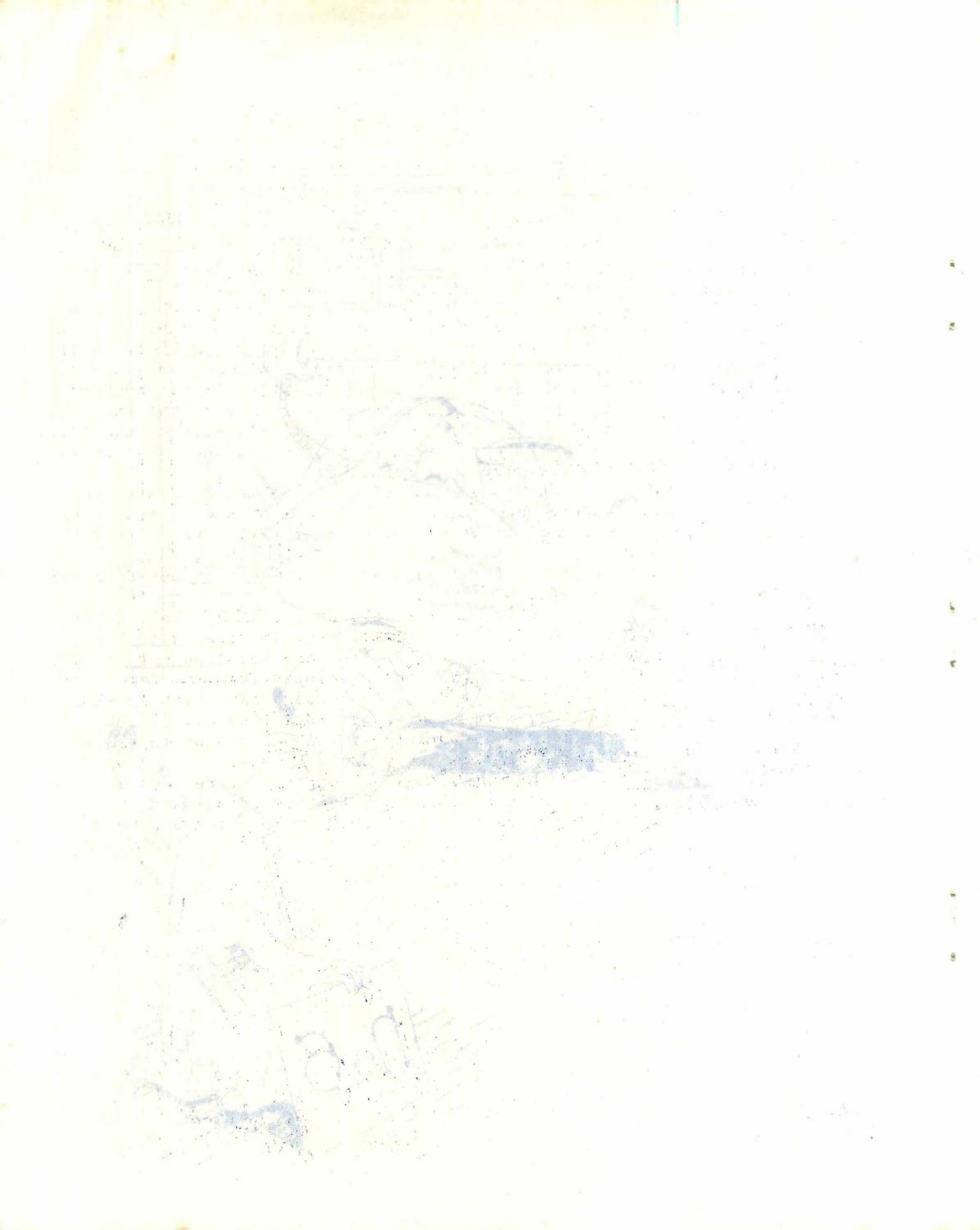


ATOM



December '58

A PORRHĒTA — 6

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by Arthur Thomson; A
Vinç Clarke; H.P.San-
derson; George Metz-
ger; Ron Bennett and
Andy Young.

Edited by
H.P.SANDERSON

EDITORIAL

Perhaps Christmas is not the best time in the year to write an editorial on the economics of fanzine publishing, but because of the size of this issue I think the subject is appropriate.

I'm in the process of considering what to do next as far as Apē is concerned. You see, the minimum that I can make the cost to me is £54:10:- or approximately \$150 per year. This is based on 110 copies of 40 pages each, and with 105 subscribers at 10/- per year (allowing for file copies and copies for Joy, Vinç and Atom) I'd pick up £52:10:-.

I have one subscriber, this issue is 44 pages and the circulation is 125.

Not that I am complaining, let me hasten to assure you. When I first started Apē it was on an exchange or letter of comment basis, and I want to keep it that way. I must admit, tho', that when I started I imagined that about 24 pages would be the average.

The reason for telling you this, then, is in the nature of a warning. For instance when I go back to using wrappers to send the zine out in, you will realise that the envelopes this time are meant more for the enclosed calendar than anything else. And they were donated by Ethel Lindsay. (Thanks, Ethel). I guess that if I'd had to buy envelopes I'd be well and truly broke by now.

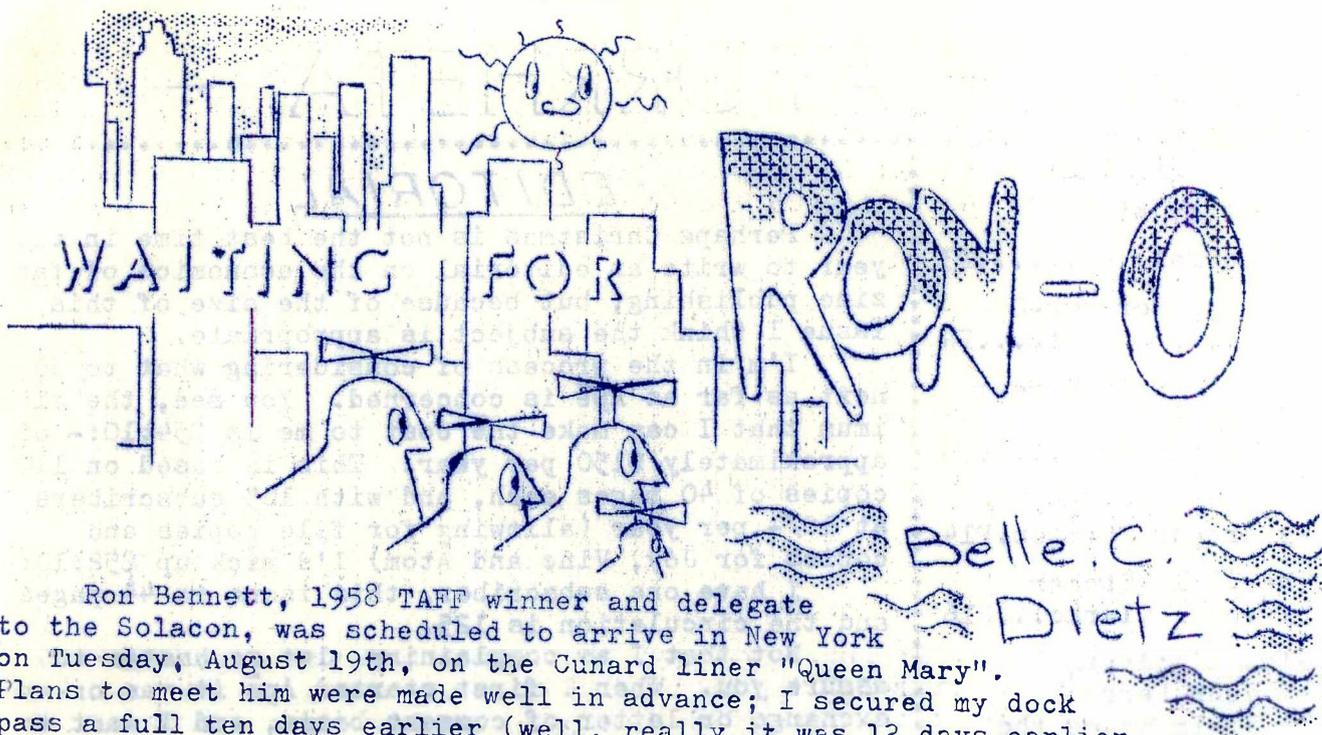
Then again, you can expect future issues to be shorter than this, with letters of comment cut as short as I can get them (unless you happen to be a Willis or a Tucker or anyone else who writes uncuttable letters). But don't let this stop you writing five page letters - or at least some kind of letter - because I will also have to be quick to delete from the mailing list the names of those people who don't respond. I do like putting Apē out, but you will understand, won't you, if I get tired of sending it out into an aching void.

Today is Sunday, November 30th. Everything is ready to go. But the paper I ordered hasn't arrived.

THIS IS A PRODUCT OF INCHMERY FANDOM. HPS40

For letter of comment, exchange, or 1/- (10/-pa),
FROM "INCHMERY", 236 QUEEN'S RD,
NEW CROSS, LONDON SE.14.

APE 6



Ron Bennett, 1958 TAFF winner and delegate to the Solacon, was scheduled to arrive in New York on Tuesday, August 19th, on the Cunard liner "Queen Mary". Plans to meet him were made well in advance; I secured my dock pass a full ten days earlier (well, really it was 12 days earlier and they are not meant to be given out more than 10 days in advance, but the Customs man and I smiled at each other and decided what was a day or two between friends.) If you don't get a dock pass in New York you can't go out on the dock to meet people -- they make you stay back of the gate with the onions and the potatoes.

The day before the arrival I phoned Bill Rickhardt of Detroit, who was supposed to meet Ron too, and asked if he had his pass. He didn't. I tsk-tsked and told him he wouldn't be able to get on the dock. After I'd hung up I took out my own pass to gloat over it, and discovered that I was the proud possessor of a customs dock pass for the next arrival of the Queen Elizabeth. The Queen Elizabeth! But Ron's ship was the Queen Mary!

Darn that smiling customs man. Why didn't he keep his mind on his work? Well, there was nothing for it but to make a mad dash down to the Customs House, explain my dilemma, take full blame for the mistake and secure an exchange of passes. While I was there I asked, with studied innocence, whether Ron's 'other cousin', Bill Rickhardt, could come along on the dock too and this customs official also smiled and wrote "2" on my pass. I swear that Bill Rickhardt manages somehow to muddle through.

Early on Tuesday the 19th I was up and listening to the radio. I heard the cheerful news that five large liners were docking in New York around the west side ports that day, 6,800 passengers were expected to disembark and the customs people were tightening their belts and getting ready for the 'big push'. The Queen Mary was supposed to dock at 8:45 and I had visions of waiting around until all hours for Ron to get through customs - I knew they were going to be short-handed.

Arrangements had been made for me to stop off at Roger Sims/Ian Macaulay's apartment (where Bill was staying during his summer in N.Y.) and collect Bill on my way down to the pier. I arrived at the flat at 8:15 with a

miserable head cold, a box of pink Kleenex, a bottle of cold tablets and two current sf magazines. Thus fortified, I waited for Bill to finish shaving. While he applied a band-aid, Roger blithely informed me that he had read in yesterday's New York Times that no dock passes were going to be honoured because of the large number of arriving passengers and the shorthandedness of the customs men. Our hearts warmed by this bit of gaiety, we left for Pier 90.

Dick and Pat Ellington, with whom Ron was to be staying in N.Y. were supposed to meet us there, but we never got to see Dick. Pat was only able to get a pass for herself and had brought the baby along - so Dick stayed outside the gate, holding the baby, while Pat and Bill and I wandered around trying to locate Bennett. Since I was the only one who knew him by sight, I felt rather as though I were at a tennis match, trying to look everywhere at once in a shower of pink Kleenex and loud sneezes. Finally we discovered we were standing in front of the first class gangplank (which we were sure Bennett would not use) and were directed to either the cabin class or tourist class gangplanks. We did an eeny, meeny, miny, mo and went to stand at the tourist gangplank. We waited and waited and waited.

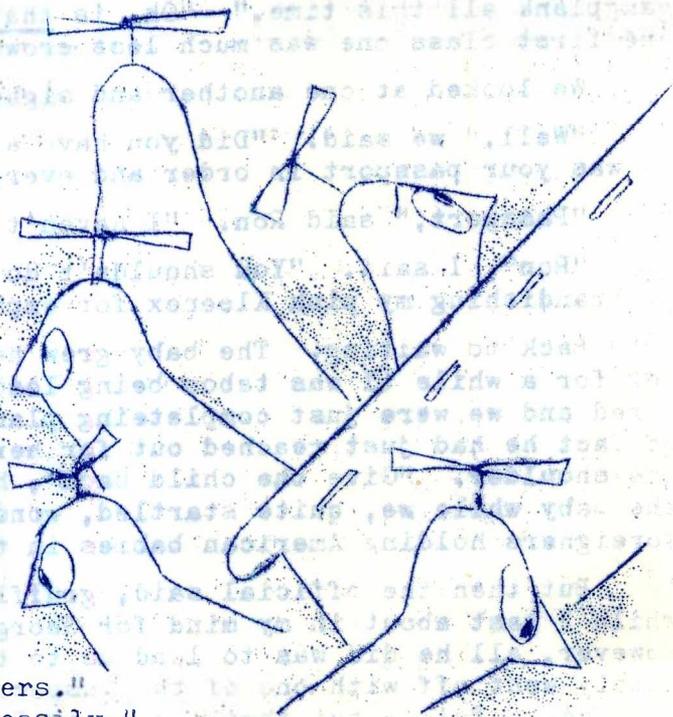
We were sure that Bennett was having a leisurely second breakfast on board ship while we were cooling our heels outside. Smoking was not allowed on the dock for some incomprehensible reason - the structure was of metal and cement - Bill said they must be afraid we'd set all the concrete under our feet on fire. Finally we sent Bill over to get us some coffee and waited and waited. Still no Bennett. Bill came back with the coffee in paper cups and I found that mine was not seaworthy. Bill, ever gallant, exchanged cups with me and the defective cup proceeded to emulate the statue on the cover of Doubt - in his direction. "Drink it faster," we said. "Hurry up or you'll be wearing it!"

After more waiting it occurred to me to check the passenger lists and sure enough, Bennett was travelling tourist class. So we were standing at the right gangplank. Bill and Pat went over and looked under the letter "B" on the dock for Ron's baggage but there was no sign of it or of him.

All this time I was busily describing Ron to Pat and Bill. Ron, I told them, wore glasses, had a moustache and dark wavy hair, or was that Ken Slater I was thinking of? "Aha," said Pat. "We're looking for the wrong person, he's probably short fat and bald. Any beard?" "No," I said. "Absolutely none -- unless he's grown one recently and he hasn't mentioned it in any of his letters."

"Too bad, we could find him much more easily."

((Memo to all future male TAFF delegates - Grow a beard before disembarking))



Around 10:30 the loudspeaker system suddenly called "Paging Mrs. Richard Ellington - please go to the Visitors Information Desk". Pat hurried off but soon returned carrying her baby. Poor Dick, who had been standing back of the gate all this time, had to leave for work and so little blonde Marie joined us in waiting for Ron. It was the first time I'd seen the Ellington young-un; she's a lovely little thing with big blue eyes and the sweetest disposition.

We went back to staring at the tourist class gangplank and suddenly about 11:00 Pat said "Look, over there under the 'B's' - is that Ron Bennett?" I turned, but the man she was pointing at was definitely not - he was as tall as, as, well, as Don Ford. I said "Noooo, that's not him." Then that man moved away and the one in back of him was Bennett. "Yes" I shouted, scaring the hell out of Pat and Bill and took off at a run to shake his hand. "How many breakfasts did you have, Ron" we said. "Breakfasts?" said Ron, as if he'd never heard of the word. "Never mind, let's get on the customs line."

