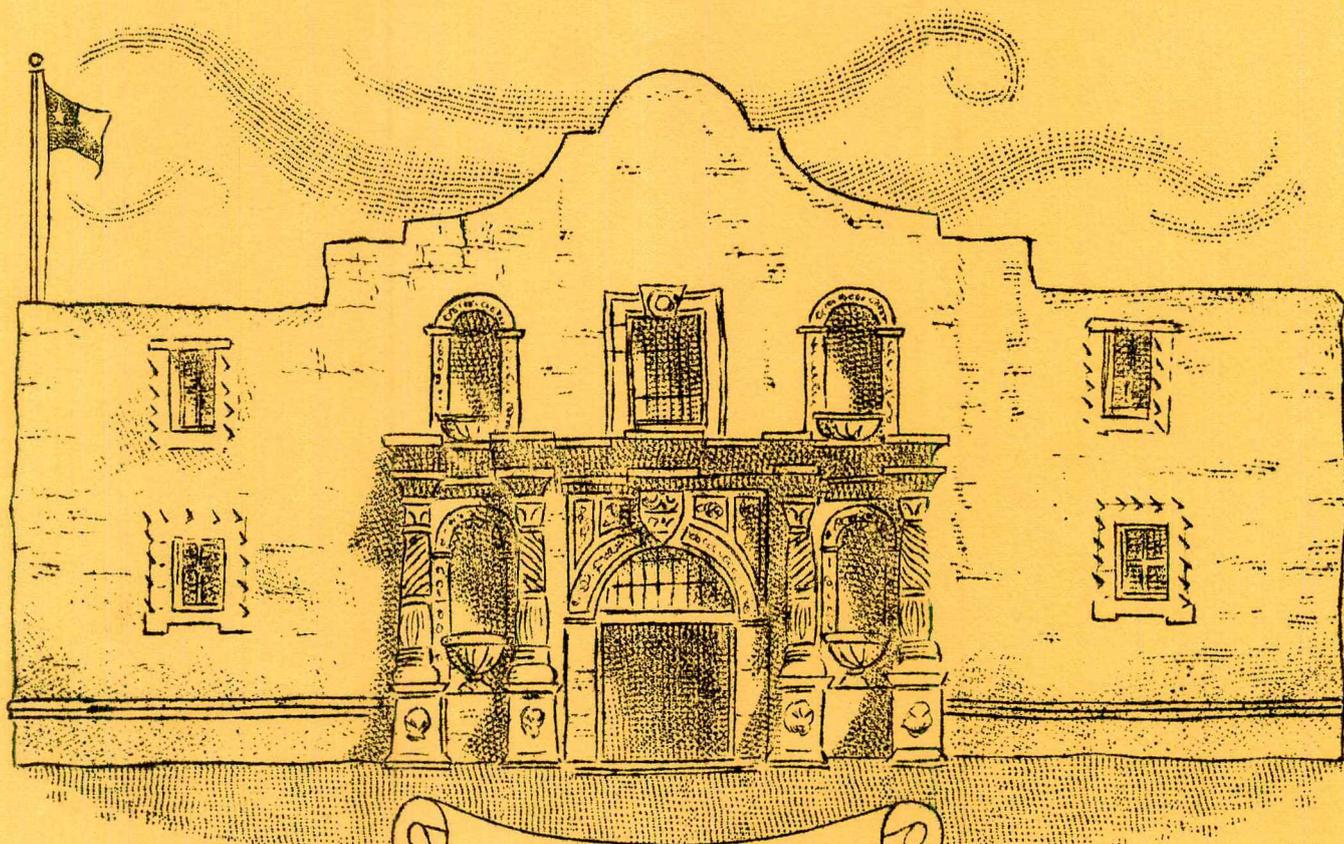


NOW AND THEN 7



GRAND

ALAMO MEMORIAL

NUMBER



Sorry about the long lag in publishing since our Halloween issue. Personal matters have had priority these last few months but to make up for the delay here is a bigger-than-usual offering.

To add to our growing collection of sacred relics we recently received a large envelope marked "INCREDIBLY SECRET" and "DANGER-SUBVERSIVE MATERIAL" containing a 10" x 8" photo of Fort Alamo. The sender was Richard Eney. Our cover had already been printed and those in the know will probably miss the "Crockett Hotel" sign which looms up in the rear of the photo. Ah well, we did our best...

In an earlier letter, Eney broods over the Needham Writings: "I wonder if Eric Needham is trying to start

another Movement in Fandom with his constantly growing list of Adjuncts to Gracious Living, the way Burbee did when he enumerated his electric motors? I recall William Rotsler won that Free Style Gracious Living Competition with forty three electric motors and a walnut shed. While few fans of my acquaintance could compete with Mr. Needham's array of Adjuncts -- except maybe Poul Anderson, whose luscious wife is an even more essential adjunct to the fuller life than a Nuremberg Maiden or possibly even Algy -- it might be interesting to conduct a poll or something. No, I am not groping for Egoboo; my feeble possessions -- the five stills, the spectrophotometer, the Cyclic Agitator -- could hardly hope to place in such a competition."

And Richard goes on to say: "I'm deeply grieved to find you giving space to the false, heretical, blasphemous, and generally damnable doctrine of Robert Bloch's Ghodhood. Enough vile prose is /are?/ produced in the normal course of events without fans deifying one of them."

Which leads us straight into the still-raging controversy with a few points from Vernon McCain: "Willis' explanation is not nearly so clear as he attempts to indicate with his patronising manner. With all the details he lists about his family tree, I must confess the only parallel which occurs to me is the fact that Aly Khan is a direct descendant of Mohammed. Is this Willis' subtle method of announcing his engagement to Rita Hayworth? And, if so, what is to

become of poor Madeleine? Is he planning to raffle her off to the Wansboroughs and Keaslers of fandom in order to raise money to pay off Dick Haymes' debts? It is difficult to believe anyone could stoop so low, but a man who will sell his complete collection of Astounding (minus April '43) cannot be regarded as above any course. As for Willis' closing brags about being able to walk on water... well, if he actually possesses this power then I hereby publicly demand that he return to Shelby Vick the full amount of his steamship ticket in 1952, which was obviously mulcted from the innocent and unsuspecting young boy from the Florida backwoods, under false pretenses. Failure to do so can only be regarded as public admission by Willis that this claim, and all his other flimsy pretenses to Ghodhood, are false. Bloch is the only true Ghod! Remember, it was Bloch who held Davy Crockett's coonskin cap at the Alamo..."

Convinced? No? Maybe? Just to help you make your mind up here is a further word from Walter Willis Himself, the address on the letter finishing "Belfast (Ring twice and ask for Peter)". But to the Epistle itself...

"About this letter from McCain, Bloch's Billy Graham, I'm beginning to wonder if being a Ghod is worth the votive candle. I took on the assignment because it seemed a nice easy job, with good hours and all, but if these proselytisers -- worse, fanselytisers -- are going to run around tramping on one's clay chilblains, I shall seriously consider handing over the job to Norman Wansborough. Anyway, as I said before, I'm an atheist and do not believe in myself: I don't want to destroy the simple faith of all these trusting people, but I'm sure it's against the rules of our union to engage in public controversy so I shall leave it to my disciples, if any, to refute the arguments of McCain by burning him at the stake or some such religious-type persuasion. Meanwhile I shall preserve a dignified silence except to acknowledge such acceptable offerings as Burgess's head, golden calves and nubile virgins. (Note: Gina Lollobrigida is, however, quite acceptable - even if her calves aren't golden). As for the rest of his letter,

I am not engaged to Rita Hayworth. We are just good friends. Has McCain any idea how long it would have taken me to walk to New York in 1952? And anyway if he thinks water-walking is a

| Harry Turner's lost his wife; |
| She's missing from the slan scene |
| For obviously NOW AND THEN must be |
| A WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL FANZINE |
| (This is not an advert --- |
Eney did it !)

test of Ghodhood, how does he explain the fact that I have a photograph of Bloch sitting in a rowboat ? With an outboard motor !"

"I note his statement that Bloch held Davy Crockett's coonskin cap at the Alamo. I also note that according to the song Crockett fought

and died at the Alamo. I suggest that he fought for his coonskin cap at the Alamo against Bloch, who took it back to Weyauwega to show to the other Indians as a scalp. If Crockett fell at the Alamo it was because Bloch pushed him."

"Finally, I'd like to point out that it was I who originated this entire mystique of McCain's, the origin of his movement being a sentence of mine on p.26 of Quandry 27/28. He's just a Johnny-the-Baptist-Come-Lately."

