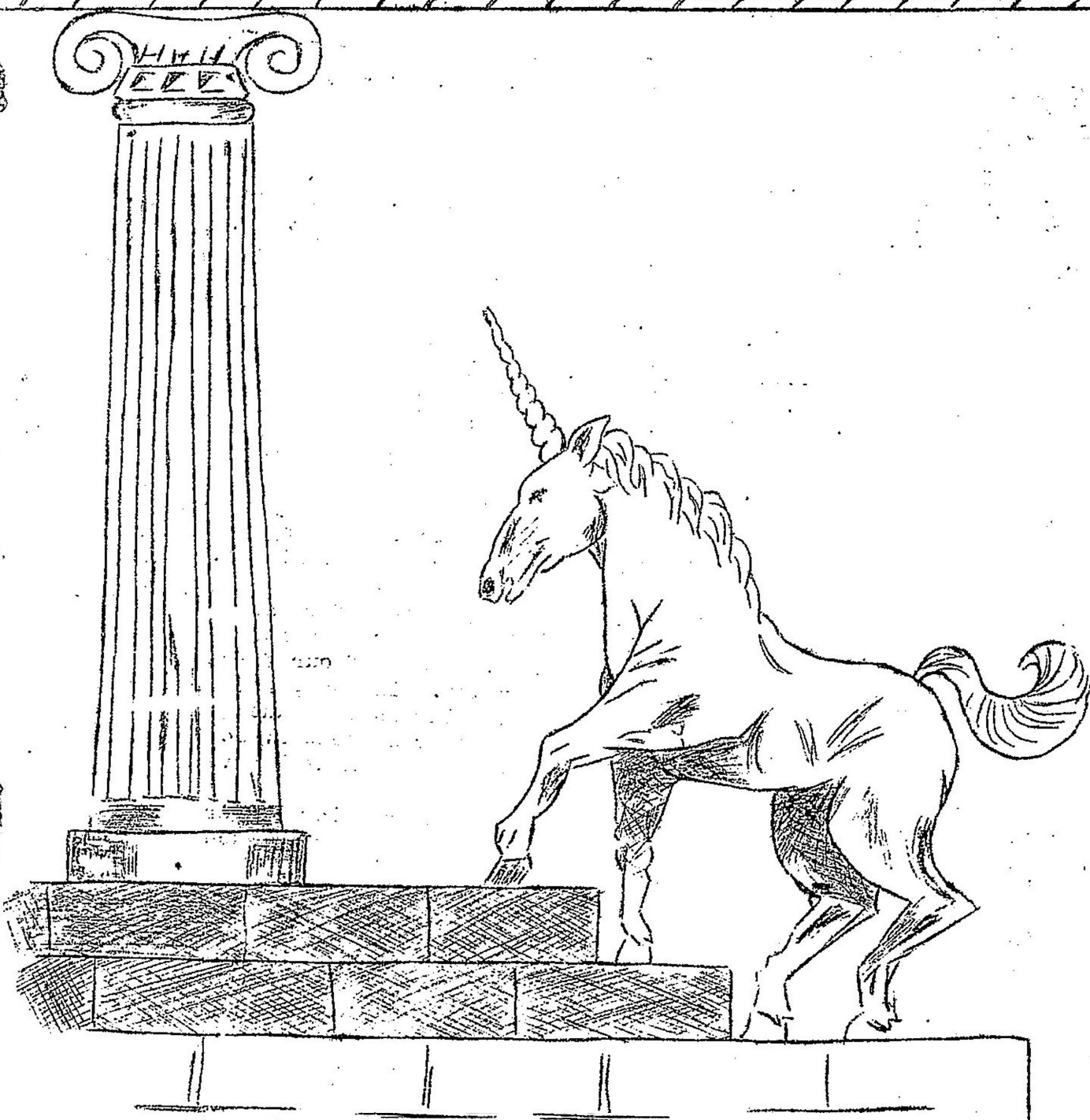


BINARY 100





Joe's Place

This is the fourth issue of BINARY, produced for the 35th mailing of O.M.F.A. by J.P.Patrizio, from his steady residence at 22 Eaton Road, St. Albans, Herts. and if you insist, England.

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The heading on this page was done by Gus, and there may also be some artwork by him in some odd corner, but I can't say for sure at the moment. Anne did a great job in saving me a lot of time by cutting about half the stencils (the half which is cut properly), and duplicating is by Bill Temple, who should also have had credit for the duplication of last ish. Thank you all.