We all turned and looked at the line. My Ghod, there were at least 100 people on it, and it was moving at a snail's pace. We told Ron about all the other liners docking around the same time and then there was nothing for it but to get on the end and wait. (UK translation - queue up).

"How was your trip?" we asked. "Fine", he said. "But what a class system on board! The tourist class was at the front of the boat, the cabin class at the back and the first class in the middle. You had to go through the first class portion to get to the cabin class and they wouldn't let you do it!" We solemnly decided that Something Should Be Done about these damn big boats. We didn't Decide What, though.

But that reminded us. "Bennett," we said. "How the hell did you get off the boat without our seeing you. We've been staring at the tourist gangplank all this time." "Oh, is that where you were," he said. "Well the first class one was much less crowded, so I got off that way."

We looked at one another and sighed.

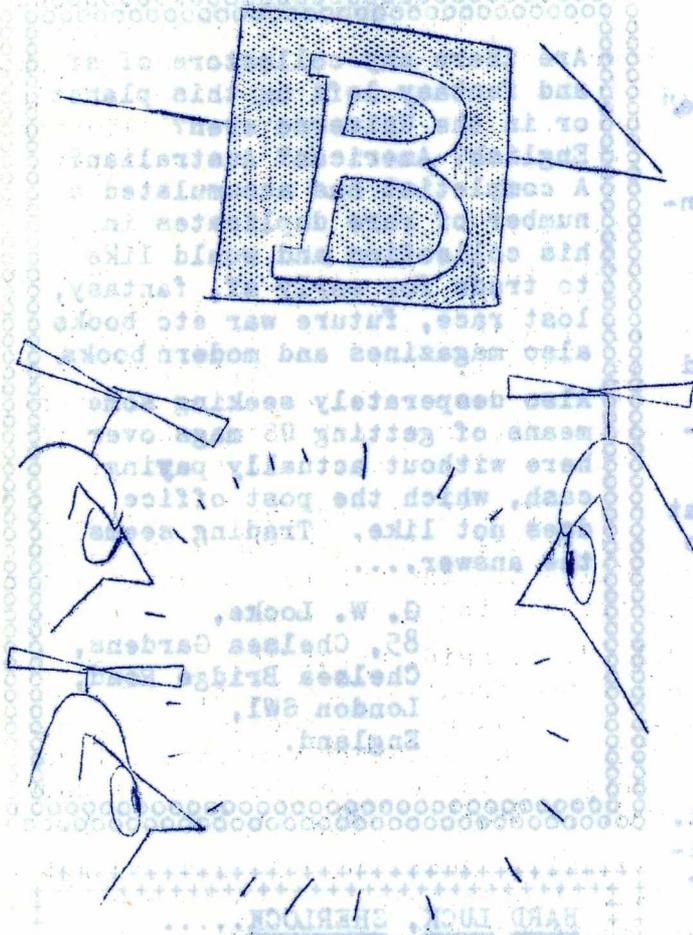
"Well," we said. "Did you have any trouble getting through Immigration -- was your passport in order and everything?"

"Passport," said Ron. "I haven't got a passport!"

"Ron", I said. "You shouldn't do things like that to me - I'm Not Well" -- brandishing my pink Kleenex for emphasis.

Back to waiting. The baby grew heavy in poor Pat's arms, so Bill held her for a while (I was taboo being loaded with cold germs.) Then Bill got tired and we were just completeing plans to transfer her to Ron - as a matter of fact he had just reached out for her - when a customs man tapped him on the shoulder. "Give the child back", he ordered sternly. Pat quickly took the baby while we, quite startled, wondered whether there was a law against foreigners holding American babies in their arms.

But then the official said, gruffly, "Follow me" and meekly we all did while I cast about in my mind for George Nims Raybin's telephone number. However, all he did was to lead us to the front of the line and Ron immediately went off with one of the inspectors to check over his baggage. We started to follow but then I said to Pat and Bill, "Let's wait here - he has to come back here when his bags are okayed." So we waited and waited and



waited. I turned to Pat and said "You know, it was brilliant having a baby - but it was a stroke of sheer genius bringing her along today. We'd have had to wait our turn in line if it hadn't been for her." Pat laughed and we went back to waiting. Finally, realizing something was wrong, we sent Bill over to the B's to see if Bennett and the customs inspector were still there -- while I searched in my handbag for George's phone number.

Bill came back and reported no Ron and no Bennett baggage under the B's. Now what to do? We milled around a bit and then an idea struck me. I cornered one of the customs inspectors and asked him, "When a person leaves the line and goes to have his bags checked, does he return to the line?" "Hell, no, lady," he said cheerfully. "He's herded directly out the gate!"

I went back to Bill and Pat. "You won't believe this but Bennett is probably wondering where we disappeared to - he's on the other side of the gate - off the dock!"

We decided we'd better page him and moved off toward the Visitors Information Bureau. As we approached it we suddenly spotted Bennett approaching from the other side. He'd decided to have us paged.

"Where the dickens did you go?" he demanded. "I thought you were following me and when I turned round - you weren't there. And they wouldn't let me back on the dock!"

"You have to smile at them," I said.

"What?" said Bennett.

"Never mind - let's go".

"I want some coffee" announced Pat. That was fine with us and we all crossed the street to a dinky little diner.

"Fine thing", said Ron. "You Americans can't even spell the word 'dinner'." I glared and Ron decided that this was a wonderful time to go take some snaps of the Queen Mary. Off he went, while we sat on his luggage. (I bounced on it a bit, but the English build things sturdily).

He came back shortly and we proceeded into this two by four diner and squeezed into seats. "Tea" I ordered, while the rest had coffee. When it came, Ron looked as if he couldn't believe his eyes. "W-What's that?", he

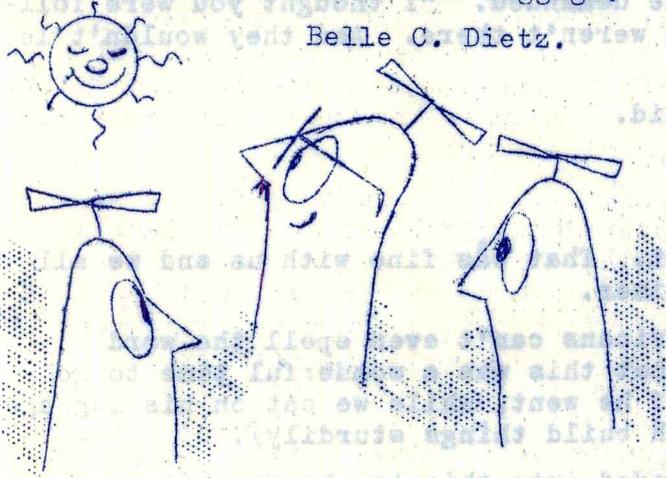
stammered. "T-E-A," I spelled. "Made with a T-E-A-B-A-G."

Ron looked at me and finally he said "Well, good job I ordered coffee." He glanced outside - "Look, sun," he said. Pat and I exchanged looks. "Why so surprised?" I asked. He turned to me. "You were in London?" I nodded. "Well, you know how little sun we see." I grinned. "It's so warm and beautiful," he sighed. Pat and I looked at each other. Pat said "Today's not warm - Belle and I are both wearing sweaters - it's cool today!"

But Ron had made up his mind that it was warm and accordingly, began to perspire a bit.

"We'd better go," I said. "I still have some shopping to do." After some complicated financial transaction with Bill, whereby Ron exchanged one of those large English copper coins for an American dime (a 10¢ piece), we paid our tabs and left. Outside we split up - I went off downtown to the stores while Pat and baby and Bill and Bennett and baggage got into a taxi bound for the Ellington residence. The last I saw of Bennett that day he was standing outside the cab smiling up into the sunshine, while the driver stowed his baggage.

Belle C. Dietz.



Are there any collectors of sf and fantasy left on this planet or in the Universe even? English? American? Australian? A completist has accumulated a number of rare duplicates in his collection and would like to trade for early sf, fantasy, lost race, future war etc books also magazines and modern books. Also desperately seeking some means of getting US mags over here without actually paying cash, which the post office does not like. Trading seems the answer....

G. W. Locke,
85, Chelsea Gardens,
Chelsea Bridge Road,
London SW1,
England.

HARD LUCK, SHERLOCK.....

TO YOU, Gentle Sir or Madam, if you be one of the six or more fen who tell me that I am that cryptic columniste, PENELOPE FANDERGASTE, may I say that I am NOT.

Such is the spread of her reputation that she needs no support from me. Nor should I claim un-earned egoboo.

IN TOKEN OF WHICH I am paying good money to say so. It's like having a tooth out.

Sid Birchby,
1, Gloucester Av
Levenshulme,
Manchester.

Guy Fawkes' Day, 1958.

THE OLD

MILL

STREAM

A COUNTRY

COLUMN

OF CITY LIFE

PENELOPE

FANDERGASTE

The whole point about us country types is that while you city slickers rush about on fascinating underground trains we can do a Nat Gubbins and sit on the fence, watching you scurry, like those black beetles that started chewing up old Tim's barn the other autumn. We're quite content to become more or less a part of the countryside. We're close to nature, and as such we're pretty hot people on the weather. See, no sooner do I tell you what a nice friendly month November is, than we get our best bonfire night for years, with the crowds in Trafalgar Square keeping nice and dry, either out in the Square or in the cells. Of course, anyone can be a weather prophet these days. With over three hundred wet days in a year, the odds are greatly in anyone's favour.

December is with us now and it's times like this that everyone envies the upsidedown fans in Australasia. It's far too cold to sit on a fence at this time of the year, and most of us country folk do our thinking by the fireside. The upshot is that we do not really see life as it is and we can't comment on it. Instead, we tend to brood somewhat and our thoughts give way to those little firelight fantasies which must have caused a lot of nineteenth century ghost stories to be written. Which may account for Christmas Eve being associated with the supernatural in country districts. The atmosphere and the half-light is just too right.

Being fannishly inclined, my thoughts keep drifting to a 'fandom of the future where British fans can desert their wintery climes and can take a plane into the southern hemisphere, chasing the sun. We've heard a lot said this year about there being a convention somewhere each month, and how nice it would be to attend each and every one of them. It would be even nicer if fans could hold their monthly conventions in some cosy and warm place. As it is, it's far too cold to be munching breakfast cereals, so Buz Busby will just have to wait for his breakdown on cereal premiums. It's more the time of year for fans to be getting down to their bumper Xmas issues. Why, yes, do you remember...? It can't be all that long ago when we were all saying that fanzines were all coming out at one and the same time, and that at Christmas there were all those bigger issues. Quandry always put up a good

Christmas show, and there was that issue of Space Times with the first of Uncle Vinç's Xmas stories.

But where are they all nowadays? Why, we're lucky to get a fanzine at all. Eye, Orion, Sidereal, Gestalt... where are they now? Even Vinç has grown a beard and has become serious and constructive. It's a sad life.

And there's Chuck Harris suggesting that for Christmas we all give one another stamp albums. Fandom's going to the dogs. Perhaps we should take up ghost stories after all.

ooo000ooo

One day last week I opened a book a friend had lent me and an earwig fell out. I don't know if the creature had anything to do with the plot. In fact I don't know what, if anything, had to do with the plot, or the plot to do with anything. It was one of those books which didn't seem to have a plot at all. All about people ringing up the local fire brigade to come and burn up a neighbour's house. By somebody called Bradbury or something.

There's something about this book borrowing business which annoys me. Oh, I know all about Oscar Wilde and his Alistair Patterson gibberish. He did have something though when he said that bit about building up his library on books borrowed from others. We've all experienced the friend who comes along and takes that book you're just halfway through. He promises of course to let you have it back by the weekend. And you needn't tell me. You're still waiting for it, and you have my sympathies.

No, it isn't that. You who have suffered in this way are more mindful of the property of others, I know. The thing that's bothering me is this business of why we borrow books in the first place. I'm willing to bet the identity of Joan W. Carr - and don't tell me that you already know it, I'm not interested - to a lager and lime that the reason you borrowed that book is because the girl down the road told you she was reading it and that it was ever so good and you must read it because I'm sure you'll enjoy it too, and that line of junk. I'm a sucker for that sort of thing myself. Someone comes up to me and asks have I read this or that by someone or other and I say no, as we all do, and they say I must read it and they seem so enthusiastic that I do and then I find it's a mess and that I'd rather be watching television and I put the book down. You too, eh? And of course we always mean to pick the book up again, don't we? But if you're like me, you don't either. It stays there gathering dust until the Leap Year spring cleaning and away it goes to the book shelves or the attic or the dustbin.

Or perhaps you even return it, with apologies. Perhaps you return it without apologies. In which case you're a dead duck. What did you think of Dead Eye Dick in chapter three isn't he a marvel doing such and such and fancy him doing that and don't you think that the author's a wonderful writer and have you read his other book it's even better than this one and I'm sure you'd like to borrow it.

I wonder what the earwig thought of the book he'd got himself wrapped up in. The solution is for the Readers Digest and the Daily Express and Odhams and all the others to get cracking and concentrate every book written. And I mean concentrate. Right down to a plot analysis. There was a magazine which a couple of years ago printed a plot analysis of this type, strictly

for the morons we all are, of Trilby so that even those of us who hadn't read the original unabridged version could talk about Svengali and compare him with Harry Powers.

How nice if we could have such digests handy of the books we are about to be loaned by such obliging friends.

I doubt whether that earwig knew what he would start off. He didn't survive for very long. I wonder why we go around squashing poor little insects who do us no harm. It can't be that we associate them with something unclean, because there aren't many of us who take a bath every day, whatever John Brunner might have to say about it. I suppose it's because we associate anything wriggly with some childhood fear or being eaten by seaserpents or could it be that film we saw where Wallace Beery was tied to a stake in the middle of a burning desert, with nice pretty little ants coming along to chomp him up? Certainly there aren't many of us who keep pet adders, and the most horrific parts of the Incredible Shrinking Man were, as we know, when Scott Carey was being chased by the spider to his matchbox home.

I got to thinking about these insects and things when I was travelling home the next day. The old country bus which was taking me from town was a little cold and some town lover who was probably thinking of his hot water bottle had thoughtfully closed the front windows. The woman next to me remarked that it was beginning to rain, but it turned out that the splatters she could see on those front windows were insects of all shapes and varieties. Where do they all come from? There must be millions of them. On the front window, I mean.

And with irrefutable logic I'd say that if there were so many on the bus window then there must be others elsewhere. Unless these same few keep buzzing up and down the country, getting in my books and Dave Jenrette's sugar. It's a wonder, with there being so many, that they haven't crowded us out. I mean they multiply too, you know. The same few don't go on for ever, and there are never less of them. Even when we start inventing things like DDT it doesn't do much good and after a while they're all back again and what's more they're immune to whatever we've invented and we have to start again and invent something else.

Of course there are the birds which feed on insects and there are small animals like hedgehogs and this no doubt leads to all right then, why doesn't this type or that type of animal crowd us out and take over the world.

And sooner or later you must arrive at the point where you realise that there's some animal or creature or something that is better than the rest, some creature which keeps the others down and prevents them from overpopulating the world. That's right, you've got it. That's us.