And while the Faithful are referring to their Sacred Fanzines we must quote a Widower's ad that was squeezed out of our last issue. Inspired by the BNF mentioned in an earlier issue, Joy Clarke sent in this verse:

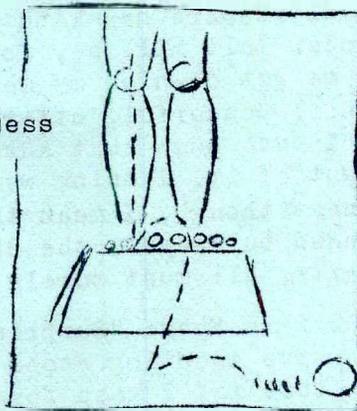
It may be hot. It may be cold,
But that is something that you
Will just have to guess, unless you possess

A WIDOWER'S THERMO-STATUE

Eric is to blame for the illustration...

Which reminds me of a book review I came across a short while ago. I was flipping thru the Listener when my eye suddenly fastened on the title "Memorable Balls: edited by James Laver". I read on ---

"No part of our social apparatus is better designed to fire the imagination; the ball is our court of love and it is decorated by every voluptuous device that can allure the eye, tickle the senses, or enliven the feet." Alas, Daphne, the book proved to be all about parties and the like.



The RFV&SDS recently acquired an Authority on Arms & Ammunition. Yes, it's that Good Man Dean Grennell, who writes:

"Ah yes, the Alamo -- I saw the place when I was stationed near San Antonio in 1943. It's in the heart of the downtown part, and looks surprisingly small and unimpressive and a little sheepish as if embarrassed by the effort of trying to live up to the too-big reputation. It's a sort of museum-cum-park now, with a glassed-in exhibit of antique weapons including a pearl-handled bowie-knife reputed to be the one Bowie used."

And another American correspondent whose letter we must include is Gregg Calkins: "Worry, worry, worry, that's all I ever do. Worry about whether or not some issues of N&T have been published that maybe I missed because I didn't do so good writing letters on the one about Hallowe'en. I have a question to ask about the girl on the cover. Is she married? If not, how does she think she would like living over here in the United States? Is that

a 35" or 36" bust she has? Where is she going? Why is she smiling like that? Is her first name Mona?"

Ethel Lindsay answers some of Gregg's queries: "I understand the lady on the cover represents Frances Evans - well if you ever get me there I hope you will flatter me as much!"

And on the same subject, Fred Smith wrote: "Speaking of the Pippin, I didn't think your drawings, good as they were, did her justice. Sort of slenderized her, if you see what I mean." I told Fred that I'd tell Fran that he thought she was fat; he was undisturbed: "Your threats don't worry me; Fran must know you made her look skinny in those sketches - shame on you!"

Several readers had kind words to say about the Nigel/Spider Lindsay episode. Walt Willis, for example, enthused: "The bit that really made me get down on my mental knees was the one about the Candy Trainer. Wonderful, utterly wonderful. But how sadmaking to think that I have seen that advertisement dozens of times and never thought of it. I think we might have more about this candy-training business though, I mean the techniques of taming these things... the maddened bullseyes, the discontented whine gums, the drunken liquorous allsorts, all must surely require different techniques."

And Richard Eney: "Surprisingly, Spider Lindsay's memoirs of his subversive-agenting stood the competition triumphantly--surprisingly to me that is; I keep forgetting that Anglofen don't have to pad their fanzines with space filler in the way we must. Is it due, perhaps, to a lingering on of the civilisation of Sixth Fandom, staunchly holding out against the Barbarian floods of neofen who comprise Seventh? /The Founder Members of the RFV&SDS are really part of Second Anglofandom - so are several of our members. We also include many Sixth Fandomers, who are spiritual heirs of Second Fandom's outlook/ Whatever causes it, it leads to an odd defect in Now & Then; one has to beat one's brains out to think of a comment on N&T while the zine's so enjoyable that not saying anything is unthinkable. As Rotsler once remarked in another connection, criticizing such a production is like trying to pick up a fifteen-foot-thick beach ball; there's nothing to take hold of."

Which may or may not cast light on the mystery of John Quagliano, who sent a postcard: "Could you send a non-pubber but brilliant commentator, a copy of N&T, the "wonderfully free" zine?". So we sent you a copy, John, and the months have rolled by without an acknowledgment. Let's know if you want any more after this issue !

Which brings us to the final announcement of new members. As well as Dean Grennell, we have enrolled Arthur Thomson for sterling services rendered, and Stan Hawkins an ex-RAF type who isn't a fan but has the right temperament...

The silent words that trickle into your
consciousness from within, that whisper of greater
things that lie before you - they are the language
of the soul ! Who has not communed with the
Inner Self... has not felt the inward throb of
a seething vital power? This article on

Enlightened Empiricism

by Eric S. Needham

points out in simple language how to transform the
intimate, intangible longings of your soul to
a forceful action that brings joy and accomplishment
in your daily life. There are some who will
acknowledge Enlightened Empiricism as a
mind-shattering philosophy - others who will prefer
to regard it as the philosophy of a shattered
mind...

MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTION OF THE EMPIRICAL APPROACH to problems
dates back to the age of nine, when, on a birdnesting expedition,
a Big Lad told me never to take more than one egg from a nest. One
egg would not be missed, he told me, since birds and animals cannot
count. This, even at that age, seemed to me to be daft. Did that
horse in the next field really not know how many legs it had, or
whether it had more legs than tails? So that evening at home I
captured Old Morton's dog, anaesthetised it with a mallet, and
sawed off one of its front legs. After I sealed up the leaks with
a puncture outfit, I awaited the recovery of the dog with interest,
and the subsequent behaviour led me to the conclusion that even
though a dog might not be able to count, it was at least capable of
the concept of a minus quantity. That was the night I established
that a five-shilling air-pistol could kill a dog at thirty paces
if you shot it often enough.

From bird's eggs to egg rationing is no far cry. During and
after the war, eggs came on sale at the rate of one egg per person

per month, so, in hopes of chicken dinners and lots of new-laid eggs, I bought a dozen black market eggs and built an incubator. At the same time, Old Morton bought some chickens and a cock. After a few months I slung the incubator into the night, while Old Morton filled the night sky with falsetto guffaws. Thus, beyond any possibility of doubt I know that the chicken must always come before the egg.

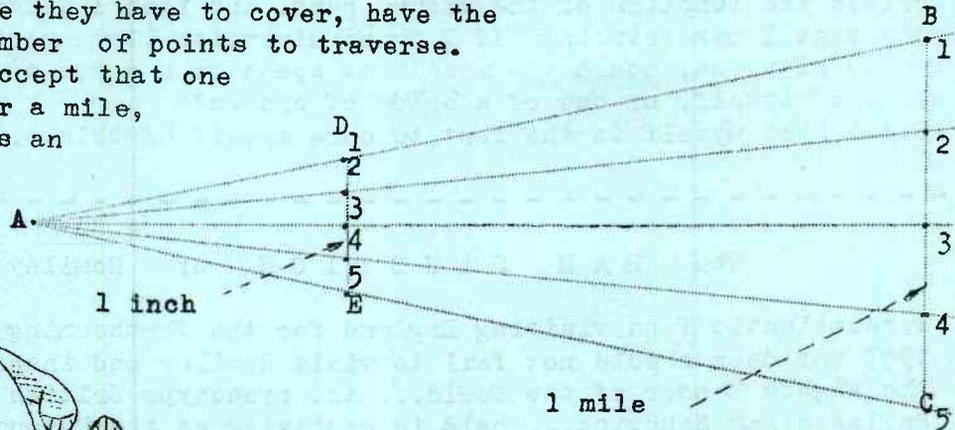
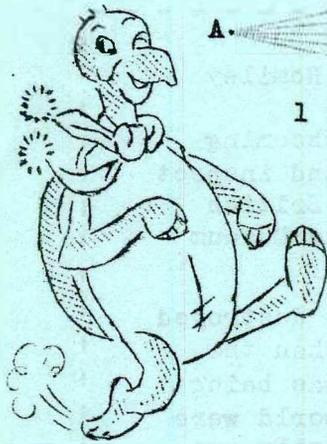
From eggs to food is only a close croak. I have a small, steamy kitchenette and one day, to my horror, I discovered that of two cans, the labels had peeled off and were missing. Famished and ravenous, how was I to determine which of those two enigmatic containers held beans and which stewed steak? I had a number of books on Philosophy and Mathematics, but they failed me. Thales, Anaximander, Pythagoras, Aristarchus of Samos, offered not a clue. Einstein, Fermi, Dirac, Russell, Whitehead, no help. My 20,000 ohms per volt Weston meter, the signal generator, oscilloscope, no good. Starving, I gazed wildly at my array of scientific instruments, my motorcycle hydro-meter, the clinical thermometer, my kitchen scales, the aneroid barometer on the wall, and sobbed as I realised that all, all of them, had failed in their purpose. But before I perished, sanity prevailed over reason, logic and abstract speculation. I used a can opener and discovered what could not have been found in any other way - that both cans contained Scotch Broth.

