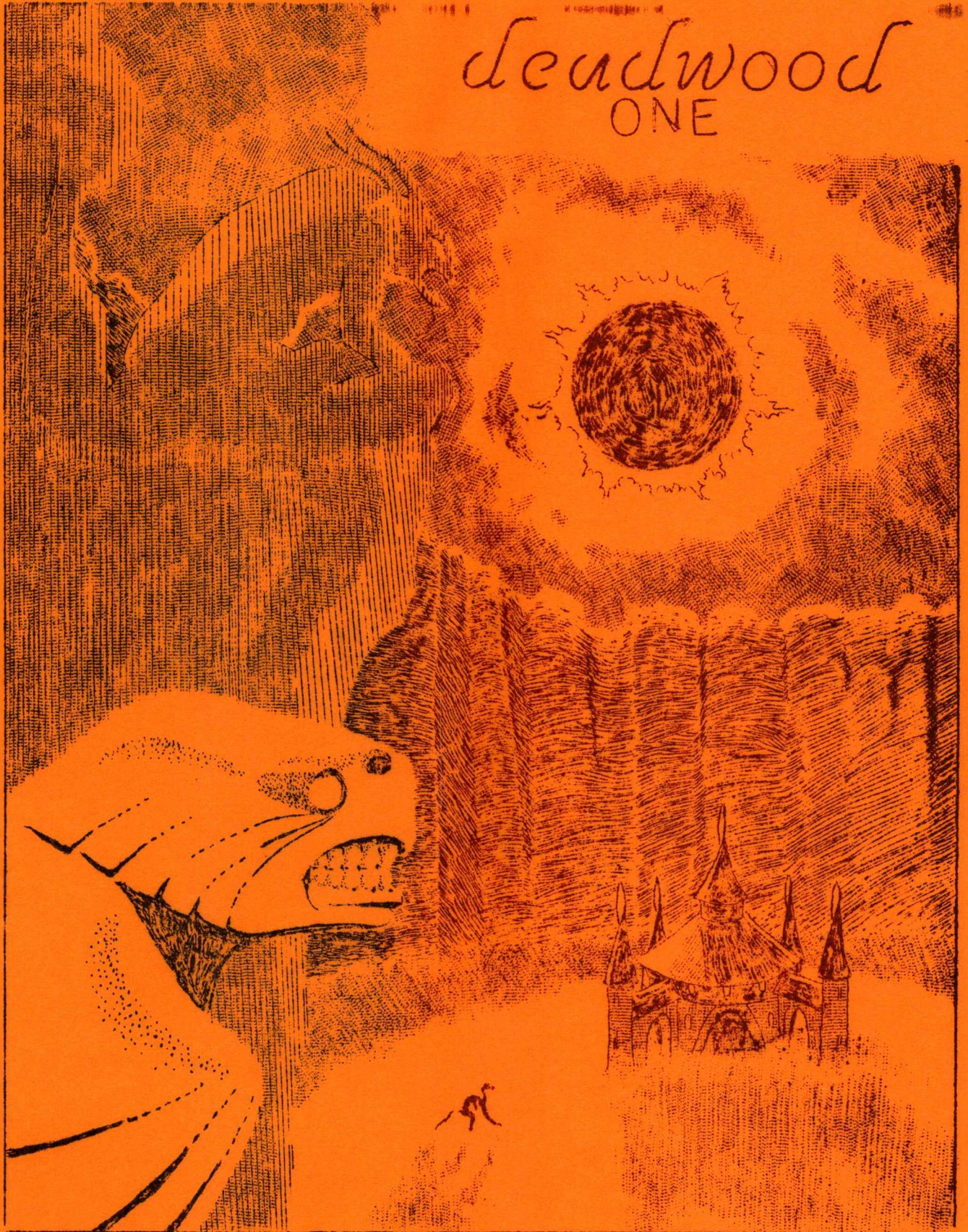


deadwood
ONE



Page 19.

didn't see you. Most unfortunate."

Page 20.

((Heading)) TOKIO OR BUST -- DON GELDART.

Page 21.

After the others, the back breakfall is simplicity itself, if you live long

Page 22.

I know every throw there is to know.

Page 23.

He was an extremely strong fellow and the thought of having to teach him when he

Page 24.

came closer to going over the hump. When it finally disappeared over the other

Page 25.

selves a generation of homosexuals) - will have disappeared. The co-educational

Page 26.

people seem to forget their past record shows that they have in fact spent very

Page 27.

Reporter: "Then are you interested in science?"

30th September 1964.

I wonder if the Official Editor will count these two extra pages, or not? In any case, I'll let him decide. It's not important, I guess. In fact, I'm not sure exactly how many pages there are - or will be - in this zine. It all depends on whether those photo pages arrive in time from Germany. One thing's certain, though - there are more than eight pages! And that, after all, is the important thing.

Tomorrow, I may no longer be alive. I'm visiting Ron Bennett in Harrogate, where part of the programme ~~in~~ will consist of my actually watching him work, after which I am to lecture his class on gliding. I've spent the last few days collecting colour slides, so I won't have to talk too much. But I still doubt I'll survive the experience.

However, I survived a rather traumatic happening last Monday. For only the third time in my life, I plucked up courage and left the vicinity of the club in my glider to attempt a cross-country flight. All went well for the first couple of hours, but the thermals became weaker and I eventually found myself having to contemplate landing in strange places. Just ahead of me, according to the map, was an airfield called Cardington, famous as having the largest hangars in the world and having housed, before the war, airships. These hangars were large enough to soar a glider on, I reckoned. But it wasn't the hangars that bothered me.

It was three large, sinister-looking barrage balloons which joined my poor defenceless little glider in the circuit.

Shades of World War 2 and the Battle of Britain. I felt, for a moment, unwanted. However, I landed, and they turned out to be quite innocent and not the last ditch defence against intruding glider pilots!

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

In order to give this magazine the air of divine respectability one associates with church hymnals, your editor has decided to publish an index of the first lines of prose on each page. Like, this blasted duplicator doesn't like the editor's policy of plenty of printing on the page!

Page 3.

PROLOGUE TO FAPA

Page 4.

Anyway, to get back to Tutor and the griping session...

Page 5.

18th April 1964. QURP arrived. I'm not sure what a Qurp is, but in its ferm-

Page 6.

WEEK ENDING 2nd MAY 1964. It started, really, with the Friday before - 24th April.

Page 7.

is - picking a field suitable for landing in. In my case, practice in this gentle

Page 8.

wings attached.

Page 9.

15 July 1964.

Page 10.

((Heading)) WE ALSO READ BOOKS.

Page 11.

in the bunch. I think Leibor bore this carefully in mind, and used them to

Page 12.

When his uncle, who had a fantastic knack for making money, died, he was the

Page 13.

"Now I come to the last and most marvellous sign of life in organised

Page 14.

((Heading)) FAN IN DER HIGH CASTLE.

Page 15.

the moonbeams like James Bond, you found a vast ciderdown which the Germans had

Page 16.

previous owner had been a Baron Tautphocus, who married an Englishwoman called

Page 17.

I smiled. "It's some local brew I picked up in Bavaria," I said, all open and

Page 18.

This report is turning out to be rather unsatisfactory. Usually, I can give

PROLOGUE TO FAPA

APRIL 1963. The Fantasy Amateur for the 102nd Mailing slips surreptitiously through my letterbox. It tries to slither away from my eager grasp, but I am too quick for it. I grab it, pick the staples open end, ignoring the scintillating line-up of material in the mailing, look for the waiting list. My trembling finger goes from the bottom of the list, upwards. The further it goes without coming across my name, the better. The higher up I'll be on the list. The closer to FAPA.

But it comes to rest in the twenties.

No change.

With a bit of luck and a mass exodus from FAPA, I might get in before I die of old age.

WINTER 63 -- 64. The Fantasy Amateur for the 105th Mailing arrived. The first thing which caught my eye, even before my name on the waiting list, was the change of policy regarding waiting lists. For years, I had been faithfully acknowledging FAs as they came in, and wishing that other people above me weren't as diligent as I.

And then they have to go and change the system!

No more quarterly airlitters, after all this time.

And # 8 on the list!

Grrrrr!

for instance.

But that's the way life goes. It happened in gliding. The club's policy is to let inexperienced pilots go through their first ten hours' solo on a contraption called the Tutor. This is euphemistically called 'a secondary trainer' and is a slow, stable machine with the performance of a brick. However, there are thousands of the things around, and when a pilot wraps one round the tree which inexplicably got in his way, they're plenty more to give his successors.

The Tutor is the mainstay of the Air Training Corps, and many incredible things have been done to it, both structurally and accidentally.

Originally a single-seater with the afore-said performance, they converted it to a tandem-two-seater by the simple process of hollowing out the fuselage and fitting a second set of controls. A seat for the luckless instructor is also provided. Luckless, for the instructor sits directly above the wheel. Every bump - and in a two-seater, heavy landings are inevitable - is transmitted from the wheel, through the instructor's bottom, up his spine - compressing it in the process - and through what's left of the top of his head to the wing directly above.

The effect of the additional pilot, as far as the glider is concerned, is to reduce its performance even further, so it's a wonder it ever gets off the ground.

Other enterprising gentlemen have fitted engines to the things. They appear to fly quite well, but look rather odd, tottering around the circuit at thirty knots without appearing to come down at all!

(The nicest glider conversion to a powered aircraft, however, was with a Grunau Baby in Kenya. A nice old gentleman from the First World War flying days owned this Grunau, which is a small glider rather similar to the Tutor in performance. It soars rather better, but flies even more slowly. He couldn't afford a powered aircraft, so he had the brilliant idea of swiping the engine from his wife's Volkswagen and attaching it to the Grunau. He added a propeller - and, incredible though it may seem, the machine actually took off and flew. Admittedly, every half hour or so, he had to land it in the road to let the engine cool down again; and he also had to buy his wife a new Volkswagen, but it was a remarkable achievement. Unfortunately, a prospective buyer crashed it on a trial flight.)

