

BINARY

incorporating TRANSPLANT

This is BINARY 1010 (decimal number 10) produced for the 62nd mailing (July 1971) of the Off Trails Magazine Publishers Association , by

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All interior illustrations by Alan Young. Ray Denton's
piece extracted from a letter to me (jp)

* * * * *

Credits due for the last issue (B 1001) are as follows:

Cover: Alan Young.
Back Cover: Ted Forsyth.
Duplicating: Gray Boak.

It may be of interest to somebody out there, that the covers of B 1001 and the Odds and Ends page had been on stencil for about 6 years and Gray had no trouble duplicating them.

c 1971

J.P.Patrizio

Joe's Place

BACKGROUND

Look at that heading over there -- incorporating TRANSPLANT. BINARY in the big time; not only back in business but immediately effects a takeover. And have you noticed that SFR has folded? What's wrong fellas? The pace too hot?

It's all a dream, of course. Incorporating TRANSPLANT? Well, true -- although it wasn't so much a takeover as having the damned thing foisted on me. Yes! Now that I come to think of it, my so-called co-editor is a sneaky bastard. Joins me into OMPA, he does; gives up editing TRANSPLANT and decides (he decides) to co-edit BINARY; then he lets me write it, lay it out and stencil it -- I wonder who he's going to get to duplicate it? Gray!! come here, I want a word with you.

*

BOOKS

A few months ago I read The Little Prince, by Antoine de St. - Exupery. It is a thin book, ostensibly written for children. At least it is published as a children's book, which is a pity; for, while not wasted on children, hiding it from adults in this way means that a lot of potentially appreciative people are missing it.

The story is about St.-Exupery's encounter (in the desert, where he has crashed his 'plane) with the little prince from Asteroid B612 -- and I suppose that it falls under the heading of fantasy. The book is full of gently ironic comment on life, like:

"If you were to say to grown-ups: 'I saw a beautiful house made of rosy brick, with geraniums in the windows and doves on the roof', they would not be able to get any idea of that house at all. You would have to say to them: 'I saw a house that cost £4000'. Then they would exclaim: 'Oh, what a pretty house that is!'"

Perhaps you sophisticates out there will consider it a bit naive. Perhaps I'm a bit naive for thinking so highly of it -- but as the good book says: 'Unless ye become as little children...'

*

More positively SF is The Year of the Quiet Sun, by Wilson Tucker. Classical SF, this, which brought back my faith in the genre's ability to produce stories which are meaningful and enjoyable. This was one of the very few time travel stories that I have enjoyed. Enjoyed? How can you enjoy such a depressing story? Well, you know what I mean; it was depressing, but this is a tribute to the reality of it all. It was good, and it's going to take a very good book to prevent it winning a Hugo this year.

* * * * *

SOLEDAD BROTHER: THE PRISON LETTERS OF GEORGE JACKSON

George Jackson is an American negro who is at present on trial for his life for a crime he is connected with on the, apparently, most tenuous of evidence. The fact that he was anywhere near the crime when it took place (in prison) is a shameful indictment of the US judicial and penal system.

Consider the circumstances:

In 1960, at the age of 18, Jackson was convicted of driving the getaway car while a friend robbed a filling station of 70 dollars. He pleaded guilty to this on bad legal advice and the promise of a light sentence -- probably less than a year. He was sentenced from one year to life (technically a life sentence).

Two years later, the man who actually committed the crime was released; but Jackson has consistently been denied parole because he's been labelled a 'troublemaker'.

In January 1970, he was accused with two other men (both black) of killing a white guard in reprisal for the shooting of three blacks by some other guard. There is apparently little evidence to back up the accusation -- other than that the three held are black militants.

Two court hearings were held in virtual secrecy before word was smuggled out that they were on trial. There has been one change of venue for the trial, and I believe that they are still trying to find an unbiased Judge.

If Jackson is convicted, he gets a mandatory death sentence.