So I turned to the Paradoxes of Zeno, and examined them in the light of Enlightened Empiricism. Firstly, the Flight of the Arrow. As you know, in theory, the arrow never arrives, but always has some of the distance to travel, owing to the infinity of division, since you never get anywhere doing things by halves. However, I once had a comparable predicament. During the War, that was, when, brutalised by Air Force life, coarsened by Air Force food, soured and embittered by wartime beer, stupified by Naafi tea and rockhuns, frozen by the cold of the winter of 1945, I hopped over some barbed wire and took a short cut across a snow-covered minefield.

Had I known of the existence of the mines, it is questionable whether I should have reached the other side. Probably I should have stood motionless, trying to evaluate the location of the mines in normal Cartesian Frames of Spatial Reference. Or pondered on their density and geometrical relationship to each other, with emphasis on the intervals between them. Or in Heisenbergian Uncertainty, reflected on the fact that land mines have position, but no velocity, yet that I, blown sky-high, would have velocity, might occupy several places simultaneously, and yet cease to exist as me. But, thoughtlessly, I reached the far side in safety, and so it is I am able to state that the arrow will always reach its destination. It just doesn't know any better.

Then again, all I can conclude from the Achilles and the Tortoise affair is that there were publicity stunts in ancient Athens and

Elea. So I propose to show that Zeno was only partly right. The diagram shows that there are just as many points in an inch as in a mile, since any point on the line B-C leading to A must pass through a corresponding point on line D-E. So both Achilles and the tortoise, whatever distance they have to cover, have the same number of points to traverse. If we accept that one inch, or a mile, contains an

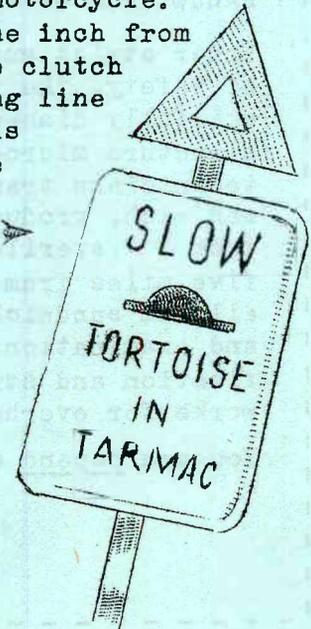


infinite number of points, anything which traverses a linear distance of one inch in a finite time must move between point and point with an almost infinite velocity. Since it is axiomatic that one infinite velocity cannot be greater than another, it follows that both

Achilles and the tortoise must move at the same velocity, over the same number of points, and will always reach the finishing line together. This I have proved with the aid of a motorcycle.

By a simple device I released the tortoise one inch from the finishing line at the same time I let in the clutch a mile up the road. We both touched the finishing line together, and in the same vertical plane. To this day, the tortoise is still a distinctive feature of the East Lancashire Road, near a traffic sign which bears the legend

A poltergeist, when moving things,
 Can often cause disasters.
 Furniture moves smooth and sure
 On WIDOWER'S GLIDING CASTORS



Paradoxes and puzzles are by no means limited to philosophers, though they are among the chief perpetrators. At the time when I was keen on Bert Russell, Sutton Coldfield television transmitter opened up, and I commenced to build a TV receiver. Being interested in the physical design of cathode ray tubes, I read a book which described the function of the vacuum pump. And then I found to my dismay that I was thinking "If I three-dimensionally superimposed a number of vacua, would the resultant space be a space of spaces, a space of itself, or one of a space of spaces?"

But I shot myself in the foot to cure myself of this...

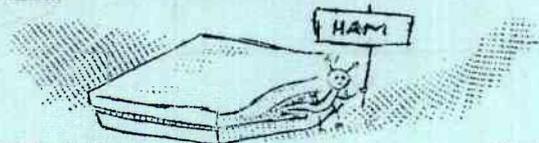
The H A M S A N D W I C H of Romiley

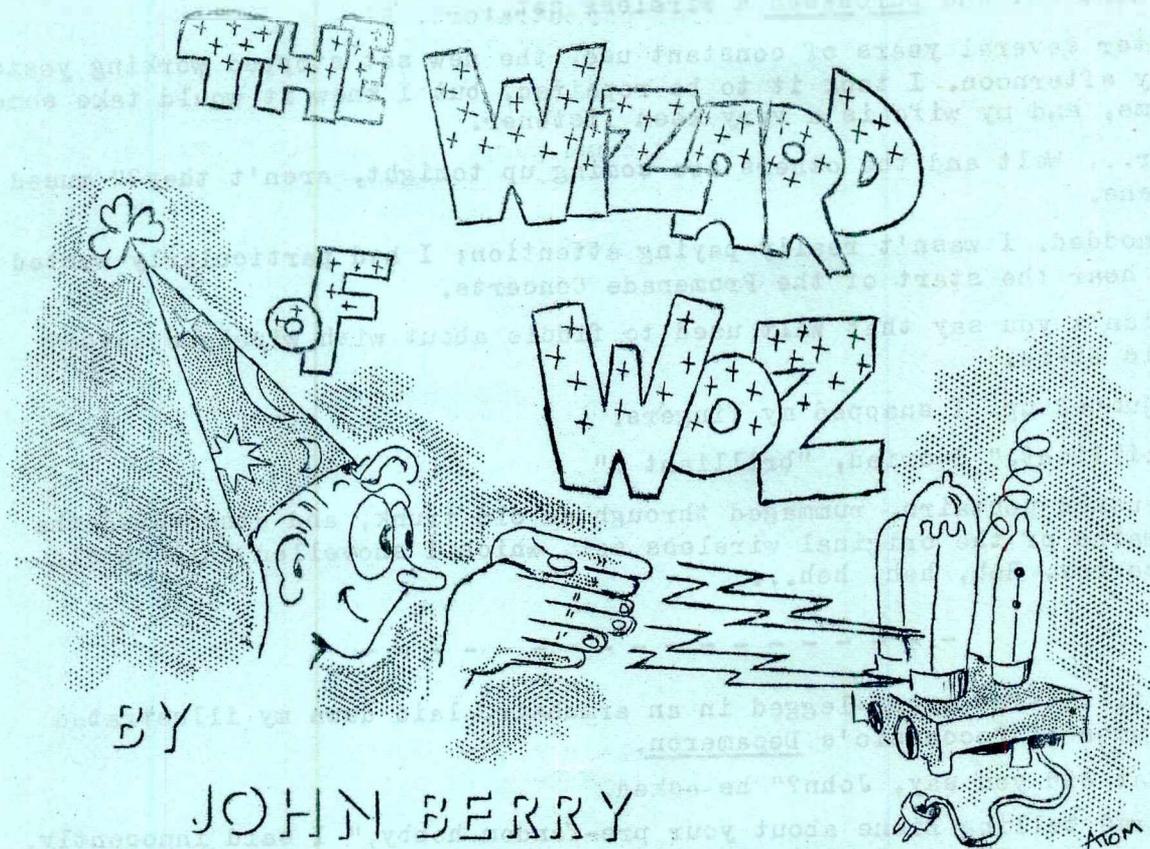
Transatlantic fans visiting England for the forthcoming 1957 Worldcon should not fail to visit Romiley and inspect the Eighth Wonder of the World... the prototype British Railways Ham Sandwich... held in captivity at the Museum of Fine Foodstuffs and Industrial By-Products.

In 1940 Manchester's Central railway station was destroyed by Nazi bombs and fire. Fully ten years after, when the bomb-blasted rubble and fire-scorched detritus was being cleared away, paleo-nutritionists all over the world were thrilled and excited by the discovery of a perfectly preserved ham sandwich, outwardly indistinguishable from any standard railway sandwich then displayed under helium-filled bell-jars, considered necessary to preserve the sandwiches of that day for any length of time.

Under strict guard, the sandwich was removed to a place of safety, the village of Romiley. Here it was studied, skilfully dissected, and its design, composition and structure micro-analysed by forensic eupepticians. Skilled technicians translated their findings into the modern ham sandwich, produced under absolutely hygenic conditions from sterile ingredients in a garden assembly plant five miles from Stockport. Annually, during stocktaking, all ham sandwiches are subjected to a severe scrutiny and examination; those failing to conform to rigid specification and stringent tests are at once returned to the works for overhaul and re-processing.

You can depend on a British Railways Sandwich !





