entire 800-word stencil!

The heading at the top of this page

illustrations myself !

But enough of this digression. Let us proceed with our conducted tour of the issue at hand.

The next thing in line is the "Tilted Bhoor-Stein"; Brian has done a fine job this time, by contributing enough material to spread over three pages. In all its sordid detail, stripped of the veil of secrecy which covers most such events, he describes this bacchanalian orgy known as the Cytricon in all its shaggy shambling loathsomeness. Gee, I wish I'd been there...musta been fun.....

Further on-the-spot reportage comes from Don Allen; his son coverage reached me in letter form, but seemed too good to just be bunged into the "Post-Crypt"---especially as I haven't allocated any space for a "Post-Crypt" in this issue.

Dave Rike's "Ooze" is back with us again for the first time since Autumn 1953. David can squeeze more news and

information onto a 10¢ air-letter than most fan-eds could get into a 10¢ fanzine.

Finally we come to the backcover, and the Fantast (Medway) Ltd advert. There may be one or two neofans in the audience (definition of a neofan: one who doesn't know what a neofan is) who haven't heard yet that F(M)L is a fan-owned company; it evolved as a sort of outgrowth of Operation Fantast, the world's biggest fanclub. Ken Slater, who heads the outfit, has for many years been Britain's most active fan, and this background --plus his astonishing energy and business know-how--make F(M)L a pretty efficient firm. You won't find a better deal anywhere.

Which brings us to the end of the conducted tour.....

It may seem unorthodox to other members of OMPA that I'm making ANDRO into an OMPazine. It hasn't occurred before in England, so far as I know, but in America it's not unusual for a subscription fanmag to evolve into an apa-zine. A recent instance is SPACESHIP.

way you can dodge the 'orrible fate I have in store for you is by demanding to have your sub refunded! And I wouldn't be too surprised if someone did that, either--there've been quite a few folk asking me to continue the old--and in my opinion mouldy--fiction-ANDROMEDA.

To a casual observer, my publishing over the past two and a half years may appear very inconsistent. But that is not so. I have always published what I wanted to, and will continue to do so--and there you have the common denominator between the 60-page quarterly and the 4-page weekly ANDRO.

To begin with, I was very enthusiastic about fan-editing, and tended to misjudge the 'economics' of fandom. I thought that by publishing the largest regular fanzine I would automatically have the pick of the best material. My kockness was, in fact, contagious to the extent that I was able to fill a 50-page first issue without difficulty (I'd expected to have to write most of it myself!).

My misjudgement was in expecting that there was a vast horde of reader-collec-

and lonely

The point is that my available time and energy... but I've sung that song before, haven't I? Tell me the old old story...or tell it to the marines! But I don't want to divide my resources by trying to publish two magazines--each of which would reach a different section of My Public. Maintaining two separate fanzines, I would be unable to give sufficient attention to either of them.

For the next three or four issues, I plan to continue on a roughly monthly schedule, and those issues will probably not be distributed thru OMPA--for one thing they'll contain fan-fiction, which is anathema to most OMPA members! My next issue after those are out of the way should be in the December mailing--and this present issue is fairly similar to what I hope to produce from there on out.

Does the above seem needlessly complicated? Waal, never mind--nobody need memorise it except me. The only

tor type fan who would just drool at the thought of subbing to a fiction-fanzine. Instead of the 800 or so I'd hoped for, there turned out to be about 80.

I was slow at learning, and so for over a year the big ANDRO gave me more pleasure than any other type of fanzine could have. But it was an unstable situation; and the change, when it came, was unexpectedly violent.

Early in '54, I adapted a practice of running 240 copies of the mag. The rev-counter had broken on my Gestetner, anyway, and it seemed easy to ruthlessly divide a ream in half, and use that as a measure to approximate 240 copies. The Spring 1954 issue, the most fictionalised I



ever produced, had an output of 232 copies—plus a quids-worth of wasted paper due to my slaphappy 'counting'!

I mailed the issue out, and sat back with almost a hundred spare copies in hand. (I expected to flog 'em all eventually, and in fact did do—but it took time—the last one only went a few days ago!).

The response to that issue was poor—only about a dozen letters of comment received; neither before nor since then has an issue bestirred fandom to such an extreme of apathy. Following this, I lost interest in the magazine myself for a few months—I didn't want to produce any more large-economy-size issues, so I amused myself over the summer gafia spell by planning an imaginary small-size fanzine. I wanted to try my hand at a small but frequent news-zine—a thing which was needed then, and is still needed now, by British fandom. ((apart from the late **SPACE-TIMES** Britain has never had anything that could claim to be a regular monthly fanmag.))

I thought at first that my imaginary weekly was just idle speculation, since it was plain I couldn't manage this pro-

Brian V. Avis, 4 Lancaster Av, Blackpool offers the following at 1/9 each, or the lot at £1 plus postage:--

- FANTASTIC UNIVERSE 1954 March
- SCIENCE STORIES 1953 Dec
- WORLDS BEYOND 1950 Dec
- " " 1951 Feb
- IMAGINATION 1952 May Sept October
- UNIVERSE SF 1954 Nov
- S F ADVENTURES 1952 Nov
- " " " 1953 Feb
- " " " 1954 Nov
- IF 1952 March
- " 1954 Nov
- " 1955 March
- VORTEX S F Vol.1 No.1

ledge the majority of subs, they still had to be recorded; and there were letters, or at least postcards, to be sent in many instances, so in no time I found myself bogged down.....