I deliberately refrain from saying that we're superior beings. We are in a way I suppose. We can talk and put out fanzines and all that, but I'm forced to think that the old earwig and his friends have it pretty good too. They don't start throwing hydrogen and cobalt bombs around at one another, do they. In some cases they might even have a good taste in reading matter, too.

ooo000ooo

What's that you say? You're tired at my going on about insects like that, you're going to put down this fanzine and do a little light reading in the fiction field... well, I don't blame you. I admire your guts at sticking with me so far. And talking of guts, here's just the book for you. I've just had sent from the States a Pyramid 35¢ pocket book called "Rumble". The cover shows a young thug surrounded by a group of kindred beings, and carrying a knife and a chained leather strap; the caption reads "A teen-age gang leader's brutal story." This book has blood flowing on every page and is not without its spicing of a very dowdy sexual theme.

This is the story of Rusty Santoro, an ex-member of a New York gang of teenagers whose object in life appears to be as nasty as is possible. "Its roots," the author tells us in a brief foreward, "are in fact." And if this is the case, there must be some pretty crumby types running round loose in New York. Is teenage crime as foul in this country?

Rusty is first set upon by the members of his old gang, really friendly sporting spirit stuff, with kicks in the groin and the like. He then 'slips back' and gets involved in a gang war, after which his pretty, very young and innocent (?) sister is murdered, in a gory manner typical of the book. Rusty determines to find his sister's murderer. He puts aside all good intentions with the obvious weak will he is portrayed as having all through the book. He thinks nothing of sidetracking from this burning and set goal of his to have an affair with some floosie he picks up. He occasionally gets a little sentimental, especially when carving up some luckless youth's face, and all in all he's a fine upstanding laddie. A great credit to someone somewhere. At the end of the book he's still in one piece by good management of the writer and he merely takes off into the wilds. A great climax.

He finds his sister's murderer, true, and very unconvincingly manages to let him fall from the top of a tenement building. Marvellous writing.

There's nothing worthwhile about this book. Not only in the characters nor the situations in which they are placed, but the writing itself is bad. Slang, sex and gore. I shudder to think how a youngster might react at reading this mess. Even the superficial mystery of the whodunnit variety is pathetic in its dependence upon nothing but a suspect's lie.

The author? Oh, some unknown by the name of Harlan Ellison.

There, aren't you sorry you put down Apé, now?

00000000

I don't know whether any of you remember reading about that Australian chappie who had been a Japanese prisoner of war and had written a book about his experiences. When he'd got settled in again in his native DownUnderLand he took his manuscript along to a publisher in Sydney and was politely shown the nearest door marked exit. The publisher told him, 'Kiddo, everyone's sick of the war. Come back and try again in ten years time.' Which is exactly what he did. And the book was a sell out.

The trend has since continued. Just take a look in any book shop window. Titles of war books are there, left, right and centre, right down from literary epics like THE WOODEN HORSE to bits and bats of rubbish - well, it might be your favourite classic of English literature, and who am I to step on your toes?

Most people are getting a little sick and tired of this craze for war books, though. A year or so ago there was Ted Tubb violently protesting because Hamilton's had gone over to using the precious paper from Authentic for better selling tripe which was primarily war stories. He only lost his job, but the other week there was a letter in the STAR from an indignant reader who claimed we were all becoming a nation of sadists, and were losing our national pride. It's bad enough, he said, having all this Cyprus violence, but where's the Peace and Better Way of Life we were fighting for? Do we bring up our children to think that war is one series of glorious heroicisms, or do we start an even more glorious bonfire and burn all the rubbish now on sale, mostly in paperbacks? Something should be done, he advocated, to show the younger generation the true horrors of war.

No sooner had I put down the paper than it seemed reports were rolling in that some teachers had taken a strong line in the matter and were showing children x-films. Before Chuck Harris scorches this fanzine with his burning eyes, I'd better explain that the film shown was an extract from THE SECRET GAME, an impressionable scene showing the machine-gunning of fleeing refugees in France. Two children find their parents shot as they seek shelter by a bridge.

As I was in town last week, I decided to see for myself, and caught up with my latest films by going to see KINGS GO FORTH, THE YOUNG INVADERS and A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE. Three very forceful films, with loads of blood and guts flying around in Cinemascope and dramatic black and white. I could see the point about too much war flooding the public these days. After those three epics I'd had enough. I went round to a suburban flick and saw a reissue of LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME in which Doris Day plays the part of Ruth Etting. Ah, happy childhood memories! I sat through the entire musical, entirely entranced, and then it dawned on me.

This was a film showing the rise of that singing star of the 1920's. It showed how Ruth married her manager in order to get her way with him, to get to the top of the ladder, to achieve a very earthly ambition. Her motives were garbled but it was easy to see that the Ruth of the film, at the very least, was nothing more than a gold digger and a tramp. I thought back to the battle scenes of KINGS GO FORTH with Frank Sinatra and Tony Curtis stuck in a concrete bunker for days on end; I thought back to John Gavin in A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE, freezing in the front line against the Russians, and I thought of the American Rangers of THE YOUNG INVADERS being strafed in a rolling mist. Great fun. These films at least did show the horrors of war; what can one say of LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME?

Honest blood and guts, or sugared prostitution. Which do you prefer your children to see?