Anyway, to get back to Tutor and the griping session...

I spent a highly devoted ten hours of trying to make like a brick. After I had successfully removed the shackles of the Tutor from round my neck, and was happily flying around in a Prefect, they decided to cut down the number of hours required in the thing. And this was only a prelude to selling them and replacing them with the far friendlier Prefects.

So I wasn't really so perturbed by the cancellation of the acknowledgement rule towards the end of my stay on the waiting list. I was too used to it.

That really perturbed me about the 105th FA was the fact that I was number 8 on the list, and had maybe a year's freedom left.

A year's glorious freedom from deadlines - both activity and dues.

Make the most of it, George Locke. Make the most of these few remaining days...

It then occurred to me that I might not get much warning of my entry into FAPA, assuming of course I was admitted. (Who in FAPA hated my guts? How many were there? Less than thirteen?) I might have a week or two at the most to prepare a magazine. The invitation to enter, in fact, might turn up while I was on holiday, out of the country or marooned in a cloud in my glider.

So, I thought, if I started my FAPazine NOW, stencilled about twenty pages, ran them off and parcelled them up ready for sending to the OE...

Swingin'!

In a fever of enthusiasm I thought up a title for the beast...

And forgot about it.

APRIL 1964. The Fantasy Amateur arrived, and I began to twitch. Where was I on the list this time? About number four?

No. Number 8. Still number 8.

Disappointment. It was going to take longer than I thought.

Elation. No need to start flapping about DEADWOOD.

Then a certain, sly, calculating side of my nature began picking through the names on the membership roster. How many of these folk were liable to be dropped next time if they didn't meet their Nemesis face to face? Or dupe to stencil. Six of them. If six members decided to give up the uneven struggle, I would be second in the next FA with the good prospect of membership the quarter after that.

I began to think more vigorously in terms of getting DEADWOOD off the ground. But the gliding season was just starting, I was in the throes of a novel, and so I put it off again.

APRIL 17th 1964. THE LOYAL OPPOSITION comes into focus. I had already received the Pacificon's official report of the Breen affair, and I was particularly grateful for having been given the opportunity to read the other side of the matter. Over the past year or year and a half, I had lost almost all contact with American fandom, was receiving few of the fanzines, so my knowledge of the affair was largely second-hand hearsay from other British fans.

So * I'm grateful to those who sent me TLO and its riders. It has, at least, in combination with the stuff from the Pacificon, left me with an open mind on the affair, which is as it should be for a fan so far removed from the scene of the troubles.

I suppose it was my proximity to the top of the waiting list which got this stuff sent to me. After reading TLO through carefully, and stapling it to the other publications on the Breen affair, a tiny point suddenly struck me. TLO had mentioned Walter Breen being due to enter FAPA with mailing 107. And Breen is only two places above me...

Oh, h-e-e-e-lp!

I tremble, now, when the postman comes.

18th APRIL 1964. QURP arrived, I'm not quite sure what a Qurp is, but in its fannish incarnation it turns out to be a FAPAZinc. Having made sure it isn't a Fantasy Amateur, I settled down to read it, only to discover that it is published by Ron Bennett. Ah, well...

The page of material on English football was particularly interesting. Bennett is very enthusiastic about ball games, and would be willing to go to the ends of the Earth to watch his favourite Rugby League side play in an important match. In fact, he's quite willing to follow Castleford down to Wembley, in London, if they reach the cup final - and for a Northerner to contemplate travelling to London for a game, that is travelling to the ends of the Earth. (As I type this stencil in bed, I'm waiting for the result of the semi-final which determines whether or not London becomes inflicted by the twin menaces of Castleford and Ron Bennett later in May.)

I used to be a football fan several years ago, although nowadays I only follow the fortunes of my favourite team in the papers. This team is Chelsea, which I'm sure your Americans have heard of before either Liverpool or Everton. Chelsea, by the way, Ron, have beaten both Liverpool AND Everton this season. But if you think they should be at the top of the league, you'd be wrong. Chelsea make a habit of beating the strongest sides and then flopping to defeat against the weaker ones. That's the reason you might have heard of them - they are the stimulus of most of the music hall jokes about football. They are the clown princes of soccer. They never run true to form. They will lose to a couple of enfeebled teams, then, when everybody expects them to lose against the top team on the top team's ground, they'll win. They'll win two or three times in succession against strong sides, then, when faced with a half-baked bunch of second division roughs from the Yorkshire side Huddersfield in the 'Cup', they'll lose dismally.

They won the League Championship once - presumably because the rest of the division was so strong that year that they didn't have a chance to follow form and lose to them. I'll always remember the last match of the season that year, against Wolverhampton Wanderers, a Birmingham side. It was a beautiful day, and every man and his best friend turned up to watch. I don't know what American football grounds are like, but most English grounds are pretty primitive. There are no plush seats for the fans to sit on. No, sir. Everybody stands on raised terraces round the pitch, with the exception of the moneyed gentry, who have a grandstand provided with seats of ~~plush padding~~ pulverised planking. The standing system is to the club's advantage - it means they can squeeze more spectators in. At a popular game, like this one, the crowd gets so congested that people who come in at the back of the crowd have only one way to get a view - they have to faint and be carried over the heads of the crowd to the front, where they chance getting the ball kicked in their face, anyway.

A football crowd is one of the more fascinating ^{perennial} phenomena of this day and old age. It is a source of subtle humour, with many/gens like advising the referee to buy himself a pair of glasses. It can change its mood in a moment. It can cheer a player one minute, then shout things which would make his mother weep. Yet one thing is always dominant - the football spectator is an infinitely better player than the combined talents of the two sides.

But I don't suppose their as unique as all that. I expect it is the same with American Football. (I wish somebody would explain American Football to me, by the way. I don't want to appear too ignorant, but I never did figure out why the opposing teams stand and glare at each other for ten minutes before making a move. Is it hypnotism, terror, or just that they are plain tired?)

WEEK ENDING 2nd MAY 1964. It started, really, with the Friday before - 24th April.

It was that day that an announcement appeared in the newspapers that England's unemployment figures had reached a record low - and the day I bumped them up by one. I had just completed four months' devoted service at St Marks' Hospital, working in the dispensary. St Marks, by the way, is a small hospital specialising in diseases of the rectum, and Bob Smith suggested that I write a column entitled ANALOG.

Since leaving the army in 1962, I'm afraid I kinda drifted. I worked for a spell in hospital pharmacy, then decided to give retail a try. I spent about a year doing relief managing for a chain of London pharmacies, then drifted back into hospital work for last winter. In the spring, I toyed so seriously with the idea of becoming a professional ~~ly/ly/ly/ly~~ locum tenens, that I actually got round to advertising my sterling qualities as a holiday relief pharmacist in THE PHARMACEUTICAL JOURNAL, a weekly fenzine printed by the Pharmaceutical Society and which provides a healthy source of scrap paper on which to weigh out ~~my~~ powders.

The response to my advertisement was quite staggering, and I had quite a bit of difficulty fiddling dates to try and accomodate everybody who wanted to go on holiday this summer. I deliberately left a month free at the beginning of the period, to be filled at leisure.

It quickly came to me that I had so much to do that I had to have that month off in order to do it. (There were only two, really - gliding and writing. But both are so time-consuming, and I had so much to do...)

As far as the writing was concerned, it was my own fault. Sometime before Christmas I had the germ of an idea for a science fiction story. It was rather more far-fetched than usual for my ideas, and while it appealed to me immensely - my ideas always do, at first anyway - I had my doubts about it. I made the mistake of mentioning it to one of science fiction's Landed Gentry, Arthur Sellings. He flipped over it.

"Don't waste your time over that pacifistic druid," he said, referring to the pic currently under construction and now temporarily aborted. "Write this one up."

So I thought about it, gave it a few plotlines and visualised a nice little twenty thousand worder. I began writing the nice little twenty-thousand worder over Christmas, and when I went back to work after the holiday, it was now developing into a slightly less pleasant little forty-thousand worder.

I ground diligently away at the first draught during evenings for the next couple of months, and came at length to the words THE END at the end of February. (Just before paying a visit to Ron Bennett, by the way.)

The wordage at this stage was 65000, give or take a couple of thou.

(I asked Arthur, by the way, how he would have handled the idea. A three thousand word mood piece...)

It now required a considerable amount of revision and the lesser task of typing it out before sending it off on its collecting trip. (Not royalties - rejection slips).

The only way I'd do this before facts caught up with it - it's a simple tale of interstellar intrigue - would be to take time off to work a five day week at it. A month would do it nicely, and I'd be able to devote some happy days resting from the novel and wrestling with up currents over Dunstable Downs. (It came as a bit of a shock to see THE DUNSTABLE HORROR listed among the contents of a recent FANTASTIC.)

So, that weekend I decided to start in a fine writing way by taking two days at good old Dunters. Saturday it rained. But Sunday was nice. Instead of gliding I went on a little trip in an ugly American aircraft called the Piper Tripecar., with two or three other people from the club. As far as I was concerned, the trip was an exercise in navigation, and in 'field selection'.

"Field selection" is a term used in gliding circles and is simply what it says it

art was most important. The only field I'd previously picked to land my glider in had been filled with a very special, toughened, tall, experimental grass into which the Weibe had dived like a man into a swimming pool.

It was an interesting prang.

So - I practised field selection on Sunday.

Monday was a nice day as well, but I actually spent it at home busily working on the story. Tuesday started off badly, but the forecast said it would clear up. I decided to borrow my father's car and go to Dunstable after it stopped raining. I would, first of all, visit some of the chemist's shops I would be working at later in the year, so that they could look at me and satisfy themselves that I was genuine. This took until midday. Packing the manuscript into a brief-case and plenty of warm clothing into the car, I set off towards the country with a wonderful idea:

I would revise the manuscript at the gliding club, and when the weather was suitable, simply hop into the cockpit, holler for a launch and get nicely tossed into the sky.

