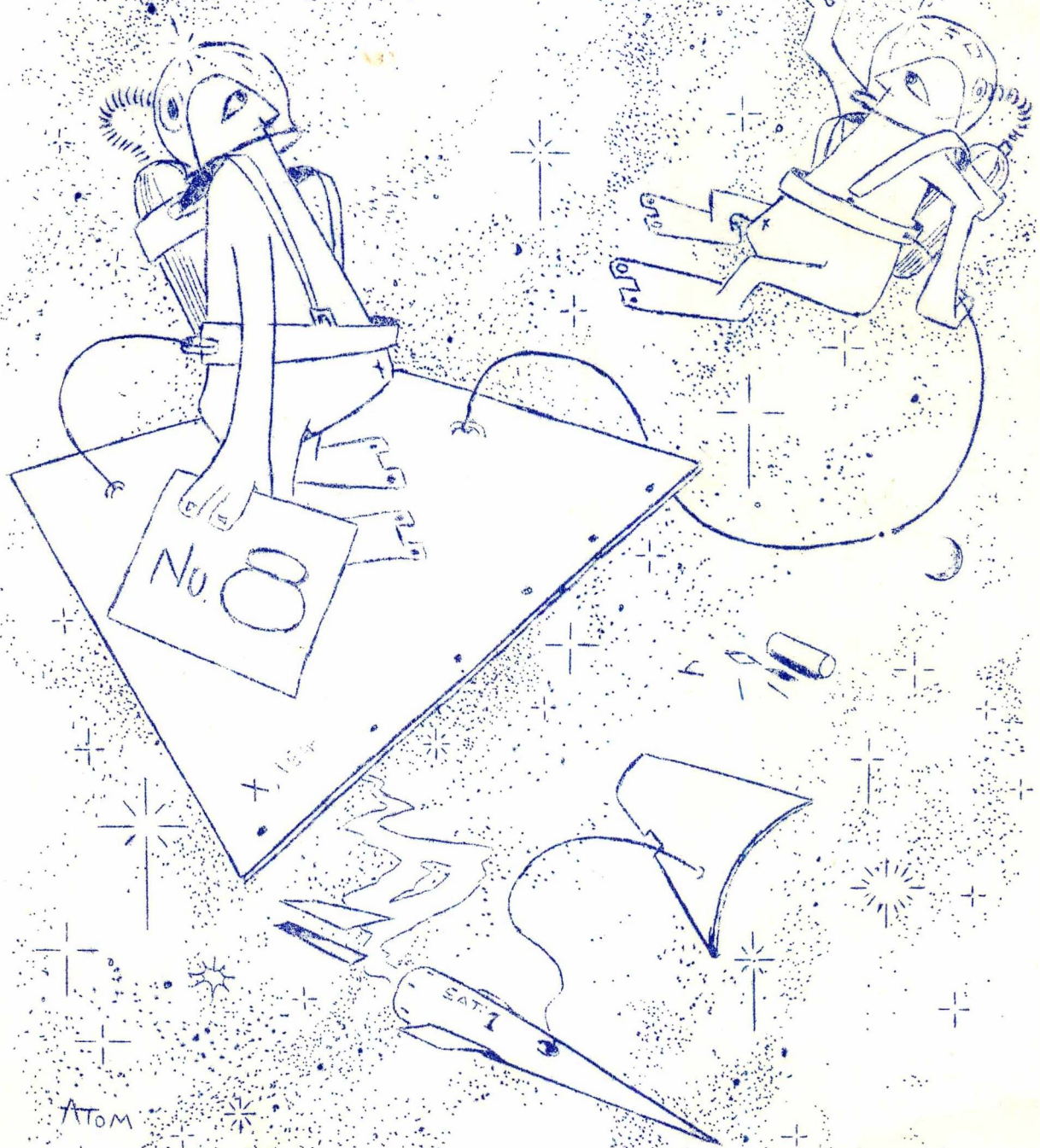


# APORRHETA



ATOM



1959  
February

# A PORRHETA - 3

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Cover by ATOM  
Editorial and Contents.....P 3  
(layout: Sandy)  
Mass Hystereo by Archie Mercer.....P 4  
(heading: Sandy)  
The Old Mill Stream by Penelope  
(heading: Barry Hall) Fandergaste..P 8  
Hidden Talents by John Berry  
Pt III...In Which The Stage Becomes a  
Shambles.....P11  
(heading: Atom)  
Berry Fund Ad. by Atom.....P15  
A Letter From.....G.M.Carr.....P16  
(heading: Sandy)  
SF A to Z : G & H by Arthur Thomson.....P18  
The Li'l Pitcher by Joy K Clarke.....P20  
(heading: Vine)  
Cloudburst by Ron Bennett.....P23  
(heading: Sandy)  
Inchmery Fan Diary: January 1959: HPS.....P25  
(heading: Atom)  
(Fillers: P 28 William Rotsler  
P 31 Barry Hall  
P 34 Arthur Thomson )  
Addresses.....P37  
(heading: Barry Hall)

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APE-3

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10/- (\$1.50) per year. Published monthly  
or thereabouts. Most of the time, that is.





# MASS HYSTEREO

Stereo, we are told on all sides, is now The Thing.

People who have once heard it will never be satisfied with monaural recording in future. The added realism - far more satisfying - THREE DIMENSIONAL SOUND - representing a far greater advance than even the LP revolution - and so on ad (in my case at least) nauseam. The idea being that with two loudspeakers relaying different parts of the sound track back at you from different points of the compass, the quickness of the hand deceives the eye as it were and you actually seem to hear the musicians as they are on the concert platform.

Fair enough, on the face of it. By the way, which concert platform was it recorded on?

Well - er - well actually it was recorded in the studio...in simulated concert-platform conditions.

In fact, the musicians recorded it by standing solemnly in two circles playing into multi-directional mikes in the centres, for all the world like nothing so much as a cutting contest between a couple of rival Salvation Army outfits.

Added realism, they call it.

Basically, of course, there are two entirely separate angles involved in the business - the quality of sound that emerges, and the trouble of all sorts that



ARCHIE MERCER