BY

JOHN BERRY

SEVEN YEARS AGO I WAS GIVEN A WIRELESS SET. Had I known as much in those days, I would have classed it immediately as a fannish radio. As soon as I switched it on, I realised why it had been given to me as a gift. With perseverance, sweat, luck, and the wind in the right direction, I could just about get the Northern Ireland Home Service, although I live two and a half miles from the local transmitter at Lisnagarvey. It was impossible to get any other station.

I arrived home early one morning and, optimistically, tried to get a Test match commentary from Australia, although I knew it to be impossible. I was right. I gritted my teeth, pulled out the plug, and flung the set across the room. Satisfied, I went to bed.

When I went down for my dinner, my wife was jubilant.

"I can get A.F.N.," she cried, and it was true, despite a large crack across the top of the plastic casing. With a little dial twiddling, I could even get Japan.



Three days afterwards, my small son, on a crawling expedition, discovered a length of wire and pulled.

I went out and purchased a wireless set.

After several years of constant use, the new set stopped working yesterday afternoon. I took it to be repaired, but I knew it would take some time, and my wife is a very keen listener.

"Er... Walt and the others are coming up tonight, aren't they?" mused Diane.

I nodded. I wasn't really paying attention; I had particularly wanted to hear the start of the Promenade Concerts.

"Didn't you say that Walt used to fiddle about with wireless sets?" said Diane.

I jumped up. I snapped my fingers.

"Brilliant," I cried, "brilliant !"

I rushed upstairs, rummaged through an old trunk, and discovered the remains of the original wireless set, which I shovelled into an old shoe box. Heh, heh, heh...

Walt, sitting cross-legged in an armchair, laid down my illustrated volumes of Boccaccio's Decameron.

"What did you say, John?" he asked.

"I was telling Diane about your pre-fandom hobby," I said innocently.

"Ah yes," he murmured modestly, "I used to make wireless sets, and gramophones."

"True," agreed Bob. "One of his earlier successes was his combined radio and chesterfield suite - that big thing like a meat safe in the front room."

"Marvellous," breathed Diane, her eyes wide with admiration, "did you... did you ever repair wireless sets?"

Walt sneered.

"I could put radios together with my eyes closed - and did so, too, quite often," he boasted.

George tapped the floor significantly with his walking stick, and pulled the blanket tighter round his shoulders.

"Allow me to rectify that remarkable statement," he croaked. "It is my contention, based upon life-long observation, that without optical assistance, it is unquestionably impossible to manipulate the immeasurably complicated components which contribute to the functional object that it was originally intended to construct. As Marconi said to me when I lent him my Max Brand Anthology, 'Charters' he said ..."

At a signal from her father, Carol pushed George out of the room in

his bath-chair, and left him mumbling in the kitchen.

"Could you... I hate to ask, but could you repair our set?" asked Diane, her voice throbbing with awe.



Walt picked up a slice of cake.

"Sure," he munched, "Sure."

Heh, heh, heh...

I emptied the conglomeration of radio parts before him, but he was busy talking to Sadie.

"It's ten to ten now," I heard him say, "I guarantee you will hear the ten o'clock news." He turned round and saw the assembled chaos... groaned... looked again... muttered an incantation to Roscoe... got down on his hands and knees...

"Fetch George in again," ordered Sadie. "I know he is only third on my list, but..."

Carol wheeled him in again. He was still at it.

"...with a muttered oath, I followed Hard Covers, my cat, into the coal cellar and, after suffering subsidiary elongated lacerations, was able to equip myself with an essential item of my crystal set, to wit, one..."

We all gloomily nodded as one, and he was speedily returned from whence he came.

Walt, in the meantime, had carried out a rapid inventory of the



equipment. He turned to me, his face ashen.

"As you are my host, and I am your guest, I will attempt the task. But don't mention wireless sets to me again. Ever!"

He smiled lazily.

"EVER !" he screamed.

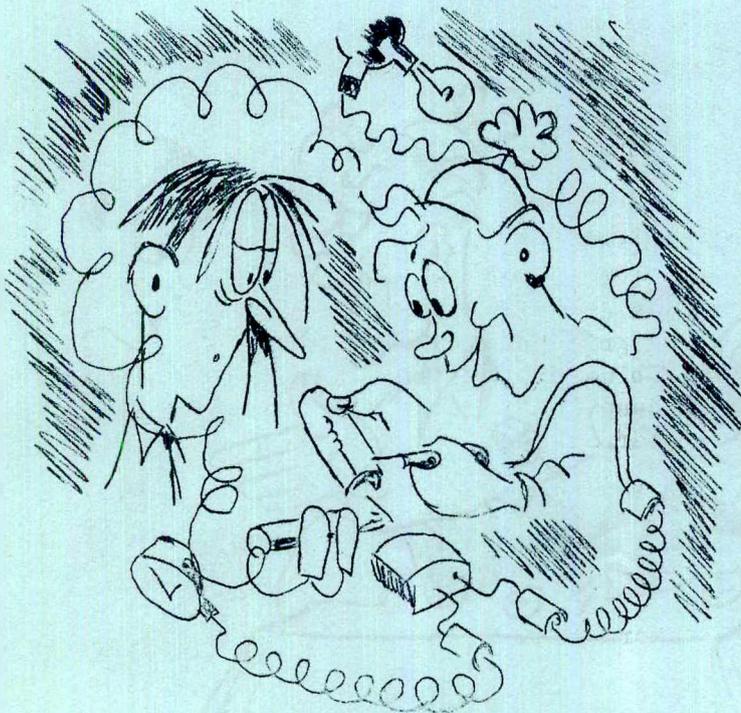
As he bent down again to start the job, he paused for a second. A frown crossed his intelligent brow, closely followed by a look of radiant bliss. He set to work. No kiddin', folks, Walt used to be an electrical genius. It is perfectly true that he manufactured a combined radio and settee - I have splintered myself on it. So I presumed that he had some motive for his subsequent unorthodox actions.

He produced coils of wire from his pocket, and soon wires were hanging like vines from the chandeliers. He wound a length of fuse wire under the table, round the chairs, through the budgerigar cage, past the cuckoo clock, and into the electric light socket. His eyes began to glaze over, his breathing became rapid. Frequently he repeated the phrase "It's just possible... it could be done... it's just possible."

"A bicycle," he shouted suddenly. I rushed outside and wheeled in my velocipede, creeping past George.

Walt snarled. He took off the front wheel, and tied the front fork to the table leg. With dexterous skill, he affixed a wire mesh to the bicycle dynamo.

"Get on and peddle," he ordered. I nipped smartly into the saddle and peddled - hard. He looked mighty dangerous... so strange... so possessed.



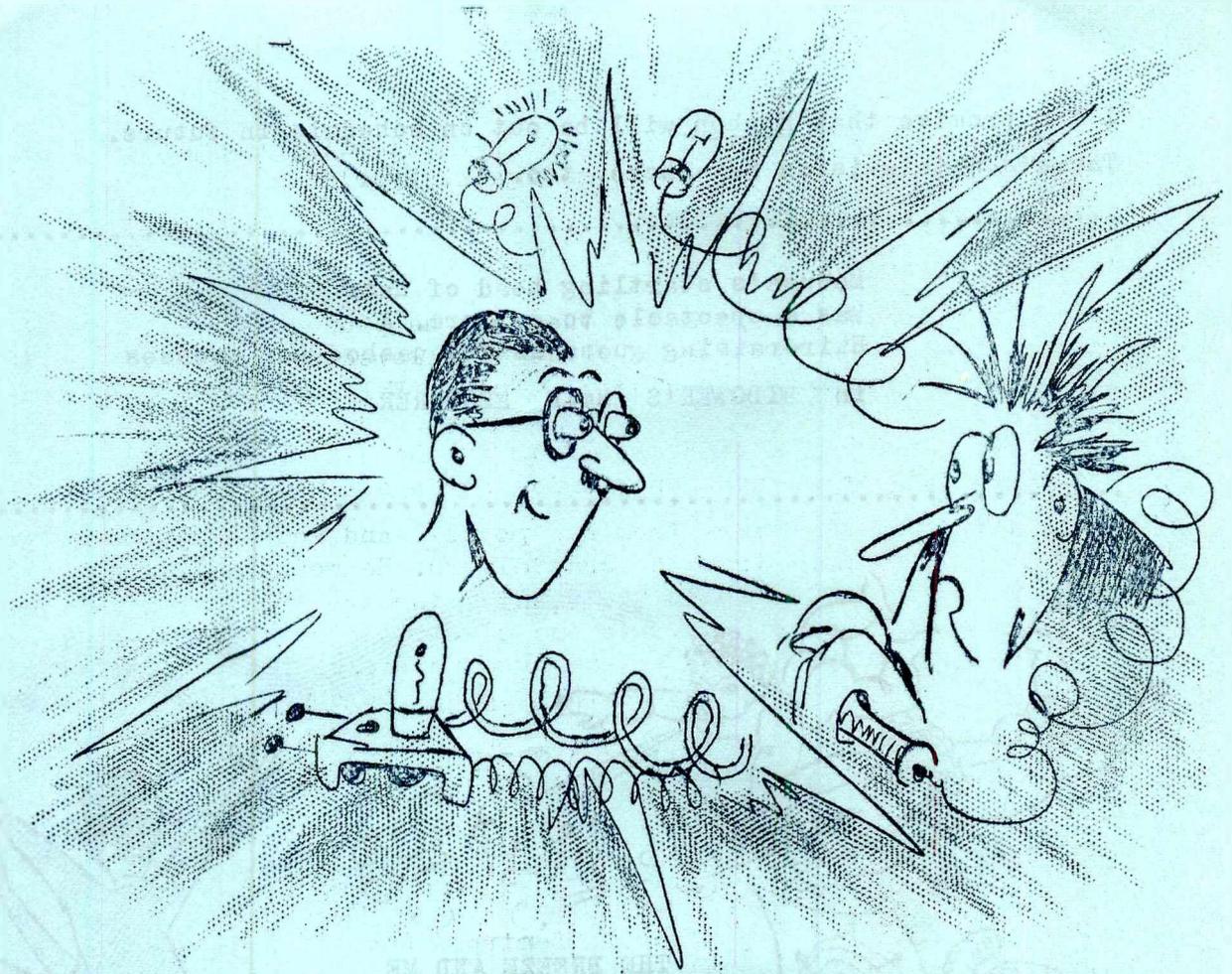
A gradually mounting hum emanated from the peculiar construction he had assembled on the hearthrug from my bits and pieces. Bob, Sadie and Diane backed to the far walls, their hair standing erect.