The book contains letters covering the period 1964 to 1970 (previous letters are lost) and a brief autobiographical letter specially written for the book. When you have finished them, you have the essence of black militant thinking in the US -- and the reason why black militancy exists.

There's a lot in Jackson's reasoning and conclusions that I cannot accept: his unequivocal embracing of (even clutching at) violence as the only means to achieve black parity (and yet, not parity but domination); his naive acceptance that China, Tanzania, Cuba, the Viet Cong, et al are all good and contain nothing bad -- and yet you cannot really say he's wrong.

He has good reasons for his views -- he tells you what they are. Better reasons than the majority of people have for theirs (assuming that they have any). A man who has been as violated as he has -- beaten, shot, locked up quasi-legally for ten years -- cannot be expected to listen to what you or I may call reason. Can you blame him?

The problem is, however, that if (when) the American negroes start a war of liberation, how will they recognize those whites who really are for them? Will self preservation force all whites to fight -- even for a principle in which they don't believe?

But violence isn't all that's in the letters. There is his love for his friends and family; a love which is always apparent, even when he is frustrated by and despises the ideas and way of life of the person he's writing to.

This book must be considered essential reading for anybody who occasionally takes his head out of the sand. The few quotes following will give you some idea of the man's principles; but read the book for insight to the man.

The white theory of 'the emancipated woman' is a false idea. You will find it, as they are finding it, the factor in the breakdown of the family unit.

* * * *

...I explained to her ((his sister)) that she was not supposed to have any opinions other than those of her menfolk.

* * * *

The concept of non-violence is a false ideal.

* * * *

When the peasant revolts, the student demonstrates, the slum dweller riots, the robber robs, he is reacting to a feeling of insecurity, an atavistic throwback to the territorial imperative, a reaction to the fact that he has lost control of the circumstances surrounding his life.

* * * *

It is by words that we convey our thoughts and bend people to our will.

* * * *

The theory of a good, just god is a false idea, a thing for imbeciles and old women and, of course, Negroes.

* * * *

I still think of myself as a black, and an African but I can't be satisfied with myself until I am a communist man, revolutionary man.

* * * *

THE CIVIL LIST

I see that Her Gracious Majesty is also finding the Tory economic policy a trifle difficult to cope with, and has put in for a rise. Now it's a long time since I've not been open to charges of disloyalty to the crown, but there are times when I wonder how the poor woman manages on the pittance we hand out to her -- and all her relations.

Well, could you manage on £475,000 a year? Oh yes, you may laugh; but you don't have all those palaces and castles to look after, and a big yacht and race-horses and aeroplanes to keep running. There's a lot of expence there; she needs a lot of people to look after her and all her possessions --one little old cleaning lady won't do, you know. Indeed not! Her Majesty has a royal image to maintain; who ever heard of a poor queen (outside fairy tales)?

And while we're on the subject, should we not also increase the derisory £40,000 p.a. we throw to the queen's husband? If it weren't that he got free board and lodging he'd be in penurious circumstances. My goodness, he's barely got enough to keep himself in yachts and polo sticks. It's just as well that the queen doesn't have to keep Charles now -- in fact, he probably chips in with something from his own £150,000 a year (an embarrassing situation for his mother).

There have been disgraceful suggestions that the queen meet her expenses from her own fortune, but these jabberings are beneath consideration. The fact that in recent years she has been dipping into her own purse to subsidize us is something the country should be ashamed of.

I'm sure you all support her cause as much as I do, and will now stand and join me in a chorus of her song:

"God save our gracious queen...."

* * * * *

In Support of Rock

RAY DENTON

I wonder if you are just as prejudiced now as six years ago against 'pop' music, and particularly with regard to the Beatles! Or is prejudiced unfair? Perhaps the most apt word to use would be bigoted.