Tuesday cleared up, as the forecast had said it would. But the wind was so strong that everything was grounded. I spent the rest of the day wandering around, doing odd things here and there and putting the novel off for the morrow. "Not worth starting, it's so late in the afternoon" and all that jazz.

Wednesday was a smashing day, except that the wind was still very strong. Several intrepid pilots took to the air in strong, modern gliders and found themselves being tossed around like corks. I was by no means as experienced as they were, my landings were giving me a little difficulty, and my aircraft - which I share with three other people - was by no means new. It's twenty years old this year, and though it is one of the finest sailplanes ever designed - another of the species came sixth in the World Championships three or four years ago - it's hardly the machine to brave a gale in.

So, gnashing my teeth, I spent Wednesday wandering around the club helping the more intrepid pilots, and nibbling occasionally at the novel. I got through about two thousand words. Not a lot. Never mind. It would pour with rain on Thursday, and I would really get down to it and not spend the time playing table tennis, bar billiards and drinking beer.

Thursday was a smashing day. The wind had dropped a little, and it became quite suitable for flying the Weibe. So - I got it rigged before breakfast, and was duly launched into the air. I spent a glorious couple of hours soaring around the sky, and after the flight - I just didn't feel in the mood for such mundane activities as describing how a hyper-space drive works.

Friday was essentially similar, except that I got a little higher than on Thursday, and had the traumatic experience of flying in the same upcurrent as the Scud.

Two or three pages ago, I described an aircraft called the Tutor. This was a standard, production-line machine. The Scud is unique. It dates back to before the war, when all sorts of energetic bodies were busily building their own gliders in their back yards. Most of them didn't survive very long, usually getting written off in one accident or another. Not so the Scud, which was partially rebuilt by the current owner, and which has been getting into the air with a disturbing regularity, recently.

It is a short aircraft with a diamond-shaped fuselage which is so sharp at the nose that you could almost cut a stencil with it. The wings are perched high above the cockpit, and they form a nice umbrella for the pilot. The tail-unit is rather quaint - and is certainly original. I'm afraid I can't describe it, though. Its performance...

It soars very well indeed, in spite of the disadvantage of being almost uncontrollable - a fact upon which the pilot was wont to expound at great length and very colourfully.

A fact which impressed itself upon me as I discovered it to be circling in the same thermal at two thousand feet, looking for all the world like an attaché case with

wings attached.

I cleared off and looked for another thermal.

I had to return to London that evening to ~~return~~ give the car back to my father and decided to pop in at one of Ella Parker's Friday night meetings. At the meeting was a certain gentleman who was named Mike Moorcock. He first of all said:

"I wish you hadn't come. I feel - very embarrassed."

Knowing Moorcock, I guessed what had happened. "What have you lost of mine?" I asked NEW WORLDS' new editor.

"Er - that article of yours..." He wrung his hands and let a small tear trickle down his cheeks. He made a brief attempt to smile. "I wasn't going to use it, anyway..."

I sighed with relief. "Then it doesn't matter."

"I'm sorry. I was going to use it. In fact, I wanted to use it in the next issue. And I must have it by Tuesday."

"And you've lost it."

He nodded.

"I might have a carbon somewhere. I'm sure I made one." But I loose things even more easily than Mike, who doesn't really lose them that often. "I'll send it to you."

"Good. There's one more thing - if you drop me home, I'll give you that Aldiss book THE DARK LIGHT YEARS, so that you can read all about his hyper-drive so that you can use the book as a jumping-off place for your article..."

"Which means rewriting it to fit TDLY into it."

He nodded.

"More work," I groaned.

He nodded again. "Have you read GUARDIANS OF TIME, by the way?"

"Not yet."

"It'll be a good jumping off place for that article on Time Travel you were talking about."

I looked at Moorcock and wished he'd stuck to priting Elric stories and publishing TARZAN ADVENTURES. My only hope is that the first article falls flat on its face. I think it will. It'll be a pity really, if it does. A series of articles on olde science fiction is just the excuse I need to convince people that collecting hundreds of dusty old volumes isn't as useless and occupation as they think. Still, if he wants more, it'll only be once every two months.

So I returned home with THE DARK LIGHT YEARS to scan for references to hyper-drives, a carbon copy to locate and rewrite, a whacking great slab of the novel still to revise, several books I really must get around to reading, and the increasing conviction that a man can't hold down two hobbies at once.

As a result, Saturday morning came as one hell of a shock.

It dawned grey and ~~drizzling~~, thoroughly unsoarable and ideal for continuing the literary effort. The postman brought a single, blue airtletter.

From America.

From one William H. Evans.

Saying that there was now a vacancy in FAPA.

Would anybody like to buy a partially-revised manuscript? I can't see myself ever finishing it at this rate.

19. 10. 1964.

Looking through the membership roster in the May FANTASY AMATEUR, I see that the following members have had the misfortune to meet me: Ron Elik, Bill Evans, Sam Moskowitz (I was that snotty-nosed kid who swapped a couple of books with you back in 1957, as I expect you've forgotten) - and that's all. I've also a vague idea that I've run into a Yorkshire tyke called Ron Bennett, but one doesn't dwell upon such matters.

It's the usual custom for a fan newly-entering an apa to introduce himself. In this case, it's even more necessary; 'like, who is this George Locke?'

Aged twenty-eight, single, sort of an active fan for a couple of years about 1960, intermittently active after that. Pharmacist by profession, layabout by inclination...

But why go on? It's just occurred to me that the preceding pages are just as satisfactory an introduction than a list of hobbies and hopes. Only one of my major interests has been neglected there, and that is the subject of very old science fiction.

I've bored you with details of my gliding activities. I've made you weep sympathetic tears over my pathetic efforts to get through a novel, starting which was the biggest mistake I've ever made in my life. (It's still not finished.) But I've only mentioned book collecting.

It's really a fascinating hobby, and I'm only sorry that it's been pushed so much into the background lately. Hunting for early science fiction is one of the most frustrating hobbies out - but the rewards, though few, are more satisfying than most.

For instance, the most prized item in my collection is not COSMOS, nor is the Pepe-illustrated JURGEN, the 1837 ADVENTURES IN OTHER WORLDS nor the fake newspapers THE COMET'S TALE and the 2000 AD DAILY MAIL.

It's a book called A WOMAN AGAINST THE WORLD, a marginally science-fictional novel by George Griffith, first published in 1903. It has been revised by the author, presumably for a subsequent, abridged edition, and some of the changes he had made are very interesting. Like, why did he change the name of a battleship from the 'Kaiser Wilhelm II' to the 'Deutschland'? Was there a real ship going under the first name whose captain waved his sabre in the vicinity of Griffith's throat?

But this isn't what I want to talk about.

24 September 1964.

What the hell was I going to write about? Damn if I remember. Ah, well... Since I wrote the earlier bits of this column, Chelsea are at the top of the League, and are unbeaten as of this date. I can't believe it! The epic finalised at 65000 words and has started bouncing its way around the world. The panic-rewritten article for Mike will actually appear Real Soon Now.

I'm sorry this issue had had everything packed so tightly into it. I'm also sorry that there are no mailing comments to speak of in this issue; I've received two mailings so far, and they've contained some very interesting material, and in greater abundance than I've been used to with other apes, but I've read them for pleasure a long time ago and neglected to make notes for mailing comments. I hope to remedy this next time, which I hope will be in a couple of mailings' time.

Waldemar Kunning has promised to send me some photo-pages of the CastleCon; if they arrive in time they'll be included. It'll be a shame if they are late, but I just daren't risk leaving the mailing of this zine to Pelz too late. Sorry, Waldemar, if they don't appear with this. Charlie Smith, who wrote the article on English education elsewhere in this, has undertaken to translate the German fan-history epic, which I'll include in the next issue if it doesn't kill poor Chas.

O'est suffit! George Locke.

we also read books..

ONE OF MY BIGGEST binds about present-day science fiction is the paucity of imagination displayed by the writers. One of the causes is, I think, the increased polish apparent in the writing. The splendour of ideas formerly displayed by authors like Charles L. Harness and Robert A. Heinlein has been wiped clean by the polishing rag of literary sophistication, and we get a dreary stream of repeated themes.

Heinlein is drifting downstream in the current.

Charles Harness seems to have vanished into thin air. (There's a move afoot for the Moorcockian NEW WORLDS to reprint his classic short novel THE ROSE, but that's another story.)

Fritz Leiber, thank heaven, has breasted the stream squarely.

* * * * *

THE WANDERER, Fritz Leiber. Ballantine 1964. 318 pp. 75¢.

For the first few pages, this long - for present-day standards - novel isn't too inspiring. A mysterious planet pops out of hyperspace and sits itself near the moon. The author hops ~~amongst~~ around a meadow of characters as nimbly as a spring lamb. He lands here on a Welsh poet, rests long enough to learn that he's a Dylan Thomas type, jumps over to South East Asia to take a look at a seedy little Malayan gun-runner, drops an ear in on a flying saucer convention... and so on, devoting a few paragraphs to each of maybe twenty characters or groups.

It's naturally difficult to settle down to the book.

But as the effects of the planet become felt, and people start reacting to these effects and the planet itself in their own ways, you realise that this is only way the book could have been written - as an anthology of stories, scenes from which are arranged in more or less chronological order. Analysing it from this point of view, there are three distinct short novels and maybe a dozen short stories and sketches, all skillfully woven together, all taking off in different directions from the point the planet appears.

Some of the shorts: There's the drunken Dai Davies, who drowns himself in a gigantic binge in the vicinity of the Severn Estuary, and somewhere during the booze-up drowns himself in the high tide caused by the Wanderer.

There are Jake and Sally, who get one hell of a big kick out of it all.

There is Bagong Bung, who takes advantage of the abnormally low tides to go treasure hunting.

There is the General and the Lesbian Colonel who achieve an incredible climax as their underground military retreat is inundated.

There are many others, characters reacting according to their personality or situation to the Wanderer. There's even Wolf Lonar sailing his yacht solo across the Atlantic in a fog bank who is unaware most of the time that the Wanderer even exists.