This issue of BINARY will probably have to tide you over for the next few months. I definitely won't have one in the next mailing as a few weeks after the mailing is due we are expecting to take delivery of our first offspring. This fact, although causing great joy all round, will not, I feel leave much time for producing OnPAzines, so this means nothing in the June mailing. We will take our holiday sometime in late August or September, so I may not get a BINARY into the 37th mailing either, but at the moment I have great hopes for the December one.

My war on Want article in BINARY brought a most interesting letter from Ted Tubo. Unfortunately I don't have the time or the room to reproduce it all here, but in all fairness to Ted I must reprint some of his more cogent points.

On letting a baby die, Ted has this to say,

"Naturally, it is a problem which each has to settle in his own way but I admire the Belgian mother who faced the problem and who did what she did. It isn't easy to let your own die but, to me, it is more merciful to the child not to take the easy way out and let it live - condemn it to life, if you call a parody of normal existence life, but to extend to it the mercy of oblivion - as we would to an animal."

Later, still maintaining that the original article was poor,

"And say what you will, words mean what they mean and it is no use saying 'but of course it was obvious that...'. And a breast is not, in my book, for filthy imaginings. Or do you regard all erotic stimuli as rather needful for the propagation of the race and a natural, built-in instinct, as filthy? If you do then perhaps you regard sex as filthy also? Where do we stop?"

"Naturally, no one can do anything but applaud any attempt to help the starving. But, you know, the problem is as old as the human race and still as far from solution as ever. Guns before butter is not an empty phrase. Charity, which should begin at home but never seems to begin anywhere at all, always takes bottom place in our 'virtues'."

"No Government money and precious little private wealth is devoted to helping the spastics. As far as I know the tragic thalidomide babies are in a similar situation. And if everything possible is being done for our own unfortunates, how come the orphanages are full that most homes are run solely on charity, and heaven help the mental deficient!"

"But as I said, giving a few bob to an organisation is one thing, actually helping the unfortunate is quite another..we aren't that charitable. And it isn't that romantic..only sickeningly frustrating and a constant reproof that most people do their best to avoid."

There are one or two points in Ted's letter that simply cry out to be answered, so briefly...

I still don't find it easy to say that it is right to kill a child or anyone for that matter, even though they are deformed, despite the fact that I have a lot of sympathy with the Belgian mother who killed her baby. I can be argued that this was a special case as the doctors said later that it wouldn't have lived very long anyway. If the mother knew this then the decision she took would have been a bit easier, but still heart-rending no doubt. What I can't get away from is the thought that it might not be a travesty of life for such a person..eg take the case of Denise Legrix, a French peasant girl who was born without arms or legs. Even though she was forever being discouraged by her mother, she taught herself to paint and typewrite, made more money than her parents, becoming a woman of property, and in her autobiography said that she enjoyed life, and wouldn't have missed the experience if she had been given the choice.

So, which special case do you take?

The breast isn't for filthy imaginings in my book either, but it is in some peoples. And the filthy thing about the erotic stimuli is not that they exist, but that they are being exploited, and not for the propagation of the race. If you really want to know, I don't regard sex as filthy, and in fact have always thought myself to be broadminded to a fault on such matters.

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

QUOTE: by an announcer on the BBC Third programme..

"And now, before our next programme, in which we'll hear the Moscow Chamber Orchestra, we have time to hear some music."

FILMS & BOOKS

At the moment it is intended that this column will be a regular feature. I won't cover every film and book that I see or read, but only those that move me to saying something...in fact I'll be using much the same procedure as I do on my mailing comments. Anything you have to say would be welcome.

FILMS

LOLITA: The announcement of a film based on the book 'Lolita' caused a lot of conjecture about just how the producers were going to do it. Well they did it by completely ignoring the whole point of the story.

The book shows Humbert as a sexual pervert whose main interest is in girls of about 10 years old but this is never apparent in the film. Instead of showing Lolita at their first meeting as a child sexually uninteresting to men, we see her in the film as a young woman who only a pervert wouldn't take a second look at. Sue Lyon never looks the age of ten, in fact only some of the time does she look as young as 16. This fact ruined the impression that one was supposed to get of Humbert having an illegal affaire with Lolita, and so his fear of the police never made any sense,

In spite of all this 'Lolita' is an excellent film and particularly so if you forget all about the book. James Mason as Humbert has one of his finest roles ever, and is well supported by Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters and, of course, Sue Lyon.