You say "Face it man, pop music is spelled c-r-u-d." Now, I'd be the last to deny you the right of your own opinion; but if you have to use such strong terms it might be a good idea if you were to complement them with some kind of reasoning. You don't even leave room for the possibility that some might even be worth listening to.

In fact, nowhere can I find words supporting the argument in any but prejudiced terms. You may think that you're a liberal but in this respect, if no other, you come through as a blasted reactionary!

You also seem to be assuming that in my support for rock music I am deriding classical music. I am not. In fact classical music has probably helped me discover how much more relevant is pop. It might be worth your remembering that the classics were never written for the masses, but for a select bourgeoisie who patronized rather than appreciated them. Music today is for the masses. Classical music never was as relevant, even in its day, as pop is today. Or does your attitude simply reflect an innate musical snobbery -- like, if too many people like it then it's no good? Would you deny jazz can be art? You certainly wouldn't deny that classical music is art! So leave room for the possibility that rock can be art too. But remember, rock is a much more recent musical form, and too, classical music is yet now being written that can only be described as revolutionary! And remember too that as there is good art, there is also bad art. Time has filtered out the rubbish that was written a matter of centuries ago; only that of a truly high standard has survived -- or would you suggest that there never was any rubbish written in the classical tradition.

Give time a chance to rid us of the rubbish that is being written as rock, a process that is undeniably already started, will you?

Note, incidentally, that I say rock rather than pop; because pop is short for popular, is it not? Fifty years ago there was also pop, but not rock; then it was jazz.

And I certainly am not confusing music with production. Because production is as important in classical music as it is in any kind of music. Where would the 1812 be without the cannon? Where would the greater part of classical music be without the big orchestra? Look what happened to Mozart when a different production was applied; in your words "...they've castrated the poor man." I don't really agree that they've done such a thing, but produced as Mozart meant it to be it is much more of a pleasure to hear. ((this is talking about the recent hit based on part of Mozart's 40th symphony.jp))

You admit that classical composers borrowed from folk music, but at the same time gave an added dimension. Okay, so how did they give this added dimension? By production, that's how! By using six hundred violins instead of one lute; by putting a damned great orchestra (or a string quartet, if you like) into a massive concert hall specifically designed for that very purpose, instead of using a wandering minstrel with a flute under a spreading oak in some glade somewhere!

And things have progressed since then. The big orchestra is a matter of course (yes, complementing the rock band, but more of that later), and now electronics are playing their part too. And why not? You say "...art is primarily an emotional experience, and then an intellectual one." I agree entirely. Since life is a perpetual search for new experience (if it isn't, then what the hell are we living for?) then surely new ideas in sound, and new sounds in music, can only complement that search. Or perhaps you believe that art is only valid, emotionally and intellectually, if a lot of work has gone into it, and electronics are too easy a

way of creating new sound ideas? Then tell me why doesn't the architect put his own bricks and mortar together? This isn't a direct parallel, of course, but if the architect can leave his ideas to the labourer to do the dirty work, why should the musician not leave all the work to the machine while he simply thinks out the ideas? Isn't this how it is with the classical composer anyway? True he puts the music on paper, but it is up to the musicians in the orchestra to play it.

I agree that pop's borrowing from the classics have generally been for the worse; but sometimes the fusions have worked out wonderfully. The Moody Blues on their album Days of Future Passed are accompanied by the London Festival Orchestra. The work is a deliberate attempt to bring together the two forms, and the result is beautiful. The Soft Machine and Pink Floyd have also been involved in the same thing; again the results have received nothing but adulation from other musicians, whether pop or classical.

True, these were fusions of the two musical forms, but the validity of rock music requires no more proof. But I must go further. Cream were an out and out rock band. Guitars, drums, vocals (very basic), but Leonard Bernstein has praised them greatly. He has publically called them a brilliant group of young musicians; he has said the same of the Beatles.

