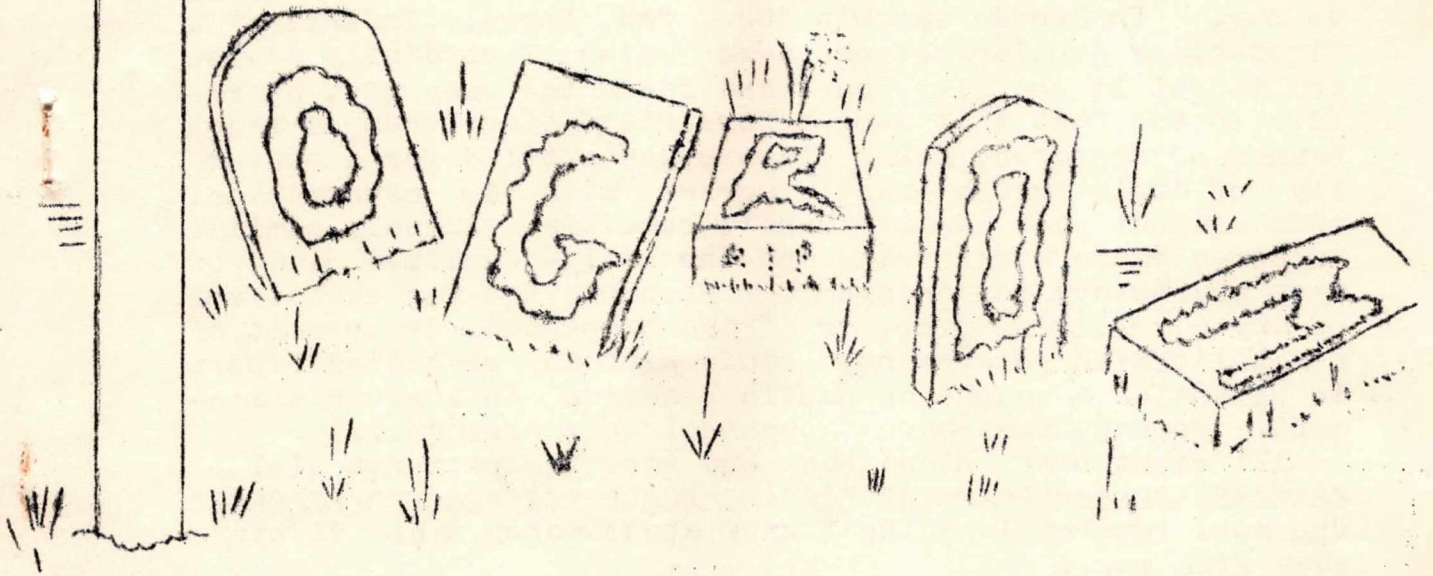


2



FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE

POGROM Rude reactions to the third thelection of OMPA
POGROM A dissecting table for driveln by the
POGROM licensee of the Sign of the Sword and Scalpel,
POGROM the celebrated Public Louse - John Brunner,
POGROM whose hiding place is called Highlands, Wood-
POGROM cote, Reading. Vol. 1, No. 2, June 1955.

Pogrom No. 2 massacres the March mailing.

Pogrom No. 3 will slaughter the summer showing.

I THINK I MUST HAVE ROCKS IN MY HEADITORIAL

Last time POGROM sort of picked me up and ran away with me! What I had originally intended to be a sort of sketchy analysis of the zines in the previous mailing turned into a full-blown mag which rivalled NOISE LEVEL in size. Let's keep it that way, Huh? It's fun...

This mailing will doubtless contain any reactions there may exist to my last editorial. Read 'em and find out for yourselves. Meantime, I will explain one howling hiatus which appeared in the last issue. I kept at intervals saying that I would be passing some remarks about advertising later on in the zine. I came to the end on my last - count it - last stencil and hadn't got room to put it in, unless I junked the translation of the review of DUPE. Which I didn't want to do.