Walt turned a couple of dials.

"Faster," he urged, "faster !"

There was a brilliant flash. When the smoke cleared, there stood Chuck Harris on the mantle-piece. Fancy seeing Chuck Harris.

Chuck Harris ?



CHUCH HARRIS ??? He should have been at Rainham.

"It works," screeched Walt. "My matter transmitter, it works."

I felt elated.

"Try and get Marilyn Monroe," I suggested excitedly.

"Ah, no," said Walt craftily. "I am going to send you somewhere. Take your pick - Neptune, Uranus, Jupiter... ?"

"Walt, no - o - o - o - o" I screamed.

But I needn't have worried. Diane, my loving wife, burst into action. She had made a few quick mental calculations and discovered that my monthly pay packet was due the following day. Just as Walt prepared to despatch me on my grim journey, she switched off the light. There was a brilliant blue flash - when it died away there was a hole about three feet deep in front of the fireplace. Chuck was hanging from the chandelier. The others were blinking in amazement.

WILLIS HAD VANISHED.

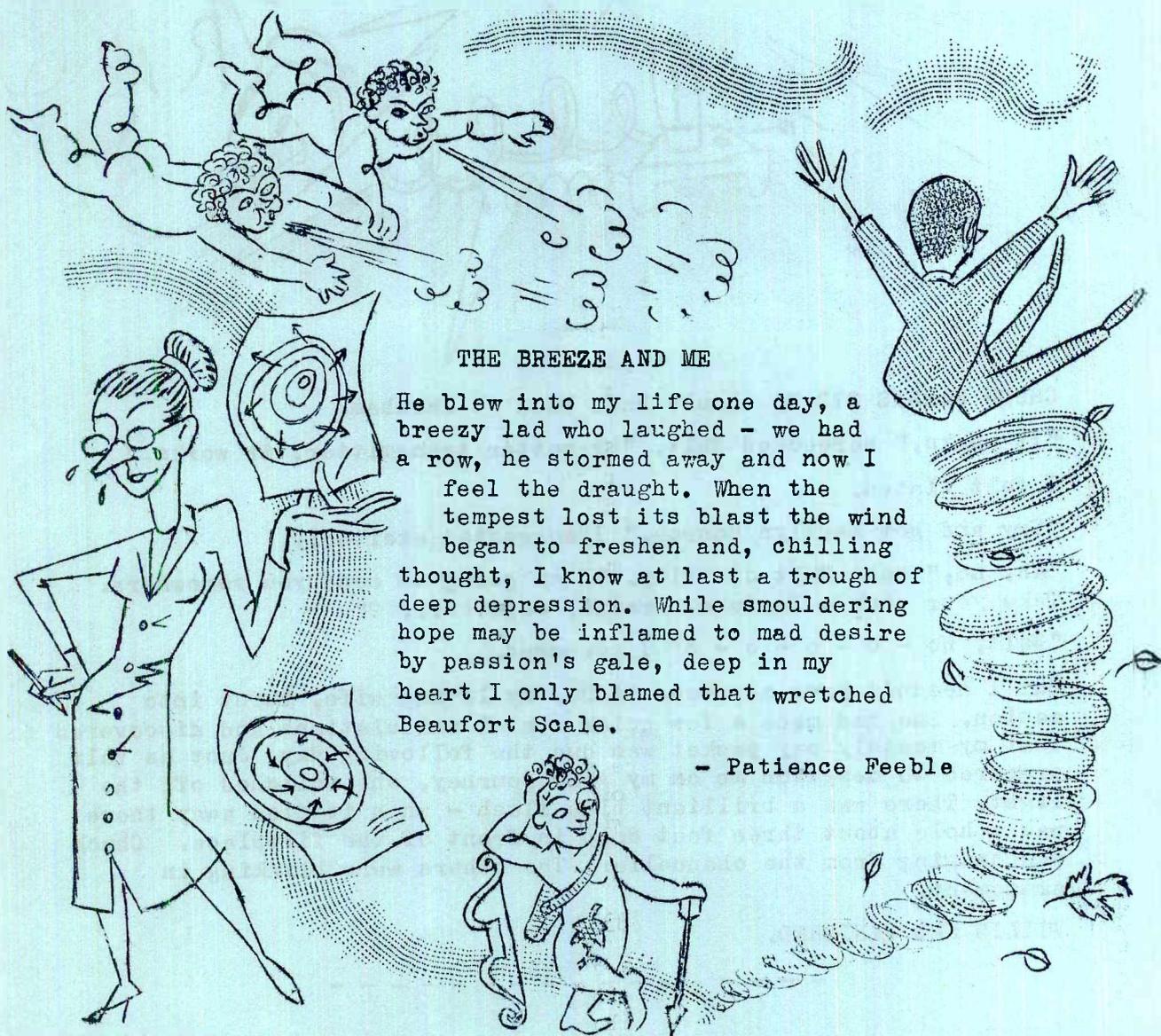
I move into Oblique House tomorrow. I'm going to make a few changes.

I can promise that Hyphen will be out on schedule in future.
There's a television set there, too.

.....

Medusa's startling head of hair
Was a spectacle to deplore. A
Hair-raising guess is she washed her tresses
in WIDOWEE'S HAIR RESTORER.

.....



THE BREEZE AND ME

He blew into my life one day, a breezy lad who laughed - we had a row, he stormed away and now I feel the draught. When the tempest lost its blast the wind began to freshen and, chilling thought, I know at last a trough of deep depression. While smouldering hope may be inflamed to mad desire by passion's gale, deep in my heart I only blamed that wretched Beaufort Scale.

- Patience Feeble

me is the one-to-one relationship which states that there are as many millions in Infinity as single numbers. Even this concept is within the grasp of six-year-old Bill Turner, second-in-command of the Romley Junior Fan Veterans, since he can count up to ten million with no trouble ... "One million, two million, three million, ... " etc. But let's see where it leads.

Cantor admitted his concept to be bizarre, but it seems to work not only on mathematical concepts, but on abstract ideas, and subjective and emotional states of mind. A single instance in the field of theology is proved for the first time. While a point has position but no magnitude, every pin has one. Granting the premise that a pin point is sufficient stumping ground for one angel, there must be room for a million.

Applied to the subjective experience of time, the reasoning still holds. As we age, the years seem to grow shorter. This can only be expected, since every year which passes adds on another million years without adding any extra time to Infinity. Consequently we have to live faster and faster to get through the extra years in the time available.

Also in this group is Human Love. I who once loved a woman for her womanliness and femininity find no difficulty in loving another million similar ones. And the man who desires a woman for one particular organ ... well, there is proof of this theorem, but the laws of libel and the editorial policy of this journal prevent me from mentioning Err-1 Fl-nn.

And that most revealing phrase, "It never rains but what it pours"... This is the hallmark of the chronic worrier, who as fast as he loses one worry, finds a million others. Though at the other extreme we have Jimmy Durante, who, though he has in fact only one nose, boasts, "I gotta million of 'em !"