And talking of fusions; rock is the first musical form to successfully blend eastern with western styles. The Beatles were the first. It was attempted by way of jazz, witness the Indo-Jazz Fusions albums of Joe Harriott and John Mayer. But always one of the two forms tends to predominate; either the raga influences the jazz, or is influenced by it; but the two never quite seem to fuse into a completely individual sound.

You believe I'm conning myself? Because I buy the records I like? I don't buy records for any intellectual reasons, though I do believe that I'm able to discern. And I even have some reggae in my collection, and that really is the lowest of the low, intellectually. But the music gives me an emotional satisfaction; and if I'm being exploited, it is by the record companies and not the musicians. This is also true of you; perhaps more so. The average classical LP is more expensive than the average pop album; and who, I wonder, gets the composers' royalties.

That comment of yours (the trouble with progressive pop is that it doesn't know where it's at) is another point. If any art form, no matter how humble, really knew where it was at surely it would become static, there would be no progression resulting from the constant search for where it should be at, and there would be no diversity of form. And isn't the use of the word progressive rather a waste of time here? Pop has to be progressive in order to survive its own competition. All pop is progressive therefore; a constant progression of new sounds and ideas.

Lastly, I would like to ask you just what you have heard that you can argue the way you do against rock music? Or pop music? Pop is popular, so what is most popular is that on which the public are most willing to spend money on. More money is spent on LPs than on singles, so take a look at the album charts first; the single charts reflect more what is being bought by schoolkids than by older people! Have you really listened to Led Zeppelin, Pink Floyd, Ten Years After, Spirit, Soft Machine, Cream, Yes, all of which you should at least have heard of? Then there are the many who you might be forgiven for never having heard of even, such as Tim Buckley, H.P. Lovecraft, Fever Tree, Moby Grape, Iron Butterfly, Dr. John No, I'm not trying to blind you with names, I'm just trying to open your eyes to the obvious fact that you know nothing about the thing you're trying to discredit; you cannot, therefore, argue without prejudice.

Ray Denton is editor of STING, a magazine of fantasy fiction and poetry, etc. YOU can get your copy by sending 20p to Ray at, 3 Collingwood Court, Collingwood Rise, Folkestone, Kent. STING is far, far better than the run of the mill amateur fiction mags.

GRAY'S BIT

"But why don't you mention science fiction in your fanzine?" We've all heard plaintive comments such as that one. Fear truly, gentle OMPAn, Gray has finally succumbed to such pleas; I am going to talk about science fiction. (and thus lose most of this audience, no doubt.)

The subject of this momentous occurrence is Anne McCaffrey. She was, of course, Guest of Honour at PeteCon '71, and I was forced to admit that I'd read little of her stuff. I'd read the Dragonrider series -- and that put me off the rest. Yet that had won awards; here in my hand I hold 'Nebula Award Stories Four', including Best Novella DRAGONRIDER by Anne McCaffrey. It must have been of some worth -- perhaps I misjudged it. So I read it again, and wrote these comments (page numbers from the above book: Pocket Book 671-75646-X 075. Also available from Doubleday and, eventually, Panther). I'll assume you've read it.

"The Southern Continent was lost (to the Threads) a hundred thousand Turns.." F'lar, pl59.

Since then, no human had crossed the Southern Continent -- why, it was covered with these terrible Threads, wasn't it?

"We know that the Threads can't last long unless there is something organic on which to feed and that once they've devoured all, they dry up and blow away." Lessa, pl61.

A biological curiosity, to say the least. But if they die when all the food's gone then the Southern Continent will, after a hundred thousand Turns, be free, surely?

"Now why hadn't someone wondered about that before?"

A good question. So far, the story is acceptable, if hardly believable. But let's remember pl50, where we are told that the Threads are "Launched from their barren planet". Think about that one. They can survive on a dead planet, cross space to another one, yet die when isolated on a continent.