Strongly recommended.

Harold Lloyd's WORLD OF COMEDY: Silent films had disappeared from the scene a long time before I became interested in going to the cinema, but even now I hear so much about the great old days that I'd never miss an opportunity to see a silent movie. 'World of Comedy' shows a selection of the best of Lloyd both Silent and Talkie, and the sum is just about the funniest film I have ever seen.

The film starts off leisurely enough with a few short snippets from some of his earlier films, then really gets into stride with some longer extracts. One bit, subtitled 'The Chase', shows Lloyd trying to get to the church to prevent his girl marrying the villain, and he is shown using a multitude of vehicles...car, streetcar, motorcycle etc. all to hilarious purpose. He finishes up driving a pair of horses hitched to a broken wagon Ben Hur style, in a very fine take-off of Douglas Fairbanks. The whole item uses as much material as 10 modern comedy films, at treble the pace. And it is comedy at more than one level..not just slapstick.

Definitely a must if you have a sense of humour.

SUMMER HOLIDAY: A British musical starring Cliff Richard. This is by no means a great film, and the music is nothing to rave about, although some songs are quite catchy. What it has got is bags of colour and bounce everybody looking as if they were enjoying it all, and though I hate to admit it, I enjoyed it too.

BOOKS

WHO? by A.J. Budrys: Working on the border of a Soviet country, Martino, a U.S. scientist is involved in explosion. The Soviets rescue him and say they will send him back when he has recovered. Later a man turns up who has an artificial right arm, and head (so no recognisable features, or fingerprints) and an atomic power pack inside him which is slowly killing him.

How do you find out if he really is who he says he is? This is the intriguing situation Budrys confronts us with, and he handles it in a most satisfying manner.

The attempt to identify Martino and the story of his earlier life are told in parallel, and although this style of writing usually irritates me it is done so well here, the two slowly converging to blend nicely at the end, that it is impossible to imagine it having been done any other way.

The characterisation isn't particularly strong, but this doesn't matter as here we have a story of ideas and action.

I feel that Budrys deserves particular praise for the way in which he handles the political background. It could so easily have become a run of the mill propaganda novel, but this is not allowed to happen. Both the Soviets and the Allies are shown as having very similar problems; chasing their tails. Budrys shows that in today's international political set-up nobody can really win, and innocent people are going to get hurt all to no purpose.

This is a book to give you back your faith in Science Fiction.

QUOTE: from a British Order in Council...

"In the Nuts (Underground) (Other than Groundnuts) Order, the expression Nuts shall have reference to such nuts, other than groundnuts, as would, but for this amending Order, not qualify as Nuts (Underground) (Other than Groundnuts) by reason of their being Nuts (Underground)."

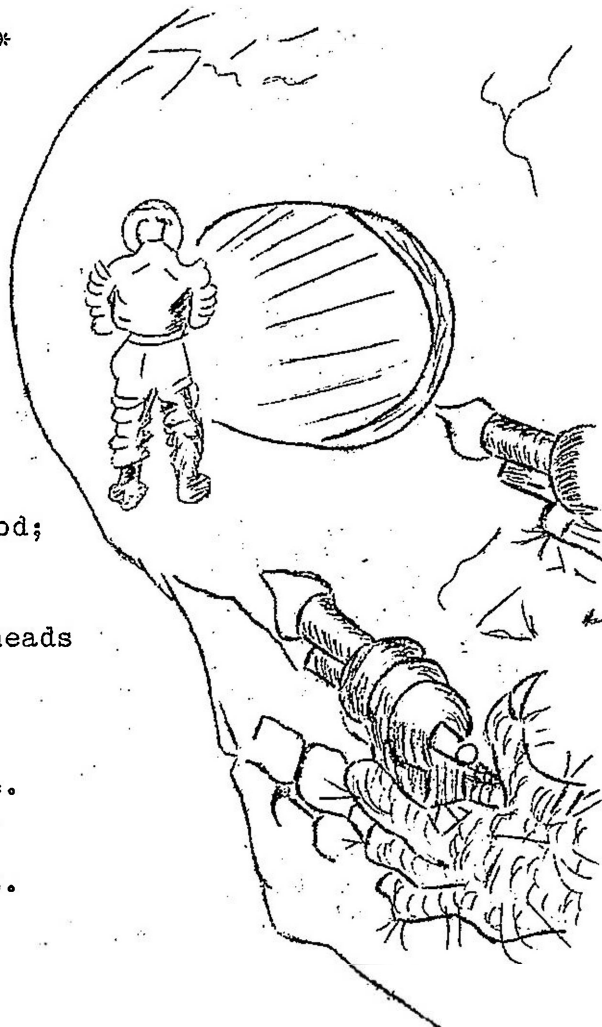
ARMS AND THE BOY

Let the boy try along this Bayonet-blade
How cold steel is, and keen with hunger of blood;
Blue with all malice, like a madman's flash;
And thinly drawn with famishing for flesh.

