

Genuine two-dimensional all-duplicated traditional fanzine

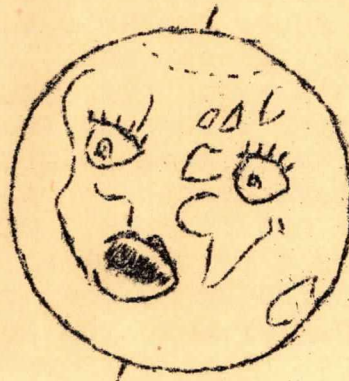
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POGROM

... the Official Organ of the Brunner and Goodwin Mutual Admiration and Backslapping Society, otherwise known as BAGMABS. This combined operation, which enables you to have the best of both worlds (Earth and Mars or any other combination you like), is due to there not being enough material in the last mailing to warrant a separate issue of POGROM. Collectors may care to know that this is NOISE LEVEL No. 5 and POGROM No. 4.

The POGROM portion of this symbiotic Zeitschrift scarifies selected sections of the summer supply of mad, meandering magazines. NOISE LEVEL, on the other hand (tear down the dotted line and hold one half in each paddypaw) is an Uproarious and Disconstructive Publication.

This issue, in which POGROM is to NOISE LEVEL as Buda is to Pesth, or Minneapolis to St Paul, or, for that matter, as Reading is to Caversham, is produced by JOHN BRUNNER, at Highlands, Woodcote, Reading, for the OFF-TRAIL MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION, Co., Ltd., Inc., Pty., Consolidated and Reprehensible. November mailing, A.D. 1955.



Pleased to meteor...

PAGE TWO. Two into one will go, you know - with pressure.

GRALLOCH DEPARTMENT

NEEDLE Bless your little pointy head, Fred. You fell for my ickle private hoax. There was no such zine as GOBSTOPPER, and I only put the review of AMOUR in to lend colour.

THRU DARKEST BELGIUM This reads as though everybody had fun, with the possible exception of Monique. But to judge from the implied description, she had everything else...

FANANNIA Ich wurde mir nie getrauen, ein Magazin auf eine fremde Sprache herauszugeben. Ich denke, dass Ann gelobt werden soll.

BILCYM Nope. I do not like the tumbled make-up. Perhaps it reminds me too much of many melancholy hours perusing Station Routine Orders in the R.A.F.

LOCO This doesn't need a motive. Roscoe for the mailing. This is a nice production and the cartoons simply give me a pain in the jealousy department. Next time let us hear what that sergeant really is like, willya?

SNOCZE Asterisk Hall I liked. Quite a lot seems to get said in this zine without anything being said, if you follow me. I'm afraid the Rockoon was a Yank development.

MORPH Ouch! I'd forgotten about that cover, and let myself see it without dark glasses. Doubtless this is the Roles Tartan? I liked it muchly.

FESCENKINE Legible, colourful - you really flatbedded it? Gawrsh! Blessed Intemperance and the advert were tops.

SATAN'S CHILL Ted Tubb's recommendation is to be endorsed - assisted passages to Down Under now cost only £10.

THE LESSER FLEA I don't see how it could get much lesser.

ZYMIC Happy to say I did solve your puzzle.

MERCER LOTS and LOTS of him! Archie, I've been wanting to overload your caravan's suspension (bricks?) with Roscoes for months. Please startle us with a black-on-white opus! Man, what's wrong with jump rhyming in an episode about a hot tram man? I suspect the bearded teddy-boy you saw play washboard would have been Disley - he usually plays banjo, but I believe he subs on other things. And then there was (still is) OFF T'RAILS. Man, you got it! And there's ABM as well, as a post-mailing. Look, you got the kind of job I wouldn't mind as much as some - you must get paid for not turning up. Or have you invented malleable time, too?

Oh! Dig me a hole where the buffalo roll - on PAGE THREE.

SCOTTISHE When are you going to abscond from the Heights of Dudgeon or wherever? Nice to see you while you were in town. (There's only one town..)

ROT This is impossible to comment on because I have no typographical ~~ex~~ equivalents for delighted gurgles on the keyboard. Weird and altogether wonderful.

LEER I had read most of this before. But I must lay my paddypaws on a copy of The Fifty-Minute Hour.

HOW! Birdland, actually, mostly cools it down.

NOW & THEN And this one I can't review properly because I have no yells of delighted appreciation on the typer. The things I haven't got on this typer! I haven't even got an emergency escape hatch for dodging tax collectors.

SCHNERDLITES The report on the Only Just Jazz Null Stars killed me temporarily. Vinç (bless the man) has now recruited one Vic Delmar to the London O - at the time of writhing, he has appeared 3 times in a row. Plays drums, but I can't say how well because I haven't heard him. Man with incredible endurance; we spent seven hours at the Club Americana from midnight Saturday to seven a.m. Sunday, and when we quit he was still threatening (though more weakly than when we started) to go play golf at nine o'clock.

STEAM Ray! Ray! Ray! Ghod, man, why the devil don't you acquire an immigration permit and stay there now you're the right side of the Atlantic? You and Horace Gold.

END OF GRALLOCH DEPARTMENT

Apologies to anyone I've overlooked the postmailings of or belonging to. That is also the end of POGROM.

WELCOME TO NOISE LEVEL AND DO YOU NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE?

If anyone has a few gallons of H.G. Wells's New Accelerator for sale, will they please contact me? I am beginning to hear time's winged chariot hurrying near behind me - or, in modern English, I don't know how to save the time I need to do things with. I haven't managed to do a stroke of work this week, because my brain is all tangled up with the plot of a novel - or what may be a plot one day.