(Most of the British O.F. members have received at least one sample copy of ANDRO at one time or another. K.F.S.)

thing to be the

ject in addition to ANDRO.

Then in September, a flash of inspiration struck Galgarth Road, and a mushroom cloud hovered over Windermere for the next three weeks. But in October the smoke cleared, revealing to a startled fandom the ruins of ANDROMEDA: eight pages; 2½d: weekly. And most horrifying of all to the old guard, the margins were not evened!

I consider, on looking back, that the plan for a weekly would have worked, subject to two qualifications: 1/ I'd have had to cut correspondence out almost entirely, and 2/ my enthusiasm would have had to remain consistently high. The scheme failed because neither of those qualifications was operating. As regards correspondence, it was my practice of sending out free samples that sunk the weekly. Within a span of ten days I mailed out a total of over 400 copies of the two weekly issues. The samples paid off handsomely: subscriptions rolled in and for the first time I was even able to sell advertising space—my rates were cheap and the circulation big. But even tho I didn't acknow-

sent a complete duplicated address-list of the entire membership---I believe the list went to 'operators' only, tho a part of it also reached the full membership. These addresses were cut out and attached to sample ANDROs with cello tape. The folk in the U.K. responded well enough to make quite an increase in the regular circulation. Fifty or so samples to Australia brought only one sub---tho I believe there's no difficulty sending Money Orders from that country to this. I haven't as yet sent samples to the United States except to a few hand-picked folk.)

You now know nearly as much about ANDRO as I do myself, so maybe I'd better change the subject when we start the next page.....as you may know OMPA and FAPA and SAPS editors have a way of rambling on and on and on and on just like Richard Geis and while it doesn't necessarily produce any literary masterpieces it does amuse them and sometimes their readers as well and even if it amuses nobody which it often doesn't it does at least help to fill up the whole of the.....page.

ARCHIVE to

ZYMICour review dept.

ARCHIVE (Archie Mercer's OMPA zine) (paran-
thetical line above is for the
information of non-OMPANS, of
course)..... With all that hekto jelly,
Archie, I think it should be your zine
instead of mine to use the slogan "Peculiar
Pornographic Purple Prose"

ZYMIC (Vinz's OMPA zine)..... I like it.
Very very very. Uh-huh. Viva
ZYMIC ! ((In case anyone is read-
ing this and worrying over my sanity, let
me put your fears at rest: I am still com-
pletely insane. Its just that this review
is a take-off, parody or mockery, of a
certain type of paper-wasting review which
I've found to be all too common in such
old FAPAazines as I've come across.))

And that's it for this time, folks.
We've skittered over 'em from the A's to

the Zeds. Actually there's one or two
items in between those, which I've
missed out, but maybe we'll come back to
'em later. Right now I want to hark off
down another track.....

Back around 1950 or '51, there were
only a handful of British fanzines, and
it was the practice with most of 'em to
publish a list in each issue, giving the
addresses and prices of the other fan-
zines. I believe the only titles in
existence at that time, when I first
contacted fandom, were OPERATION FANTAST,
SLANT, PHANTASMAGORIA, WONDER, SLUDGE and
SCIENCE FANTASY NEWS.

Of those titles, only O.F. and PHANTAS
are still active, tho only SLANT is
officially folded to my knowledge. The
following list gives the currently pub-
lished British fanzines today. To pre-
vent redundant titles creeping in, I'm
including only those which have brought
out one or more issues this year---

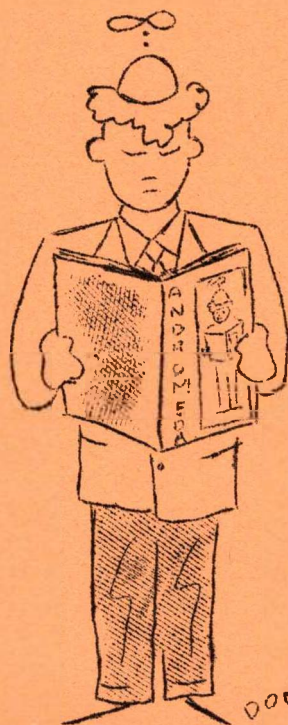
CAMBER---Alan Dodds, 77 Stanstead Road,
Hoddeston, Herts..... 9d (15d) a
copy. This was formerly edited by
Fred Robinson. 40 1/2-foolscap pages.

author of the

FOR SALE

	<u>PRICE</u> <u>EACH</u>
ASTOUNDING (BRE) 1954 April August September	6d
AUTHENTIC (British) Nos. 45 46 47 48 49 56	1/-
BEYOND (BRE) No.3	6d
FANTASTIC (BRE) No.6	6d
FANTASY & S F (BRE) No.5	6d
MYSTERIOUS TRAVELLER (USA) 1952 January	1/-
SCIENCE FICTION (USA) 1939 March (no covers)	1/-
S F QUARTERLY (BRE) No.1	6d
SUSPENSE (USA) 1951 Spring Summer	1/-
MECCANO MAGAZINES: 60 issues from July 1944 to June 1949. The lot for 5/-.	
POPULAR SCIENCE: 12 issues from March 1952 to Feb 1953. The whole dozen for 5/-.	
SCIENCE TODAY & TOMORROW--by Waldemar Kaempfert--279pp.--a book of scientific forecasts published in 1947. 5/-	
THE ROMANCE OF THE HEAVENS--244pp.-- astronomy. 2/-.	
BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS--Frank Scully --256pp. 5/-.	
CHILDRENS' TREASURY OF GREAT STORIES --447pp. 2/-.	