Penelope Fandergaste.

~~~~~  
N O T I C E S

Arthur Thomson stillwants copies of Hyphen 1, 2 and 3. What is more, he is willing to pay cash for copies. (A fact I omitted to mention in the last issue!). Anybody with spares?

I am also waiting for information on other fans' tape recorders so that I can produce an up-to-date list - do you taperespond? HPS.

# Sf A-Z

## C

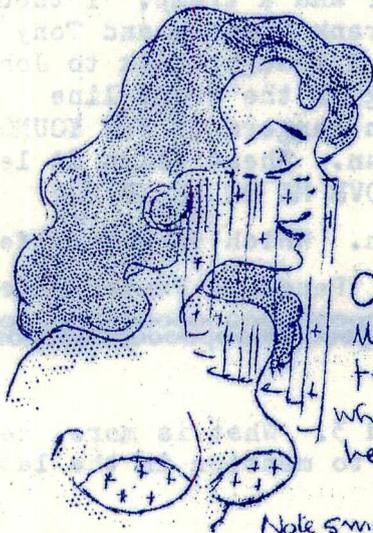
Canals  
(Martian)

For further information  
Andy Young boy astronomer



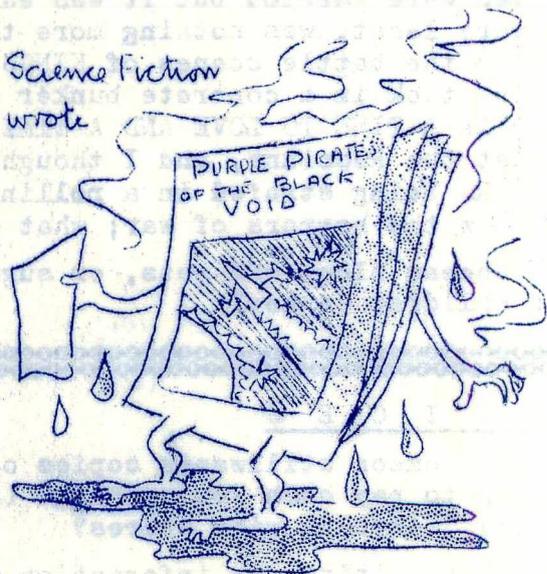
Convention - A get together, at which, science fiction fans meet old friends, make new ones, and discuss - Science Fiction - Conventions are usually held at hotels - Hotels that haven't heard about Science Fiction Conventions

Cruch - Science Fiction  
as she is wrote  
sometimes



Caw - Joan W.  
Middle East  
femme fan  
who turned out to  
be a mirage

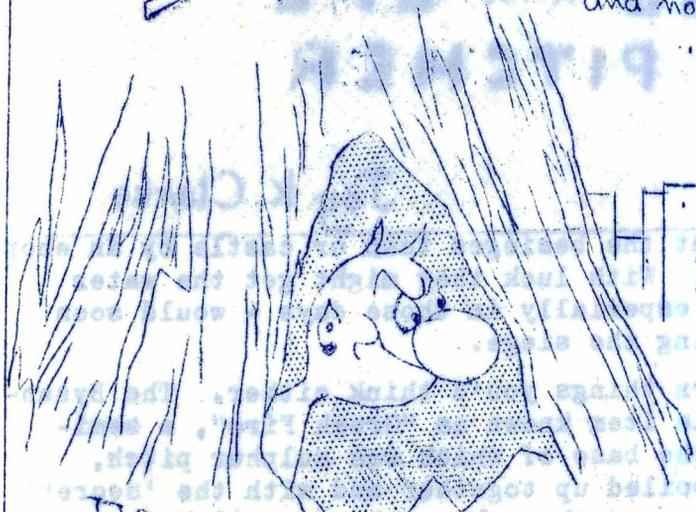
Note small firm Breasts  
Just like Sandy Sanderson's.



D

Detroit  
Worldconsafe 1959  
and not a

WSFS director  
in sight

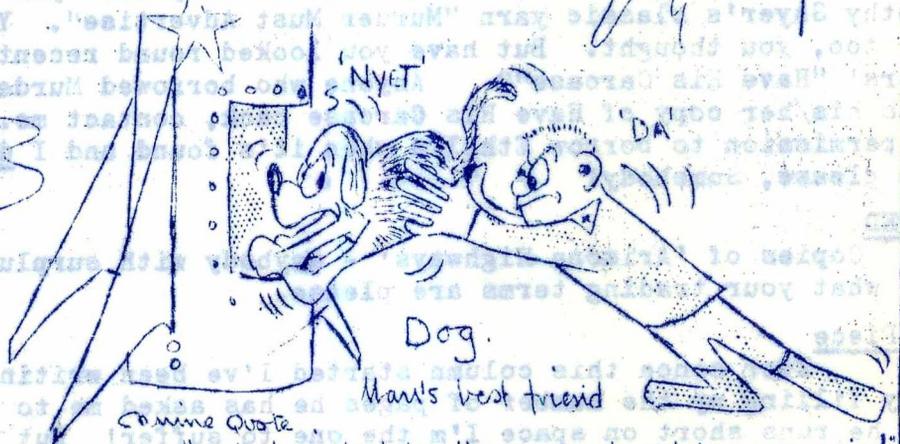


Dero

The underworld knaves  
who defied Shaver  
and lived in caves.



Death Ray  
Circa 1920-1936  
but still effective



Dog.  
Man's best friend

Crime Quote  
"With friends like these we should have enemies!"

You know, the H-bomb's a horrible weapon but our real secret weapon appears to be bacteriological cultures that could decimate a population without damaging the land. It occurred to me that it might be fun to go back a few centuries and look at some other secret weapons - the first of which uses the same basic idea as we do. Back in the early middle ages they used to save horses (dead ones that is) until they were rotten. Then they'd do 'em up in a bag and sling them at the besieged town or castle by an enormous catapult known as a trebuchet. With luck they might get the water supplies, and contaminated water - especially in those days - would soon finish off any possibility of winning the siege.

## THE LITTLE LIL PITCHER

Joy K. Clarke

Flamethrowers aren't the modern things you'd think either. The Byzantines and Moslems had a tasty little item known as "Greek Fire", a semi-liquid made to a 'secret' recipe, the base of which was sulphur pitch, dissolved nitre and petroleum all boiled up together and with the 'secret' ingredients added. This could be spewed through a tube (usually concealed in the prow of a ship) and shot at the enemy ships. How it became a flame I have no idea; perhaps the ingredients in violent contact with air combusted spontaneously, or maybe they were ignited with a taper. Anyway, it apparently had an unnerving effect on enemy crews.

*Zingier* Another way that the English tried against their enemies was to get up close to the ships, grapple on, and let go great clouds of quicklime - if the wind was in the right direction, of course - which blinded their enemies. I suppose it never occurred to the weapon-owners to fit masks to protect their own side.

Come to think of it, little as I like the H-bomb, provided it killed me with the explosion I'd prefer to die that way than in any of the other ways. It's not death but disablement and disintergration that I fear.

### Books go amissing.

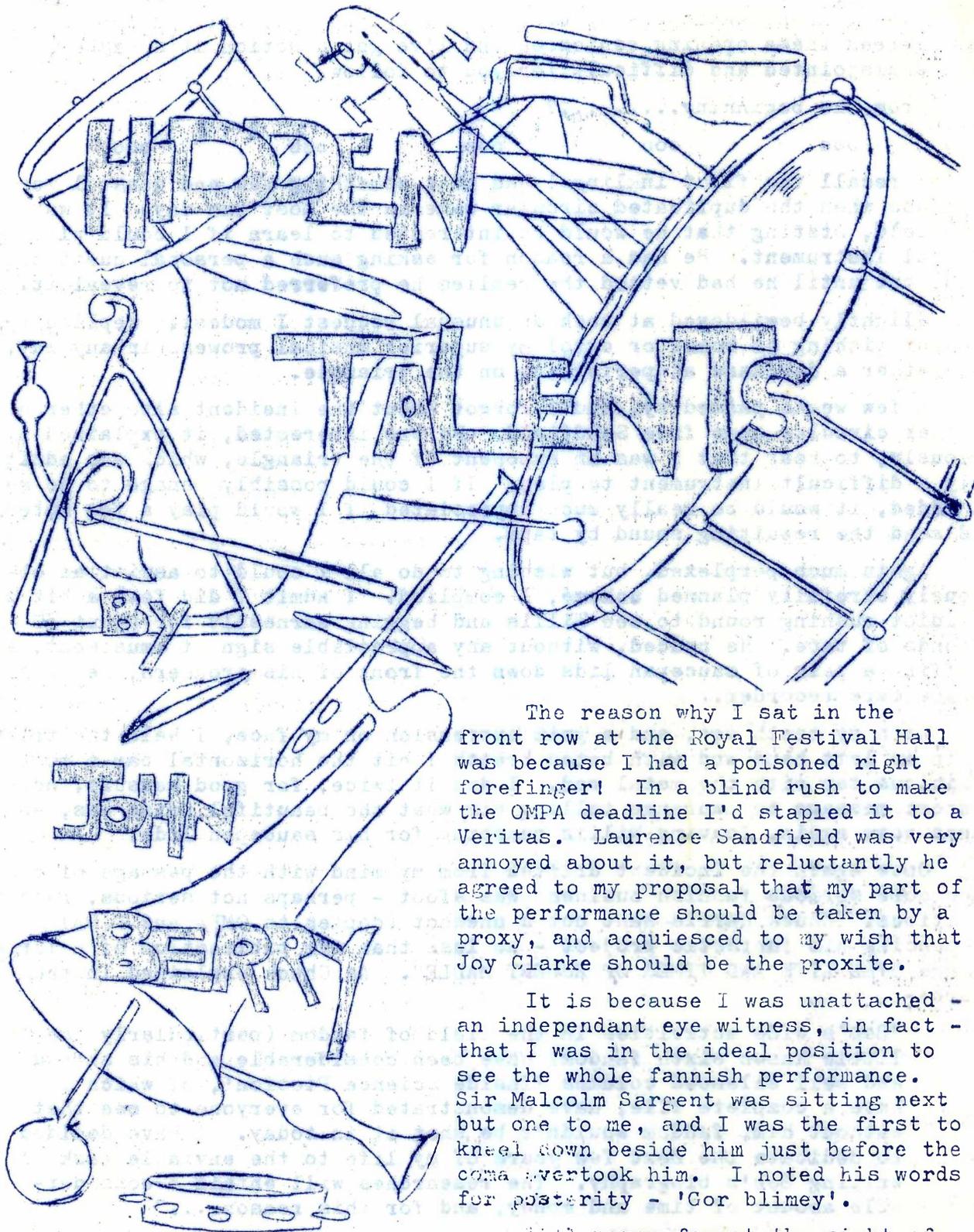
Some time back Ethel Lindsay lent you her edition of Dorothy Sayer's classic yarn "Murder Must Advertise". You returned it to her, too, you thought. But have you looked round recently for your copy of Sayers' "Have His Carcase"? Anyone who borrowed Murder Must Advertise and wants his/her copy of Have His Carcase back, contact me. I've got your book and permission to borrow Ethel's when it's found and I do want to reread it. Help please, Somebody!

### WANTED

Copies of 'Arizona Highways' - anybody with surplus copies let us know what your trading terms are please.

### End Piece

Ever since this column started I've been writing to length for Sandy filling up the number of pages he has asked me to fill. So every time he runs short on space I'm the one to suffer! But I'll fool him next time - I'll write my column in advance - and it will contain the story of our move to this address. Let him cut someone else for a change. J.K.C.



The reason why I sat in the front row at the Royal Festival Hall was because I had a poisoned right forefinger! In a blind rush to make the OMPA deadline I'd stapled it to a Veritas. Laurence Sandfield was very annoyed about it, but reluctantly he agreed to my proposal that my part of the performance should be taken by a proxy, and acquiesced to my wish that Joy Clarke should be the proxite.

It is because I was unattached - an independant eye witness, in fact - that I was in the ideal position to see the whole fannish performance. Sir Malcolm Sargent was sitting next but one to me, and I was the first to kneel down beside him just before the coma overtook him. I noted his words for posterity - 'Gor blimey'.

I'll never forget the sight of Sandfield swinging on the ornate chandeliers, a long playing Dizzy Gillespie record held purposefully between his

teeth, heading towards the tuba. Then there was the astounding sight of Chuck Harris running at top speed down the centre aisle with his -- but I've just reread these opening sentences and I've got a notion it's maybe a little disjointed and difficult for you to follow.

From the beginning.....?

ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo

I recall the first inkling I had that something new and unusual was afoot was when the duplicated circular came in the post one day. It was Sandfield, stating that he would be interested to learn if I could play a musical instrument. He had a reason for asking such a personal question, it said, but until he had vetted the replies he preferred not to reveal it.

Slightly bewildered at such an unusual request I modestly replied that without wishing to boast or extol my superior musical prowess in any way, I was rather a dab hand at performing on the triangle.

A few weeks passed by, and I forgot about the incident altogether until another circular came from Sandfield. He was interested, it explained mysteriously, to hear that I was an exponent of the triangle, which was admittedly a difficult instrument to play. If I could possibly manage to do so, it added, it would be really much appreciated if I would play a few notes and send the resulting sound by tape.

Again much perplexed, but wishing to do all I could to assist an obviously carefully planned scheme, I complied. I admit I did feel a bit of an idiot rushing round to see Willis and begging earnestly for about 30 seconds of tape. He nodded, without any appreciable sign of amusement, and stuffing a pair of saucepan lids down the front of his trousers, he switched on the tape recorder.

With my teeth set, and a grim expression on my face, I held the triangle up in my left hand and with bated breath I hit the horizontal bar a most delicious tap with the metal rod. I did it twice, for good measure, added a short message to Laurence telling him what the beautiful noise was, and I raced home again, leaving Willis reaching for his saucepan lids.

Once again the incident drifted from my mind with the passage of time. Much more serious fannish business was afoot - perhaps not serious, rather, ambitious. Chuck Harris sent out a oneshot (copies to OMPA and FAPA) announcing his fantastic project - no less than the publication of a large volume "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ROBERT MADLE". As Chuck explained in the blurb:-

"Bob's wide activities in the field of fandom (particularly the little known sixth fandom) have been considerable and his shrewd and well balanced columns 'Inside Science Fiction', of which I have a complete file, have demonstrated for everyone to see that without him, fandom wouldn't be what it is today. I have decided to dedicate the next few years of my life to the enviable task of writing Bob's biography. The researches will entail a considerable amount of time and money, and for this reason...."

Chuck went on to explain that the purpose of his oneshot (entitled NUISANCE TO BE HARRASSED) was to build up a fund for the express purpose of carrying out the mammoth task.

Nearly every British fanzine commented on this as being a most worthy task and most faneds replied with action besides words - gifts of duplicating paper, stencils and staples poured into 'Carolyn'

Two months after this, in March 1960 to be exact, The Great Sandfield Plan was announced - once again in oneshot format. In this superbly presented epistle, he explained in exacting detail the musical potentialities of British Fandom.

"I held auditions," it said, "with fans living nearby, and for those living far away in the north of England and in Northern Ireland I arranged for them to send snippets of the tape with their performances on it. I was truly amazed at the wealth of talent displayed. For example, I've never heard anything so utterly expressive as the magnificent strident clangs of the Willis cymbals. I maintain that the '1812' overture by Tchaikovsky recently recorded by the BBC Symphony Orchestra would have been immeasurably improved if Willis had been allowed to play the cymbals during the recording. Such elemental force. Then there is the magnificent display on the Cracked Bed Pans by Miss Lindsay. Surely anyone who has heard those melodious tones cannot fail to be moved. I could mention others - Mercer and his Malleable Irons -- Harris and his piccolo -- Miss Wild and the Glockenspiel -- Bentcliffe and the pianoforte, -- Welham and Hall on the Fishracks -- and many, many more.

"The talent is simply overwhelming, so much so that I would like you all to bring your instruments to the Kettering Convention next month where I have hired a barn outside the hall, and where I propose to hold rehearsals. I should be obliged....." Etc.

ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo

I don't want to spend valuable space describing the unparalleled activities in the barn outside Kettering. So many Conreps have done so (the Police Report, I thought, stated the facts admirably) and most of you were there anyway.

The most important result was that Sandfield was so thrilled at the portion of classical music he rehearsed that he publicly announced he was never going to listen to jazz again, and would henceforth only study the Music of the Great Masters.

ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo

I've learned since that Harris met Sandfield in the Globe one Thursday evening, and whilst discussing each others projects, simultaneously hit upon the idea of combining them.

Yet another oneshot gave the details. Harris, it was explained, still needed a considerable amount of money for his Madle biography researches. At the same time, Sandfield was itching to give a public concert. They therefore proposed to hold such a concert at the Royal Festival Hall in London on October 14th, 1960. The newly-styled British Fandom Symphony Orchestra would play Gustav Holst's 'Planet Suite' under the baton of Laurence Sandfield. The proceeds would go to Harris for his book. We performers were instructed to reply by return of post, and we were promised that if sufficient replies were forthcoming, arrangements would be put

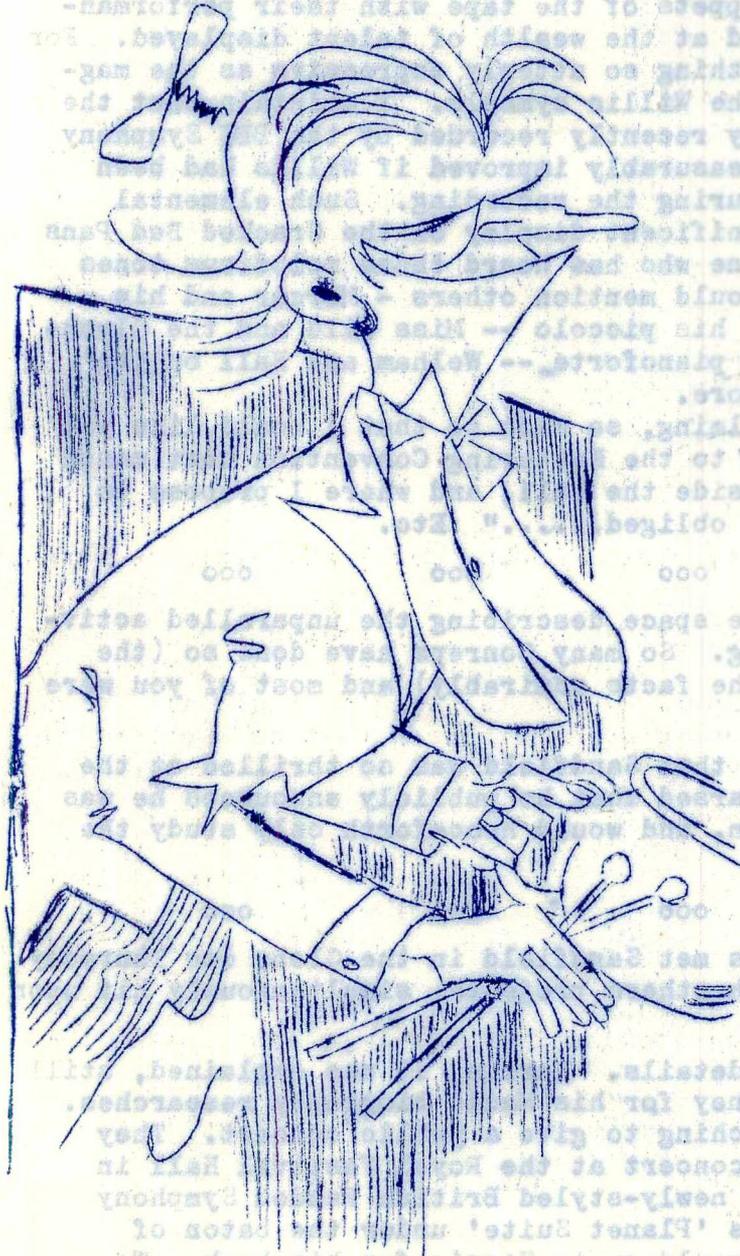
in hand immediately.

Unfortunately I had a poisoned finger and felt that I might possibly let the orchestra down during a vital moment. As I mentioned, Sandfield agreed that Joy Clarke should take my place.

ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo

The Royal Festival Hall was packed with ardent concert-goers. I obtained a front row seat, given to me by our beloved conductor because he wanted me to get Sir Malcolm Sargent's impressions after the performance.

I glanced round the auditorium, taking careful note of the audience, amongst whom I noticed J. B. Priestly gripping a copy of RET 11.



Snaps of general conversation that I picked up indicated that whoever had been in charge of the British Fandom Symphony Orchestra's publicity had done a pretty good job. Sir Malcolm was in a gay mood and seemed optimistic. It is generally known that anything likely to improve the public's taste in the classics pleases him considerably.

And then, suddenly, the excited chatter of the audience stilled, as if cut off with a knife. The members of the Orchestra began to emerge and make their way to their seats behind the music stands.

First to come out were two neofen carrying a wooden frame from which hung eleven Cracked Bed Pans on varying lengths of string. Miss Lindsay walked proudly by the side, holding the leg of a crutch like a baseball bat.

A hum broke from the audience and it grew louder and louder and more vocal and unrestrained as one by one the 'musicians' filled the stage.....

To Be Continued

John Berry.



# BOOK REVIEW

## HONEYMOON



REVIEWED BY JACK WILLIAMS

(HONEYMOON IN HELL by Fredric Brown, Bantam Books, New York, published August 1958 at 35¢).

I must confess immediately that I'm biased. I've always liked a readable anthology of short stories, and I've always liked the light-hearted tongue-in-cheek style of Fredric Brown. These two points should add up to the viewpoint that I'm wildly enthusiastic about his latest collection and in fact at the very least I can say that I've enjoyed the book immensely.

The contents page lists twenty-one different titles, fair value for anyone's money. Seven stories are reprinted from Galaxy, five from F & SF, three from Thrilling Wonder, two from Astounding, and one each from Amazing, Planet, Other Worlds and Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine. They range in length from the Brown Speciality of vignette, which generally would be better off in the type of fanzine which is hard put to obtain material, to the meatier novelette which is always a pleasure to read. Most of the stories have been reprinted and anthologised previously, which at least speaks for some quality in the collection.

The cover itself is worthy of note, being one of the fantastic minor details from "The Garden of Delights", by the 15th Century painter, Hieronymous Bosch, which might or might not be an ironic Brown commentary on the intricacies of the psionics machine!

The lead story, HONEYMOON IN HELL, is novelette length, reprinted from Galaxy. The basic plot revolves around the proposed invasion of earth by an alien race using the moon as a jumping off point. The aliens enter the yarn

when the Americans and the Russians have agreed to let two scientists, one from each nation, and one of each sex, attempt a practical honeymoon on the moon. Births on earth have taken a trend towards the female of the species, and the earth's top brass theorises that the moon is the next logical place to try for a solution to the problem which may mean an end to the human race. Ray Carnody is America's choice for the trip, and his encounter with the aliens there cements relations between America and Russia who thus unite against the common enemy - whose identity isn't revealed until the end.

The second story is TOO FAR, a vignette of atrocious puns, with a snap ending. Other vignettes of a similar nature intersperse the longer stories. Brown is probably the leading exponent of the shock ending in sf. Unfortunately he has the tendency to overuse this trick of the trade, and is in danger of forgetting that a short sharp ending needs a convincing build up, to be convincing. The vignettes are rather short for this.

MAN OF DISTINCTION is a story about an alcoholic who saves the earth by being picked up by alien scouts. His actions, drunk and definitely incapable, are interpreted as being typical of the human race; we are then regarded as worthless and invasion cancelled indefinitely. An amusing tale.

To balance this, there is THE DOME, under which Kyle Braden has lived for thirty years, sealing himself off from the world which he imagines has been blitzed by atomic war. Finally he switches off the force field which comprises the dome, and steps out into what he expects will be a ravished and lonely world. He finds thirty years of intensive progress and returns to his hermitage, a broken and lonely man.

HALL OF MIRRORS is one of the lesser Galaxy stories. Written in that most difficult and unusual second person singular, this tells of the man who dooms himself to travelling to and fro through fifty years of time.

Bill Wheeler has an apartment overlooking New York's Central Park, and from the window he sees an alien spaceship land in the Park. As a biologist he is invited to examine the creature in the ship. This is the plot of MOUSE, which is not to be confused with Brown's more famous Mitkey. Wheeler evolves the theory that the alien being is an intelligence which can occupy different bodily forms. It turns out that he is right.

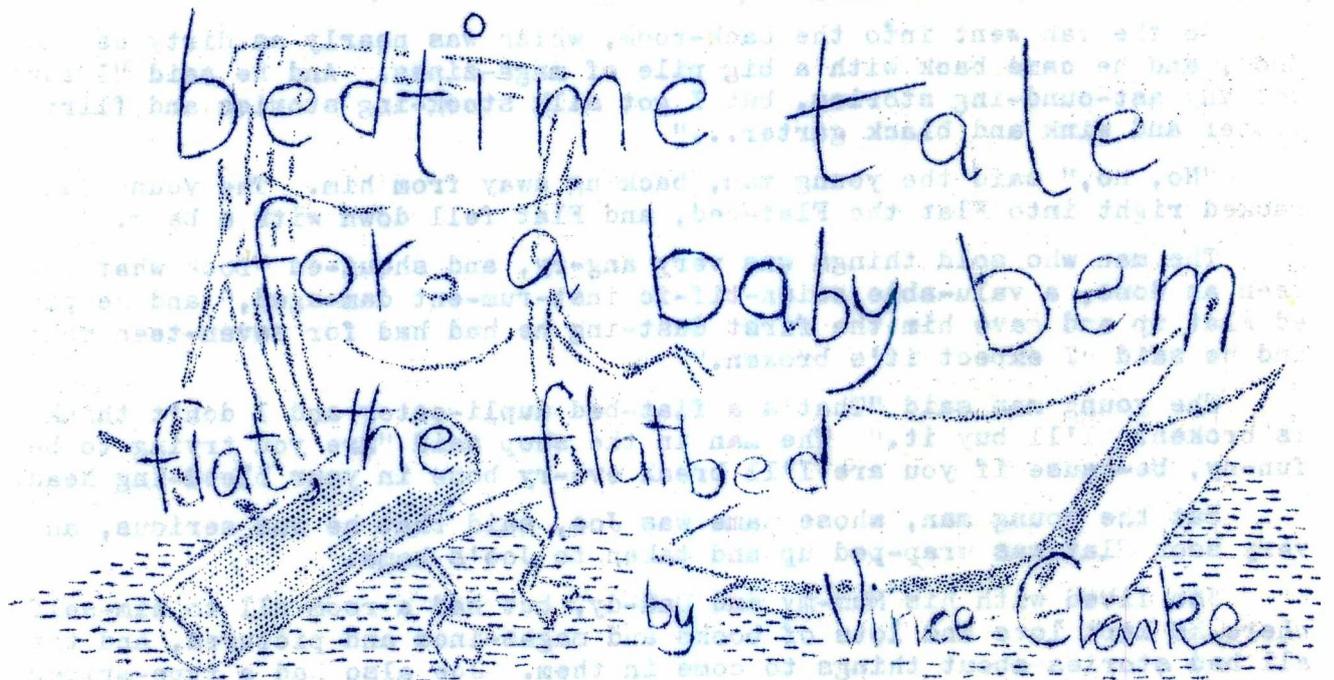
AND THE GODS LAUGHED is a little reminiscent of Sheckley. A spaceship's crew discover that an outlying planet is inhabited by people who wear golden bracelets which are entities in themselves. That the story is presented primarily as typical of a spaceman's liars club makes the ending not only more convincing, but more personally intense.

"Fight", is the WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR which echoes round the world. Who has spoken the word, and why, is the problem - though as Brown shows, it isn't so much the cause as the effect which is important.

RUSTLE OF WINGS is an eery story which deals in the superstition of soul selling. The imagery of superstition is well brought out.