So I'll apologise and say here and now what I was going to say. In George Gamow's "One, Two, Three...Infinity," a first-class popular science text which I cordially advise you to get if you like your hard facts the easy way, he refers to the fact that long before statistics became a major branch of research, poker players had settled for a seniority of deals which exactly agrees with the mathematical odds against each hand. Hasn't something vaguely similar happened where advertising and the newly-developed study of mass psychology is concerned? Probably the top executives of any advertising firm, or of the propaganda department of a totalitarian government, could give any so-called expert in semantics a course on public reaction to a given statement. Someone must have thought of this already...

All right now! Stand back and give the patients air!
The most remarkable thing I know about money is how it stays away from me...

This magazine is duplicated on quarto-size - sometimes called Bloodier-size - paper, by courtesy of Judge Jeffries. No quarto will be given. This is a fright to a finish. My grateful thanks, as usual, to Viné Clarke for the duping.

ANY comments herein should be taken in the spirit in.....2.

GRALLOCH DEPARTMENT

BURP I resent the accusation that NOISE LEVEL is an imitation of BURP! Around my part of the world, we provide our own originals. Speaking of people working for UNO, what in hell ever happened to Norman Corwin? I read his collected radio dramas and documentaries last autumn, since when I have been trying to track down anything of his that is on the air-waves, but without success. I agree that fans will talk - and presumably write - cheerfully about anything and everything other than sf. Last time I managed to talk sf at the Globe, I had to resort to a pro - Wyndham, to wit.

OMNIBUS I'm following the route laid down by OFF-TRAILS to ensure I don't skip a jump. Peanuts I like too, salted or otherwise. I am now the proud possessor of a copy of the Mad Reader - mad, man! But strictly. I don't think the Top Twenty idea will come to very much, alas. Too many people who would otherwise buy it have all the fmz which contain the original items. Pleasant zine, this. However, in reply to your comment on NOISE LEVEL, maybe I should make something clear. You say the change of mood between the rest of the zine and THE JEW was wrong. You're entitled to your opinion, but OMPA can't - I hope - be entirely frivolous. I write quite a lot of stuff which is, if you like, experimental. It doesn't stand a chance of publication through more orthodox channels, but I'd like to have opinions regarding it from somewhere. At the time when I wrote THE JEW, I'd been doing some research into this character known variously as Ahasuerus, Cartaphilus, Butta Deus, Michob Ader, and other names, and the character of a man two thousand years old fascinates me. I can't get under his skin, so to speak. So I pushed it out in OMPA. General reaction, I'm happy to say, was favourable. Personally, I think the second sonnet of the sequence was the only one that was more than halfway good. However, that's beside the point. What is important - to me - is that I should be able to get such comments. Maybe I should mark items like that with an X for experimental, and invite reviews more clearly. LORD OF CREATION and THE QUEST in NOISE LEVEL No. 2 were similar things.

CAPRICE Beautifully produced, of course - as ever. I presume that at least some of the black legibility is due to the ink spreading slightly on this type of paper. Bloch's letter was not merely funny but interesting too - and I am prepared to acknowledge Garth Bentley as a Past Master of the Limerick (1st class, with knobs on). The picture at the top right of page 7 is either very lovely in its own

3....which they are intended. Formaldehyde is recommended.

right, or is an excellent likeness of a very pretty girl.

T.I.T.O.T. Why the Other Twerp precedes the Firstwerp is beyond me! However: I regret to see that plagiarism is beginning to rear its ugly noddle. I used that "not responsible" gag in NOISE LEVEL No. 1. I'm flattened. ~~Te~~ for your review of NL, tho'. I too play the guitar - and have been through the number on the back of the zine. A bit too fidgety for my taste, I regret to say. Moreover, the sequence sounds monotonous by itself... They usually do, don't they?

T.I.O.T. And so to Dave's cOMPatriot. The best item in this is Birth of a Fan. I wish it could have happened that way. However, a fan was actually born in 1934, you know - name of John Brunner. 24th September was the fatal natal day. I really go for your illustrations this time, too. I wish I could produce life-like - or even death-like - resemblances. Yes, A.Hyatt Verrill is indeed the same bloke as himself. I can't be bothered to learn Flemish, I fear - I'm even forgetting my French! Though on the mantelpiece above my typing table (I write with my feet in the fireplace) I have a couple of novels by Craig Rice in French editions, not to mention an Anthology of modern German verse which even includes the late and unlamented Herr Baldur von Schirach. Not to mention? All right, I won't.