However, these are all appetising side dishes to the main narrative, the three short novels which are tenuously linked together.

The first describes the adventures of a group of flying saucer enthusiasts stuck out in the wilds of the Californian littoral. The Wanderer appears in the middle of their convention, and they are threatened by earthquakes, floods, not to mention a horde of drunken teenagers fighting a pitched battle with the police and having a drunken orgy at the same time. Though one might expect a 'crackpot minority' like flying saucer students to react in a most bizarre fashion, they turn out to be a simple cross-section of humanity. They nearly all behave as you'd expect quite ordinary people to; there's only one real 'weirdie'

in the bunch. I think Leiber bore this carefully in mind, and used them ~~as~~ to describe on a small scale the human race's reaction to the new planet.

One of the party, Paul Hagbolt, is, along with his cat, captured by the pilot of a ship - saucer-shaped - from the Wanderer, and his adventures form the basis of the second novel. The pilot is an intelligent female ~~cat~~ of the cat family. (Leiber has always had a liking for cats.) Throughout the book there is an intense love-hate relationship between the two which boils up to become one of the best stories of the relation between two mutually alien yet not so alien creatures I have read. Also in this part of the book you see some of the belated attempts by the Wanderer to put right the havoc created on Earth, and get an insight as to what the artificial planet really is and of the kind of being running it.

The third story-line follows the adventures of the pilot of a moon rocket. He barely manages to escape from the moon, has a hair-raising flight through a crack which splits the moon in half, watched the moon pulverised and fed into the Wanderer as fuel for her drives, and lands on the largely artificial planet itself.

It's a super-planet, the product of a supercivilisation, and Leiber manages to convey this very well. All too often in science fiction, advanced technologies aren't really very advanced at all. Leiber mentions the dark, starless 'dust' clouds scattered throughout the galaxy. These, he tells us, are caused by countless artificial planets huddling round their suns and stopping the light from getting out!

Incredible.

Sure, it's incredible. You'd think that a mixture of almost contemporary fiction and star-tossed space opera would make a horribly unbalanced mish-mosh, wouldn't you?

It does not.

It most certainly does not.

Hugo, anyone?

* * * * *

THE GIRL, THE GOLD WATCH, AND EVERYTHING. John D. MacDonald. Gold Medal.

THE WANDERER was about twice the length of the average US paper-back sf novel, which generally works out at 50000 - 60000 words. Generally, I'm quite thankful of those market-imposed limitations. It stops a dreary story from going on too long.

It's a pity that MacDonald's first sf novel for about ten years should have been confined to this traditional length. I haven't enjoyed a story quite as much since the last Eric Frank Russell, or since I caught up with my Unknown reading. I don't imagine that many science fiction fans 'went a bundle' on it, however. Most of us in London display a vacant gaze when you mention it, even though the book's freely available over here. It's not advertised as sf, or fantasy. Also, there are no sociological nuances in it; nothing to stimulate a lengthy discussion in the columns of the fan magazines.

Though I'm pretty much out of touch with general fanzines, I'll wager that the latest Heinlein will be thoroughly talked about. THE WANDERER will get - or have got, rather, as this is being written quite a time after the publication of these books - rather less discussion, but it will get some. This one won't be mentioned at all.

It is very well written, as one might expect from the author. It concerns some people who seem curiously more concerned with living than with consulting their navel over it. It is the hero's misfortune, however, that in his quest for life - in the biological sense in particular - he is fated always to come a cropper at the crucial moment.

When his uncle, who had a fantastic knack for making money, died, he was the sole inheritor. However, he inherited nothing more concrete than a gold watch. Certain sinister types didn't believe that he inherited nothing more valuable than this gold watch, and hounded him with all the means at their disposal. At length, in company with an exceedingly high-spirited girl from the backwoods, he discovers that the gold watch was the source of his uncle's riches and, if operated correctly, interferes with time. The hero finds he can live an hour of subjective time while a few seconds pass 'outside' in the normal world. This property makes stunts like plucking bullets out of thin air before they reach their targets and disrobing a beachful of blonde child's play. It also makes it the realisation, within limits, of the kind of mischievous dreamworld most of us nurse at one time or another.

The details of the scope and limitations of the gold watch are carefully worked out, as you'd expect of an Astounding contributor before he turned to the more lucrative field of contemporary thrillers.

But the most appealing thing about this book is the attitude the author takes towards the gadget he's invented. As I said before, it's the realisation of a practical joker's heaven, and MacDonald makes the most of it. The most that 160 pages will let him, that is.

* * * * *

A MEXICAN MYSTERY. W. Grove, Digby and Long, 1/-.

This is a simply, almost primitively, written little tale - no longer than Wells' TIME MACHINE, - set in Mexico in the 1800s. It concerns the building of a railway track across some rather inhospitable territory and a brainy engineer who invents a new steam engine. This engine has been blessed with the rather desirable attributes of being self-perpetuating and fully automatic. It needs no driver, refuels itself by cutting down trees alongside the line with the aid of some rather fearsome metal arms, feeds the bits into its tender, waters itself much as an elephant would, and when it comes to the end of the track, automatically goes into reverse and returns the way it had come.

This wonderful machine demonstrates its prowess in front of the Mexican high brass. They are suitably impressed - until it chops down some newly erected telegraph poles for fuel. This sends it and its inventor into the doghouse, and no mistake. The situation deteriorates from this point on. The engineer does a bit more work on his invention, then, in dark despair because everybody is against him, including his girl friend, he commits suicide. The engine leaves its shed and starts carcering up and down the line, busily feeding and watering itself. It's not too selective about its food, however, and if anybody is standing within range of its arms, it grabs them and feeds them into its boiler too. This doesn't go down well with the local population, and they naturally take steps to destroy it.

As a result of all this, it rapidly acquires a strong instinct of self-preservation - the self-preservation which is one of the characteristics of a living being. It manages to avoid every nasty trap the hero lays for it - obstacles on the line, gunpowder, and so on. Eventually, the pursuit of the machine becomes so strong that it is forced to leave the track itself, and as it disappears into the jungle, to continue feeding itself and ravage the countryside, one is left remembering the words the inventor left in a letter to his friend the hero:

"...Thus I have shown that two faculties, freewill and self preservation, are the first to display themselves in the living organism, and would be likely to be the first developed in an inorganic structure if it became endowed with life. Yes, development is the secret of the eccentricities of my machine. Now will it stop there. I shall not live to see the further extension of its powers, but you will - you will.

"Now I come to the last and most marvellous sign of life in organised creatures; the power to reproduce species. Does my engine show any sign of that?"

For 1889, this is very good science fiction.

This is what I find so fascinating about older science fiction. Not the story content or the literary values, which are usually minimal, but the ideas. Ideas which show how science fiction developed.

I have a strong suspicion that somebody writing an article for a fanzine in 2050 about some of our contemporary science fiction will have much the same to say, except that he'll probably admit to it being better written.

* * * * *

After Peterborough * * * * Sid Birchby.

It was a summer evening, Old Birchby's work was done
And he beside his hektograph was sitting in the sun;
And by him playing with the jolly, his little grandchild Wilhelmally.
She saw her brother Petercon with something large and white
Which he upon the hektograph did roll with all his might.
She asked him what on earth he'd found, that was so large and smooth and round.
Old Birchby took it from the lad, who waited for a tip
And then the old fan shook his head and said "You little drip!
'Tis some poor fake-fan's skull," said he, "Who fell in the great victory."
"I find them in the club-room, for there's many thereabout,
And often when I go to cons, the manager turns them out.
For many thousand fen," said he, "Were slain in that great victory."
"It was the Trufans," Birchby cried, "who put the fakes to rout,
But what they fought each other for, I never could find out:
But everybody said," quoth he, "that 'twas a famous victory."
"Ron Bennett lived at Harrogate then, and published many a Ploy.
They burnt his dwelling to the ground and he was forced to floy.
So with his Skyrack files he fled, and didn't stop till Birkenhead."
"With sword and sorcery the land was wasted far and wide,
And many a fanzine editor and newborn fanzine died,
But things like that, you know, must be, at every famous victory."
"They say it was a shocking sight after the Trufans won,
For many ^{thousand} fake-fens here lay rotting in the sun.
But things like that, you know, must be, after a famous victory."
"Great praise did Kenneth Bulmer win, and Archie Mercer too."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!" said little Wilhelmoo.
"Nay, nay, my steaming nit," quoth he, "it was a famous victory."
"And everybody praised the fen, who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?" quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he, "but 'twas a famous victory."

—Sid Birchby,

(with apologies to Mr. Robert Southey.)

Fun in der high

IN THE EARLY PART of 1964 (Or, possibly, late '63) a very attractive idea started spreading round English fandom from the continent - almost as attractive as the concept 'London in '65'. The credit for this idea reaching English fandom is due mainly to Herr Thomas Schluckmitemmlaut. This young Hanoverian fan, whom Ron Elik and Bennett will remember from the '62 Harrogate con, thought it would be nice if some English fans could attend the German Convention at Marquartstein in the summer. Marquartstein, Thomas told us all, was a small Bavarian village. It was a noted beauty spot, and possessed a mediaeval castle. The Convention had taken over the castle, and...

The idea fired quite a few English fans, who made plans to attend. The Liverpool Group, who made Konigsee the venue for their annual holiday, decided to make the Con, which was held over the first weekend in August, part of their vacation. Including as they did the Shorrocks family, antiquarian bookman John Rolce, artist Eddie Jones, Norman Woodall and John Humphries, they made a severe dent in the population of Liverpool. Ron Bennett couldn't make it, unfortunately, as he had some strange patriotic reason for wanting his young son Andrew born in Yorkshire. Something to do with cricket. Also in the Liverpool party were Ethel Lindsay, Peter Maybey and Dave Barber. Independent voyagers included Archie Mercer, who decided to brave the autobahns on his scooter, and Brian Burgess, who hitchhiked via Nice. Tony and Simon Walsh, who were to spend a holiday on the Riviera with some friends of theirs, travelled by car via the convention, and yours truly, air-lover that he is, went by train.