Lend him to stroke these blind, blunt bullet-heads
Which long to nuzzle in the hearts of lads,
Or give him cartridges of fine zinc teeth,
Sharp with the sharpness of grief and death.

For his teeth seem for laughing round an apple.
There lurk no claws behind his fingers supple;
And God will grow no talons at his heels,
Nor antlers through the thickness of his curls.

Wilfred Owen



LET THEM EAT BREAD

by Joe Patrizio

"Let's make a cake".

"Mmm. Yeah...O.K....mmm".

"Get your head out of that paper, and listen to what I'm saying".

It was the sheer aggression in the tone, the animal snarl of the inflection that made me jump up, throw the paper under the radiogram and putting on a hurt expression say,

"But I was, honest".

This was treated with the contemptuous silence it probably deserved, and she continued.

"I've been thinking".

The Look quickly suppressed any thoughts of a witty retort.

"We haven't had any home baking yet".

"True".

She carried on as if I had said nothing.

"So, as the mood's on me I'm going to have a shot at that chocolate cake recipe I found the other day".

"Sounds fine. I'll help. when are we going to do it? Tomorrow?"

My enthusiasm and desire to help sprang from the fact that I liked chocolate cake, and also knew that the manufacturing process was usually good for a fingerful of chocolate and butter cake-filling.

"No, we'll do it now".

"Eh, don't you think it's a bit late to start doing something as long and complicated as making a cake?"

"Oh, I see. You're at it again. If it was left to you nothing would ever get done. Always tomorrow. Well, it's not going to be tomorrow this time. I feel like making a cake now, and I'm going to make it. NOW".

A strategic reconciliation was what was required and was immediately attempted.

"Well, it's after 9.30, and I thought that it was a bit too near bedtime. By the time we were half way through I imagined you would be very tired. You've had a busy day you know".

Silence.

"And there's all day tomorrow?".
Still silence.

Defeat was complete, and the surrender unconditional.

"O.K." I sighed, "I'll start to get tins, and bowls and things out".

A ten minute struggle with a cupboardful of irrelevancies eventually brought to light the appropriate equipment...and we were ready to start.

"Well, what do we do first?" I asked.

"I dunno. Let's look at the book".

"What do you mean 'dunno'...haven't you done any baking before?"

"No".

Thus assured, I handed her the book.

Apparently the first thing to do was to make a large sponge cake, which would present no great difficulties...it said.

It was easy enough to throw in the correct amounts (near enough), but cookery books have a disconcerting habit of telling you to do something without really explaining what it means. We had difficulty with 'creaming'. 'Cream until light and airy' it said. Well, what does light and airy mean?

"Oh, just mix it all up until it looks right".

She mixed it up until it looked right...that is until she got fed up doing it...and there weren't too many lumps.

"Gimme the tin and I'll put it in", she said.

"We've got two here. Which one do you want?"

She looked pensively at the tins. One looked like a young coal bucket, the other resembled a pint paint pot.

"That one looks a bit small. We'd better try the big one".

The tin was dutifully greased, and the mix put into it.

We stood looking down into the bottom of the tin at the thin layer of uncooked biscuit lying there, and decided that it would just have to be the other tin. The cake mixture went into the other tin almost exactly... although we did have to heap it just a little to get it all in.

It was now ready to put into the oven (we found to our surprise), and we did so quickly, before we discovered something we had forgotten.

In quite a short time a wonderful smell of baking started to fill the room, soon to be followed by half cooked chocolate sponge oozing (rather disgustingly, I thought) out of the bottom of the oven door. What to do? It caused a bit of a panic to start with, but in the end we decided that as it smelled all right, we would leave well alone and clean up the mess once it had finished cooking.

"Lovely, isn't it".

"Magnificent. Well worth all the trouble".