Cash with order, please, to Pete Camp-
bell. Any change will be refunded.
We are the Old Firm. Beware of imita-
tions.



FISSION---Geoff Wingrove, 6 Tudor Close, Cheam, Surrey..... 9d, 6 for 4/-, or two for a USA prozine. 24 pages.

ALPHA---Jan Jansen, Berchemlei 229, Bergerhout, Belgium.....or Dave Vendelmans, Strydhof Ave 130, Berchem, Belgium. But hold on, there's another address yet: British cash subs should be sent to Ron Bennett, Hall Rd, Little Preston, Swillington, Leeds... 4/- (60p) for six issues. This isn't strictly a British fanzine, as you can see by the address, but

ORION---Paul Enever, 9 Churchill Av, Hillingdon, Mddx.....subs to George Richards, 40 Arncliffe Rd, Eastmoor, Wakefield.....six for 2/6 (35p). 26 pages, half-foolscap size.

OPERATION FANTAST---Capt.K.F.Slater, 22 Broad St, Syston, Leics..... I don't see any price given in the current issue, and don't at present know on what basis it will be continued--the last announced rate was 7/6 (one dollar) for four issues, plus several issues of the O.F. NEWSLETTER and other oddments, plus the annual O.F.HANDBOOK, plus membership in the O.F.organisation. Letterpress printed, 23 octavo pages. Probably the oldest British fanzine, its had 17 printed issues, and before that it was mimeoed.

SATELLITE---Don Allen, 3 Arkle St, Gateshead 8, Co.Durham..... quarterly; 1/-, four for 3/-, two for a USA prozine. 44 pages.

HYPHEN---Walt Willis, 170 Upper N'ards Rd, Belfast, N.Ireland...and Chuok Harris, 'Carolin', Lake Av, Rainham, Essex..... Two for 1/6 (25p).

world's longest

its not so far away, and is in the English language, so deserves its place in this listing. 32 pages.

FANZINE---Sgt. Joan W. Carr, Clearing Wing, Cyprus Detachment, R.F.O. Middle East, British Forces Post Office 53. British subs to Frances Evans, School House, Teignmouth St, Collyhurst, Manchester 9..... four for 2/6d (35p). a female-type fanzine; 42 pages.

EYE---Joy K.Goodwin, 204 Wellmeadow Rd, Catford, London SE 6..... price varies according to size, latest issue being 9d for 20 pages. The editorial board now consists of Joy Goodwin, Ted Tubb, Jim Rattigan, and Vince Clarke. If you subscribed while Mackenzie was on the staff of this zine, make sure the present editors have your address.

FLYING SAUCER NEWS---not exactly a fanzine; see below for further info.

ANDROMEDA---see page 2 for partix...

The acknowledged leader of British fandom. 42 pages.

CIRCULAR of the London S F Organisation--- John B.Hall, 68 Leopold Rd, Wimbeldon, London SW 19..... no price listed, but I expect 6d would bring you a copy. Devoted to club and library business. 16 foolscap pages.

TRIODE---Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St, Stockport, Chcs..... 40(?) pages, 'fraid I've no up to date info other than that.

THE NEW FUTURIAN---J.Michael Rosenblum, 7 Grosvenor Park, Chapel-Allerton, Leeds 7..... 9d (15p), approx quarterly. 42 pages.

BEM---Mal Ashworth, 40 Makin St, Tong St, Bradford...and Tom White, 3 Vine St, Cutler Heights, Bradford..... sorry, no more gen---I can't find a copy at the moment...

PHANTASMAGORIA---Stan Thomas, 22 Marshfields Place, Bradford 5...and Derek Pickles, 197 Cutler Heights Lane, Bradford 4..... no price given---a sort of 'pay as you like' system. 28 1/2 foolscap pages.

SIDEREAL---Eric Jones, 44 Barbridge Rd, Arle, Cheltenham, Glos..... no more info; I know I have a copy somewhere, but where....?

Where I've given the number of pages, the figure refers to the current ish--many zines vary. Mostly I've not listed the schedules, since virtually all fanzines are irregular--whatever their editors may claim; the only exception is ORION, which is bi-monthly and usually comes out dead on the bi-month.

Other titles which should be out again in the futuro--- tho I haven't seen 'em so far this year and its now the 20th of May---include HAEIOGOBLIN, PLOY (1/- a copy from Ron Bennett, address under "ALPHA"), ORBIT, a new title from the Newcastle area which I've seen reviewed but haven't yet received, WONDER(?), MEDWAY JOURNAL and SUPPLEMENT (?), SPACE DIVERSIONS(?), ZENITH, NADIR (due soon from Kettering, ASTRONER(???), BREINSSCHLUSS, and maybe others which I can't recollect offhand. There's also a few minor things like HOSS LAFF, about 40 OMPA and FAPA titles, and Ghu knows what else..... additions and corrections to the above gen are invited, and will be published next ish if I happen to remember.....