SNOOZE Now look. If the time was only coming up to 0800 when you started on this, why were you worried, Geoffrey?? It doesn't look as if you ~~wasted~~ spent a whole day over it, even now. ~~Had~~ you liked NOISE LEVEL. Put something besides reviews into the next ish, and maybe I'll like that, too.

IO U haven't got much in here, have U?

ARCHIVE The strange fishy smell comes from the death-like (see above) drawings which supply the title. The only reason I had for not inviting MSS on fivers was that I have never yet seen a fan who habitually has as much as £5 to his name. I once did an article for a Hatfield zine (I think) paralleling sf and jazz fandom. It never saw litho. Darn it, at that point I stopped reviewing and started to re-read the mag from cover to cover. This is a very good issue, Ah Chee. (The proper answer, of course, is "Ah, Chee - thanks!") Liked the Checklist in especial.

BURP-GOES-SICK The vomitorium is the second on the left as you go down the oubliette. Trouble with this is one's reviewing so many people all at once. How much simpler it must be to review NOISE LEVEL - all one has to say is that I'm an egg-head (or invent your own imprecations) and that's

This magazine is dedicated to confusing the issue. The..4.

your review finished for another mailing. You know that Yusen Kaisha is the latter part of the NYK, of course - the major Nipponese shipping line. Some chuckles in thish.

HOW! That reminds me. At the time of writing I have an Enever-letter to answer. Mustn't forget that. Accept my apologies if I do, won't you? If ever I go in for flat-bed duplicating, I'll take note of your instructions. Personally, I think duplicating is greatly assisted by having one of those beds with a dip in the middle. ~~Propriety is all.~~ Now stand clear while I foam at the mouth. **WHAT DO YOU MEAN WHO WROTE THE JEW?** Look, knucklehead - I did. I'm sorry and all that, but I really did. Wouldn't I have said if someone else had been responsible? Further to this item: on spontaneous composition, I suppose it isn't really true - i.e. that I didn't know what it was going to look like when I started. My technique with these things is to assemble a few odds and ends (e.g. THE JEW wasn't specially written for OMPA) and then do a rough on quarto paper dummied out to the ends of the lines. This, without any major alterations, but expanded to make up an exact number of pages, is the magazine. It's improvised, in a sense - I don't beat my brains out re-writing.

NOW AND THEN Widowers' could become a cult! This magazine is superbly produced and lavishly illustrated in a mirth-provoking style. Top rating for this mailing. In deference to the fact that your Department of Honours and Awards failed to give me anything for my first NOISE LEVEL, I will retain the Roscoe for future presentation. (Roscoe, incidentally, hangs in our dining room. He was my grandfather. So help me!)

INCANTATIONS Potter, blast you, you have been giving me sleepless nights with your idea that we may have overlooked something as basic as the wheel. I go around looking at - for example - trees burgeoning and snibles tromfling, wondering how I can capitalise on them and revolutionise our civilisation. Tamam Crud.

SCHNERDLITES Telepussey wasn't quite in the Seagulls class, alas. (Wasn't it Gertie Stein who - ALL RIGHT!) I offer as a tentative title for your Art Treasure, "Okay, bud, I know you're out of shells! Reach for the sky!"

WOZ I'm shuddering at what Walt will say about my insult in NL2. I should perhaps state here that I have already apologised by post. However, my name is made - I have had a limerick praised by the father of Sweet Susie. This time out, WOZ is a close contender for the Roscoe.