L. Sprague de Camp said in his article in Bretnor's book 'Modern Science Fiction' that he took a couple of weeks to plan a short story or something. Me, I want to know how I can eat in the meantime.

In a song on the radio at the moment: To please my lady I would fly the first plane to the moon. So far so good -

PAGE FOUR. Skeep skam da bleep dababadoo bip bam dedat bo

but then he threatens to bring the blasted thing back with him. Man, that could be dangerous! (Got a C licence?)

CAT'S CRADLE

This cat received a copy of the Ken Colyer LP BACK TO THE DELTA as a birthday present recently. I wanted it for the skiffle group stuff on it mostly - there's a nice version of Midnight Special, Casey Jones and K.C. Moan. But my very good friend Pete Arnold (you may be hearing of him again soon; for the past year he's been leading the Cambridge University jazz group, and told me recently he was negotiating for the trumpet chair with Cy Laurie) who spent most of the evening at my twenty-first birthday do sitting next to the radiogram and keeping the music moving, shook his head over the rest of the stuff on the disc, and I tend to agree with him.

It's a bit monotonous, this strictly unschooled George Lewis/Jim Robinson type jazz. It's fine for dancing, yes. You can imagine the boys drinking their beer between solos and being interested only in keeping people's feet moving. But it was never meant to belong on the concert platform, or to be listened to with concentration on record. It's background music. It's functional. Perhaps more to the point, it's to be regarded as recreation for the players, as much as for the audience.

It comes out of the heart of the Deep South. Transplanted, it doesn't come off so well.

Now here's a comparison which I think is valid. Some time ago, one of the B.B.C.'s researchers discovered a bod called Telemann, who was writing polite music about a hundred years ago, and the Third Programme fell over itself with joy. It got so you couldn't turn over the pages of Radio Times without finding half a dozen Telemann works on the schedule.

No objections - if Telemann had been writing stuff that was meant to be listened to with whole-hearted concentration. But he wasn't. He was sort of the standard light music writer of his day - a Leroy Anderson or Eric Coates kind of composer. His works were meant to be played by a string quartet at a party where one liked something soothing to listen to when conversation ran dry. Same goes for many of Mozart's and Haydn's incidental pieces. Not to be considered as major musical works.

And then, of course, Ravel wrote conversation pieces - but he used to have to rush around the room begging everyone to talk while they were being played.

Poor sap.

yah babada woo wa scat or words to that effect. PAGE FIVE.

THE FOREST FOR THE TREES

They tell me with an air of satisfaction
That this green carpet which I'm standing on
Is rooted in a soil of silicon.
They tell me that the rainbow is diffraction -
Spectroanalysis by chance; the breeze
A flow to balance pressure; vegetation
A commonplace botanical formation.
I may not see the forest for the trees -
They miss the trees! I am reminded how
In Chesterton some staid association
Heard the description of a wondrous creature,
Near square-shaped, and achieving ambulation
By pillars at its corners. "Against Nature!"
They cried... The speaker meant, of course, a cow.

THE DESERTS

I

Slower than locusts, surer than a blight,
One tracked the caravans along their way
By goats' work, finding slightly more each day
Until the picked bones of the earth shone white.
The sun stares pitilessly on the sand
Piled up, wind-driven, where was fertile land.

II

Nothing has blossomed where, far off in space,
The cold plains wait on Mars, till through the dark
One tracks men's progress by a tiny spark
Faster than wind. They seek a barren place -
These men, more thoughtful than their fathers were,
To make the rock give fruit, the desert bear.

PAGE SIX. If they want to, Chinese readers may begin here.

BACOVER BABBLINGS

There once was a blue-blooded viscount
Who bought all his clothes at a discount.

He was happy until

He received a new bill

Asking double because of a miscount.

After which, he was reduced to wearing rags and could often be seen on wet November afternoons poking in the bin at the back of the Athenaeum club for a few scraps of unused caviar. The peer, unfortunately, for all his noble blood, was something of a reprobate. This story therefore has no morals whatever.

SAUCERS KEEP TO THE LEFT

From here on down it's uphill all the way, as Walt Kelly the Immortal once remarked. My mother keeps a couple of coops of cockerels and chickens, and not so long ago I went down with her to shut them up and hold the torch while she collected the eggs. This was around twenty-five past ten, and it was pretty dark. I was standing outside the hens' home waiting for the ovular produce to materialise, when I saw a light in the sky come from behind some trees and head for the north.

It was of about the apparent brightness of a first magnitude star, and definitely reddish in colour, like a flying spark from a fire. Having no idea of its size, I can't estimate either its height or speed. I called my mother to look at same, and after fifteen seconds or so another came into sight travelling in exactly the opposite direction. The first was at an angle of some fifty or sixty degrees above the horizon; the second five degrees lower.

Neither of them was travelling in a straight line, but rather with a skidding motion, though following a definite course on which the sideways vectors were superimposed. I thought firstly of an illuminated met balloon being caught by a gusty wind, and then when the second appeared (making that hypothesis ridiculous), of a solid powder rocket with the charge burning unevenly. But the sideways components were too violent for that. We watched for about ninety seconds before one went behind trees, the other into mist.

I looked confidently in the paper next morning to see that the Russkis had put up an artificial satellite...

Explanations may be left at the box office, please.

And that wraps up NOISE LEVEL c/w POGROM again.

¡Adios, muchachos!