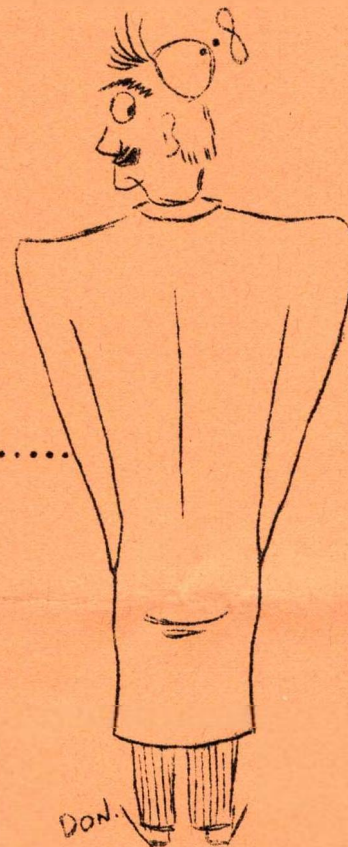
FLYING SAUCER NEWS is in the semi-pro category now, with a

interlineation

circulation in the thousands; it will probably be available from bookstalls later in the year. Meanwhile, it is being distributed by saucer clubs and suchlike folk--and readers of ANDRO can obtain it from me at 1/6 (25p) a copy. The Spring issue has 20 pages, letterpress printed, with a two colour cover. It includes ten photos and some line illos; believe me, when I say its a beautiful job it isn't just because I'm hoping to sell some! It is an essential for any self-respecting saucerite, especially as there are as many or more saucer reports coming in now than at any time since 1947.

The "Scoreboard", first quarter of this year: prize-winning writers were-- first John K.H. Brunner (£1), second Dale Graeme (15/-), and third Mc Myself..... Star artists were: first Don Allen (10/-)

Pssst! Wanna buy any London World Con tickets?



Don Allen

and second Leo Rivers (5/-).

LARRY ANDERSON, 2716 Smoky Lane, Billings, Montana, USA, would like if possible to get hold of an OMPA mailing, if any OMPAn is willing to trade. I would, cept that I'm already passing mine on to Don Allen.....

PAFLANOUNCEMENT: "owing to a serious shortage of money", John Brunner is Forced Away From It All...

ADDRESS CORRECTION: Peter Buckle, 9 Landseer View, Bramley, Leeds...

MUCH TILTING

OF THE

Bheer - Stein

(Special scatological Sunday edition)

or

KNETTLED AT THE BOTTLECON

by BRIAN VARLEY

The 1955 Cytricon will probably go down in the annals of fandom as being famous for two things -- BLOG and sexual acrobatics.

In the true vein of the modern convention, there was an almost complete absence of programme, this leaving us in the idyllic state of having nothing to do but wallow in gallons of beer. One item of the programme which did take place was the Liverpool tape recording which gave place to BLOG. BLOG, we discovered, is the universal provider, the canned replica of Selfridges. BLOG, so the recording said, is all things to all men. It was later rumoured that Shirley Marriott was changing her name to Blogg and that Don Allen had taken out a season ticket from Gateshead to Bournemouth.

BLOG took hold of the imagination; adverts for it appeared all over Kettering. One restaurant now lists BLOG, chips and peas for 3/- on its menu. The George Hotel was plastered with adverts, the residents were just plastered, and throughout it all the manager just smiled and washed his hands.

The Friday evening was pleasantly occupied with meeting old friends and stoking up with an adequate amount of alcohol in the bar. For a period I acted as amatory advisor and prompt to Norm Wansborough, who was blossoming out as a lady-killer. The main reason for his success was their inability to understand what he was saying, and making up for this by politely 'yessing' all that he said. After a while, however, I found that this vicarious pleasure was insufficient, so I sought out Frances Evans, Ethel Lindsay and the Manchester contingent.

After the bar shut, most people migrated to the residents' lounge where they continued to drink, finally staggering off in twos and threes---tho' mainly twos---until only a small corps of solid drinkers, plus the indefatigable Miss Marriott, were left. Walt Willis now put in an appearance in pyjamas, claiming that he couldn't sleep. It's suggested that Walt would be well advised to book a double room for Madelaine and himself at the next Con; it might stretch the pocket a little more, but it'd stop this four on and four off lark. Soon after Walt appeared, Shirley decided to go to bed; this required the services of half-a-dozen stalwarts and over fifteen minutes before the chore was accomplished.

With Walt in attendance, the subject had obviously got to be fannish; thus the TAFF was debated seriously though slightly alcoholically. Naturally nothing constructive happened and the issue was blurred a little further, then when everything was nicely confused, the motion to adjourn was made through the door.

Saturday afternoon passed with only the BLOG show to enliven it; then after tea there was the showing of WAR OF THE WORLDS. During this performance, apparently incensed by the evil Martians, Paul Hammett sprayed the screen with his zap-rifle. There was then a short interval whilst the operator showed us an efficient way of busting zap-rifles. This was quite interesting. After the film show, the bar became full once more and a small sweepstake was arranged on how many different ladies would accompany a famous London author up and down the stairs. Unfortunately the bettors were too conservative, so we compromised on a round of drinks.