may be necessary on the part of the listener before he can get that sound. In theory the former should make the latter worthwhile. In practice I'm not so sure.

Omitting certain developments that were strictly before my time, such as the player-piano and the Edison-type cylinder-playing apparatus, we can start a historical survey of the Phonograph with the common hand-wound portable that, before the war, was the backbone of the phonographic industry. This possesses two distinct advantages that are not possessed by any electric model - (a) its workings can be easily understood by the entirely lay mind, and (b) it is entirely independent of an electrical power supply.

The electric phonograph, pre-war 78-only type, possessed one definite advantage over the hand-wound model, and that was simply that it didn't require winding by hand. When LP was introduced, two more advantages were apparent - continuity of the uninterrupted flow of music for much longer periods, and far greater record-storage capacity in a given space. There was also the minor advantage of the reduction of surface noise - but this is not necessarily an unmixed blessing. Surface noise soon attunes the ear to itself, and comes to be ignored by the listener in the same way as the ticking of a clock. But when it becomes habitually lessened or absent altogether, the ear soon adjusts itself to the new conditions, so that when surface noise DOES occur thereafter, it tends to spoil one's enjoyment of the music completely - which it didn't before.

When my caravan was connected to the electricity supply in 1954, I lost no time in buying a three-speed electric model. This was due partly to all three of the main advantages already mentioned. On the other hand I was now tied to the electricity for all except my 78s, and I was out of my depth whenever the thing went wrong - which it often did. Nevertheless, on balance I found things much better than they had been, and I still find them so - particularly since I got a more expensive model that doesn't go wrong so often. My 'Five Year Plan' (well, it'll be that at least by the time it's through) for conversion of as many of my 78s as possible to slower speeds proceeds apace. The repertoire of available music of all kinds is immeasurably greater than it was in the days before LP, and everything appeared set for further expansion.

And then along comes stereo.