The time was 1.45 a.m. We had just finished, and there in all its glory stood the cake, its very appearance epitomising the highest epicurean standards, the velvety sheen of the rich chocolate icing gleaming in the radiance of a sixty watt bulb. A soft glow of pride permeated the room as we sat looking at it reclining on the table.

"Ah well, got to get on, I suppose", she said, and started to get up.

The pride we felt was obviously the sort that goes before a fall, for as she rose, she knocked the edge of the table up violently. The cake gave a convulsive jerk and slid down the table towards the edge. I heard a cry of despair (mine) as I frantically rushed to catch it. Success was just within my reach when I trod on a piece of renegade icing which had earlier slipped furtively to the floor (made of outcaster sugar, no doubt).

The timing was perfect. The cake landed on the floor a microsecond before my middle did...or rather, my middle would have done, if the fruits of hours of labour hadn't been preventing it. The mangled mess snuggled gently into my abdominal region safely enfolded therein. The warm stickiness seeped into me....I just lay there....crying.

A Robert Burns Selection

ON COMMISSARY GOLDIE'S BRAINS

Lord, to account who does
 thee call,
Or e'er dispute Thy pleasure?
Else why within so thick a wall
Enclose so poor a treasure?

ON A NOTED COXCOMB

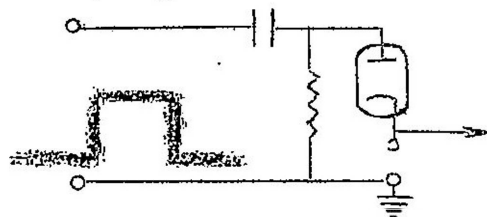
Light lay the earth on Billie's
breast,
His chicken heart's so tender;
But build a castle on his head-
His scull will prop it under.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes: .
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin bitch
Into thy dark dominion. .

ON A HAG IN MAUCHLINE

Lament him, Mauchline husbands a',
He aften did assist ye;
For had ye staid hale weeks awa',
Your wives they ne'er had missed
ye!
Ye Mauchline bairns as on ye pass
To school in bands thegither,
O, tread ye lightly on the grass
Perhaps he was your father.



Comments on the 34th Mailing.

SIZAR 8..Burn: Possession of fire-arms in this country requires a police licence, if you want to use it outside your own home, and I believe that they are none too keen to let you have one. To possess anything other than a sporting gun needs a very good reason, and to my mind this is a good thing.

Count me in on your Clean Lungs League. Quite recently, at the cinema the same thing happened to Anne and me as happened to you..except this time the clot was smoking cigars. For a while it looked as if we were going to go one better than your aerosol bombs, as Anne felt very sick (I didn't feel too good myself) and we agreed that if the worst came to the worst we would point ourselves in his direction. That would have fixed him.

SOUFFLE 3..Baxter: The prices you pay for first editions croggles me. Frankly I think you're nuts to pay 20gns for any book. The most I've paid for a first is 7/6 for a Dunsany, and the next highest is 2/- (reduced from 4/-) for Star Maker.

Your comments on Dolphin got me going a bit. Now I agree to a large extent that truth is subjective, and so therefore is good and evil. So why do you say this and then say something you have proved to be meaningless "...the nature of man is essentially evil"? I feel that you do Elinor an injustice by saying her argument isn't logical. Not that I believe that it was particularly, but it was no worse than your own which was nothing more than a few quotes from other people, with nothing substantial to back it despite your protestations of reason.

ERG 14..Jeeves: If you haven't already read Chase's 'Power of Words' you have pleasures to come. Chase is a man who practices what he preaches and states his theories simply and powerfully.

Far from being the ostrich attitude, nuclear disarmament is positive thinking. There is nothing positive about an arms race, and if somebody doesn't start to disarm there's going to be one hell of a bang sometime in the future.

You seem to be a bit off in your estimation of fares from the top to the bottom of England. £14 is about the cost of the return fare for the N-S length of G.B., whereas £5 would just about see you from N to S of England and back. Of course I'm assuming that you were starting and finishing in London, and not Penzance in which case your quote would be a bit on the low side.

EXPERIMENTAL INVESTIGATION..Hale: With the experimental sample you took you have no justification for your final curve... and I don't care if it is theoretically right. It could just as easily have been a straight line.

