

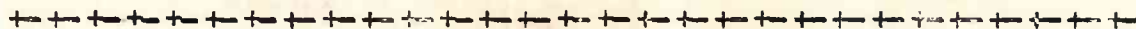
JOGROM-3

POGROM Nasty natterings anent the fourth fragment of  
POGROM OMPA. This careless collection of callous  
POGROM comments is issued in the cause of Further and  
POGROM Fiercer Fannish Feuds by the Minister of Feud  
POGROM himself - John Brunner, whose feudal castle is  
POGROM Highlands, Woodcote, Reading. Vol. 1, No. 3.

POGROM No.3 slaughters the summer showing.  
POGROM No.4 will flagellate the fall failures.  
??

OH MY GHOD NOW WHAT HAVE I SAIDITORIAL

The editor's decision is feudal...



GRALLOCH DEPARTMENT

SCHNERDLITES I would have reviewed this gladly if I'd had  
a copy, but I didn't think to check the contents of the  
mailing against the OFF TRAILS count until I'd started on  
POGROM. Better luck next time, Lindsay (male).

STEAM So you've tumbled to it at last, have you?

MORPH Much the most interesting and intelligent issue so  
far. I'm especially interested in the recollections of In-  
dia. At one time I was seriously considering adopting  
Hinduism or Buddhism myself - it's food for thought, if you  
haven't noticed, that not only does Hinduism contain an  
oddly modern view of a cyclic universe, but also a very  
fair description of genes in the idea of skandhas, the sort  
of raw material of personality devoid of memory which is  
handed on from incarnation to incarnation. Page eight of  
my copy is upside down, but I didn't let that deter me from  
reading and agreeing and disagreeing by turns with Harri-  
son and Williams. Please - more!

ANDROMEDA Still slightly hung over with subzine qualities  
but pleasant withal. Con reports - well, any report of a  
con like that must be entertaining. Having seen This Is-  
land Earth, the only point on which I agree with Rike is  
the painstakingness of the special effects. The general  
result was one cut below Jeff Hawke and one cut above Twin  
Earths. Oh, what Hollywoodeheadedness!

ARCHIVE I see Archie is trying to get into our black  
books. No, Massah Mercer, I do not consider that flouting  
a convention necessarily makes a story outstandingly good,  
or I should have a collection of Hank Jansen instead of my  
shelves of Edmund Crispin, Margery Allingham, Chandler and  
Fred Brown. What I do maintain is that the ability to di-  
vorce hidebound conventionality from one's moral, ethical

I can't think of a running head for this page. Sorry. 3.

and religious practice and replace it with logical or reasoned acceptance is the hall-mark of maturity. See?

DUPE Back to the greened. Gosh, an awful lot of people (nothing personal, you and Roles) seem to have gone slightly off the deep end about NOISE LEVEL last time out. I can't for the life of me imagine why. Just what does constitute a good OMPAZINE, anyway? Don't bother to answer that - some of what it takes is right here in DUPE. Put away that modelling clay; it can stand on its own feet.

PLAYTIME The gall of the man. First he comes up with the ideal fanzine title - RUNE - and then he throws it away, and no one else can use it. Still, if I started all the fanzines for which I have good titles, I'd be issuing the last ones from an address in Brookwood Necropolis. Bloch? What else do you want to know about it?

NEEDLE This is the one I got two of to make up for not having a SCHNERDLITES, I suppose. There's something I do not like about your surprise at enjoying my work!

UGH! Which is still pronounced rrrch, with a uvular r and a sort of retching sound in the back of the throat. If it was meant to be pronounced ug, it would be spelled ug! Of course, it's a smooth production job. I almost shed tears over the Sour Mash's epic - and am awful glad I wasn't invited to tea the day you salted the sponge. This review is curtailed because my copy stops with page eight.

NOW & THEN How can a couple of people be so consistently and delightfully mad? You can't comment on this magazine, except to say that it's brilliant. Ghod! First Scotland imports bagpipes from Pakistan, and then Romiley imports a Doedelzak from Twerpia. What's happened to our native genius? (Aside from these two and me, of course).

En France, a Paris, quand on a soif,  
On ne boit jamais de l'eau.  
Pierre et Raoul se rendent mieux saouls  
De la champagne du Veuf Clicquot.

HEX Wellscome to you. I would say here and now that I do not think suck a short title. I don't even like the imaginary taste of titles, except down the middle of a long bit of rock. No, I haven't read Saintsbury, but as a poet of long standing (I've never made enough money at it to afford a chair) I figured that out on my own. What contest was it that made it so funny - a battle with custard pies?