The official Liverpool party took place during the late, and earlier, hours, the Liverpoolians again appearing in fancy dress. After the last convention with bathing costume and zip-fastener, Ina Shorrocks decided in favour of armour-plating for this one. The party was enjoyed by the majority,

though odd bods were passing out in dark corners. Ethel Lindsay borrowed somebody's husband whilst Dave Cohen cornered someone else's wife and discoursed on psychic experiences and astral phenomena for the remainder of the night.

Unfortunately, the hooch ran out too soon and torpidity set in.

Sunday morning dawned blue and sunny, this being somewhat overwhelming after a gallon or two of Bass and very little sleep. Fortunately there was no programme which required attending until the late afternoon.

When the programme did commence, it turned out to be people giving things to other people so, as nobody offered me anything, I returned to the bar until the whole sordid business was over.

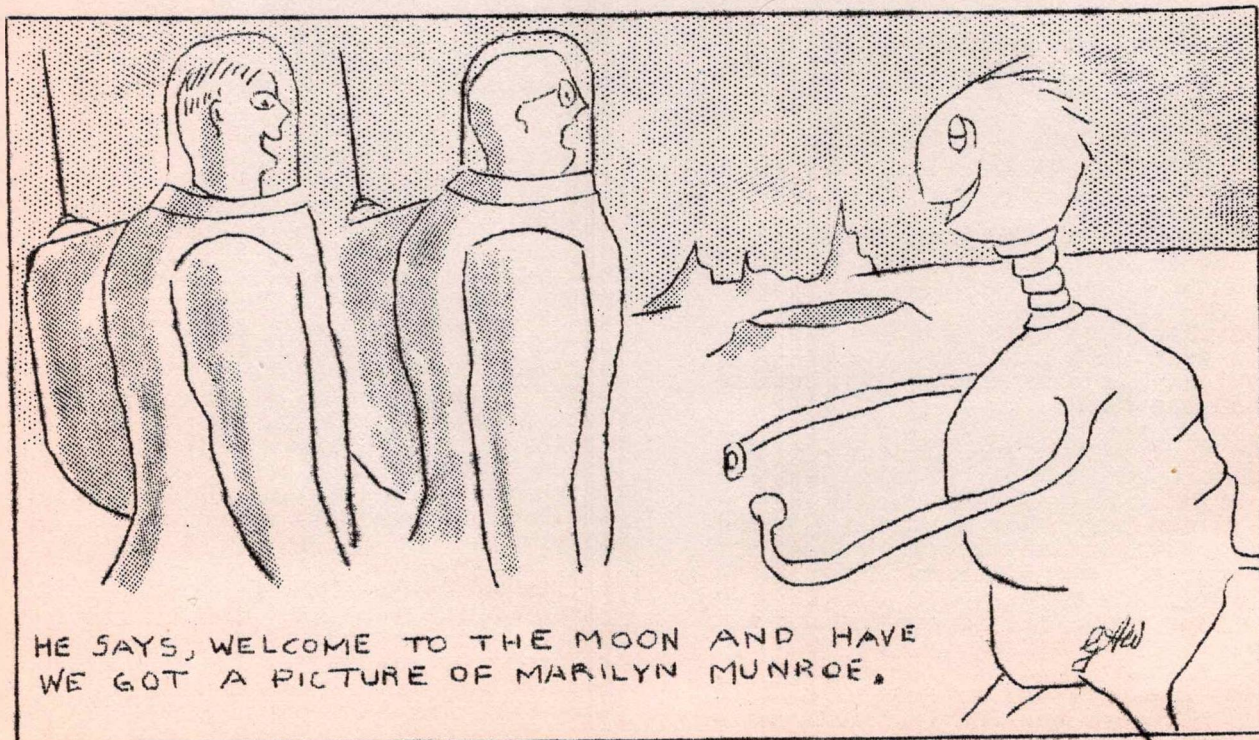
When I got back, Ted Carnell was chairing a discussion on whether a bid should be made for the next World Convention. The topic was debated with all due levity, and much mention was made about American power-politics, but it was finally decided to make the bid through the TAPP representative. However it appears that there is some difficulty in arranging a passage for the winner, so whoever it is will have to be a strong swimmer.

Soon after this, the auction took place, but the prices were too high for types like myself who prefer Bass to BREs. Many were satisfied, though, and Irene Boothroyd was so pleased that she went to bed early to read her bargains.

After tea a more ordered existence was established in the bar, and the manager looked pleased again. Thus until 10 o'clock, when the bar shut and everyone trooped into the Residents Lounge to hear the Liverpool tape once more. Whilst this was on, Sandy Sanderson arrived, after flying from Egypt in one day; everyone took photographs, including Burgess who thought it was Joan Carr.

A small sherry party then took place in Mr Frances Evans' ((that's what the script says--cd)) room. Burgess infiltrated as usual. From there we went to Room 10, armed with bottled beer, for the party that was ensuing. After a decent interval Frances and I managed to lose Cyril and (low cunning this) made stealthily for his room. Quietly opened the door, had a quick look up and down the corridor, slipped in and shut the door. Pause for heavy breathing, then switched on the light. There, sound asleep on Cyril's bed, was Burgess—and who can keep his mind on his work with Burgess snoring in his ear?