You see, it works. But when we leave abstract concepts, and look at arbitrary values, it is different again. There is an arbitrary quantitative value set on prevalent conditions of labour, capital, and the price equilibrium of competitive markets - money, the ROCT itself. If Georg could prove to me that for every pound note in my bank account there exists another million, I would cheerfully kiss him in public.

Most illuminating, however, is the application to solids and non-solids. While the prospect of sleeping with a dead policeman leaves me cold, a million dead policemen arouses the paradox of great joy and intense disgust. Thus Cantor's idea has repercussions on the emotions, and their seat, the mind.

The mind of Fred Hoyle postulates the spontaneous generation of hydrogen atoms in interstellar space. Atoms, of course, are an almost purely mental and mathematical idea, being little more than energy charges. Only the mathematical mind can conceive of immaterial electrical charges spinning round a nucleus of an electrical charge 1840 times heavier. The neutron, by definition, is an electrical charge, free of charge, and possibly tax-free as well. There is no reason at all why, for every atom of hydrogen produced in the sun by atoms of helium breaking down, a million others should not be permitted to appear in

interstellar space. There's plenty of room even if they misbehave.

And finally to our Universe, which we are told is expanding because the Good Book says at one time there were only the Sun, the Moon, the Seven Stars, and a Firmament, which was useful for navigating and horoscopes. Now for every star once visible to the naked eye, the Mt. Palomar telescope discovers a million others. This belief that the Universe is expanding is blamed on the red shift in the spectrum, which cannot defend itself. By drawing a waveform on a strip of rubber and stretching the rubber, we get a picture of what is happening to space to produce the lowered frequency. Nobody believes any more in the imponderable luminiferous ether, so what is this "space" whose stretching abilities cast such a slur on the unfortunate spectrum?

These are the requirements, remarkably enough. There must be an endless supply; it must have great tensile strength, yet be completely immaterial to permit the unhindered passage of everything from electromagnetic frequencies to suns, planets, comets; above all, there must be proof that it exists.

What do we know that fulfils all these requirements?

Only one thing...

If this article has made you think, this is indirect proof that there is far too much unnecessary thought going on. We know just how tenuous and transparent thoughts can be. We know the great limits to which the imagination can be stretched without strain. And we all know the adhesive powers of propaganda, the persistence of memory and the tenacity of beliefs. It seems reasonable to state then that the entire Universe has its being in imagination.

Pardon me while I shoot myself in the other foot...



So many a scientific theme
Has no present day actuality,
And many an author's best written dream
Is for those with a certain mentality.
Supposing there is of all things a scheme...
Has illusion a place in REALITY ?

philosophical pomes

"Cogito, ergo sum" to me
Is a veritable stinker.
How could a thought, now, possibly
Exist before the thinker ?

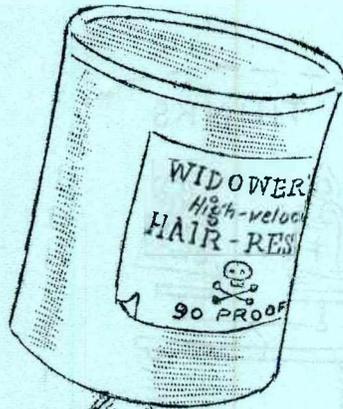
THE MOST FORGETTABLE CHARACTER I'VE MET.....

or DO YOU KNOW ANY OTHER FOREIGN LANGUAGES I COULD LEARN TO SWEAR IN ?

I have heard that English is spoken over in your country. We don't use it much in the States. I heard a guy who could speak English, once. Had a nice talk with him. I told him that I went to town tomorrow. He said that's in the wrong tents. I don't live in tents, I told him, I live in a houses. Singular, he said. Nothing singular about it, I replied, as I live there with my parents, three brothers, a sister, two cousins and a dog, and just about the only one singular is the sister and the dog, only the dog is female two. Too, he said. Right, I said, two. That's not singular, is it? No, he says, plural. I had a plural necklace once that I gave to my girl and it struck me sort of funny that this geezer should know about it, especially with him talking sort of funny and all, so real quick like I started thinking that maybe he was a red spy -- you know, him knowing all those things about me and speaking English like that, like maybe he had practiced it. What gave him away was that we don't speak English over here. I decided to trip him up. What school did you go to, I asked. That's ending a sentence in a proposition, he says. No proposition, says I, getting just a little annoyed because he was evading the question... you know, sort of covering up and hoping I wouldn't notice. No proposition, I says again, and I can't hardly see how you get that. He sort of laughed at me and muttered split infinitive. Well, that got my goat and I up and split his infinitive or lip or whatever you call it in your language and left him sitting there in the sidewalk, bleeding. Dirty reds. It's just a good thing all you guys over there speak English and don't have to worry about things like this.

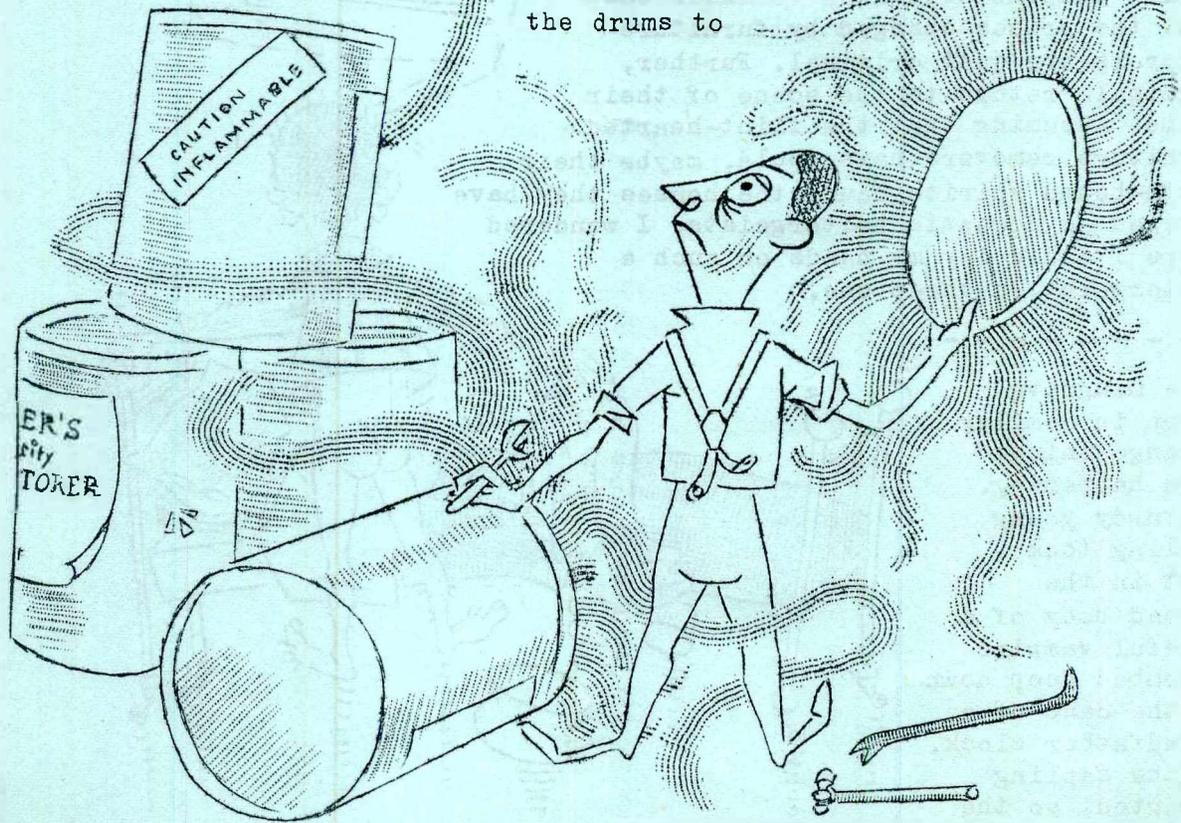
- Gregg Calkins

Elderly maids who blush deep red
At the mention of phallic symbols
Display no shame when they acclaim
WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL THIMBLES.



FROM THEIR FUR-LINED FACTORY in the heart of the country the great firm of WIDOWER'S INC., sent me a telegram and six drums of their High-velocity Hair Restorer. "FIND IMMEDIATE USE FOR NEW HAIR RESTORER - URGENT" ran the cryptic message. Curiously I removed the lid of one drum to find inside a luxuriant mass of hair, but not a trace of hair-restorer. Puzzled, I cut down the seam of the drum with a can-opener, opened it out flat, and realised the true nature of the problem - the hair was growing from the surface of the metal. All the remaining drums were the same, until finally I stood surrounded by opened-out metal drums.