My own two favourites are the oft-reprinted ARENA, which resolves the fight-to-the-death war between earth and an alien race to personal combat, under conditions equally unfamiliar to both races, and THE LAST MARTIAN, which was the first Brown story I read. It's good with a twist ending which has all the impact one could desire. Striking but not profoundly so. Who ever looked to Brown for profundity? A most entertaining collection. JW

In his insatiable search for new worlds of style to conquer, Vince Clarke has tackled everything from the classic field of "Scrooge on Ice" through his "Fanderella" pantomime and on to the detective school of "Case of the Convention Cadaver". But as far as I am aware, the story that follows is his first brush with the Enid Blyton Empire. HPS.



Once upon a time there lived a little flat-bed dupli-cator named Flat. He lived in the corner of a junk-store. He didn't like it be-cause it was dusty, but his Mum-my and Dad-dy had left him there. His Mum-my was a Gest-et-ner and his Dad-dy was a wand-ering Roneo, and he was the res-ult of an ill-egit-imate union\*.

Grown-ups used to come to the junk-store to buy things. The man who owned the store sold them dirty old wash-stands and dirty ele-phant feet made into walking-stick stands, and dirty bar-ometers, and some really fil-thy pic-tures. But he never sold Flat, because Flat was hid-den un-der a pile of dust. Every day Flat hoped some-body would buy him, but he was al-ways disa-ppointed.

Once a big man in a bowler hat came into the junk-store and said to the man who sold things "I am look-ing for a cheap dupli-cator," and the junk-man blew the dust off Flat and after every-one had stop-ed cough-ing said "This is a dupli-cator and it is cheap."

Flat held his breath, be-cause this was the first time that the junk-man had tried to sell him, and the man in the bowler hat look-ed at him and went all red and said "I am run-ning a busi-ness, not a mus-eum, and I can't send notices to my cust-omers on a thing like that." So Flat was put back in the dusty corner and the man in the bowler hat bought some photo-graphs in the back-room, and Flat cried down his silk-screen all night.

Then one day a funny-look-ing young man came in, and looked around all

\* Ask Dad-dy to ex-plain any-thing you don't under-stand.

the piles of dirty old wash-stands and dirty phono-graphs and dirty Vict-or-ian arm-chairs, and said to the man in the shop "I am look-ing for old cop-ies of ast-ound-ing stories or amaz-ing stories or things like that," and the man in the shop said "I know just what you want and I have a big pile in the back room" and the young man choked.

So the man went into the back-room, which was nearly as dirty as the shop, and he came back with a big pile of maga-zines. And he said "I can't see any ast-ound-ing stories, but I got silk stock-ing stories and flirt and titter and wink and black garter..."

"No, no," said the young man, backing away from him. The young man backed right into Flat the Flat-bed, and Flat fell down with a bang.

The man who sold things was very ang-ry, and shout-ed "Look what you been an done, a valu-able scien-tif-ic inst-rum-ent dam-aged," and he pick-ed Flat up and gave him the first dust-ing he had had for seven-teen months and he said "I expect it's broken."

The young man said "That's a flat-bed dupli-cator and I don't think it is broken. I'll buy it." The man in the shop said "Are you trying to be fun-ny, be-cause if you are I'll break eve-ry bone in your bleed-ing head."

But the young man, whose name was Joe, said that he was serious, and very soon Flat was wrap-ped up and taken to Joe's home.

Joe lived with his Mum-my and Dad-dy, but had a room all to him-self, where he kept lots and lots of books and magaz-ines and pictures, and they all had stories about things to come in them. Joe also had a type-writer, Oliver, which was also from the junk-store, and Joe wrote lots and lots on it. He tore it all up after-wards except letters, but he wrote lots and lots. After buy-ing Flat, he went out and bought some dupli-cating sten-cils, and Oliver typed them.



When the sten-cils were fixed on Flat, he found that they were in a fun-ny lang-uage he had never heard be-fore, and the things that he print-ed out were very strange indeed. But he did his job well, and al-though Joe some-times called him names that weren't Flat, they were soon send-ing lots and lots of maga-zines out.

Flat grew to like Joe, even though Joe would some-times make him print pictures that were not right, like big lad-ies who bulged more than lad-ies really bulged, but Joe never did grow to love Flat, and some-times he would look at his black hand and say "I don't know why the hell I don't turn pro."

Joe was saving money, and one day he went and bought a new type-writer, and Flat never saw Oliver the

old type-writer again. And Joe wrote lots and lots more stencils on his new typewriter and called Flat more names because Flat was not able to print magazines like a friend of Joe's called Dag, although Flat was printing as well as he could.

And one day Joe came back with a friend who also read stories about things to come, and they were carrying a big parcel. When they took the paper away from the parcel, Flat saw that it was another duplicator. It was a dirty old duplicator but it was a rotary, and when it saw Flat it just sniffed.

Then Joe said to his friend "I can get rid of this contraption now," and he kicked Flat's case, and said "Do you want it?"

The friend said "How much will you pay me to take it?" and they both laughed. So Joe took Flat and put him in a corner and used the rotary duplicator instead, and Flat grew as dusty as he had been in the junkshop, and he used to say to the rotary "I suppose it shows that machines are only useful when Man needs them and are not an end in themselves," but the rotary only sniffed.

If you like a down-beat ending to a story you can finish this one now.

\*\*\*\*\*

However, we must not let Mr. Patrick Moore say that bed-time tales are Gloom Stories too, so I must tell you what happened to Flat after all. One day, a very young man came to see Joe, and he had purple fingers and a worried expression. And he said "Where can I get a cheap duplicator because I want to do some extra colour work." So Joe said "You can have that for a couple of Galaxys," and he pointed to Flat. The young man said "Yes, please," and took Flat away to his own home, where he had a rotary duplicator that sniffed at Flat and also a dainty little jelly hektograph that he used for post-sarcs. The little hektograph was named Kate (because she shimied) and she thought Flat was wonderful.

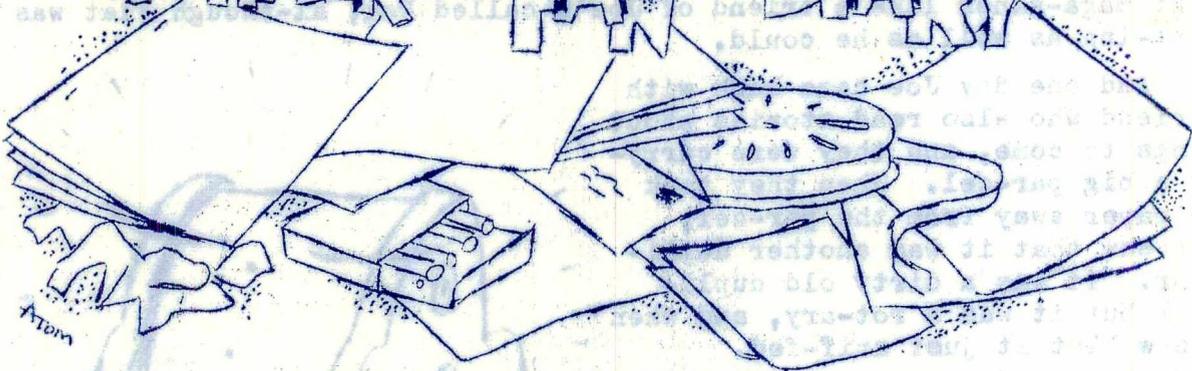
So they were married by the neighbourhood Multi-lith, and lived happily ever after. They had lots of little hektographs, too.

My, was that young man surprised!

A. Vinç Clarke.



# INGMERY FAN DIARY



November 1958

1st. Letter from DAVE COHEN. "My imagination wanders on this brief visit of yours to Manchester and can visualise a constant flow of movement by you, Vinç and Joy. All hustle and bustle with hardly an opportunity to say hello. Pity your stay was so brief. With no backing offered I am afraid the likelihood of a further issue of Blue Moon seems very remote - being not like you we look twice at our coppers. But even for you £4 per month seems a lot of money to spend on fanzine publishing. Still, I would say the interest you recieve from it makes it £4 invested. I enjoyed doing every issue of Blue Moon though usually I found myself laying out £6-7 per issue, the rest subbed by the Manchester Circle."

INUENDO No 8 Terry Carr. Trade or letters of comment. First feeling I got when quickly looking through this was one of dullness. But this was entirely due to the paper that has been used (except for the twenty page lettercol in white, and the covers, the pages are all dark greens and browns and grays). The material is something else again - an editorial with some delicious touches about Burbee - a new serial by Brandon (this time a satire of the 'Beat' bible, On The Road - no, better make that a parody) - Robert Bloch on the art of Rotsler - Donaho with two items on moving to New York - Harry Warner on the history of fandom - all of it very good stuff. In fact the only sour note in the issue is sounded by Rog Phillips who, in writing of his memories rather overdoes things so that one is given the impression that fandom would have been dead many moons ago if it hadn't been for the genius and the humanitarian policies of one Rog Phillips. Still, I guess everyone is entitled to his own opinion of his importance in the scheme of things. The letter column is the best item in the mag, with Mal Ashworth's letter taking first place. This is a fanzine to get hold of quickly.

It's no good going to a psychiatrist...they drive you up the bloody wall!

4th. Letter from WALT WILLIS. "This is a very presentable fanzine you sent to help my convalescence from Cafia. Ape 3, I mean. Atom's cover - the first time a French urinal has appeared on a fmz cover, I bet.. did he do it with a latrine guide? - was a joy, and the editorial page is agreeable to both the eye and the intelligence. Altogether it's a very welcoming layout, a sort of doormat format as you might say. ## I don't think I missed any of the pleasure of the Search for Strawberry Ice by know-

ing how it all ended, or even by remembering some things that might have been included of the order of Vinç's ~~Wiccup~~ epic-making pen-sward pun, but I cannot understand this abnormal craving for that particular flavour. It might at least have been fanila. Oh by the way, you'll be interested to know that James has been making further experiments with his hydrogen-dioxide powered spaceship. You remember how, greatly daring, he used to give it as much as 24 pumps although the book of instructions said there should be on no account more than 20? Well the other day he had Gerard Quinn there and, fiend that he is, let him pump it up without telling him when to stop. While James cowered behind the dustbin the innocent Quinn pumped it no less than 40 strokes before pulling the string. The rocket, now almost circular in shape, whooshed off into the stratosphere becoming a mere pin-point as James puts it (and he should know); even Gerard, after artificial respiration had been successfully administered, agreed that the BIS would have been proud of it. All we need to attain escape velocity is a volunteer willing to pull the cord for a really big job. Do you think if we filled the rocket with gin, Ted Tubb would be interested? We could launch it from the public baths. ## Penelope is mildly interesting, though almost too relaxed for my tastes, like Perry Coma. It seems a bit like cheating just to go through old cigarette cards or Readers Digests. (You know, she has hit on an interesting comparison. The RD is just like a collection of cigarette cards.) And the bit at the end about TAFF candidates and about the little gavel episode at the Con (which only took a few minutes, far less than an Unavoidable Delay) is just trouble making in effect, however playful the intention. Things like this and other censorious attacks are blemishes on Apē to me. Is all fandom really going to be plunged into war after all this time? ## Inchmery Fan Diary is to me the best of your features and I feel a quiet glow of pride at having started ( I think ) ((That's right, you did)) this form of fan article. I find it all completely fascinating. Maybe I'm just nosey. ## Joy writes a nice column and even the anti-Ryle bit was interestingly persuasive. All that prevents me getting of this fence onto your side is the spectacle of so many people I also respect on the other one. At the time all this was being paraded first I was too far gone in gafia to sift it out for myself, and now it hardly seems worth while to try it (even assuming it's possible) now that it's all over. (I hope.) ## I only know one of the answers to your quiz and I refuse to expose my ignorance further. That last one looks like a trick...I suppose Alaska is bigger than Texas. ## I suppose p.28 was meant to be blank? ((Yes, I'd run out of rude words. Temporarily, that is.))

Letter from WALT WILLIS. "Thanks for Apē 4, which came very soon after Apē 3. I notice with disappointment that you've been unable to keep up this schedule. Fake fan! Publishing dwarf! That was another nice Atomcover. What a fine invention Arthur Thomson is. ## Joy was even better this time. Nice and bright and interesting, and that was funny about the apple boxes. Arsenic is a 100% effective oral contraceptive. ## That catalogue on pps 9 to 12 was real drool-making. Why don't you offer those things as prizes in your competitions and I'll try harder? Not the Spong mincer though...we can't get longplaying spong here. What with that and the shortage of strawberry icecream we have to go abroad to taste really good crottled greeps. ((I don't think I mentioned that Dick Eney sent Joy a packet of Strawberry freezer mix a while back. Damn the man. Now she has reason to scream for a 'fridge!)) ## Penelope again, this time with Lilliput. By moving three

paces to the left I could look up these old issues myself. The logical development of this type of column will be for FF to start reviewing old installments of the column itself. Admittedly the column is interesting and would be even more so to someone to whom all this stuff is new, but I'd still rather see the thoughts and views of the columnist as a real person, not the attitudinising of someone trying to conceal their identity. I find that vaguely irritating. ## Aaaah, more Diary. It's almost like living with you. I'd be happy if the whole magazine were like this, with the various columns etc just inserted in place as they arrive. What a carefree way of publishing that would be, seriously: every evening you just sit down at the stencil and record the events of the day, and at the end of the month you run them off. That way it'd have all the extra aliveness, the actuality of a live TV interview: the readers would have the assurance that there'd been no later revising or editing of reactions and could follow your fanac with real participation. And for another advantage, you'd have more immediate interest in the stuff you were stencilling. (€A wonderful idea - but I couldn't make it work. Most of the stuff in this issue was received late in October -- there just wasn't room for it in the October issue. Then there are the times I go on holiday - or home for a few days - or move from one address to another (though this isn't likely to happen again for some time). I do try with the Diary, but more often than not it is typed up in the last week. Even then, I try to refrain from amending first impressions in the light of later knowledge). ## Vinç's report on the £12 taper was a Public Service." PS (on envelope) "Have you been inoculated against Gafia?" (€Yes. In fact I've just this minute had two booster jabs).

Letter from LAURENCE SANDFIELD. "Colonial Excursion Pt 2 was quite interesting in itself but I fail to see what importance it has in the chronicalling of a convention. The poorness of service in the Queen throws a bad light on the ways of our passenger lines, which would appear to be run on a basis of complete and utter snobbery, liberally tangled in red tape. Quite obviously flying is best. ## Barry Hall's answer to the bi-sexual Penny was very much to the point, altho the reasoning seemed a bit thin. I can't quite place a finger on the weakness but I have no doubt that Penny will. The function of the con is to bring together we who have this sort of mind, the sf mind, in common and give to us the soothing release of being with the sort of people we'd like to live with if we could and in convivial surroundings too. The deep and deadly seriousness of some discussions I've heard at Kettering and at the Loncons, the terrific, sub-creative catharsis of the room parties, the general feeling of fellowship (not four-ale-bar synthetic fellowship) are a deep necessity to us. That is why cons exist. Here in the conplace is Bryan or Archie or Sandy or Margaret and damn it all I'm one of them, says the welcome feeling. Oh yes, cons are indeed needed. ## I see Ted Tubb is at it again...the reason that the fanzines haven't been yelling about the sputniks is simply that these are not the realisation of our star woven dreams...they are hardly the beginning. Really, Ted, is the old feeling gone completely? Here, reluctantly, I must agree with Sandy."

5th. Letter from RON BENNETT. "Well, APORRHETA rolled in this morning, and my immediate thought was 'Gee, it's GRUED', but I see you got that one in before I did. It's a good issue and an entertaining one, too entertaining in fact. This morning I was due in Castleford at my old school to tell them something about the trip to the States and show the slides. I didn't get there until this afternoon. Cause of delay? Reading Apè! ##

Tell me...do you turn the stencil sideways to do that line of stars on the editorial page? (No, this machine has vertical half spacing as well as the horizontal half spacing. I type a star, back-space, and move the stencil half a line up.) # Von Braun was a good German and as such dare not give himself up to the Russians. Germany surrendered I believe to Britain on condition that they were not surrendering to USSR a while before the actual armistice, this conditional surrender being rejected. Germans had actually been in Russia. They hadn't been in USA or Britain (unless that old story of the oil being poured on to invading forces is to be believed). Thus, I think the Germans reckoned they had a better chance of individual survival under the Western powers. Also, neither Britain nor America has any salt mines. Result is that Germans like von Braun preferred to throw in their lots with USA rather than with Russia. Or am I wrong? ## Where's me moustache? Quick fire Atomillos. Not up to his usual detailed standard. (My fault for rushing him and not letting him pick out his own spots to illo) ## Ken Bulmer smokes a pipe. What kind of tobacco does he use? ## You are 27? Heck, I thought you were the same age as I, probably a month or so younger. It must just be that I look older. ## I feel that I'll be answering calls from more faneds by spreading my Trip Report around, but of course regular subscribers to one or two zines only, will suffer. The alternative is to put the whole report out in one go, as Don Ford suggests. Unfortunately, I can't afford either the time or the cash to go into a project like this at the present time."