So much for the Southern Continent ploy. Yet to be fair, after a dramatic build-up of tension regarding it, it doesn't play an important part in the climax -- it just peters out. Not important to the plot (despite the build-up) therefore let's overlook it -- Anne McCaffrey obviously did. Though she did use it to remove Lessa's competition. We're not shown her as competition, but we are told about it often enough. As we are also told that the F'lar will have no other female, it can't be said to liven up the plot or widen characterization any.

Lessa is really quite a girl. She actually manages to discover something no-one ever had before: that it is remarkably easy for your dragon to take you back through time (which discovery is treated remarkably lightly back at the Weyr; the only human reaction to the discovery comes from someone written off as an "old fool").

Why had no-one found this before?

"..One would have to remember references peculiar to a significant day to return between times to the past." pl29.

"If I'd been drilled from the day of impression... I'd never have discovered that trick." pl43.

Fair enough on the surface. You see, this form of instantaneous travel is guided by the memory of specific landmarks at the destination. It doesn't take a great mind to realize that should one of these landmarks suffer an accident (e.g. a tower collapsing, a minor earthquake ...) then the traveller from afar will arrive at a time before the accident.

Why had no-one found this before?

Ah well, someone had to be first, I suppose. Even after hundreds of thousands of Turns.

Let us turn to the central part of the plot. Only one Weyr exists and that is in perilous condition. What happened to the other five? No-one knows. Oh, there are a few ambiguous ballads and writings, but all that is known is that they disappeared 400 Turns back (just after the previous Threads invasion).

"... other Weyr records simply end."

These records are falling apart, though earlier ones are intact (decline of technology theme: which elsewhere seems only to date from this massive departure). Ah well, needs must when the devil drives....

F'lar can prove all sorts of things from the Records -- except the one thing most vital to the plot. Namely, that Lessa has used her time travelling trick to fetch these five Weyrs forward to help her time.

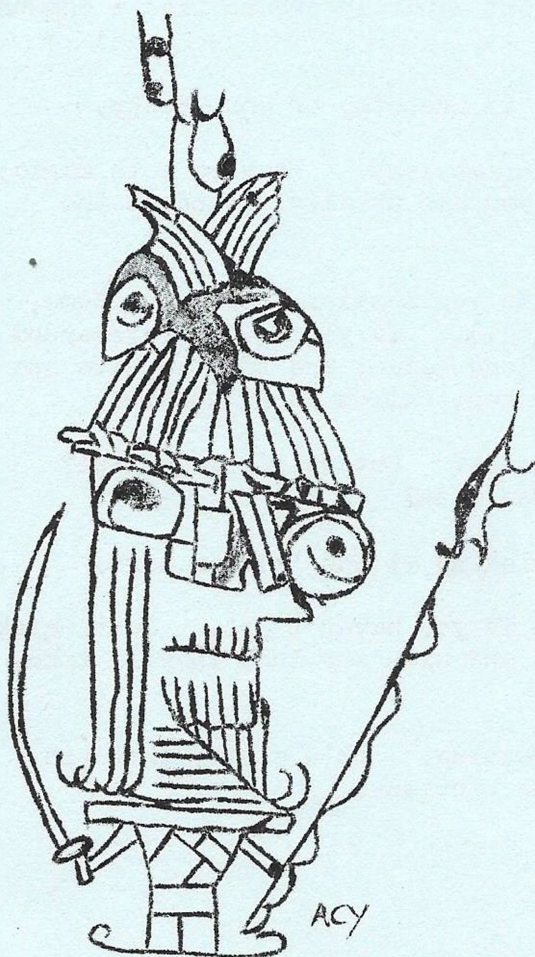
Why didn't the Records say that Lessa had done this? Because Lessa tells them not to leave any message, merely the aforementioned ambiguous ballads. The means were there ... even if the technology of storing records had already been lost, metal etching was known even in Lessa's time. Stone carving was known to the Neanderthals.