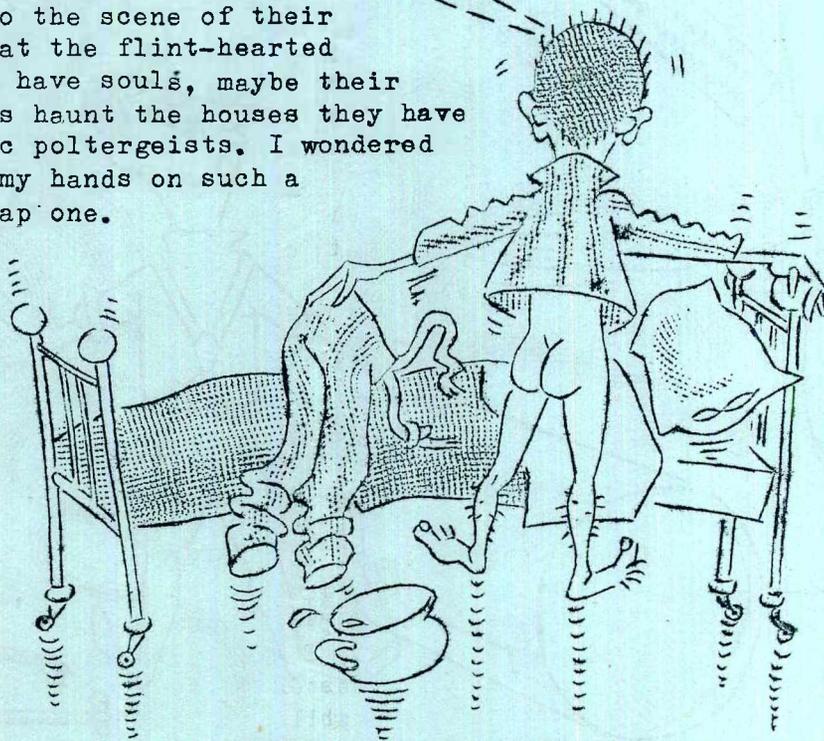
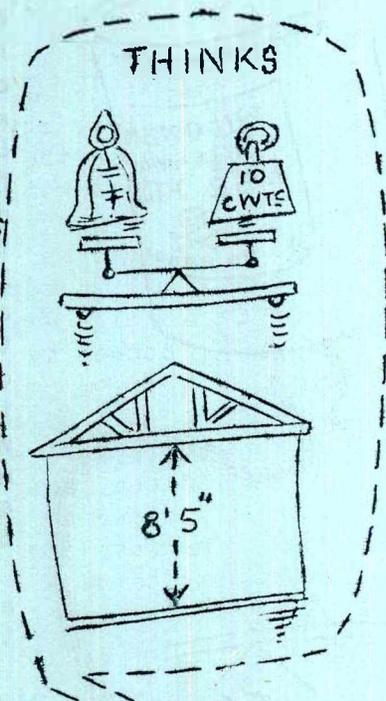
This, I realised as I hacksawed the drums to



shape, was a golden opportunity. As I assembled the hair-grown metal plates into a steel-backed carpet on the bedroom floor I examined the problem. What was wanted was a useful furry adjunct to gracious living - something useful to adults and children alike. Or something furry and useful to both... something playful, yet practical. Combining my new carpet smooth I went over the requirements. Something soft and cuddly, yet a beast of burden, a drawer of water, a hewer of wood, with lots of hair and lovable, why, dammit, that was just an ordinary wife. I pondered on the problems of the innovator as I wrestled the furniture back into place. Something which could move furniture, for instance, yet essentially playful, like a poltergeist. Mmmmh - a hairy poltergeist?

All householders know to their cost that the prices charged by furniture removers are just criminal. Further, criminals return to the scene of their crime. Assuming that the flint-hearted furniture removers have souls, maybe their earth-bound spirits haunt the houses they have ravaged as domestic poltergeists. I wondered where I could lay my hands on such a poltergeist, a cheap one.

In a mangrove swamp in Romiley strange things were happening. A sturdy young sapling took root in the undead body of a hateful vampire entombed deep down in the case of a grandfather clock. As the sapling sprouted, so the



bodily substance of the buried vampire became absorbed into the tree, and with it the unholy intelligence and lust for women of the vampire.

The sound of a slow, rhythmic pounding aroused me from slumber. Half asleep I analysed the unusual sound. It resembled nothing so much as a bulky object weighing about half a ton being raised to a height of 8 feet 5 inches, then dropped, over and over again. Full consciousness returned as I reflected on the fact that the Nuremberg Maiden weighs approximately half a ton, and the ceiling is 8 feet 5 inches high - a circumstance beyond normal probability. I hastily arose, donned my pyjamas, and went to investigate.

Opening the living room door, I saw the Nuremberg Maiden rising to the ceiling, with a strange-looking object clinging to it. "Hold it!" I yelled, spreading Algy out as a shock-absorbing mat below my treasured heirloom, and ducked away as the Maiden crashed down again. Angrily I dived at the thing and grabbed it. As I held it at arms length my face dropped as I realised that I had a genuine poltergeist in my hands - FREE! In wild delight I locked it inside the Nuremberg Maiden, dressed, went down to the post-office, and wired to Widower's Inc. for further supplies of Hair Restorer.

In the dreamy hamlet of Romiley a puzzled housewife complained bitterly to her adoring husband. "Harry!" said she, "That new tree in the mangrove swamp... it just made a pass at me!" Her husband looked up and beamed. "Who can blame it?" he asked. Then the grin faded as he realised precisely which tree Marion meant. Well he knew that it penetrated the heart of a vampire; with pursed lips he speculated on the possibility of being the legal owner of a woman-eating tree.

It was cold in the flat, waiting for the Hair Restorer to arrive. Blue with cold I stuffed up all the gaps and cracks with Algy, and stoked the fire until it roared up the chimney, with no effect. The more heat I poured into the room, the colder it got, and coldest of all was the region around the Nuremberg Maiden. Gloomily I pondered on the energy requirements of a poltergeist, and looked up references to the subject in Charles Fort. Muffled in heavy clothing, swathed in blankets, I became immersed in Fort, reading on to the part dealing with those unfortunate people who were burned to death without even scorching a sheet. I knew that these unfortunates had reversed entropy - they had roasted themselves to death by absorbing heat from their surroundings, while the bed was refrigerated.

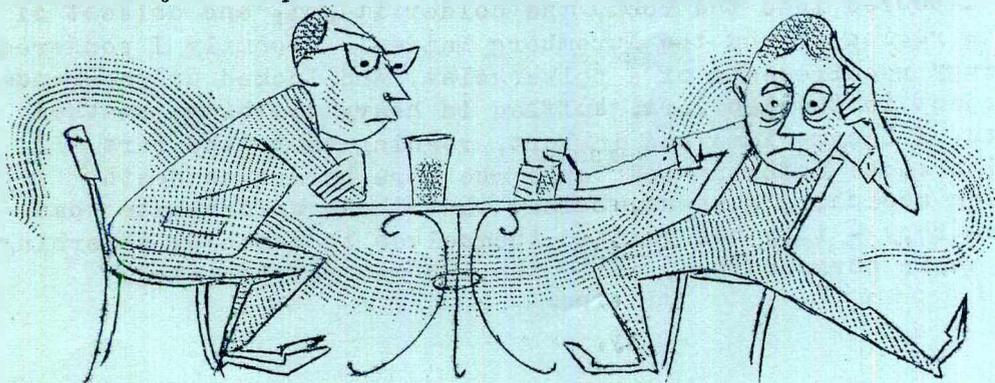
Apalled, I wondered if the poltergeist also soaked up energy before venturing on its furniture hurling exploits. Despite its appeal as a possible sales point, it would be mighty cold having one around the house unless thoroughly insulated, which meant it would have to be completely covered with hair. I wished the Hair Restorer would arrive.

"Pots and pans and clothes pegs for rags !" cried the old gypsy woman in the streets of Romiley. "Pots and pans, sir ?" she cried to a prospective customer who approached her. "No thank you," said the man. "What I need is advice, and I understand that the Romany people have a knowledge of rare plants and herbs. Would you care to examine a plant in the mangrove swamp up the road ?" "Cross my palm with silver, sir" said the old crone...

... Harry tottered feebly into the kitchen. White of face he looked at Marion. "It is a woman-eating tree..." he breathed.