Thomas, working in collaboration with the organiser of the Con, Franz Ettl, had booked me in with Archie Mercer at a guesthouse in Unterwossen, the location of which - both guesthouse and village - I would learn when I got to Marquartstein. I caught the Thursday night train from Victoria at 23.00, and discovered that the travel agency which had arranged the tickets and reservations had neglected a seat for the part of the trip from Ostende to Munich. I'll grant them this: They managed a reservation for the Victoria-Dover section very nicely - for Friday!

I had no trouble getting a seat, however, and arrived at Munich on Friday evening just as it was getting dark. I had a further 60 miles to travel to Marquartstein. Since the twice daily buses and trains had all left while it was daylight - terrified, perhaps, of Bavarian ghosts - I decided to spend the night in Munich and set out for the Con, on Saturday morning.

I found a hotel near the station (unlike Archie the previous night, I learned later. The poor chap had to kip down under a tree!)

The first oddity about Germany struck me then. Not the toilets, which are usually the first things to make British tourists belly-ache. No. The hotel didn't supply the traditional sheets or blankets. If you didn't want to sleep with all your naked glories exposed to

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the moonbeams like James Bond, you found a vast cidertown which the Germans had probably used as a substitute for the Eider damm. It smothered you like a limp version of the Bavarian Alps.

I got to Marquartstein somewhere around eleven in the morning, and emerged from the station wondering where the castle was. Around me towered three-thousand foot hills, all forbiddingly steep. I'd read that castles were designed to be inaccessible. So - which peak did it sit on?

Then I saw John Rolcs, carrying a string bag full of food.

"Hello! What are you doing here? Just passing through?" he said.

Apparently, none of the English were expecting me. John took me by foot to the castle, which was on a foothill about three hundred feet above the village. It didn't look too impressive from the outside - mainly because it did not have the turrets and crenellated parapets one sort of expects castles to have. There were plenty of windows from which the inhabitants could pour boiling ~~oil~~ and molten lead, however - even if, in these enlightened times the only boiling oil would be discarded chip fat. It was built in the form of a square round a central courtyard, and gave an internal impression of stately decency. Dracula would have loved to garage his coffin there.

"The owner," said John Rolcs, obviously wanting to put me at my ease, "is mad."

And Archie Mercer later on made the bitter complaint that this Teutonic disciple of Bacchus, as he turned out to be, kept all the fans awake by his riotous living in the early hours. Incredible! The convention had started in fine form the night before, making me regret staying in Munich. They had held a dance in the courtyard, which was thrown open to the public, and joined forces with a local form of conviviality known as Einor Bayern Abend. The Bavarian beer flowed like water among the cobblestones, gleaming under the stars of a fine, clear night. I really should have set out a day earlier...

Maybe, though, I was better arriving on Saturday. Breakfast that day had been a tragedy. In der Englische hotels, the staff have a reputation for smooth and sober, if slow, service. But when the hardier con. attendees came down for their coffee and Rolcs, they found the manager lying unconscious on a bench. Since he was responsible for breakfast, they tried to wake him up. At length, he staggered towards the kitchen, and fandum got its breakfast, but not before he had dropped and broken all the saucers. My heart felt for those English fans who like drinking tea from their saucers. Plates are hardly an elegant substitute.

Anyhow, to get back to the convention as I arrived, the courtyard was filled with fans, mostly talking and drinking beer - beer of such a fine quality that I fear I would never be able to look a pipit of bitter in the face again! Tom Schlucknitzeinurlaut was there, beaming and shaking ~~both his~~ hands happily as he welcomed me to the Convention.

"There is a discussion going on in the Con. Hall at this time," he said. "It is very serious..." I peaked my head round the door; the discussion did sound very serious. "But," he added, "There is the big fancy dress party tonight. You have brought your fancy dress, I hope...You are wearing it, I see!"

Tom spoke English very quietly. in some ways a little like Wally Weber. Like Wally, he struck me as being one of the nicest fans going. Nothing was too much trouble for him, and he went to great lengths to make sure we were all well looked-after.

* * * * *

After lunch in Marquartstein with some of the Liverpool group, I remember spending much of the afternoon being shown round the Castle's attics by John Rolcs. There was some quite fascinating 'attiquities' to be found there. A

previous owner has been a Baron Tautpocus, who married an Englishwoman called Jennie Montgomery, who wrote a number of Victorian novels under the name Baroness T. (I refuse to try and spell it twice!) ((Further details on the family history will be found in John Rolfe's OMPazine Morph.)) There were copies of her books lying in the attic, masquerading as piles of dust, along with a number of French, German and English books and periodicals. There were also many fifty year old military maps of the alps, menus for German regimental dinners, old music scores and some letters and postcards, mostly from Italy. There were also one or two bats, whose cheeks were rosy and which looked very well fed...

Even though one got the impression that these ephemera had been thoroughly picked over for anything of value, it was still fascinating to look through such reminders of a past, more elegant era. The castle itself also gave the impression of having had many of its treasures removed, but there were enough carved furnishings to hint at its former sumptuousness. What a place it would be if somebody would take the trouble to restore it!

The main hall, for instance. There were a few murals above the balcony, but the only other decorations consisted of some large medival-style - and very good - backdrops done by the fans themselves. A few tapestries would have done wonders, but the only tapestry in sight was the electronic contrivance of Helander Kunning und Co. However, it was a wonderful convention hall.

Saturday night was not so fine, weather-wise, as Friday. It drizzled slightly. The Fancy dress party was held in the Con. Hall. It was a fabulous success. A local band had been imported - a weird-looking outfit in pyjamas and long 'cons' and they set the place alive, with the assistance of some taped music provided by the Munich Club. One corner of the balcony was reserved for their electronic equipment, which included enough electronic miracles to fill the control room of a spaceship. London's tape-worms can't touch the Munich group's glorious array of apparatus.

The fancy dress parade came about half way through the party, an optimum time, since the participants were sufficiently mellow to let their hair and antennae down, but not so far gone as to collapse under the tables. There was a group costume depicting our old friends, the characters in THE MOUSE THAT ROARED, the venue for which book could quite well have been Marquartstein Burg. The Liverpool Group wore their Lig T-shirts, but Brian Burgess decided against his G-string outfit of the Peterborough Con. There were some excellent Bens of one kind or another, and a couple of feminine costumes which, I confess, tended to lead my eyes away from the more bizarre efforts. I guess I'm a loose Earthman at heart, not a Galactic Citizen.

The Fencyclopedia mentions Blog, Britain's fannish drink. I've never tasted it - or found anybody who has the recipe - but the German equivalent turned out to be a very interesting concoction. Formulated by Franz Ettl, who devoted his time to removing the teeth from poor, innocent, unsuspecting toothaches, it is a delicate lime-yellow in colour. It is an effective agent for sterilising the intestinal flora, and induces a remarkable, chamcleonic effect in the drinker. His face turns the same shade of yellow as the liquid. Connoisseurs savour it in small tots - a minin a minute - and report in hushed tones that it flows smoothly down the throat like strained lava, burning away any crude anatomical obstructions like vocal chords. It is a reputed 80-85 per cent v/v alcohol, and is called VURGUZZ. (Rhymes with 'Poor Guts' which is an accurate description of its effects as can be given.) I invested 12 DM in a large bottle of this ~~xxxxx~~ fabled nectar and took it back to England. At the customs in Dover, I duly opened my bag, which contained mostly dirty washing. The customs officer was young. He wrinkled his nose as I brushed aside some moderately mature socks and revealed the Vurguzz in all its alien glory, along with a bottle of Doornkart for a friend of mine. The customs officer looked at it, puzzled.

I smiled. "It's some local brew I picked up in Bavaria," I said, all open and truthful. "I don't know what it is, but I think it's about the same strength as whisky." (In fact, it's about twice as strong.)

The custom's officer passed me on to his elderly, more experienced mate. He opened the Vurguzz, raised the bottle. God, I thought, don't drink it - it'll bore a hole through the marrow of your bones, right down to the soles of your feet!

He didn't drink it. He sniffed it with the air of British tourists usually stick to Gordon's Gin and 200 fags', closed the stopper, and replaced it in my bag. The socks squirmed away from the bottle in horror; poor, sensitive things. But he didn't notice, and said, "It appears to be a heavy wine," which is about the nicest compliment Vurguzz will ever have, at least from the customs duty point of view.

What with gallons of German beer, enormous bottles of Vurguzz and certain costumes, it was a very enjoyable evening. Later on, there was a room party hosted by Tom Schlucknitsinamleit and his room-mates Horst Evermann and Wolfgang Thadewald, a delightful change from Peterborough where invitations to room parties were like gold dust. Wolfgang was a fellow collector of old books. Odd, he looked quite normal! It all broke up in the small hours, and I retired to my castle accommodation, which was a US army camp bed and a blanket. The Unterwossen guest-house plans had fallen through, which at least saved a two mile walk.

Sunday morning it rained cats, dogs and elephant jokes. It was Sunday before I really began to sort the Germans into regional groups - up till then I had tended to regard them as Germans without any thought of which town they came from. The group from Munich are a very energetic bunch, and as well as performing miracles with their electronic equipment, actually put out a monthly fanzine, entitled MUNICH ROUND UP. In spite of the English title, however, it's all in German, which is a pity, as it is a very fine, spirit-duplicated zine and has published some excellent material. (Including a fictional fanzine history, from the stone age to the future, which may appear translated next issue - if Charles Smith doesn't wilt under the pressure.) The editor of the magazine, Waldemar Kunning, is a middle-aged man who worked for the American public relations people. He always seems to be smiling, an expression which also carries a permanent air of uncertainty as to whether he's Kunning or going!

Almost his first words to me were: "How do you get four elephants into a Goggomobile?"

"Two in the front seat, two in the back."