Having returned to Room 10 I found Sandy expiring slowly, so being a generous



cartoon by GEORGE WHITING (scarcely scatological at all)

soul, I carried him off to my room and stuck him in the bed. I didn't figure on using it much that night anyway.

The next few hours passed in an alcoholic haze. I remember blearily studying five trousered pairs of legs and one nyloned pair sticking out from under the bed; Burgess was nearby, too, holding a large jug of orange-juice, but I can't for the life of me remember whether he was wearing trousers or nylons. I also listened to Ethel giggling tipsily whilst she was being passionately kissed. A most peculiar and deflating experience, I should imagine.

About four o'clock I was feeling terribly torpid, so I made tracks for bed. I passed Burgess in the corridor still holding his orange-juice. I'm pretty sure he had nylons on this time. When I got to my bedside I saw that Sandy was effectively occupying nine-tenths of it, and at this point I should have retired gracefully and gone back to the party. Unfortunately I didn't; fools jump in and so did I into bed. Believe me, there is nothing more degrading to the spirit than being half strangled then kicked out of bed by a sleeping body. I tried pushing and prodding, but the only thing I got was a hefty back-hander in the teeth. If I tried the other side of the bed, he was there before me. Attacks from the bottom, top or middle were all to no avail. It was like trying to sleep with an octopus. It was a considerable relief therefore when the maid came in and said it was 8.30, though I am still somewhat troubled at what she thought of the sight of two men in a single bed.

Monday morning and, at six o'clock, so rumour hath it, Ken McIntyre appeared, demanded one cup of coffee and six bottles of Guinness, and retired again to bed.

At breakfast everyone, with the exception of Shirley, was showing signs of wear, and soon after people started to depart for home and bed. As our train didn't go until mid-afternoon, I sat and watched with heavy eyes. I was drinking lime-juice.

Eventually we left and travelled in a crowded train from Leicester to Manchester. Attempts were made in a half-hearted manner to start conversations, but only one talking-point evoked any response---this being Frank Simpson's "Have you ever had diarrhoea on a train?"

All in all, it was a damn good convention, the hotel was perfect, the beer was marvellous and, if you managed to face the bright sunlight outside the hotel, there was nothing wrong with Kettering itself.

Now all that is needed is for us to top the poll at Cleveland this year, and we'll show the Americans how a really dizzy time is to be had at a British Convention.

Finally a short personal note away from conventions and the like. If anyone has a reasonably good typewriter that they want to get rid of, I'm in the market for anything up to £8 or possibly £10. A portable would be preferred, but any port in an immortal storm.

=====

Beyond Death

by DEREK WILLIAMS

This life we have is all we really own.
All else is but the whim of fate and
birth
And when with age our health and strength
have flown,
We lose life too, with all our worldly
wealth.

Perhaps we live again, invisible
To human eyes, and watch our erstwhile
friends
In trembling fear creep to their fated
doom,
Till they too find life's start with this
life's end.

Perhaps there is another, vaster world,
Where we will look down on the one below,
And think, and smile at what our fears
were like,
Before we died ourselves and came to know.

But stay ! Perhaps in death we really
die,
And in our vacuum of earth remain,
Until the earth is cold and dead itself,
And life departed, leaving but a stain.

One must be true, no one can really know,
Until they die, and may not even then.
We can but wait and see what Fate will
bring,
And, when we die, hope that we live again.

(special scatological Sunday edition !)

Don

WAS THERE TOO!

by our ART EDITOR himself

I got to Kettering at three in the morning, and went straight to Denny Cowen's house; I slept what was left of the night there. Next morning---er---a few hours later, we were on our way to the George, which is a real fannish hotel. Even the waiters joined in on the fun---they were even zapping folks, and selling an imaginary drink called BLOG. Well not actually selling it, but they were advertising it.

In the con hall I met all the folks I'd hoped to meet: Willis, Clarke, Tubb, Ashworth, Bennett, Wallace, Harris, etc etc etc. It was on that morning that I first met Shirley Marriott; she introduced herself by emptying her water-pistol down my neck. After a duel with John Hall I went out with some other bods for dinner; I don't remember everybody who was with us, except for Slater, Cohen and Wallace.

The actual program didn't start until 2.00. Bert Campbell and Carnell were doing their best to out-talk each other. This was followed by a wonderful tape recording of Kettering Convention 1960 by the Liverpool Group. After that was tea and beer time. I didn't see WAR OF THE WORLDS that night because I went for a sightseeing tour of Kettering with Marriott, and when we returned we were just in time for the all night party which was being held in the lounge. This went on until after 3.00 in the morning. By

then fen were drifting upstairs to a room party. I stayed downstairs listening to Willis, Clarke, Goodwin and all the others who were left in the lounge.

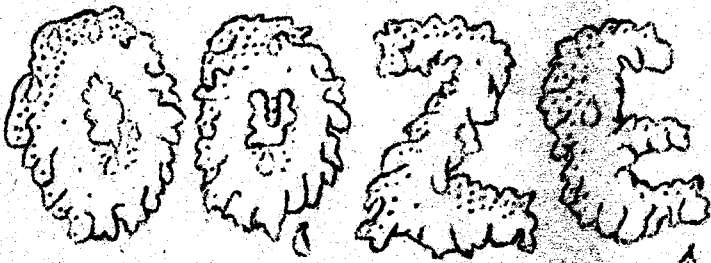
Came 4.00 and I found myself looking for a place to sleep. This was found in Ron Bennett's room, who was amazed to see me---on letting me into his room he passed some remark about thinking I'd got fixed up with Marriott! (All this confusion arose because somebody did me out of my room so I had nowhere to sleep, and kind old Ron let me use his room.)