This brings another crop of mixed advantages and disadvantages. The advantages you can see enumerated in advertisements galore. The disadvantages include greater expense all round, further complications of the equipment, more cumbersome equipment (the whole bag of tricks can no longer be housed in one compact apparatus, but requires at least two separate items), lack of easy adaptability to one's home (the positioning of the speakers requires experimentation to achieve the best effect in relation to the room's natural acoustics - which in the case of a monaural loudspeaker can be virtually ignored - and also really small rooms are not suitable in any case), and last but by no means least, the repertoire of available music inevitably becomes divided. When LP first came on the market, I used to swear violently when something became available on the new discs that was non-existent on 78. Later on, when I went onto LP myself, I cursed that a lot of good stuff was still only available on 78 - and still so remains,



particularly certain items of two or more sides that just cry out for LP treatment. And now the same thing is already happening between ordinary LP (the latter term including for convenience 45 rpm as well as 33) and stereo. There are recordings available on stereo and not on monaural, and doubtless plenty of the best existing monaural recordings will never become available on stereo. Of course, others equally as good will, and there is the fact that stereo machines are able to play monaural records, but the split is still there - and my cursing thereupon breaks out anew.

A further disadvantage going hand in hand with the split repertoire is that where it overlaps, dealers have to carry the same recording in alternative forms, thus inevitably reducing the overall coverage of the field represented by their total stocks.

And against all this lot is ranged the higher quality of the sound that eventually emerges. Or so 'tis claimed. And now we're back where we started. Three-dimensional sound, so-called - the fact that the music is issuing separately from two different points gives the illusion of depth as well as breadth in the positioning of the players. But, and it's one hell of a big but - NOT ABSOLUTELY. Already there is talk in the magazines about 'the hole in the middle' that tends to reveal itself between the two loudspeakers at certain passages. This will obviously be seen to before many years have passed - probably by trinaural recording. Then we'll hear of TWO holes in the middle, and so on. Ultimately, I can envisage a separate loudspeaker for each instrument in the band, and even beyond that - if one can go beyond the ultimate - many instruments produce their different notes in slightly different places. In most cases this is probably beyond the human ear to differentiate, but the grand organ occurs to mind as a case where for REALLY full sound-effects one would require a battery of speakers all round the upper walls of the room.

This won't all happen at once, though, but gradually. Trinaural won't appear on the scene until binaural becomes the rule - then people who have already junked their monaural apparatus in favour of binaural will have to junk their binaural in turn. A few years later, quinaural - whatever five-fold stereo will be called - will replace trinaural, and so on. And every time this happens, the poor old repertoire will once again be riven asunder. And life will become still more complicated. Giving you each time a 'better' sound than before, of course.

Lets have a look at this 'better' sound. Better in what way? Well, I have already told you - more realistic. High-fidelity in three dimensions. Yes, but high-fidelity to WHAT? To the real sound of the instruments (or voices, or whatever) of course. Fair enough, I suppose. You have, of course, heard the real sounds of these instruments and things often enough? HAVE you? Voices, yes - the voices of your acquaintances and the like. Not, in all probability, of recordable singers though. And if there is an instrument in your house, you've probably heard what it actually sounds like. But not a whole band of them. The only time you'll ever hear a band as it actually is will probably be in the street - a military band on the march, or a group of kerbside buskers. But if you go to a dance-hall, a concert-hall, or even a humble open-air bandstand, whatever you hear will NOT be what the band actually sounds like. Instead, what you hear will be



bounced off acoustic trip-wires, channelled into strategically-placed microphones, and finally delivered to the listening audience through loudspeakers. (If you manage to get fairly close to the band, between it and a loudspeaker, THEN you'll get something of the same effect as binaural recording. In which case, you're getting the worst of both worlds.)