"No, no, no. You are wrong. You pack their trunks on the roof. How do you get four giraffes in a Goggomobile?"

"Two in the front seat and..."

"Nein, nein, nein, you cannot get four giraffes in the Goggomobile, there are already four elephants there."

We spent quite a time swapping elephant jokes and flatties, and I was quite surprised to find that the German repertoire is almost identical to ours.

I watched the film show, or part of it, had a brief listen to the serious discussion of the business meeting, and witnessed George O. Smith (who, being on a continental tour at the time, attended the con) trying to wriggle out of writing a page of purple prose in Gary Klupfel's autograph book. His efforts in this direction might well have given him the complexion of a purple pro. Munich-man Gary looks a little like a lively version of John Rolos, and is an ardent admirer of Gary Cooper, though how he reconciles a Davy Crockett hat with his hero I'm not enough of a Cooper aficionado to be sure. To be sure!

* * * * *

This report is turning out to be rather unsatisfactory. Usually, I can give a fairly straightforward narrative, with everything in chronological order. In most reports the time sequence is kept neatly in place by the programme. Not speaking German, however, my attendance at the programme was minimal and as a result, the weekend remains in my memory as a single event. When, for instance, did I meet Burkhard Blum or Rolf Gindorf? I remember listening to tape recordings of Spike Jones and Forrest J. Ackerman in Thomas' room...

I've just remembered! I listened to the tapes the night before I returned to England, a week later, and not at the con.)

A lot, I'm sure, has been left out, including, undoubtedly, the most fabulous happening of all.

Going back to Saturday night, for instance, I took a walk down to Marquartstein with Tony Welsh during which we talked about science fiction, of all strange topics. On returning, we found the place in an uproar, police hustling all over the place, and dark rumours that Franz and Tom were in jail. It transpired that some fireworks, which had been let off during the festivities, had annoyed the local residents, who probably thought the French were marching on them from across the Alps.

However, everything quietened down and nobody got arrested.

My main impressions were that German fandom was very jovial, that German fans weren't at all the screen types we'd been led to believe they were, and that they possessed the quality of being more willing to let their hair down than the English. Many of them expressed a wish to come to London in '65. However, many of them were students, like fans all over the world, and the London Con. Hotel prices quoted to them - which were roughly equal to the usual American prices, I gather - seemed to frighten quite a few of them off.

The Con. broke up on Sunday night, most of the fans having to return home for work on the Monday morning. Quite a few were holidaying for a week or two in the area, and rendezvoused with the Liverpool Group in Salzburg the following Wednesday where I understand they had a high old time. Archie Mercer scootered back to England on the Tuesday. Brian Burgess left on Sunday, and I moved from the Castle camp bed to a very nice Guest House in Marquartstein. I stayed there for the rest of the week, before returning to the drizzle and the relatively dreary business of provincial pharmacy.

It was a grand convention, a convention with a difference and an atmosphere all its very own. When you consider the old Bavarian schloss in which to get sloshed, I can only add one thing:

MARQUARTSTEIN IN '69.

AN OXFORD CIRCUS TEDDY BEAR. Ignatius P. Pumpernickle

It was a sunny day. I was walking across Piccadilly Circus at the time. I was completely intent on my task, because nowadays one seems to take one's life in one's hands whenever one crosses one of these busy London nodal points. As I say, I was completely intent on crossing, and failed to notice a slight tap on my trouserleg. It was not until I had made a few steps more that I began to feel the insistent tugging, and came to a halt, looking down.

From the leg of my trousers stretched a taut, thin wire. I followed the wire with my eyes, until it arrived at a fishing rod. The rod was held by an untidy looking man sitting on the pavement.

"Hey," he called to me, "your trouser leg's caught in my hook!"

I walked over to him.

"Why not sit down?" he asked, motioning to the piece of kerb next to him. I remained standing. "You'll have to sit down while we get out the hook."

So I sat on the kerb beside him while we both tried to remove the hook.

"I'm dreadfully sorry," he said, "you see, I was just casting, and I just

didn't see you. Most unfortunate."

Soon the hook was disengaged. I was just about to get to my feet and leave when a sudden thought struck me. "Tell me," I said, "why are you fishing like that?"

"Oh, I go fishing every day."

"Yes, but, I mean, why in the middle of Piccadilly Circus? I mean, what do you hope to catch?"

"Oh, I'm fishing for an Oxford Circus Teddy Bear."

I considered this for a moment.

"But if you're fishing for an Oxford Circus Teddy Bear, why come to Piccadilly Circus?"

"Well, look, where do you think I've got the most likelihood of landing an Oxford Circus Teddy Bear?"

"Well, I guess - well - Oxford Circus I suppose."

"Wouldn't be very sporting, would it?"

"No, I suppose not." I looked at him for a while, and then spoke again.

"You come here fishing every day?" I said.

"Yes, I've been doing it for nearly ten years now."

"And you've never caught anything?"

"No."

"Well, don't you think it's a bit futile?"

"Not really." He suddenly looked at me. "Tell me, what are you?"

"A peripatetic philosopher, a dilettante, a dispassionate observer of the human predicament," I answered.

"Hmmm. What do you plan on doing with your life?"

"Well," I answered, "I'm hoping to get my book, A DISPASSIONATE OBSERVATION OF THE HUMAN PREDICAMENT published. So far I've just had rejection slips. People just don't recognise genius in their own time."

"How much chance do you think you have of getting your book published?"

"Oh, a very good one, I think. When that one is safely published I shall begin writing in earnest. I shall make a comfortable living, devote my life to philosophy and the arts, earn enough to stop writing at forty, and then retire, assured of immortality."

"Ah yes, but can you say that?" he replied, "You might step up from this kerb, get knocked down and killed. My God, man, we don't know - really know - what will happen to us in the next second! Supposing at this very moment you are breathing in a germ that will eventually kill you. Suppose as you stand up, a scientific idea occurs to you that will eventually make you bend your footsteps along the path of scientific knowledge? How can you say what twists and turns your life will take in the future? Who knows what outside influences will direct and re-direct the line of your life? No, when you think about it, you will see that you are just as likely to end up as a singer, an actor, a bank clerk, a tramp or a policeman as to remain in your present state. When you think about it, I have as much chance of fulfilling my ambition - to catch an Oxford Circus Teddy Bear - as you have of yours."

* * * * *

I left him, then, and never have had occasion to visit Piccadilly Circus since. But it was two years later, with my book still unpublished, that I picked up the paper to learn, in a small paragraph at the bottom of the back page, that an Oxford Circus Teddy Bear had been sighted off Hyde Park, that I began to see that he might have been right.

-----Ignatius P. Pumpernickle.

* * * * *
FOR ELLIX FOR TAFF WKKKKY WEBER FOR TAFF BILL DONAHO FOR TAFF.
(Like - this magazine is bang up-to-date.)

TORIO OR bust DON GELDART

I have given up the idea of representing England at the Olympic Games, even though Judo is now one of the sports on the Olympics list. I don't think my broken bones will be healed in time.

A few years ago, a friend (and I use the term loosely) tried to talk me into joining a judo club. That was when I was young and foolish. Now that I am older and more sensible, I have, of my own free will, or, at least, with very little persuasion, joined the local ~~torio~~ judo club.

All one fatal Wednesday, this friend had been trying to persuade me to take the plunge with him. I had no desire to be able to throw six foot Irish navvies around the public bar, or even to descend to the ill-mannered depths of throwing him over it. But he achieved a convincing victory when he mentioned that members of the opposite sex also attended this particular club. My mind ran riot. I would grapple with them in close combat, with only those loose-fitting jackets between me and my heart's desire...So, like two lambs to the proverbial slaughter, off we went to learn how to throw those poor Irish navvies/collies round the local.

The first night we did nothing; just signed statements to the effect that the club could not be held responsible for whatever happened to us. This should have been warning enough, but no, we elected to go all the way. Next, some horribly fit and athletic looking chap told us what was going to happen to us now that they had got their hands on us. The way he told it, it sounded funny. Ha! Ha!

The second evening, things started to happen. Dressed in the proper clothing, borrowed from the club, we threw ourselves into the affray with a zest born of innocence. The club lends you the clothing in the early stages presumably so that you can save all of your money for certain rites that the undertaker may have to perform.

My first surprise came when I removed my shoes and stepped onto the mat. I wasn't expecting it to be made of foam rubber, but neither was I expecting it to be made of slabs of concrete. It wasn't really made of concrete. It just felt that way. In fact, it consisted of two inches of thick woven straw. It doesn't sound very soft, but you don't hurt yourself provided you land correctly.

Very considerably, landing was the first thing they taught us. They showed us how to do 'breakfalls'. These are exactly what they sound like - everytime you fall you break something. Sometimes it's the fall after a throw, more often than not it's an arm or a leg. It is designed to stop you from hurting yourself when you fall or are thrown. There are several varieties. The most common is the "side" breakfall.

The correct method of doing this is to slap the full length of the arm on the canvas and land on the fleshy part of the shoulder and thigh. When learning to assimilate a throw, you throw your legs away from under you to the left or to the right. At this point, the laws of self preservation come into action and you land in a heap. Down you come, bang, first on your elbow, then on your shoulder blade, and finally your hip bone crashes down on your hand which has somehow gotten underneath it. These pleasantries only happen with the side breakfalls. The 'front' and 'back' falls are much more fun.

The front breakfall. For this you fall straight forward with your arms parallel to your chest with your fingers extended, so that you land on the palms of your hands and your forearms. The usual result of this piece of foolishness is that your arms are too close together and your elbows dig into your chest with the force of steam hammers. You can sometimes, but rarely, have your arms too far apart and you land on your forehead, nose, chin, chest and so on down. It is hard to choose between the lesser of these two evils.

After the others, the back breakfall is simplicity itself, if you live long enough to practise it. All that is required is that you throw yourself backwards onto the floor from the standing position, slapping the ground with the entire length of your arms as you land. The hazards of this enterprise are very minor indeed. You can either be too enthusiastic and land on the top of your head, or you are not quick enough with your hands and land on your back from neck to waist. Very good for scrambling vertebrae.