So: the plot in its elements is that Lessa has to discover time-travel in order to go back to fetch an army to clear up the mess left because she fetched the army. She has a great deal of difficulty before realizing this, because she consciously decided that she didn't want to be told.

This was one of the best Novellas of 1968. 1968 must have been a lousy year for science fiction.

Gray Boak

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RESPONSE to the 61st mailing

SEAGULL 14: I expect that Anne Girling's story was well received by Jane -- I am afraid that I kept on forgetting who was who. I didn't read it to my four; I don't think they would have liked it -- not enough blood.

(Sorry about the spacing up there, the typewriter was set wrong.)

I thought John Hall's fairy tale was good, but I got a bit fed up with the commercial. Darrol's (?) article on plant myths was frustrating -- much, much too short. Why not get him to expand on any one point of the many he touched upon? Please?

The symbolism inherent in the method of capturing a unicorn makes me feel that it is probably as old as the unicorn myth itself -- possibly predates it (as you hint at). What odds that it all stems from some ancient fertility rite?

VAGARY 24: 'This and That' was, as always, interesting. But I wish you wouldn't just yell 'crap' and 'rubbish' when writing about anything you don't have any sympathy with. Perhaps the author isn't just trotting out porn for the money; perhaps he feels the same way about what he's writing as you do about astrology -- and how many people have yelled 'crap, rubbish' at you?

Your mailing comments have almost as many comment hooks as the rest of the mailing together

Your tirade against the hippy movement doesn't tally with what I've heard of the major trends inside that movement. They've always struck me as people who have taken the term 'alternative society' seriously -- tried to do something about it. Why connect them with the far Left? Surely the point of the hippy movement was that they copped out of all political systems. The fact that they live a communal life doesn't make them Communist -- most monastic orders live a communal life; are they Communist?

The design you suggest for a New Wave SF award is unworthy of you, Bobby.

Equating electricity with astrology is a telling analogy. They're both magic; but electricity is a bit more predictable and you can usually depend on the results.

Why should there be referenda on all those Bills you mention (Abortion, Homo, Decimalization, Common Market, Death Penalty etc.). If you have a referendum on any one of them, you immediately open the flood gates; and then we have one on things like the amount of arable land to be kept fallow in Flintshire.

You only have a referendum on the important issues? But what's important? The things which get passed that you don't agree with?

Enjoyed very much your reminiscing. Anne curled up at the 'kitten bag'.

ERG 34: Don't worry about being billed for a TV you haven't got. Just think, it's costing them money every time they do it, and with any luck they'll take you to court which will cost them even more.

I found the history of the hand gun very interesting. It's a pity that you didn't do accurate drawings of some of the guns mentioned.

Alan Burns makes so many generalizations about students that his article is barely worth taking seriously. In fact, it's only worth taking seriously in view of the fact that a lot of people 'think' as he does. 'Science student, good; Arts student, bad' -- no comment.

What Alan Burns is basically saying is that students are at University not to learn how to think, but what to think. I don't like the implications of this.

All demonstrating students are hairy, unwashed Communists, drugged to the ears -- a fine reasoned argument he has there. And why should they go to China, Cuba, etc. any more than Alan Burns should go to South Africa or Spain just because he agrees with their politics?

Another point he makes is the shamefulness (as he sees it) of demonstrating against 'a handful of non-political sportsmen, seeking only to play a few games of cricket'. But surely people (not just students) weren't demonstrating against the cricketers as cricketers, but against them as representatives of a political system. Anyway, it worked -- S.A. has slightly eased the apartheid laws in sport.

Finally, it is either outrageous or funny (depending on how you look at it) for Alan Burns to quote Bernard Shaw in support of his argument. GBS was a Communist, and Alan Burns purveys the views that Shaw despised and raged against all his life.

FHTV 3: Shades of Norman Wansborough. Well, well: a short haired (?), clean, Conservative demonstrator -- that should please a lot of OMPA members.