Letter from BARRY HALL. "Under a little asterisk at the bottom of Bryan's article you say: "This might mean that von Braun guessed rightly that he'd be better off in the United States." And somehow you seem to use this as an argument against his morality. Doesn't follow. If you figure you'd be better off in the States, do you surrender to the Russians? (Sorry. Guess this is the result of trying to handle the item as an article with notes - in which format I'm restricted by space considerations - instead of in the letter column where I feel free to make my ideas clear the first time round. In the first place I said that if von Braun knew that the Russians would offer him equal facilities and complete freedom to run his own project, then he would go over to them like a shot. In other words, he isn't in America making rockets because he loves the country or Western freedom or what have you, but simply because it is the only place in which he can get even half-way to what he wants to do. If Russia offered better facilities then he would not be held back from deserting the States. He lacks morals in this respect. At least this is my opinion. Now, when Bryan advanced the facts concerning what von Braun had done at the end of the war as proof of the error of my opinion, I pointed out that all it really proved was that he had guessed correctly. Faced with two alternatives, von Braun picked the States in preference to Russia - thus displaying genius. This in no way invalidates my opinion of what he would do if Russia were now to offer him better facilities. I suppose this is really academic now, because I can't see Russia convincing von Braun of its honesty even if it made an offer, and therefore he is never likely to leave the States. But I still consider that he is lacking in moral integrity.) ## I would enjoy the Old Mill Stream ten times better if I knew who was writing the darn thing. And PF can talk about the Brandon hoax! ## Just thought. The reason for the top level talks on stopping H-Bomb tests is not because the radiation level is at present anywhere near the dangerous mark but because they want to stop them

while there is still a big safety margin. Read in an up-to-date science mag that current world radiation level is roughly about 500 times smaller than that received when having an X-ray. Sleep tight! (€Radiation danger levels vary according to which scientist is talking, and since they are all scientists, what are you and I to believe? Government scientists have put the danger point at 100 times background radiation whereas others state it is 10 times. The government men have nothing to lose but their jobs. I read a report - in fact I made a quote card out of it - in which some responsible scientist said that the radiation danger was about equal to that from a watch with luminous hands. An equally responsible scientist made the comment that this was all very well but few members of the human race went around with a watch strapped to their genital organs.)) ## By the way, I visited the library three times before digging up the answer to your title. Once with Bryan and twice on my own. Just around the place where I found the correct meaning, I see a lot of similar type words meaning like 'foul', 'abusive', 'not to be spoken' and such. A bloke I met in the Globe who passed Greek at Advanced level thinks it's the former and is going round telling everybody that - sorta putting people off, because they natch believe a bloke with 'A' Greek. (€ Oh dear, I would at least have thought they'd credit me with being a little more subtle than that!)) Heh, I spoofed him. One thing puzzles me - how in the name of 6th Fandom did you find such a word? (€ Strangely enough, in my dictionary.))

Letter from JIM CAUGHRAN. "#c in Joy's column is probably Harris, to judge from the OMPA two sheet. Largest state is Texas, at least until next 4th of July when Alaska comes in -- if they vote for coming in which is about 99-1 for. They could, tho, vote only to have part, the more settled part, come in. Then the rest would become another state when ready. (€ Seems the confusion as to whether or not Alaska is in or out is not limited to this side of the Atlantic. Would anyone care to elucidate? For instance I feel quite certain that I read a report that Alaska would be voting about this time for Representatives or Senators or something. Would they be doing this if they weren't scheduled to join the Union until the middle of next year?))

CHUCK HARRIS paid us a brief visit to pick up his duplicator - thus reducing the amount of stuff we had to pack to move to the new flat.

6th. Letter from SID BIRCHBY. "I trust you will publicise the FANDOM'S COOKBOOK project mentioned by Ellis Mills in his recent OMPazine "No Time For Fanzines"? Fans are invited to send to Ruth Kyle, quote: 'Any recipe you would like Dave to try.' The plan is to prepare a Cookbook to be available at the DETENTION. All recipes will, quote: 'be tested and served to Dave who will pass on the final recommendation for inclusion.' Or maybe just pass on. Oh that I were PF. What one could make of this."

7th. Took the day off work to get to grips with the packing that still needed to be done before we could move. Boy, that was some job.

Letter from GEORGE CHARTERS. "Have you heard about me letting off a whopping great big firework in the Willis residence? It emitted clouds of nauseous smoke, it gave forth galaxies of sparks and scattered bits of soot and charred paper all around. The atmosphere became more and more inspissated, hacking coughs filled what little pure air remained, so I made a bee-line for the door through the obfuscation and got outside. The others quickly followed soot. ## I think yours is the only mag whose title has an accented

letter in it. I think it's acute idea. ## In the last issue Penelope slipped up. S/he mentions John Berry's spelling, but s/he writes "definitely". Tut-tut! (≠ Typo, my mistake, I'm afraid) And s/he says Thomas Hardy instead of Thomas Hood. Tut-tut, tut-tut! ## There was an 'Escourt' in a shop in Belfast: 3 speeds, 7" spools, £45. Do you know if it is any good? (≠The deck is the same one that I use and seems OK - but I don't know anything about the amplifier. It will suffer from the same faults as all portables that aren't in the semi-professional class -- lack of space for efficient speakers. Still, it all depends on what you want, really.≠)

Letter from GEORGE METZGER.



On collecting cigarette cards. No doubt you know of or got a flood of information on cards one finds in packs of (each) bubble gum. Cards varying in size, generally aimed at the youth of America which is generally sports minded. So the cards deal with baseball players, football, basketball and crap shooters. I don't know much about this subject - I swore off bubble gum years upon years ago since the time I stuffed three long 10¢ rolls of some super bazooka bubble-gum in my mouth and discovered that not only could I not open my mouth to get it out, I could not swallow it either. I always swallowed bubblegum, despite the fact people were always telling me I would bloat or something nauseating like that. This they told me while they sat around eating white school paste. These cards are usually in color - photos of players - and one imagines a player sitting in a shower room shuffling thru the various cards from different series that depict him. Chewing contentedly he holds them at different angles to the light and finally settles on the series that has best captured the sparkling blue colour of his eyes. Then he takes another chew of chewin' tobacco. ## I am reminded of other kinds of collecting. A week

or so after Xmas there is a profusion of drying Xmas trees in the homes - and quick to meet the needs are groups of little kids, scuttling about the streets, from door bell to door bell, asking for about-to-be-thrown-away trees. Then there are more exoduses as they drag their hauls across streets and down alleys to someone's backyard where they are heaped high to form a fortification and then they go off for more. Competition between three or more groups becomes acute as the number of trees to be acquired diminishes. Soon they take to raiding each other's trees. There is retaliation with throwing of rocks (it doesn't snow where I am) and threats. And in the end they grow tired of their games and parents find themselves with a backlawn littered with trees shedding their dead needles all over. They drag them into the driveway and stuff them onto pickup trucks. If they had time they might chop them into firewood for the rest of the summer but they usually don't for they rarely use fireplaces, even if some of them are real. Trucks with quaking loads of brittleness trundle down the truckroute and onto the major highway and down to the county dump...and in the mornings the old men who tend the dump shuffle about like lost ragpickers before crackling trees, oblivious to their symbolism, aware only of their secure warmth and the rolls of smoke drifting to the winds and drifting low out over the freeway across the cinemascope windshields of rolling america. Christmas is over. ## The largest state in the USA is the one of Confusion. In some cases ignorance is argued. ##



8th. JOHN NEWMAN came over in his car and proved to be of great help in our move to this new address. Another welcome assistant was Peter Mantell - a non-fan from Vinç's office. We'd also had offers from the Bulmers but by this time we were looking somewhat crowded and had to turn them down -- with much appreciation for the offer. Joy will be handling the story of the move in her next column so I'll say no more about it at this stage. The first item of mail waiting for us when we arrived was a postcard from Ron Bennett. The picture was of the Alexandria Hotel lobby and the message on the reverse was conveyed by the character on the right.



Letter from Copyright Receipt Office, British Museum forwarding a receipt for the 5th issue and (as I had anticipated) asking for a copy of the 'missing' No 4!

Letter from TERRY JEEVES. "I enjoyed 'Question of Ethics', and feel that you both have valid points - present day publicity pics and quotes of von Braun's do not PROVE he is a nice guy and never was a naughty Nazi. All they do prove is that the pictures and quotes are trying to give us that idea. Not quite the same thing. Just because Braun's rockets established a satellite does not prove much either way - you can use an army tank to carry vegetables - by Bryan's reasoning, if you do that, then the designers and builders need halos. On the other hand, because a Jupiter had to be converted, does not make Braun a dirty dog - after all, he was paid to make a rocket for war, not for a satellite. The fact that his product can be so converted indicates a certain sense of planning towards that end, even while producing a weapon." (Sorry I've had to start cutting again but time.....)

Letter from MAL ASHWORTH. "My original intention was to write and tell you how unutterably civilised it was of you to keep on sending me APÉ despite the fact that I continue to give out with a very convincing imitation of a laggardly slug. But considering the fact that you have now decided to move house and thus submitted me to the decidedly uncivilised rigour of having to memorise a new address just as I was beginning to get on familiar terms with your old one, I'm having second thoughts about it. ## Nevertheless I am deeply grateful and I'd better take this opportunity of saying so while I am chained to the typewriter as I never know when I'll next get myself in this state. The plain fact of the matter is I am a laggardly slug. I had Apé's 1 & 2 to comment on, but they got deluged in the welter of getting BEM out; and then I had Apé's 3&4 to comment on and they have been sitting on the edge of the table for weeks now and I have always meant to sit and write to you about them. And then - was it yesterday or the day before? - Apé 5 arrived and I read it at the office and felt a little of the old fannishness stirring in my breast, and, in gratitude, I thought 'I must write to Sandy tonight about it'. But as you will have noticed I didn't; and I'm not even quite sure how the miracle has finally come about tonight - which is why I'm trying to make the most of it. My intentions are absolutely wonderful, but.. well, for one thing, it is so much easier to sit downstairs beside a cosy fire and read, than to crawl upstairs into a cold bedroom, fish out, unearth, excavate or uncover a typewriter which was no youngster to start with and has been untouched by human hand anywhere other than on the keyboard for at least four years and is now beginning to show it, and sit in the freezing cold and write a letter. And then again, I've got another of my periodical

fanaticisms; a while ago it was photography; and then rock-climbing (which was brought to a temporary end at least when I had an argument with my appendix in July); and now it is chess. I go at these things with an absolute gog-in-a-mania attitude for some time and never quite manage to shake them off completely afterwards, so that I go on and on accumulating interests and whatnot as the years pass. But, as I say, my intentions are absolutely first class. (Mal is searching for the name of a Soho shop devoted entirely to the sale of chess sets. We know the one he means but can't remember the name or location. Anyone?) ## I was originally going to speak of Apē and I will not be deterred. Not even by a page and a half of irrelevancies (all my own work). I like it and if I may say so without being fatuous or invidious, I think it is getting better all the time. I am glad that the 'Yngvi' business has disappeared from its pages. I am even gladder that the Kyle-Dietz business is gradually trailing off. The most I ever found in it was wry humour and that began to pall after a while. ## I think without a doubt the DIARY is the high-spot of the magazine; I once had an idea to do that myself you know. Run a fannish diary column I mean; but I never did for one of two reasons, though I can't just remember which. It may have been that by that time not enough fannish things happened to me - and I probably didn't hit upon your excellent idea of including letters in it - or every bit as likely, it may have been because I am one of those constitutional psychopaths who - as soon as he starts to keep a diary of any kind - feels a sort of sacred duty to find something to put in it every day. Anyway, it never worked out. ## Joy's column is excellent too, I don't need to say. You all manage to get such interesting topics. One of these was this oral contraceptives business. About time too. I had long ago decided that when I had a few hundred thousand pounds to throw about, I would endow a research foundation to look into this matter. My own fancy lay along the lines of an injection which could be given perhaps at puberty, or, if necessary, at intervals, to be countermanded by another injection as and when children were desired. If I had any money left over after the endowment I'd probably spend that in propagating the idea amongst the Chinese and Indians. (I wouldn't forget the Good Old British of course but I don't suppose you have any Chinese or Indian readers so the statement might meet with less opposition as it stands) Regards (and may the new ceiling never fall on your head)"

9th. Atom dropped in on us to see the place - it was a hell of a mess but I don't suppose he minded - and to discuss artwork.

10th. In the evening we finished getting the stuff over from Catford. That was a job well done. All we had to do at this stage was to unpack everything!

Letter from KEN BULMER. "Hope that your new place is a real humdinger - this is a sorta WELCOME in letter, if you follow. Oh - and the grocer has orders to deliver a brace of candles per week so that a really scientific study of lumenology can take place. You have to treat this great subject with no lightness, but fan the flames of decomposition into a waxy brilliance. I candelabrate right now but will later."

Card posted by RON BENNETT in Manchester and signed by all the characters at the Liverpool Guy Fawkes Night party. Thanks people.

HI - a news-letter type thing sent out by Ted Pauls. If Ted really does exist I sincerely hope he'll forgive me for saying this but - well, this item

is so perfectly neo-fannish that it makes me suspect a hoax.

I also received an Open Letter To Fandom - which is prop-  
aganda for Philadelphia in 1960. Sorry boys but my all-  
egiance is already given to WASHINGTON IN 1960. By the  
way, I think it is a mistake to send out a thing like  
this with no address on it. True, there was one on the  
envelope - but how many fans will hunt through their  
wpb's to find a discarded envelope?

Letter from ANDY & JEAN YOUNG forwarding their OMPA  
dues. Main reason for telling you this is to introduce  
the cartoon on the right.



'Aren't I  
lovable when I  
have money?'

Letter from DICK ELLINGTON who starts by saying that  
he disagrees completely with me re the WSFS Inc,  