Sunday morning I just wandered around the con hall talking to folks, then at 11.00 I sat in the 'Devil's Kitchen' with Campbell, Hall, Burgess, Tubb, Hamilton and Marriott. After dinner the auction was held, but Tubb's throat was acting against him, so he had to retire and Slater took over. He even tried to flog Wansborough. After that bit of program I don't think there was any more. At night a fan party was held in the residents' lounge, and it was here that a couple of Yanks from a nearby base invaded us. This party bust up at Ghod knows when; I went upstairs with Archie Mercer and we went into a room party (don't have my notes handy so I don't know what time this was or who's room it was). It was only a small room, but with 30-odd fans in it. I got squeezed into a corner and was cramped up besides Eric Bentcliffe who was taking down notes on toilet paper ((I didn't think it was that small room!--ed)). After an hour or more I finally managed to get onto the bed, and there I stayed until after 4.00; not sleeping of course---oh no, was cracking jokes with Mercer, watching the femmes, being drenched by zap-guns, drinking, and etc.

At about 4.30 I went up to my room to change and also to leave, but when I got to the station, my train had been cancelled so, much to my gladness, I had to stay on until 10.30. Parties were all finished when I got back to the hotel at 5.30, but I did manage to find Marriott and take her to my room.....for more read the next ish of SATELLITE.

((SATELLITE costs 1/- per copy and is published by Don Allen, 3 Arkle Street, Gateshead 8, Co.Durham. Recommended.))





Dave
Rike's
department

By the time this is published, **THIS ISLAND EARTH** from Universal International should be out. This stfilm is a typical Hollywood product, but has a slight edge over **CONQUEST OF SPACE** and the like by having the "science" coming from a far advanced civilisation and just being there, instead of being explained or rationalised. When it was rationalised (in the dialogue), VSM came out much the better by comparison; fortunately these occurrences are few, so the fans watching it won't have to bury their heads in popcorn or crawl around on the floor and look like slightly used pieces of gum under the seats for long. The colour of the pic is simply wonderful; it seemed to have an added clarity in it, and the sets were fine.

I saw it in a sneak preview with other members of the Li'l Men (Boucher, Paul Anderson, Margaret St. Clair being the pros in attendance); and the rest of the stuff in this "Ooze" is fairly recent.... for instance the t-v program was just shown tonite (May 8th) which is about as recent as you can get.

When I saw **THE 5,000 FINGERS OF Dr. T**, I marvelled at the sets therein, and wondered if anyone would use similar sets in a stfilm—and damned if they didn't, in **THIS ISLAND EARTH**. The alien's spaceship is modern and instead of dials, etc, there is a ringed globe that looks like the structure of an atom. A Super Science which isn't explained. Another endearing feature is the fact that the Other Planet (in another solar system, making this the first interstellar film) is different than ours, and everyone has to undergo the Change while enroute. This device is two handrests coming up from the floor and a clear plastic tube covering the person inside. During the Change, there is a rearrangement of body structure, and this is partially illustrated, graphically, by having the body translucent, down to the skeleton (like Dracula used to change when the stake was pulled out of his skeleton), and then with the body rebuilding itself by various layers. Nice effect.

The Aliens need a new form of atomic power, and gather the best of Earth's scientists for this purpose, and the hero and girl scientist (who met before, in a cold stream in Vermont) go along to the Other Planet. The planet is being bombarded by beings who live on comets—they hurl radioactive meteors on to the planet (meteors which you can see and hear very well in deepest space, shades of **ROCKETSHIP X-M**!).

Our hero, girl, and the chap who brought them there get away in the nick (or was it john..) of time, before the big assault which transforms the planet (this'll kill you) into a sun. I thought that Boucher, editor of **F&SF**, would dash down and flay the screen with his hands and teeth, but he magnificently restrained himself here; tho I imagine his magazine might have suffered because of this. Hero and girl get back to Earth and go off and shack up in the Vermont hills once more; while the Alien dashes the ship (a saucer, of course) into a li'l waterhole called the Atlantic, figuring all's well, ends well.

Even with the various boners, the pic is fairly good, considering its a Hollywood "A" picture, and it does have very good special effects—in fact that's the reason I went to see it.

Somebody's doing a nice thing at NBC by re-running the old Dimension X series under the new title X-Minus One. Upon relistening to them I even more appreciate the program as a top radio show; it has that something extra that really makes it tops. I wish all other radio shows were produced on a level to equal this.

I don't believe there's any ghastly-type thing like WAW described in **HYPHEN** available on t-v here, at least I haven't seen any. There is Science Fiction Theatre (Bheer sponsor!!) which consists of half-hour films made by Ivan Tors, the chap who did **MAGNETIC MONSTER**, **REIDERS TO THE STARS**, **GOG** and other stfilms. These are made on a fairly high level and in regular settings, relying upon something else than clay saucers and rubber BBs for

the effect.