5...March issue of OMPA, to be precise. These tiny running

NEEDLE Needles to say, a magazine consisting half of review and half of more ego-ography is hard to review. No, I didn't do much flying in the Air Force. About two and a quarter hours one afternoon, when my Wing Commander took me up and we saw my house from the air (looked just as I'd expected it to look). It was the only time I'd been above the cloud level. Ceiling was about eight thousand feet that day. When we were on the way up, it was like driving through fog, and I got that sort of flinching feeling - you know? Of course, at that height there's perishing little for you to bump into, in this country at least, and when we came out into clear air at about ten thousand I felt wonderful. I met a guy - a P.O. like myself - who'd just finished pilot training, and was doing secretarial work to get the rest of his national service over. He claimed that if he could get back into a Meteor, knowing he would never come back alive from the trip, he'd still do it. I began to see what he meant. If you've a good stomach (we did twenty-some slow rolls and one or two other aerobatics in that two and a quarter hours!) there's nothing like it. Maybe I should take up soaring.

SCOTTISHE My apologies to the Scottie She for maligning her spelling of this word in POGROM No. 1 and then going and mis-spelling it myself when I cut the stencil! I almost roared at your department of curious coincidences. As regards your description of Hogmanay, I met a Scot who came to do his fortnight's reserve at Bletchley (I brought him to the Globe one week - Andy Harvie was the name) and he gave me an account which is directly at variance with your statement that people fall into bed at about 6 a.m. From his description, it appeared that everybody fell into any bed which was handy at any time of the night. Nice guy, Andy.

LUNCHING SITE I saw that typo somewhere in this mailing, ☹ sort of remember. It seems appropriate - the magazine resembles a picnic ground. A kind of open litter... Poirot? He's currently in one of the little grey cells at Pentonville, awaiting execution.

BRAN TUB No Roscoe for you this time, Joy. Too little of it! However, there is no numerological magic in my age when it reaches odd numbers. I was sixteen when I wrote my first published opus, and on re-reading that I find it more of a miracle that anyone should have bought it than that JWC should have bought the others. (Curtis Warren were the saps who did...) I liked that piece, SEEDS, a lot. Must tell David. I've often toyed with the ten-fingered mutant notion myself, but I'm afraid the explanation is probably

heads patter too damned loudly. They're driving me nuts.6.

much more prosaic. You can't divide a metric measurement into thirds or quarters. I understand that in engineering work, people prefer to use blueprints in feet and inches.

STEAM Tell me, Ken - do you usually follow the careers of naval officers of the Nelsonian epoch vicariously in a Morris? Knowing what some of those careers were like, I would have picked a jeep - or better yet, a DUKW.

BILCYN I've been through this and can't find anything I particularly want to say, so I won't say it.

PLATFORM It seems that the Belgian crusade to reform English mis-spelling has failed. At any rate, the opening paragraphs of A Fan's Eye View seem to be devoted to advertising An Egg a Month from All Over! Yes, a SF is the mag which was foolish enough to take a couple of my yarns. More later, I hope. I didn't know I had a style.

DYSTELEOLOGY Really, Vinç, I didn't realise your "little men" were as small as all that! Your analysis of the Esoterics of Fandom is well reasoned and remarkably interesting. I'm glad someone else is sticking his neck out for a serious discussion or two in OMPA.

HEP Oh, well.

BIAS BINDING I'm doing these last few off the cuff - so if the justification slips, you'll know why. Helen Highwater and Sheila O'Donnell both seem to be forcing their men-folk into unheard-of and unspeakable activity. Good idea, this.

AMOUR I'm all for it.

GOBSTOPPER What a lovely title, Ken! However, it was too full of plugs for my taste. Perhaps it was well mint, but I should personally sum it up as a lot of humbug. THE LOATHSOME HISTORY OF THE PENTODE VALVE was good. Reproduction - a bit below par for you.

BURP-AT-THE-CON Just managed to take away the London Circle 's (!) chance of making BLOGIC the only fmz produced in a moving train. Wish I could do things like that to the tax-wallahs.

My apologies to any post-mailers I've overlooked.

That about winds up this issue of POGROM. Now you've read it, you can go back and read the other magazines in the new mailing with a clean conscience. I clean my conscience with LETHENE - produced by Divorcee's, a subsidiary of Widower's Ltd.

... So long.