WOZ It issueth from the right hand of Ghod, and even if it turns out to be his left hand it's still right with me.

4. All my running heads must have been dosed with Endrine.

WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA Roscoe for this mailing. I thoroughly enjoyed all of it. Ah, happy daze! When a piece can create nostalgia in someone who hasn't even got the memories to nostalgize over, that's really something.

INCANTATIONS I've already replied to your eulogy of Yardbird Parker. Anent hidebound mouldyfigs -- take a look at NOISE LEVEL if and when it shows up. I've been doing some stimulated thinking. Frankly, I enjoyed the logogenetic passage more than what there was of the rest. Caviare to the general, perhaps; it's more than human, Ken.

T.I.T.O.T. etc. Much as I admire our Mrs Buckmaster, if she can find any good enough rhymes for Daphne to make decent limericks, she's a better woman than I am. Hey, that stands to reason! Chargrin (page 4) is, I suppose, some sort of scorched mirth policy? Pleasant and mildly mad.

SCOTTISHE You'd better tell Joyce Roydon (sic) that her style is showing. Uncreative forsooth! Things like that don't happen to uncreative people. Honours for the issue. The Greek guitarist mentioned -- Toni Giovanni -- had his picture in the Melody Maker during the Soho Fair, by the way. Do I hear Twerpian cries of jealousy? Enough of this inside information (a slipped disc is an example of an inside out of formation). You say you keep waiting to find out what I'm really like. Ethel, are you the kind of person who chews razor blades because she likes the taste of blood? I can't believe you have such masochistic desires.

ESPRITS The weather is slightly more seasonable for half-measures in clothing now. Out of both numbers, the work of Anon carries the palm. How I agree! Now tell me how we get rid of the connotation of profanity which has got attached to our nice frank efficient Anglo-Saxon monosyllables, and we can push them back into circulation. In his introduction to The Flashing Stream Charles Morgan pointed out that modern English has no printable word for the act of sexual intercourse other than circumlocutions or medical terms derived from the Latin. Idris Seabright has suggested re-introducing the verb to dight. Sound okay?

HOW I loved the pay-off line to your demolition of Pctter.

GALANTY It's a bus'.

BIAS BINDING All steamed up, this issue, I see. This has prompted me to take another look at the original correspondence on the subject of the patent Aqueous Vapour processes in Quandry, between the claimant, who was suffering from a prior art, and the calliope company of Fort Mudge,

I shall treat my running heads to a clean handkerchief. 5.

Ga. (pronounced, by me at any rate, Ga.) This addition to the literature of the cult stands up quite well.

T.I.O.T. Aside from the query which I meant to notice in (I think) DUPE, as to how many languages it is possible to speak in English, the problem now arises as to how many languages one can speak in Fandom. It sounds as if it may become Fandemonium yet. This rambles after the manner of the traditional muskrat. Pleasant. Now - who in hell is Ann Steul? This stream of consciousness letter of hers knocked me for the flying loop which was ready on the port side (Kipling: Easy as ABC). She been hiding her flights under a gooseberry bushel or something?

JAZZ PARADE Got this in today along with the above (July 25th) and will just notice it here briefly, since many musical OMPANS will doubtless have received it also. Very good idea. With the inauguration of the Cat's Cradle in NOISE LEVEL (what title could be more appropriate for a jazz dept?) it looks as if the trufannish habit of spreading gospels of all kinds from Ghu to Pogo is breaking out again. More lungpower to our improvisations.

#### END OF GRALLOCH DEPARTMENT

Which leaves me with half a page or so to fill. This is as usual duplicated by the wall-eyed fan, Vin~~z~~ Clarke, who must be finding it awful hard to resist the temptation to put his comments on my zines in the same mailing as the originals go out with.

The cover of this issue is, of course, Roscoe. Now Roscoe was as I have frequently and truthfully asserted my grandfather. In our dining room hangs a portrait of him which the Selection Committee of the Royal Academy was kind enough to have hung in that august and september edifice way back before the first World War.

The cover of this POGROM is, however, based on a caricature of the original by E.T. Reed, who was doing "Royal Academy: First and Second Depressions" for Punch at that time. My grandpop wore a pair of rather natty spiked and waxed mustachios, very prominent in his portrait. Reed took one look, chuckled gleefully, and drew him with champagne corks stuck on the spikes, captioning the result: An Obvious Precaution for the Safety of the Public.

Sometimes I think Reed must have been a spiritual ancestor of Atom.

The said caricature also hangs in our dining room - when I haven't removed it for purposes of copying.

It may be seen by appointment.  
And that, really, is that...