

DE L I R I U M T R E M E N S .

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NEW ADDRESSES seem to be quite a popular occurrence these days. Even we have one ! It is: "Wicklow", 87 Oakridge Road, HIGH WYCOMBE, Bucks. Please don't forget it....If there happen to be any of Jack Gibson's chains destined to reach us eventually, we should be glad if the present holder will insert the new address on the sheet. WE THANK all the kind people who intended to write but for some reason or other, forgot. Follows a complete list of all the persons who wrote:-

Without further ado, we intend to present the main item of this issue. First of all, though, a little explanation is called for: A while ago we tried to introduce a friend of ours to stf. He started with an open mind and no prejudices, and has read a large number of our mags, both pro and fan, as well as asking many questions, which we did our best to answer correctly. Now, in one of our regular sessions the other evening we had quite a nice, friendly discussion in which our opinions differed to some extent. Finally, we requested him to summarise the points he had mentioned in an article form. He did so, and here it is...We title it:-

" E S C A P E " by David Radcliffe.

I think that most people now agree that 'science-fiction' is escape literature and nothing more, and as fans are mostly misfits, they take to this type of literature like ducks to water. The world of realities holds little for them, and pleases them but little; it is not their world, not their Utopia, but is unreal - a myth !! So, they create their own little dream worlds, and through the pages of a science-fiction magazine they live their lives - in a dream world of the future. This literature grips them, and they roam free at will - up to the Moon, the planets, the stars ! No more are they earthbound; no more are they mere specks of dust upon a very small piece of matter.

But while they roam and create their little Paradises, the dread of reality lurks ever near them, hovering close. The story must end sometime; the magazine only has so many pages. Soon they must return, and once more face life - and death. But after each escape the life they live seems a little worse than before; Their Utopia a little more desirable. Being misfits from the start, escapism does them no good. They can no longer see the good in life - only the evil; they can no longer help to elevate the culture of the world - their dream culture is supreme, why try to help an inferior attempt to copy it ? They can no longer face the hardships of life, their will to live is sapped and day by day they become more morbid, intolerant and petty. Crazy morons are many in their ranks; sane human beings are few. They bicker; they quarrel; They rave; they shout. WHY ? Because they have glimpsed their ideal world,

and judge everything else by the standard it sets. Nothing can ever equal their Utopia, so why should they try to help anyone else to create a better world? The spirit of co-operation is no longer there, and, in fact, they look at the world "through rose coloured glasses". Phooey you might say, and maybe you're right - but look at yourself, you, and you, and YOU, and think it over again. You wouldn't take opium, would you? You wouldn't drug yourself to death. So why let the drug 'science-fiction' get you? For, brother, it has!

The more you escape, the more of a hermit and recluse you become. You continually raise your petty voices and demand that something be done to improve the world, while all the time you hamper progress, and refuse to co-operate. You sicken normal human beings with your idiocies, ... but I forget, - it is THEY who are mad, not you. No, YOU are the superman; the ultimate; the supreme. You are the salt of the Earth, the saviours of humanity! No, children, go back to your drug, the world can get along quite well without you saving it. - And to those who have a little courage I say this:- Make science-fiction reading a hobby, not a day's work. You can yet escape if you will, so, chum, let's see how much spunk you've got !!!!!

 And that, gentlemen, concludes the evidence for the prosecution. Have we any defenders ????

 WE HAVE JUST BEEN LISTENING very intently to the "Strange to Relate" programme on the radio, and heard with interest, a part of the life history of Khartophilus, better known as 'The Wandering Jew'. It appears that THERE ARE DEFINITE RECORDS IN FRANCE of the history of this person, or at least, A person, and these records extend over a period of 150 years, during which time he is always described as being "a tall, middle-aged person of about 50 years, inevitably well-dressed and prosperous-looking". He is said to have posed as a German Count who was a great favourite with King Louis XV. The last record of him in that period came from the Abbot of a monastery in the Swiss Alps, who wrote: "We have just experienced a violent snowstorm, during which a stranger came to our gates and begged admittance. We granted him entrance, and, although we recognised him, gave him food and drink, - but we feared him greatly. The Wandering Jew has passed this way"....For further information we recommend "The Man Who Killed the Jew" by 'Christopher Blayre', to be found in his "Strange Papers". Question: Is he still wandering?

 YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED that we are experimenting with the format of 'D.T.'s'. We can say definitely that we were not satisfied with the two previous issues, as far as appearance was concerned. So don't be surprised if you see some weird and wonderful variations in the lay-out of this sheet, during the next few issues.

 SORRY that we haven't enough room for the ASF review this month, but we can report that we have received the April and May issues by now. ...Don't forget the new address and write soon! We are still as grateful as ever that JMR does the duplicating and distributing !!!!!