By this time, you wish they'd never been invented. But there is one more breakfall. This is the 'rolling' breakfall. To practice this, you run forward, place one hand on the floor, swing the other arm between it and your chest, and roll, slapping the floor with your arm as you come out of it. Nothing could be simpler. The hard part comes with untying the reef knot your arms and legs always manage to end up in.

So much for the preliminaries of judo. Now that we had learnt how to maim ourselves for life, they proceeded to teach us how to at least cripple others. By now the size of the class had dropped considerably. Apart from my ~~friend~~ and I, there were two masochists and three others who obviously found the club to be a refuge from the local mental asylum and those kindly gentlemen in white. I was still idiot enough to think that judo could be fun.

The throws ~~and~~ are quite easy to learn. All you have to do is pull your opponent off balance, step in and throw him with your shoulder or hip, or by kicking his feet unsportingly away from under him, and then leave him to his own devices.

Practicing this with the other novices is alright unless they happen to be female. In the event, you discover gentlemanly instincts you didn't know you possessed bubbling up inside you. After you have thrown her, you hang onto her so that the poor frail little thing doesn't land too hard. When it is her turn to throw you, however, she somehow finds the strength to throw you but then seems to lose any interest in you. I like to think that the weaker sex lacks the strength to stop you hurtling to the floor, but I'm not convinced.

Having learnt something about judo, the day arrives when you take on someone who knows a hell of a lot more. Throwing another learner and throwing someone who doesn't want to be thrown are, to say the least, different. The instructor invited us to come at him one at a time and attempt to throw him. I got somewhere near the back, hoping he would drop dead before my turn came. I watched the others make fools of themselves. Noting that none of them had attempted a throw at which I considered myself to be pretty adept, I stepped in. Feinting with another throw, I swung for my specialty and landed four feet away on the canvas. I did a perfect breakfall, so I suppose I had achieved something.

To demonstrate some salient point, the instructor called over a demure young female nearby and told her to demonstrate with his favourite guinea pig, me. As I sailed through the air, a thought struck me, just before the floor did, that 'people actually do this for pleasure'. My next contact with the more advanced practitioners of judo came the day the instructor let us loose among the other club members. We were to pair up with one of the more experienced members, all of whom were waiting for us with open arms.

Still cherishing my foolish notions about masculine superiority, I paired up with a big girl. Five foot two is she was an inch and all of eight stone. Well, she looked big from the mat, where I seemed to be spending a lot of the time. I had the misconceived idea that I was supposed to be practising the throws I knew on her. Obviously, nobody had told her.

* * * * *

My enforced absence from the club has not been wasted. I have read just about every book on judo I could lay my splintered hands on, and now I feel confident

I know every throw there is to know.

When I make my triumphant return to the club, I shall throw that gargantuan female all over the place, even if it kills me.

—Don Geldart.

((Flowers, please, to the above address.))

THE FUTURE OF EDUCATION

CHARLES SMITH

Let me state at the outset that I am neither a prophet nor do I possess great vision or imagination. Being a teacher, I am involved with education and these are my own feelings; ideas as to where education should develop if it is to suit me. Many of my own prejudices and emotional judgements will become obvious as the article progresses and I ask you to remember that there has been no attempt to be objective; I can't be objective about something as important to me as education.

Whatever the direction State Education in this country ((England)) takes in the future, let us first recognise that the present position is anything but healthy. There are the obvious problems of the shortage of teachers and the oversized classes; these are known to everyone. Beyond this there is the problem of the great schisms that exist at present between the types of schools: between the grammar schools and the secondary modern; between the state and the public schools. The latter is the more acute at the moment as the situation allows those who can afford to send their children to the public schools where they not only enjoy the privilege of smaller classes and individual tuition, but receive a distinct advantage in later life. The old school tie still plays an important part in the academic and commercial life of this country. There is also the problem of examinations and the fact that school curriculums (curricula? curriculae? Sounds like the ~~beginning~~ beginning of a Neopolitan love-song, doesn't it?) are greatly hampered by the demands of these examinations; the teacher is not given the freedom of direct his class towards topics and subjects that he might consider more suitable for their particular range of abilities and interests. And of course there is the great deal of agony that many children go through when transferred to a new school. Children are expected to make this transition three times during their school careers: once to an infants school; then to a junior school; then, on, after an examination at the age of eleven, to a grammar or secondary modern school. It is true that many children can effect this transition without any stress, but there is a definite percentage who go through hell.

The short-term solution to these problems offered by our present government ((as of this writing; early summer 1964.)) is to raise the school-leaving age from fifteen to sixteen (which should help ease the shortage of teachers greatly!) and to introduce a new series of examinations more designed for the lower streams of the secondary modern school (the upper streams already being catered for as they are now taking G.C.E.), giving even less freedom to the schools than they possess at present. A charming thought! One that attracts me almost as little as the thought of having to teach various of the present pupils, those that are hanging around, just waiting to reach their 15th birthday so that they can leave and go out and earn a few honest (or dishonest, come to that) bob. Meanwhile, they are out to cause as much trouble as possible. We've already had to expell one nasty piece of work this term for punching the headmaster. Now this characters was only fourteen but I would have hesitated to tangle with him unless forced.

He was an extremely strong fellow and the thought of having to teach him when he was two years older and more developed is not a pleasant one.

In the range of more long term forecasts, I suppose that we might say that the teachers will have to receive a bigger slice of the cake of current prosperity. At least I console myself with this thought, usually when I'm in the midst of one of my blacker depressions after studying my last bank statement and gazing vacantly at the pile of books that I shall be expected to mark during my weekend. It's probably wishful thinking, though.

The school-leaving age, I should imagine, will be raised still further, probably up to the age of 18. This is becoming more and more likely, as the unemployment figures continue to spiral upwards. If automation makes the inroads on the working class that is feared by most of the unions, it is even possible to imagine the leaving age being raised still further. This is a favourite trick, to solve longterm problems with short term answers. There'll probably come a time when citizens will be expected to stay at school until 25, liberals grants being allowed to permit marriage between students. Then those with the greater ability or maybe anyone who wants to, will go on to a course of further education lasting ten years. They will then work, giving society the benefits of their long period of study, until they are forty, whereupon they will retire to live on a state pension. It's a nice thought, anyway. Another of my pipe-dreams.

One answer to the present teacher shortage could be the use of TV, especially closed-circuit TV, linking perhaps two or three schools. This should be particularly useful in the sciences where the present shortage is especially acute. It should enable the classes from various schools to watch scientific experiments performed in one of the neighbouring schools. They should be able to perform their own experiments under the supervision of the equivalent of the present lab. assistants. This use of TV strangely enough is about the only forecast made by any SF writer. It was used, of course, in Fred Pohl's Drunkard's Walk, though it was used as a means to combat the rise in students wishing to attend university when the places available are so limited. The only other consideration that teachers and education receive is in the stories by Zenna Henderson, but she sets her stories in the present and never attempts to extrapolate. Fritz Leiber did write a vignette about the teaching of Newton's Laws in an artificial satellite - and this is about the limit. It's rather strange that SF which has pronounced its theories about the future developments of most aspects of society has said so little about the future of education. It's been no help to me at all!

Television is of course used at present in schools, very much in the way that radio was used when I was at school: as a supplementary aid to teaching. This should increase in the future along with the use of all visual aids. Audio and audio-visual aids will probably become more and more complicated and used more extensively. There is the great danger of them becoming so complex that they become an end in themselves. I recently attended a lecture with some of the boys from school at the Royal Institute. The title of the lecture was 'The Exploration of the Upper Atmosphere by Satellites'. The lecturer was attempting to explain how radio waves at a certain frequency are bounced back by the ionosphere, allowing us to beam radio messages in spite of the curvature of the Earth. To demonstrate this, the lecturer used a long ramp with a slow gradient and a small, sharp ramp at the bottom. The slow gradient was increased ~~the~~ to represent the increase of frequency of the radio waves and large ball-bearings were allowed to roll down the ramp. At first they mounted the smaller ramp only to roll back again. Then, as the ramp's gradient was increased, the balls would go further and further up the shorter ramp until finally they disappeared over the other side. It displayed the theory of the bouncing of radio waves off the ionosphere quite well but the point was rather lost on the audience of students, mostly of college age. They were more concerned with watching the ball come closer and closer to the top of the ramp. There were audible gasps as the balls

came closer to going over the hump. When it finally disappeared over the other side, you could almost feel the relief that ran through the lecture hall. You could almost imagine the students holding a book as to when the balls would finally fight their way up the ramp. The purpose of the display was quite forgotten in the excitement.

Machines are beginning to play their part in teaching at present, so it takes little prophetic ability to see this spreading. Automation can effect the teaching profession as well as industry, though not to the same extent. It will be impossible, at least until actual robots are developed, for teaching machines to replace teachers. Someone has to be there to keep our little darlings in order and to take over the more abstract elements of the spreading of knowledge. The more humdrum, mechanical side of teaching should be easily performed by a machine. Already there are language laboratories spread over the country; these allow students to pick up the rudiments of learning a language in a much shorter space of time than has been theoretically possible until the present time.

A language laboratory, which is the only teaching machine of which I have any knowledge at present, is simple in design. The students are issued with desks in a sound-proof cubicle - sometimes the desk is designed with flaps which, when raised, form the cubicle itself, with earphones and a tape-recorder. The instructor is seated at the control of the master unit and is able to tune in to all the cubicles to check progress and to answer any questions that arise. The tape recorder has two tracks, the upper track providing a recording of the foreign language as it should be spoken and the other, erasable, track being used by the student for practice and comparison with the master track. The student then listens to the master track and attempts to imitate as closely as possible what he has just heard. He can, if he wishes, play back the master track as many times as he wishes, thus allowing himself to progress at his own pace. This imitation, repetition if you wish, of the master track is then recorded on the lower track. It is possible on certain machines to be able to record on the student's track while listening to the master track; both tracks may later be played back simultaneously so that pupil and instructor are able to detect errors in pronunciation, vocal pitch, etc.