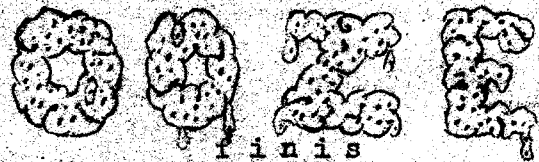
Take, for instance, the first show of the series, in which a test pilot for an airplane company says he saw something. They "prove" that it couldn't be a cigar-shaped rocketship that operates on magnetic force-fields, and show that it was a fountain-pen of his. And after all would not a ship powered by a magnetic force-field magnetize the plane? An officer comes in who found some wreckage of the plane, and says that the pen explanation is out; it couldn't be the Thing the pilot saw, even if the ship was going fast enough to float, as if in free fall, because it would stick to the sides of the plane. Then to clinch the matter, the officer produces a part of the plane and picks up a bunch of metallic objects with it from the desk. The plane was magnetized. Cool.

The second production was written by Jack "Body Snatchers" Finney, and was about some strange neighbours who had an X-ray flashlight, etc. They were time-travellers. I hope the shows keep up on this level.

S F Theatre isn't the only producer of good stf on t-v.....there are various

shows that from time to time bring forth some exceptional items. Recently, Good-year Playhouse had an original story, Gore "Mossiah" Vidal's "Visit to a Small Planet," which was written around the capabilities and limitations of a t-v studio, and its been about the best stf show I've seen on t-v. An eccentric from the future visits us to soak in the vast emotions which are lacking in the far future, and he wishes to precipitate more emotion by causing more wars, etc. Very fine acting on the part of the future man; it was simply wonderful.

It ends with another, same, Future Man taking him back to his nursery, as the first Future Man was considered as a child in his time. The effect of a spaceship in space was nice; it was achieved by superimposing a spaceship moving on a black table, onto a scene of deep space. Very good effect.



ENCYCLOPAEDIA FANTASTICA

VOLUME II

(this Volume is compiled by
His Highness the Herr Doktor
Derekol Z. Williamowski,
Rajah Extraordinary of Madyouare)

Arsenal: bottom also.
Aggregate: annoy.
Abyss: a female monk.
Achromatic: agile.
Acrostic: a flea in a temper.
Acumen: German for "Blast you fellows."
Adenoid: in a temper.
Afterbirth: old age.
Ague: a place in Holland.
Aneroid: sore throat.
Anticyclone: my aunt rides a bicycle.
Attenuate: you had lunch early.

Baccarat: put your money on a rodent.
Backgammon: a pig in reverse gear.
Badrings: a cover for wounds.
Bailiff: seasoning.
Barbarous: give me a haircut.
Barbarous: the cost of a haircut.
Barface: give me a shave.
Bivalve: polite remark in the event of your t-v set conking out.
Blunderbus: public transport vehicle in difficulties. (There is a better definition—a charabanc full of pregnant prostitutes—but you'd better not publish it.) ((but Doktor, this is our special scatological Sunday edition!))
Boycott: bed for a male child.

BRIEFLY THRU THE ALPHABET:--

A for 'orses.
B eef steak.
C for sailors.
D eaf or dumb.
E bah goom.
F ervescence.
G whizz.
H ing tooth.
I for an eye.
J ayfa orange.
K affir tribesman.
L for leather.
M phasis.
N forcement.
O for a million.
P for relief.
Q for the pictures.
R aff or a quarter.
S sson, Germany.
T for two.
U for me.
V iva la Franco.
W or cross me.
X for breakfast.
Yf or a husband.
Z ephyr breezos.

((to be continued))

Professor Hibrow

by W. R. KAUFMAN

Professor Hibrow took a walk, one Sunday afternoon:
The day was bright, all Nature was, as poets say, 'in tune',
Just what the tune was, I have never heard a poet say,
Which wouldn't keep a Prof from rounding out a happy day.
And so Professor Hibrow strode along and sniffed the breeze,
Then sat up on the grass, and watched the bunnies, bugs and bees.
Professor Hibrow, I must say, taught anthropology,
Which tells the reason for his walk upon that sunny day;
His job, you see, was finding out what makes all creatures tick,
And try to learn the reason for each instinct, quirk and trick.
And so he watched the birds and bees, the bugs and beetles too,
To figure out what makes them do the funny things they do;
A group of squirrels gathered round, and Hibrow had a hunch;
He reached down in his pocket and drew out his frugal lunch.
He took a sandwich, broke it up, and tossed a morsel out,
Expecting that the squirrels would all rush for it, no doubt.
They didn't, though; one picked it up, and then he scurried back,
And then another one stopped up and waited in his track.
The Prof tossed out another bit; the second picked it up,
And then another came, as eager as a pointer pup.
And so each squirrel stepped in line to get his piece of bread,
Politely waited out his turn, until they all were fed.
"This sure is funny," Hibrow mused, "these poor dumb creatures here
"Co-operate far better than most human folks, I fear.
"They don't rush in and grab and snatch, and claw and yoll and fight.
"Each took his turn, and recognised the other fellow's right.
"If they were like the human species, well, there's not a doubt
"Each squirrel would have tried to put the other ones to rout,
"And teeth would clash, and claws would tear, and blood would start to flow.
"Not one would get a meal but half would be quite dead, I know.
"Ah well, I know those poor dumb brutes, I'm really not surprised.
"These bushytails are far too stupid to act 'civilized':"



Illo by Geoff Lewis

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