SAVOYARD 8..Pelz: Your attitude concerning the situation in the world today, irritates me. You say that you would prefer to let the situation stay as it is rather than take a chance on getting into war, but even this negative attitude is not being adhered to. Everybody is aggravating the

situation by testing H-bombs and all the rest. It is noted that you don't even consider trying any method of easing the situation. I must say that it is very big of you to agree to your country giving us (and others) aid so that we can defend you. However your distress at our reaction shows some lack of thought. You must remember in order for your aid to be of any use we have to match it with quite a substantial sum of our own, and in many cases, if not all, we can ill afford this money. This makes us none too pleased. Added to this is the fact that many of us may not feel as honoured as we should at being allowed to be America's first line of defence. So I'm afraid you will have to accept the fact that as long as we are defending you and you want it that way, you will just have to take all the political face slapping we feel like dishing out. One final point...you may not get everybody to sit down and be brothers by marching from one end of the country to the other, but are you trying to tell me that we will by using your method?

PACKRAT 5..Groves: I know you've got a funny sense of humour, Jim but I didn't think that even you would find the horrors of nuclear war amusing. What makes you think that population centres wouldn't be targets? Surely the whole point of the 'deterrent' is that it will be used where it will do the most damage to the morale of the population, and when you think about it it wouldn't be much of a deterrent if it were only for use on military targets. I imagine that you wrote this before the report appeared in the papers that the U.S.A. had decided on the strategy of 'massive retaliation' and it's pretty obvious what they mean by that.

I heard a fine footnote (if one can hear a footnote) on the Mammoth business going the rounds in OMPA at the moment. A radio talk about Russian expeditions in Siberia told us that these expedients are in the habit of digging up Mammoths and using them for food for their dogs, and even for themselves if things get bad enough. Just think, 15,000 year old fresh meat. Your 'Finding Out' article was quite monumental and will take its place in my own reference library.

I don't understand your argument against giving food to needy people. Surely dumping doesn't come into it as the countries you are giving to, are in no position to buy the food, and so you are not closing markets to the food exporting countries. The other point to look at is that if you feed these people you go a long way to making them fit enough to make themselves economically independent.

Your Thalidomide piece seemed only to state an episode, without giving a point of view... for mine see my comments on Ted Tubb's letter.

ENVOY 10..Cheslin: Ah! this mailing shows there are two other chess players in OMPA besides me.. Ellis Mills, and you. I wonder how many others play the game. I see that like most beginners you play at speed, but you will find you slow down as you improve. By the way, there is no regulation time for making a move, but in tournament chess the time limit is defined as 40 moves in an hour. I'll play you next time I see you.

ENVOY 11..Schultz: I'm afraid I didn't read all of this, although I did glance through the lot. I shudder to think what the full length report is like, as I thought that this one could have done with some cutting. By the way, what gives with the inked crosses at the top of some of the pages?

VAGARY 17..Gray: I don't think you are being fair to the school of modern writing and art when you condemn them all as producing rubbish, just because you don't like what they are producing. Admittedly there have been a lot of writers who have jumped on the bandwagon, and there has been a lot of bad stuff written, but this is no reason to dismiss the whole lot as worth no consideration. Remember, the same thing has been done in S.F., although not to the same extent, and you know how much poor reading that has produced, and how annoyed we've all got at critics sneering at all S.F. on the strength of it. Personally I'm glad that Coventry Cathedral was built the way it was. There has been too much copying of building styles, and even though much of our modern architecture is nothing to shout about, that which is good is worth an infinite amount more than all the copied buildings that have ever been put up. Here in St. Albans we have a magnificent Cathedral but surely it wouldn't have been right to build a replica of it in Coventry. Now to your point about jazz. If you are going to base your whole argument on the fact that it is played too loudly then you are on very weak foundations. Although a great deal of jazz is played at quite a reasonable volume, a lot of classical music must be played loudly to achieve full impact. For example, Beethoven's 9th played at its correct volume would make the loudest of jazz pieces sound very pale by comparison.

KOBOLD 3..Jordan: You wax lyrical about London, but rather neurotically I feel. The point about the immediate suburbs is all too valid, and the sheer ugliness of this was one of the first things that struck me when I first came down here. However I didn't expect this to worry you as much as it obviously did, as from what I've seen of it, the North of England is even uglier than London, and that without London's advantages. As for accents, well fancy you talking about that. (Only Kidding Son).

WHATSIT 2..Cheslin: The answers to your questionnaire were for real, weren't they? I'm not sure, for at times they seemed a bit far fetched. Well, if they were, the most pointed conclusion that can be drawn from them is that Ken Cheslin moves in a very peculiar social circle.