There seems little reason to assume that this is limited to the teaching of languages; the system used should be perfectly adaptable for most academic subjects at least. The lesson could be taped, allowing the students to take as long as he wishes digesting the information presented before him - this should include visual effects as well as purely audio - and then he could answer a series of questions presented by the machine which then switches itself off until the right answer is presented to it. The student could presumably press a button to signify which answer he considers is correct; if wrong, then he will have to play over the master tape once more until he finds the correct answer. Then the next question will appear and the same process will take place...and so on.

With much of the drudgery taken over more and more by machines, the teachers should find themselves with more free time during actual teaching periods to devote to subjects outside the curriculum: arts and crafts, drama, speech training debating, subjects, in other words, to help the child develop himself rather than giving him mere mental exercises and training in rote learning. Examinations will, I hope, disappear, as more and more people realise that the only thing being tested is the candidate's ability to remember what he has learned by heart and this is what he pours forth in a stream onto his exam. paper, very few marks being received, at least until degree level, for any kind of original thoughts. In fact, students are often advised against it.

By this time, the rather Victorian attitude of dividing children into sexes while they receive their secondary education - the boys going to the boys school, the girls to the girls school (I'm still surprised that we haven't raised our-

selves a generation of homosexuals) - will have disappeared. The co-educational school is becoming more and more common and it is obvious that its products are more adjusted to the world they are about to enter than the product of the single sexed school.

With this, there is the growing distaste for the semi-arbitrary division into grammar and secondary modern schools at the age of 11 plus; more and more people are realising that there are too many mistakes occurring with children who are eminently suitable for the more academic type of education and are being refused places in the local grammar school, probably because in their particular area there are not enough places, whereas if they lived ~~xx~~ a hundred yards down the road they would have got in without difficulty. Therefore they are sent to the local secondary modern school where it is almost impossible to get a transfer to a school more suited to their particular abilities. Now, in spite of the excellent work that is done for this particular type of child in most of the secondary schools today - and I know that secondary schools are giving all they can to this kind of child even to the point of neglecting some of the duller children, because I work in one - the stigma that has unfortunately lasted for already too many years sticks to him; He went to a secondary modern and not a grammar school. His only chance of breaking away from this is to get to university where the stigma, providing he can come out and say that he is a B.A. or a B.Sc. is forgotten; but this is difficult from a secondary modern school. In our school at present we have three boys who have qualified for university or are in the process of doing so, and only one has been offered a place. The snob element is still there even if the schools are now called secondary schools instead of secondary modern - so much nicer, don't you think, dear? I would have hated my little Jimmy to have gone to one of those nasty old secondary modern schools where all those rough boys go - and all that jazz!!!

So what's the answer? How can we remove the snob element and perhaps more important the closed-shop privileges enjoyed by those with money enough to send their sons to public schools? Ask yourselves the question, if you haven't done ~~xx~~ so already: How can we expect our present government to give the time and energy needed to raise the standard of state education in this country when their own children are being sent to Eton, Harrow and Winchester, in their turn to replace their fathers in their positions of responsibility? The whole thing is self-perpetuating. They're not interested in general education because their own children are not affected by it and at the same time they are very interested in maintaining the public school system because it does help to keep the power in the hands of the present governing classes. And what happens? You even get ~~an~~ Socialists sending their children to the same schools as the Tories because they want their children to get on; the whole thing is just a vicious circle. What's the answer? Abolish all private schools, especially 'public' schools, integrate them into the present state system so that no-one can gain entry to any school simply because he can afford it, and introduce a really comprehensive system of education until the age of fifteen, the course of study being a general one with no specialisation. After the age of 15, anybody who wishes should have as his right the freedom to continue his education, full-time, in a college for further education until such time as he chooses either to go on to university or to finish his course of study and find a job. This should not be limited in any way, neither by money nor by ability; if someone wants to go on with his studies, this should be enough. It doesn't really matter if he comes out of college (or university, come to that) as big a know-nothing academically as he went in, he will have gained something from the course, if only a greater maturity, the ability to think for himself, a greater self-assurance.

The government is conning the public into thinking that they are ready to spend vast sums on the field of education now that the election is coming (and

people seem to forget their past record shows that they have in fact spent very little on education; so, if it's all that important, why haven't they started before?) but there is little chance of them spending the money necessary for this kind of system and yet it seems to me the most obvious solution. Leaving the comprehensive school at 15 will prevent it being the colossal size (2000 upward) which is the first criticism that is immediately levelled at them. The ease of movement from one class to another, when a child is found to be out of his depth or simply in a class not suited for his talents, is immediately eased. The snob element disappears once and for all, or am I being too naive? Examinations disappear as there is no need to weed out those unsuited for further education, it being everyone's right to go on if he desires, and this in turn frees the teacher from the shackles of the examination system that exists at present; he will be free to experiment with his classes, to aid them to develop their personalities and their own way of living rather than simply stuffing them full of facts that are of little use to anyone. The more academic subjects will probably disappear until the colleges of further education is reached. The students will be taught about themselves, about their environment, society and its workings, to use their own bodies and minds to their fullest capacity; in other words, they will be taught to live to the full.

As I stated at the outset, I am in no way a prophet and I am probably completely wrong about future developments; certainly, if the Tories are returned this October, I'm going to be proved wrong all the way. However, education is something I feel strongly about and I feel that if it is to improve, these are the lines it will have to follow; at least, if it is to come up to my idea as to what education should do and should provide for the children it is supposed to develop or allow to develop. I hope I'm right.

—Charles Smith.

Sid Birchby EDUCATING THE MASSES

"Mind you, I blame the parents," said the guard gloomily. "The parents don't wallop 'em enough nowadays. Kids do what they like. Cheeky, too."

We nodded, said 'Um', made gargling noises of assent, and otherwise showed our agreement. Or disinclination to start a row on a bus.

"Mods and rockers!" he went on, scornfully. "They want to call out the army and shoot a few of them!"

He rang his bell as if he was giving the order to open fire, and I hastily put away the fanzine I had been reading, in case he started on SF fans next.

Because when one considers, fandom has a dreadful public image. We are the ones that leave a trail of hysterical hotel managers behind us wherever we go. To have been known to flood cities with quote-cards, and hotel-bars with water pistols. Grown men among us have wandered the streets in peculiar costumes. The parents, friends, families and neighbours of fans cannot understand why there is this compulsive urge to produce baffling fanzines and read lurid magazines.

None of these activities add up, to outsiders. The allusions on quote-cards and in fanzines and behind the fancy dress costumes don't mean anything. The trappings of a philatelic club, a tiddleywinks congress or the Chelsea Spelaeological Society make sense to John. Q. Public, although they may not interest him enough to join. But SF fandom? Is it any wonder that the Press, baffled, has long since decided that the best was to play fandom is for laughs?

Reporter: "Science fiction. You mean you write it?"

Fan: "Not many of us. Some fans take to writing, but they become less fannish."

Reporter: "Then are you interested in science?"

Fan: "Hardly at all. We very rarely talk about it. Few of us have had any scientific training, anyway."

Reporter: "Well, are a supporter's club for the professional field?"

Fan: "Actually, I never read the magazines now!"

I honestly believe that a bunch of genuine martians performing a ritual ceremony to the God of the Canals would not puzzle the average man any more than the sight of fandom going through its typical round of activities. The evidence for this is that fandom has now been up to its collective tricks long enough for some of its members to grow grey hair, and still it has achieved no mass impact and shows no sign of ever doing so. Perhaps this is a good thing in a way. If ever any part of fandom's way of life did catch the public attention, fans might become as common objects of abuse as the Mods and Rockers.

Suppose, for example, that the light-hearted Hum and Sway gag that took place at the Repetercon this year were to catch the public fancy and turn into a full-blown religious cult. This could happen, you know. Anyone who remembers Gore Vidal's book MESSIAH will agree with this. The book describes how a crank religion is promoted by an advertising stunt and finally takes over the world. Vidal, by the way, is an American married into the Kennedy family and may be presumed to know something about power politics.

Well, as I said, just suppose. Then how long would it be before the Press began to print stories of 'orgies in fandom' and link up with all sorts of socially-detested activities. Very soon, all those fans who valued their jobs or social positions would have to publicly do down fandom, and move out of it. Their places would thereupon be taken by various undesirable characters who would call themselves fans but be interested only in the orgies.

And similar predictions could be made about practically any other aspect of fandom, if it were to make an impact on a large scale. At long last, then, I come round to the subject of this article, namely, education. Education of the public in what SF fandom stands for. And immediately the sobering truth is seen. First one would have to find out what it does stand for. We have already settled what it doesn't. Personally, I am coming to think that fandom would do well to capitalise its present baffling effect on the public and turn itself wholeheartedly into a super-Goon show. Let its members deliberately set out to act as court jesters to the nation. I should like to see a fannish chamber-pot on top of every new public building, and political meetings of every hue enlivened by the speaker's trousers falling down. Is it beyond fannish ingenuity to adopt Nietzsche's maxim about pricking swollen ones in the belly?

Such a course of action would make us all very unpopular in most quarters, but enough people would, I believe, say 'So that's what SF fandom is about!' to gain us sympathy and an improved public image. If that's what we want, of course. We are zenies already, in many people's opinion. So let's go into business.

Alternatively, there's stamp collecting.

— Sid Birchby. 30-5-64.

DEADWOOD #1, produced for FAPA November 1964 and about 30 other fans, on the Deadwood Stage of Fandom by

CONTAINS:

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LOCKE
—||—

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COVER

BY

JIM

CAWTHORN

ILLUSTRATING

The House

On The

Borderland

What is green and brown, covers several acres, and has soil on top?

What is green and brown, covers several acres, and has soil on top?

What is green and brown, covers several acres, and has soil on top?

What is green and brown, covers several acres, and has soil on top?



DEADWOOD