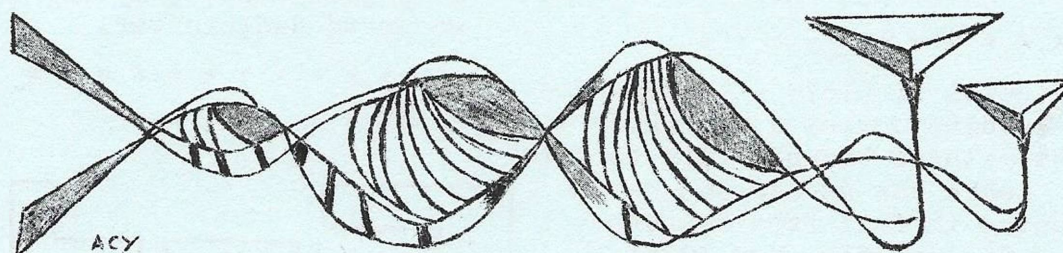
Tell me something, John; as a farmer, if you are guaranteed a minimum price for your produce, and entering the Common Market will push prices up above this minimum, why are you worrying about it?

Your newspaper quotes were very funny -- particularly the one about 2 out of 3 births resulting from pregnancies.

FHTV has an endearing, frenetic air about it. There's not much wrong that a little care and a dictionary won't put right.

This space dedicated to the ignoring of 'Ot On The Trails,
as requested by its editor, Gerald Bishop.

If your magazine has not been reviewed above, please do not be offended; it doesn't mean (necessarily) that I didn't like it, just that it didn't move me to comment.



Odds

SEX HAPPINESS -- International doctors and psychologists talk on sexual problems and behaviour. Audience participation.

(advert. in The Times)

Asked to name the dullest book in the house, the average member of Western civilization would probably nominate his telephone directory. The idea that his 1971 directory could be siezed as a suspected "dirty book" would strike him as positively ludicrous. But it has happened in South Africa. The Publications Control Board are now in solemn conclave over this year's Western Cape telephone book, following a complaint from a post office employee. He objected to an advertisement which includes a colour photograph of a (demurely posed) girl in a bikini. This could be the ever-vigilant Censor's board's finest hour. Even for a body which has banned 8000 books and 7000 "other publications", to ban a telephone book would be a world record.

(The Times)

No great writer uses his skill to conceal his meaning.

(G.B.S.)

If man is to explore the planets, then it is (by) cognitive robots or nothing.

(Donald Michie, Prof. of Machine Intelligence, Edinburgh Univ.)

Lenin, Nicolai Y. (1870 - 1924). Head of Russian Soviet Govt. His extremist methods brought ruin to Russia. Lenin was an assumed name.

(Quoted in full from Pears' Cyclopaedia, May 1928)

I find some geese more agreeable to look at and talk to than some people.

(Peter Scott)

1. Firstly, set down BIRDS head completely into the water for get wet.
2. Balance BIRD'S by inserting the cross piece in the 2 slots provided in the stand. The cross piece does not be adjusted or bent.
3. Water in glass must be changed once a day with cold water, and keep glass filled every time. Body of thei BIRD'S is a precision instrument, so please carry on carefully.
4. BIRD'S is move more smoothly put the place of warm and well-ventilation, but do not set it near signs of fire. The contents is Not-Inflamable, but if the high heat is touched, then the pressure of contents are going up, so please take care of above caution.

(directions that came with Japanese nodding bird)

It would seem that these days sex must not only be done but must be seen to be done.

(Sir Elwyn Jones)

We were divided in 1066 into Norman and Anglo-Saxons and almost every woollen mill in Yorkshire is still divided into Norman executives and operative Anglo-Saxons, many of whom come from Pakistan.

(Times editorial)

An argument that has been put forward against Britain joining the Common Market is that membership would take away the Queen's power to declare war.

Ends