I met Harry at work, told him of the poltergeist, and learned from him of the woman-eating tree. Sipping a cup of coffee, Harry shook his head over the advisability of confining an energy-absorbing poltergeist in an iron container. "After all," he reasoned, "you can only contain a given amount of energy in a container of given strength, and, if you recollect, Eric Frank Russell says these things sometimes explode." "What would you do ?" I asked. "Should I release a fully-charged poltergeist in my flat to have fun with the place ?" "There may be a way of discharging it," was Harry's opinion. "Let's go and see it." Back at the Flat, I opened the cover of the Nuremberg Maiden just a crack, and recoiled in horror at the bluely glowing radiant ball of angry energy inside. "Tell me," said Harry, "have poltergeists been known to go nova?" "Not if they were insulated with Hair Restorer," I hazarded, shutting the door. "Let's go for a real drink."

At the Stock Do we examined the problem. Should we tear out the tree, and maybe release a vampire on a world already under the threat of a super-poltergeist ? Or should we release an energy-drunk poltergeist on a world under the threat of having its women systematically devoured by a vampire-tree ? Under the mellow influence of cider we



cursed women and poltergeists alike, and wondered what sex the poltergeist was. At this I looked up in hope - there was still the Hair Restorer.

History has many instances of glorious failure. We saved the world, but knew the bitterness of defeat.

How we determined the poltergeist to be a male, and discharged it with a van der Graaf generator need not concern us here. How we grew lustrous hair and long eyelashes on the poltergeist, effectively changing its sex, then built up a terrific negative charge in it is no matter for concern. For when we raced to Romiley carrying the poltergeist, insulated by Algy, and hurled the highly charged horror into the waiting arms of the vampire tree, so that a neutralising bolt of emergy ripped up through the tree, destroying the vampire in a whiff of evil, greasy smoke and rendering the poltergeist inert, we knew sad failure.

For once we grew hair all over the poltergeist it was no longer possible to determine its sex. Now sexless, neuter, neutral and harmless ... the poltergeist was useless for removing furniture.

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L I M P E T - S N A T C H I N G M A D E E A S Y

From May to August shellfish and sea-food is out of season, yet at this period the ancient game of shellfish snatching is at its height on the sunny beaches. At low tide rocks can be seen to be covered with incrustations of limpets, which can be prised loose with a crowbar, a shoe-heel - or to the cognoscenti, the bare hand. At the first touch of a hand a limpet woggles slightly, then freezes solid and cannot be moved. The correct procedure is to hold the hand above the limpet ready to thrust with the heel of the palm, and lift with the fingertips. This combination of thrust and traction defeats the bewildered limpet which comes loose in the period of indecision, and on being turned upside down can be seen to be flapping its innards in dismay. In theory limpets are edible, but in practice it is advisable to replace the limpet on its rock and thus perpetuate the game for future generations. After a few initial successes neophytes often leap from rock to rock with utter abandon, detaching limpets by the dozen, but these excesses are frowned upon by the expert, who knows the quiet joy of leisurely limpet-snatching on sunny, sandy beaches in the summer.

LONELY HEARTS DEPARTMENT

A S K

Roy Faulkner

Ancient Matriarch Of Remote California

For sympathetic help and guidance in life's little problems consult Mrs. Dorothea M. Faulkner, AMORC (not a religious organisation)... write to SCRIBE DMF/AMORC, c/o 10 Carlton Avenue, Romiley, Cheshire, England.

"Everywhere I go people describe me as "a nice girl". I get tired of this, it sounds so milk and waterish. Of course, I could spit in their eyes and then they would say that I was not a nice girl. But I don't want that either. My pal Frances gets called "Fabulous", Madeleine "the hostess with the mostess", and Shirly's nickname is Shamey, yet here am I constantly known as "a nice girl". Can you help me to acquire a more interesting label?" - Ethel Lindsay

--- I think your trouble is that you really are a nice girl. Hence your failure to convince anyone to the contrary. Of course, the other sort has more fun, as witness the reply of a college graduate who was asked how she came to be living in a plush house of prostitution: "I don't know - just lucky, I guess!"

"Eric once told me that when he was drunk he thought I was desirable. Then he gave up drinking. What should I do?" - Fran Evans

--- Spike Eric's next cup of tea with some good strong Jamaica rum. Not only will he then regard you as a most desirable female, but also as a top-hole tea brewer...

"What is the right age to be? When I was akid, people said, "You're too young for that sort of thing!" As I grew older, they said "You're old enough to know better!" Right now they look and say "Look at that big kid !" I'm sick of being exactly the wrong age all the time." - Eric Needham.

--- Suggest you choose a good solid in-between age and, like Jack Benny, stick to it. I should think 28 would be about right. At that age you are not too young for forbidden fruit; at the same time, owing to the current passion for calling anyone under thirty a "juvenile" and excusing his foibles because of that, you will not be expected to know any better. By the way, what is it that you do to invite all this criticism?

LIFE KNOWS OF NOTHING MORE FORLORN

Than rising in the early morn
And seeing on the soaking lawn
A thermostat in the rain.

At work or else on pleasure bent
I know of naught but discontent
While all my waking hours are spent
On a thermostat in the rain.

But then I felt my conscience harden;
And asking not the slightest pardon
I hurled into the next door garden
That thermostat in the rain.

- Alfred Lord Sennapod.

NOW & THEN 7 is published by the Founder Members, Harry Turner and Eric Needham, for the edification and bewilderment of members and associates of the Romiley Fan Veterans & Scottish Dancing Society, from 10 Carlton Avenue, Romiley, Cheshire, England.

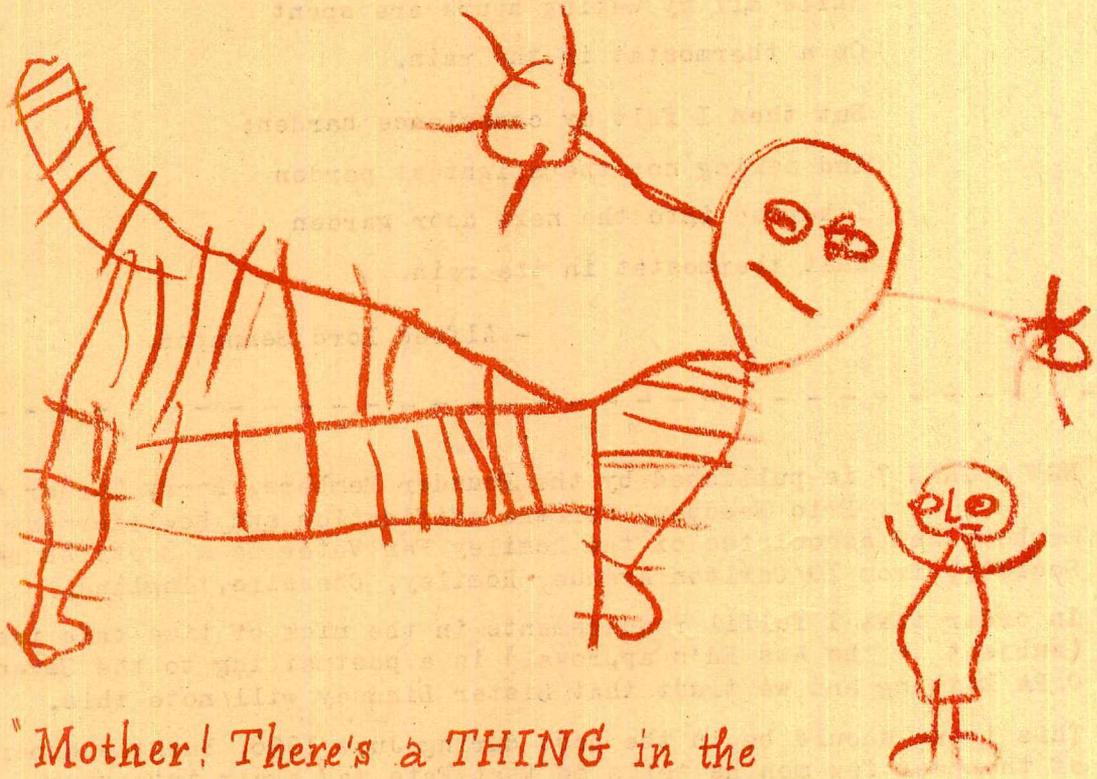
In order that I fulfil requirements in the nick of time this issue (subject to the Ass Ed's approval) is a postmailing to the ~~Seventh~~ ^{Eighth} OMPA Mailing and we trust that Sister Lindsay will note this.

This issue should be in the post during June 1956, but the experience of the past few months tells me that Fate may again intervene ...

Reklameschilder auf dem Mars
Begrüssen den ersten Pionier
"Schmeckt gut mit Würst,
löscht Gerfandurst -

VIDOVER'S EXPORTBIER"

Serial No  102...
N I R V A N A
GOOD FANSMANSHIP INSTITUTE
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Excellence



"Mother! There's a **THING** in the
back-yard..."