but adds that he doesn't consider that any reason  
to get mad or start another feud. Goes on "Damned if I  
know who Penelope is but the column is nice. I like it.  
You know, Forry Ackerman once had wallpaper that was all  
blank book backs and had one huge party I remember hearing about where every-  
body just sat around filling in the titles for him. Yes, that sure was 'our'  
(you speak for yourself) Heinleins. (€Who wrote the 'keep the bomb at all  
costs' pamphlet circulated by G M Carr?). I showed it deadpan to Horace  
Fyfe at work and he read it with increased revulsion, finally climaxing  
with, "What kind of crud is this?" I point casually at Heinlein's name at  
bottom. "Christ, he can write better than that!" ## I've heard bits on  
this oral contraceptive thing but same as you I think Joy - They won't be  
on the market commercially for quite some time at a reasonable price. We've  
been involved in a big hassle here in New York on this recently - hospitals  
and policy about disseminating birth-control information. Silly-ass Catholics  
trying to run the rest of the world's lives for them again." (€This is a  
hell of a thing to do with a five page letter but...€)

MIMSY - Steve Tolliver/Ernie Wheatley/Bjo - 15¢ and trades. This issue is  
mainly given over to reports on various aspects of the Solacon (the cover is  
by Bjo and shows some of the Fashion Parade models). Repro is a bit poor in  
places making it difficult to read, but if you try hard you'll find it very  
rewarding. The more I read about the Solacon the more I realise how fannish  
it must have been.

POLARITY 3 - F.M. & E. Busby - 25¢ or letter or trade. More Solacon reports  
and the front and back covers are filled with photos taken there. Major  
item of importance is the news that a fund is being organised with the int-  
ention of getting John Berry to the Detention in 1959. Apart from the 27  
pages of conreport there is a short piece by John Berry and a couple of  
editorials. All well worth reading. But I notice that Belle Dietz's act-  
ions at the business meeting continue to be mis-reported. A pity, this,  
because at this stage of the game surely it isn't necessary?

12th. Letter from Ella Parker. "Oh, that signature - who are you spitting  
at? I could be wrong but it looks very much like a cobra with the  
hood distended ready to strike.(€No special meaning. It was the result of  
thinking of Joy's idea of forming illos from shorthand during a slack spell  
in the office.€) I simply love your Diary. Mrs Dale will have to look to

her laurels. I'm just waiting for the time when you forget yourself and start off with 'I'm worried about Vinç'!!!"

13th. Card from ARCELIE MERCER saying that he is using his move to a bigger caravan (same address) as an excuse for not commenting on Apē 5. Guess the BSFA must have gathered more members than I thought....

AWOL No 1 - Ron Bennett - letter substitute thing. Seems everybody is doing it these days. News that his fanzine is going up to 1/9 (25c) and will be less frequent. I think it will still be worth it. The name is PLOY....

14th. Letter from HARRY WARNER. "Reading Apēs 1 to 4 has been more genuine fun than most books would have been, I can assure you. It isn't often that I read straight through a fanzine of such proportions from beginning to end, but with each of these I accomplished it. My only regret is that I can't comment at length on each, in the same way that I'd have done if I'd read them at decent intervals with a letter devoted to each. One of the most outstanding things about these issues is probably an illusion, but it nonetheless seems to exist: effortlessness. There's an atmosphere of ease of writing, ease of publishing, such as you find in few other fan publishers' output. I admit that you may have been begrimed with ink from head to foot, wasted days that would have been better spent in other occupations, and suffered foot blisters carrying the things to the post office. But reading gives the impression that every drop of ink obediently flowed into its proper place, each ream of mimeograph paper was absolutely weightless, and you wrote the contents as fluently as a child rattles off a skiprope rhyme. So many fanzines bear stark evidence of the agonies through which their publishers went; yours don't. I think it's much easier on the reader's nerves this way, unless you have a lot of sadists on your mailing list. ## I read so concentratedly that I didn't even take time to make marginal notes, so I'm going to make rather general comments which will apply in large part to all issues, rather than a particular item in a specific issue. For instance, Fenelope Tandergaste. I would be inclined to suspect J. Michael Rosenblum as the disguised fan, if Mike were more in the habit of saying rather caustic things about people. As it is I'll just console myself with the thought that I don't know British Fandom well enough to be expected to guess the identity. The reference to cigarette cards brought back something I hadn't thought about for years, the cards that used to come in chewing gum packets in this country. My father was bookkeeper at the time for a local wholesale candy firm, which put me in a good position to get piles of the sample cards. I remember in particular the Indian chief series, and even one miraculous set which were blank when you got them, and gave up their pictures by being rubbed vigorously by a piece of blotting-paper-like stuff onto which you had spit. ## The Search for Strawberry Ice and the Inchmery Fan Diary are both faces of the same coin, as far as I'm concerned, pictures of a fan life that is so idyllic that it's positively convincing. I hope that it's as much pleasure as it appears to be from these descriptions, and that it goes on forever. You are to be congratulated for your careful specification of full names and locations and dates and such for the benefit of those of us who don't know instinctively what British or Irish fan lives in what particular place or has which characterizing habits. ## I kept getting disappointed when the description of your new high fidelity equipment kept getting put off, but the pictures helped to console me a bit. The speaker looks curiously inadequate to handle the output from all

those other units, but you certainly must know what you're doing. (€ er.. sometimes. Yes, the speaker is adequate to handle anything at reasonable room volume, and the range is very good. I really got it because I wanted something that I could double fairly easily in readiness for stereo.) My own plans to buy some better stuff of this nature have been sidetracked this year, partly because of the incessant changes in prospect in sound reproduction, partly because a lot of doctor bills bobbed up at the wrong time. My next purchase will probably be a really good tape recorder or tape deck, but I'm going to wait another six months or so, when it'll become evident whether the four-track stereo tape system will become adapted to four monaural tracks, too. (€ Heard recently that there was a Swedish job at the Harrogate Audio Fair - the Tandberg - oops, it's Norwegian - which will handle four monaural tracks record and replay, and two stereo tracks replay only. For stereo record there is a cheap attachment, and there is another attachment you can get for playing the American cassettes that are to be made over here under license. The advantage of this change over some of the others - such as in spool sizes and tape speeds - is that you can still make and play ordinary double track tapes by putting the machine on 'stereo'. Quite a thing.) ## I was surprised to see Joy refer to Pitman shorthand. I think that system is virtually extinct in this country because of the Gregg system's popularity. ## That article on the future of recorded music isn't too fantastic. RCA Victor's engineers have been amusing themselves by making Caruso sing music that hadn't been written at the time of his death. There's a comprehensive collection of Caruso tones at all pitches and in all moods available on his existing recordings, together with the necessary consonant and vowel sounds. Use of tapes makes it easy to piece together any composition that is desired in the Caruso voice. And there are electronic means of transcribing musical performances that show precisely how the musician hits the pitch and keeps time. An electronic computer fed with the results of the latter transcriptions of an actual performance might calculate how the same individual would perform another work in the same general style from the same general period, although I hardly think that Beecham's Puccini could be deduced from his Delius. (€ Who said Hi-Fi had no connection with science fiction? I consider your letter very fair exchange Harry.)

17th. Letter from JOHN KONING. "Penelope in No 2 reminded me of Phoenix. re-examining her column I find she is a conglomeration of G M Carr F T Laney and H P Sanderson. Ghost written of course. (€ Not guilty.) By the way, you are now three DWE members, and sometime in the next ten years you may get your membership cards... (€ But can we wait that long?.) Apprx what did this hi-fi outfit cost you three millionaires? (€ It cost me £200, but then I'd just picked up £100 bonus from the Army for taking on for an extension and I had the rest in part exchange.) Your Spong Mincer looks just like so many other meat grinders to me. Like the last time I was hanging around with a crowd of neo-mechanics. The cools who are always taking their cars apart, looking at each piece with limpid-wondering eyes, replacing it, and meeting other cools and discussing their motors. One day I told them my car ran much better because I'd just put in a new muffler bearing and a set of high-compression radiator plugs. (Both non existent). The comments were, "Honest", "What brand", "Really beefs it up, huh", "Yeah, my car needs a new set too". I can only hope this Spong Mincer really exists.

Card from ETHEL LINDSAY. "Penelope - what to blow up? The Royal College of

Surgeons - I can think of at least 3 doctors I'd like to see in it at the time! Still, that's not inherently fannish I doot - lessee - a shop with a window full of Patrick Moore books !"

Letter from BOBBIE WILD. "I see hydra headed Penelope is at it again. Thomas Hardy didn't write the poem "November" - it was Thomas Hood. Making a slip like that (on purpose?) proves she isn't me, anyway. And there has not been any mention of history or mythology (going on memory I can't recall any mention). After reading the column in Apr 5 I plumped for the three of you doing it between you with just two more fans in the know (Atom and Chuck) and all three of you carefully throwing out misleading hints in other parts of the zine. Heck, page 16 - I swear I can almost see where Joy put down the typer and Harris picked it up. The paras beginning 'What? What? What!!!' and 'Look, Mrs Clarke, ma'am' read like sheer Harris to me and I think a goodly proportion of the rest of that page belongs to Joy."

18th. Letter from RON BENNETT, who says that while in Liverpool he was in on talks held between Norman Shorrocks and Eric Bentcliffe about the BSFA and next year's convention. It would appear that tentative plans have been made to have a convention after all. The main line of thought is that there should be one, that it should be in the midlands, that it should not be at Kettering which is wearing a bit thin, that it should be mainly informal with probably a day given over to business sessions and an official programme, and that it must be discovered now who is prepared to do what on the programme. This is quite definitely a Worthy Project (we were beginning to wonder if there would be a 59 Con in the UK). Bennett - as you might gather from this - has been landed with publicity. Norman Shorrocks at 2, Arnot Way, Higher Bebbington, Wirral, Cheshire, is programme co-ordinator (Ron's word) and at the moment there are two main items that he requires to know...remembering, please, that everything is as yet in the 'tentative' stage. First - will you be going? Second - have you got any ideas for an item you would be willing to put on in the programme, or have you any opinion as to what you would like to see from others on the programme. Write to Norman about this as soon as you can, won't you?

STUPEFYING STORIES No 41 - Dick Eney. This is the last issue so I'm sure that Dick won't mind me mentioning it. He asked for it not to be reviewed earlier because it was getting out of hand circulation-wise. The reason for folding is that it has been coming half-way between a letter-substitute and a full-fledged fanzine, and therefore suiting neither category properly. It is a pity to see it go for all that, and the only good news is that in future Dick will be able to write real genuine letters and stuff. There's a letter of comment on the back page from which I quote "Of course cleverness isn't a reason for being made out to be right, as you b. well knew before you asked - Coulson was just being fuggheaded when he praised Kyle for this. I suppose that a really outstanding piece of of clever work deserves praise for esthetic reasons - at least, within the limits of fan feuding I am able to appreciate conspicuously shrewd ploys even from the receiving end - but neither of the parties to the WSFS dispute strikes me as having demonstrated noteworthy cleverness, quite aside from the fact that when large wads of money are at stake the 'limits of fan feuding' have been left behind, ipso facto and en partes tres." (€ Large wads being involved on one side only. Did you know that the value of Kyle's attached funds - now made easy for him to unattache - amounted to approximately \$20.00? Funny, isn't it.?)

20th. TRIODE No 15 - Eric Bentcliffe and Terry Jeeves - 1/6 or 4 for 5/- USA 20¢ or 6 for \$1.00 from Dale R. Smith. This is undoubtedly the best laid out - and dead - fanzine in England. Some people will take this as being sour grapes on my part but it isn't. I would be tremendously pleased if Triode became more alive because there is what I consider to be a tremendous potentiality simply going to waste. The nearest Stateside equivalent is perhaps the Ted White zines, and in fact there are several points of similarity in the layout of Triode. This issue is a great improvement on the previous ones but the zine is still lacking in something. There's a wonderful front cover by Eddie - and an inside cover pic of Terry Jeeves by the same artist. Eric contributes an editorial on his Swiss travels and concludes with some fuggheaded remarks about the feud we had some time ago, but hell, Christmas is coming and all that. In any case it's rather late in the day to start rehashing it all again. Archie Mercer has the first part of a serial telling of his adventures after Fandom had sailed away without him (in THE FUTURE HISTORY OF FANDOM in earlier issues). Mal Ashworth has a delightful piece on book-collecting. Terry Jeeves tells his life story. There's another Harrison story and several pages of reader's letters. All these things are very readable but I still find that Triode is the most easily forgotten fanzine there is. I wish it wasn't so. Oh, the backcover is a blurb for the BSFA - and it is attributed to Harry Turner on the contents page. This raised a chuckle or two.

FANAC 28 - Terry Carr/Ron Ellick - 4 for 25¢; 9 for 50¢; or 4 for 2/- from Archie Mercer. Usual amount of news and views including, this time, a 2/3 page piece by Ackerman. I hope this is to be a regular feature. There's a report of the action Raybin has taken to clear the WSFS suit against Kyle which demonstrates very nicely how to act dumb when the Other Side does something good - but again Christmas is coming and I'm feeling too good to argue the point. Let it rest. I said the last critical thing about Fanac in Apé 5 and that can stand until we all catch up with the time lag.

21st. Letter from ERIC FRANK RUSSELL. "Thank you greatly for two or three Apes which I've only just got around to reading by reason of various delaying matters. I thought them fairly satisfactory on the hole - pardon - whole. ## Does anyone really care who Penny Fanny is? (€ Well, I suppose Penny Fanny does...?) ## I give first prize to Atom's Alphabet, especially the Android who reminds me all too vividly of that wonderful evening when her parents went to the movies and.... Enough, Enough."

Letter from GEORGE LOCKE. "I like the blue ink. Atom seems to come out as well in blue as in black and in spots. But I see the drops of whatever leaking from the title, and hope it isn't washable blue. Yes, a nice, entertaining fanzine, and that is the thing that counts. A work can be as erudite as you like, or as low-brow to take the opposite extreme. But unless it is entertaining it will only succeed in attracting those who can't live without it, but would if they got half a chance."

Vine received a candle through the post today, sender unknown but Terry Jeeves occupying first place in the list of suspects. Whoever it was, our thanks go to you. The study of lumenology can now proceed at full pace. Mind you, we've had a couple of candles here for some time. Tapering pink things. I think it was Chuck Harris who first noticed that the wax that had dripped down the side was black, and asked if we used them for saying Black Mass. We are not admitting anything...

24th. Letter from G.M.CARR. "Apes 3&4 received and noted is your request to "Say something even if its only goodbye"...But what if I don't want to say "Goodbye"? I enjoy this simian aspect of your character too much to bid it farewell, particularly the Old Mill Stream, Inchmery Fan Diary and the Li'l Pitcher portions... Let's see, there ought to be something to comment on in a nice, fat, two-issue fanzine like this. Ah, here's something: Alan Dodd's "I think she (GMC, natch - who else?) has met her match in you though..." Tsk, Tsk. (€ He probably meant in relation to my argument with you in FAPA. As I recall you never did answer any of the points I put forward. This, of course, is your typical way of dealing with arguments you can't win) Much as I appreciate his efforts in my behalf, I must point out to you both that there really is no need for match-making for me - I am most adequately bespoken already! (€ I don't think we'd be suitable for each other anyway. I like to think for myself.) ## I also note with interest that evidently the fans who were fortunate enough to enter their registration early in the Detention, received a friendly "Hi" in addition to being registered for only a buck (or is that only for overseas fen?) (€ I was speaking about overseas fen at the time - and I was the only one to have 'Hi' on the receipt. Read Apē. ) Got a tremendous bang out of the way Inchmery Fandom persists in calling Fanac a "scandal" rag, and accusing it of "inaccuracy" when you yourselves are blithely tossing off inaccuracies right and left - take, for instance, this dilly you reported as true: "The Russians, of course, stopped some time ago..."(testing H-bombs) p 17 Apē 3. (€But at the time Apē 3 went out the remark was quite true. What is wrong with the censorship over there that you didn't know this? The fact that the Russians started again afterwards does not make my remark any less accurate, merely unfortunate. I commented on the Russians starting again at the first opportunity I had, in Apē 5.)

Letter from BOB TUCKER. "Just to keep Penelope happy: 'The Old Mill Stream' is not the dullest thing in the issue. But you, or she could explain one thing to me, however. What is the "old Four Square" mentioned in the opening paragraph of her November column? Pipe tobacco, or something more esoteric? I once knew a male/female personage who got tangled up in an old Four Square. Neither of us were ever afterwards the same. (€Pipe tobacco - now you tell me what you mean...). ## I understand Bennett's point in spreading his excursion around about a dozen fanzines, but the method is hell on people who want to see each and every installment and who want to save the whole story for later re-reading and re-enjoyment. I mean, I've sat down and read parts or the whole of the Willis story again and again, enjoying it more each time; but it will be nearly impossible to do this with the Bennett story unless I rip apart each magazine containing a chapter and later bind them together. And - let's face it - sooner or later one or two chapters will appear in some publication which I do not receive - and bang! there goes the show. Curse Bennett and his obs. ## Roger Phillips Graham is in the movies. Oh, not under his real name of course; the casting credits list him as Walter Something-or-other, but they can't fool me, I guess I know a dirty old pro when I see him. He plays first-cook in a Coast Guard movie called "Onionhead". Now, please don't rush out and buy a ticket simply to see Roger - you'll be sharply disappointed because the film is a waste of film, but no matter what they say, there he is. This reminds me of the time some years ago when I found Redd Boggs in a war movie. Redd has never admitted to it, but again I wasn't fooled. I think these people sneak off to

Hollywood and have their mad fling before the cameras, and then sneak back into fandom without a revealing word. ## It was something of a personal shock to read that Willis was leaving FAPA; and then, a few hours after reading it, I got the November mailing and read his reasons for doing so. The shock was compounded with anger. With the exception of you, his reasons (both stated and implied) were typical of what I have come to think of as "the British type". You are the exception to this type - you stick out your chin, plant both feet in the middle of a controversy, knock a few teeth in, and then ask what in the hell is anyone going to do about it. That's fine. That I understand. But it is terribly difficult to understand a chap who passes up a convention and leaves an organisation he liked because of the.. well, you know. I will abide by his wishes, of course, but it is so different from what I (or you) would do, that it is hard to believe. I've been awfully fond of Walt since Chicago and wouldn't like to see him slip away." (≠Different, yes, but I don't know which way is best. In fact I often wonder about this point. As for Walt, I don't think he'll slip away. There are too many people ready to scream out if he tries it. Besides, without FAPA to produce stuff for he can really concentrate on Hyphen again and perhaps we will see more of him in that fanzine. I hope ≠) "PS. Atom's Alphabet may beat out the Diary for first place, if you aren't careful."

25th. Letter from G.M.CARR. "No sooner do I get my comments on Apes 3&4 in the mail than I come home to find another anthropoid in my mail box - Apē 5! But don't stop - I like it! I find it highly diverting to see Inchmery Fandom making a monkey of itself in print. (≠I gave about 140 fans the chance of making remarks like that when I wrote my first editorial. You are the first to do so...which ought to mean something or other.≠) Tell Penelope Fandergaste she can stop chewing the linoleum - I like her column.... (≠That in itself is enough to make her give up writing it≠) even if it should turn out that she is a pseudonym for Cecil. ## Ah, but what's this? Still carping about the FANAC boys for publishing second or third hand information and scorning them for expressing the opinion that if the information is wrong it will be corrected later - and then Inchmery Fandom goes them one better by blatantly publishing second or third hand Misinformation and apparently not giving a damn whether it ever gets corrected! Mr. Sanderson, if you please, TEXAS is STILL the largest State in the Union - it may be six months or a year before Alaska gets into the Union as the 49th State and takes over their title. (≠What gave you the impression I didn't care about correcting mistakes? I do. See my comments on the letter from Caughran.≠) (A mere quibble, true, about on a par with arguing whether a family has 3 or 4 children when there are 3 kids on deck and the wife is obviously pregnant) (≠I thought the Catholic Church had definite views on this? But you are right in that it is a quibble to relate this incident to my comments on Fanac. Do you know any individual fans who can be hurt by the 'Alaska' item?≠) You mean you guys haven't been able to figure out the purpose of the Carl Brandon hoax? (≠No, that was Penelope. Read Apē. I merely suggested that the reason for picking a Negro was for 'minority' interest - the same reason for me picking a woman for the Joan Carr hoax. It is obvious from the rest of your paragraph that you are in agreement on this. So why be nasty?≠) Naturally I have the greatest respect for the opinions of those of your readers who wrote in praising THE SEARCH FOR STRAWBERRY ICE, and in deference to their taste I went and re-read the thing in an effort to determine if it was as boring as I remembered it to be when I first read it. Sorry.

It was. So take your choice - the flattery of fawning fans or the terrible truth! The STRAWBERRY ICE left me cold. (What makes your opinion any more the truth than any one else's opinion? The idea of me being surrounded with fawning fans is the funniest picture you have yet brought to mind - especially in few of the contents of the last few Apes) It would seem that you are striving valiantly to find some clear-cut Black and White values in this mixed up confusion of toneless grey (The WSFS mess). The only thing you forgot to mention in your accusations of "misappropriation of funds" was whether or not the Solacon officials repaid the LonConCommittee for their losses (as it was their intention to do if they had any money left over -- (You mean left over after the share-out with Detroit and whoever it was?) - at least, that was the information I received, first hand, from one of the members). Naturally, if they did, according to your interpretation of what's legal and what isn't, those LonConCommittee members who accepted such repayment from the Solacon committee would be guilty themselves, no? (Now let's see you try to wiggle out of that one!) (No Monroe, I. Of course they would be guilty. What gave you the impression I'd say otherwise? As it happens I've heard from Sneary that some \$16.00 is earmarked for London - this fabulous sum consists of cash that Rick very nicely collected for us in respect of outstanding '57 bills (so that could be a way out if I really wanted one). However, the purpose of Little Bo Pest was to point out that although everything that had been done at the Solacon was correct as far as we were concerned - because it had the approval of the majority of fans and was understood by everyone concerned, it was not legal in the true sense of the word. Lawyers outside of fandom could have had a field day if they had been put on to the mess that was created. They weren't put on to it and they won't be. I am in favour of Detroit getting some cash. I'm in favour of the petition to the Directors to dissolve the WSFS. Read Apé. It's just that I consider it unfortunate that these things could not have been better managed within the framework of the law. Anyway, I have been asked by so many people to drop this whole mess that I intend to do so. What's that? You mean you only wanted me to drop it when you were on top? Oh, come now! Somebody has to have the last word, and I don't see why I should be disqualified. So the matter is ended. And if it is any interest to you, Mrs Carr, you are the only person whose opinion of me is of no interest whatsoever to me. I couldn't care less if you love me or leave me - tho' I will admit under pressure to having a preference for the latter.)

YANDRO 70 - Buck and Juanita Coulson - 15¢ or 12 for \$1.50 or 1/3 or 12 for 12/- from Alan Dodd. As well produced as ever. Apart from the usual one-page-apiece editorials this issue contains an 8 page Hal Annas story (I'm afraid I don't go for fiction in fanzines) a two page column from Alan Dodd, and Readers Letters. Slightly unbalanced this time (though I should talk, considering the way this Ape has grown).

26th. Letter from JAMES WHITE. "Do you remember that hydraulic rocket thing I nearly hit you all with from behind the nettles after Vinç made his Play-pen is mightier than the sword crack while you all were on the blanket in the back lawn? Well, when the Shaws came up to visit us I showed it to him and he displayed considerable interest in it. So I demonstrated it, with about seventeen pumps. As you know the makers disclaim all responsibility after twenty pumps are exceeded. So I gave it to Bob and told him not to go much above thirty-five. Thirty-five, heh-heh. There he stood pumping furiously up to twenty, over it, passing thirty and on. I couldn't

even guess at the fantastic pressures building up inside that thing and was expecting everything from the sound of the detonation of a tactical atomic weapon to a horrible tearing noise. But he stopped pumping and still it had not burst! Then he released it. It was beautiful. There was a ground-shaking slosh and Bob looked up, stunned, incredulous, soaking wet, at the model that was a shrinking dot about two hundred feet up. He hadn't expected a mere toy to work so well, obviously, and he told me later that he was Impressed. When it came down the nose stuck four inches into the back lawn, because this time there was no Inchmery Fandom for it to fall on. Just as well, maybe. It was fun having you people up that Wednesday afternoon even if one rather uncouth type did make puns about our play-pen and our sword."

Letter from LEN MOFFATT which is too long to quote in full and unquotable in part. Len appears to have got hold of the wrong end of the stick and thinks I object to the running of the Solacon. I don't, as I've said in comments on Mrs Carr's letter. This matter has been dealt with by letter.

Picked up the latest Nebula today and was amused to see the way in which Walt described an 'Inchmery Fan Diary' as it might be done by a neofan. Nice.

Also phoned Ted Carnell who mentioned that Arthur C Clarke had just left for the States. He'd been at the Globe the Thursday before but we'd missed him. Pity because we've still got the ms of The Deep Range waiting for him to collect. Come to think of it, we've missed the Globe rather a lot lately due to our moving. Have also missed the library and going to the cinema. There's just too much to be done.

For the benefit of Alan Dodd. I am sitting in this cafe which is at the side of the War Office, which is in turn over the Colony Nightclub, eating doughnuts and having a coffee, when in comes a horde of dames. Each of these females is wearing a fur coat. A big, thick, fur coat. Like they had on some kind of uniform. This might have been because it is a cold day, but I doubt it. Then, when I go outside I see this great big van with a generator in it and thick cables snaking across the pavement and down to the cellar. Then suddenly I think to myself "Ah, television. They are no doubt filming the floor show to screen in the evening - but they are shooting it now so as not to take up space in the club that might be needed in the evening for seating more rich customers." And I also think that the girls in the cafe must have been from the show, and that Alan Dodd might be interested in this. Here I am at the War Office - right in the middle of show biz!

29th. Letter from BOB PAVLAT that is five pages long and all interesting.

Part of it dealing with von Braun will appear in article form in the next issue. The balance, very regretfully, is cut down to this....Bob will not be standing for TAFF in 1960. My pulling for him was partly designed to twist his arm, but it didn't work. I therefore have no hesitation in telling you to vote for TERRY CARR IN 1960. I don't know who else is standing at the moment, but to my mind the Brandon Hoax certainly establishes Terry's right to the honour. Bob goes on to say that Alaska is not yet a state and that anyone who said it was the largest in the USA is therefore incorrect. I'd definitely like to hear more about this because all the papers over here continue to say it is a state. In fact in this morning's Daily Express (Saturday, 29th) it says that "in Congress, now that the Alaskan election returns are finally in, the 49th State brings cold comfort to Ike. It is a solid frosty block of Democrats." How does a non-State vote?

Cast. In order of appearance, generally speaking.

Arthur Thomson, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London SW2  
Inchmery Fandom - H.P.Sanderson, Joy and Vinç Clarke - see page 3  
Belle C. Dietz, 1721 Grand Avenue, Bronx 53, New York, USA  
Penelope Fandergaste, c/o the editor - see page 3  
John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Avenue, Belfast, N. Ireland.  
Jack Williams, c/o the editor - see page 3  
Dave Cohen, 32 Larch Street, Hightown, Manchester 8  
Terry Carr, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California, USA  
Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, N. Ireland  
Laurence Sandfield, 25 Leighton Road, West Ealing, W 13  
Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire  
Barry Hall, 11 Holland Road, Felixstowe, Suffolk.  
Jim Caughran, 2216 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California, USA  
Chuck Harris, 'Carolin' Lake Avenue, Rainham, Essex  
Sid Birchby - see page 8  
George Charters, 3 Lancaster Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, N. Ireland  
George Metzger, 2590 Oro Avenue, Oroville, California, USA  
John Newman, 36 Bulstrode Avenue, Hounslow, Middlesex  
Terry Jeeves, 58 Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield  
Mal Ashworth, 40 Makin Street, Tong Street, Bradford 4  
Ken Bulmer, 204 Wellmeadow Road, Catford, London SE6  
Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland, USA  
Open Letter To Fandom - George R Heap, 513, Glen Echo, Philadelphia, Pa, USA  
Andy & Jean Young, 11 Buena Vista Park, Cambridge 40, Mass, USA  
Dick Ellington, PO Box 104 Cooper Station, New York 3, NY, USA  
)Steve Tolliver,)  
Mimsy)Ejo )2548 West 12th Street, Los Angeles 6, California, USA  
)and Ernie. )  
Polarity, FM & Elinor Busby, 2852 14th West, Seattle 99, Washington, USA  
Ella Parker, 151 Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, London NW6  
Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln  
Harry Warner, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, USA  
John Koning, 318 S Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio, USA  
Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey  
Bobbie Wild, 204 Wellmeadow Road, Catford, London SE6  
)Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis Street, Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire.  
Triode)Terry Jeeves, see above  
)Dale R. Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave, Minneapolis 22, Minnesota, USA  
)Ron Ellik - see address for Terry Carr.  
Fanac)Terry Carr - see above.  
)Archie Mercer - see above.  
George Locke - see page 8  
G.M.Carr, 5319 Ballard Avenue, Seattle 7, Washington, USA  
Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois, USA  
)Buck and Juanita Coulson, 105 Stitt St, Wabash, Indiana, USA  
Yandro.)Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts.  
James White, 10 Riverdale Gardens, Finaghy, Belfast, N. Ireland  
Len Moffatt, 10202 Belcher, Downey, California, USA  
Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Avenue, Hyattsville, Maryland, USA.