These gizmos are probably justifiable at an open-air bandstand where otherwise your position in relation to the wind would govern the amount of music you heard. This is less applicable in enclosed halls but then there is the question of undesirable echoes. Even so, the remedy is probably not much better than the disease. When the band is being recorded, however, a microphone (at the VERY least) is inevitable. But 'inevitable' is a long way from equalling 'desirable'. And gimmicking-up recordings in the interests of 'high-fidelity' has become the accepted thing. The recording engineer may or may not produce a better-sounding noise than would have been achieved without him - he is at least sincerely trying to be helpful. But he's not, surely to goodness, giving us high-fidelity, or anything slightly approaching thereto - he's giving us HIS idea of what the music OUGHT to sound like. And yet this so-called 'high-fidelity' is accepted by the public and the critics alike. A reviewer will quite seriously commend a recording as being "a masterpiece of engineering" all blissfully unaware of the ridiculous paradox he's committing.

With the entry of stereo the engineer gets more power in his earnest little hands than ever. He might almost as well dispense musique-concrete as he sees fit - the principles exactly the same but he hasn't gone QUITE that far as yet. In a nutshell then, the stereo revolution differs from the LP revolution in that stereo provides a far from complete answer to the wrong question.

In the midst of all this it becomes increasingly overlooked that there IS a true sound made by an instrument and it CAN be captured on record. But not by means of so-called high-fidelity recording. I have in the past been surprised to find that, when an identical performance recorded on both 78 and on LP is compared, the LP does not always come out with the better marks. I now possess well over a hundred LP and 45rpm records, but the most apparently NATURAL-sounding records that I have are still on unduplicated 78s.

For instance, there's my Aldershot Tattoo record, vintage 1932. It sounds exactly as if there's a band outside, maybe fifty yards away. (Nearer if I turn the volume up a bit). I'm not sure how this was recorded but I imagine that they simply hung a microphone out and let the band play into it. And as a result, they achieved at a stroke higher fidelity than all the recording-engineers in the world have been able to achieve from their cubicles on more up-to-date equipment. All the ones in the world whose work I've heard, anyway.

To finish on a note even more sombre, just supposing that what we're all earnestly hoping never does happen WERE to happen, and the world's electricity was put out of action on a more or less permanent basis by H-bombs. On that day the hand-wound portable would come back into its own. I still haven't thrown mine away, anyhow.

Archie Mercer.



# THE OLD MILL STREAM

by

Penelope  
Fandergaste



— a country  
column of city  
life —

So last month Ap<sup>o</sup> was a little delayed, which this time gives me a little topicality to play with. Right up to date there's the news of the M.C.C. winning a match in Australia, whilst less important news brings in items like the closing down of the Preston Motorway to celebrate North End's victory in the cup replay, Mr Mikoyan's side trip to Newfoundland and the deaths of Carl Switzer, Mike Hawthorn and Cecil B. de Mille. I must say that old Cec had more faith in the movie industry than I have. Everytime I'm in town I try to keep up with the films one critic or another has given a decent review, and come to think of it, how many of them are critics these days? Since Richard Winnington of the News Chronicle died, I can't think of anyone in the popular press who does not appear almost afraid of committing himself to panning a film or a star. The film industry still thinks it's making pictures like The Way Ahead. No wonder television is catching on so. But there...does one find any better on T.V.? Apart from certain points in Quatermass - did you like the new one? - I have yet to see a T.V. half hour film with the slightest glimmer of originality. I see that the authorities that be are now releasing the films bought on the Ealing contract. Recently there was a showing down here of Bill Temple's The Four Sided Triangle which was as good a botch up of a book as I've ever seen, and in the near future they're running The Bells Go Down, the one  
eight



good thing that Tommy Trinder ever did, and which should be of interest to certain fans living in Liverpool.

Whenever I do go to the pictures, I'm a sucker for the extras. I don't know whether it's the thought of getting something for nothing, but anything that isn't actually advertised seems to hold my attention more than does the big picture. Those Pathe Gazettes, for example, with their tours round pottery factories, I find fascinating. And cartoons...well, who does not like cartoons? I'm even intrigued by the adverts which flash on and off while one is letting ice cream drip all over one's lap.

I know that I'm sticking my head right inside the lion's den when I talk about advertising, for it has to be admitted that while Joy Clarke doesn't exactly know everything about the subject (when did the first Barker and Dobson chocolate adverts appear Joy?) she's not exactly a novice at the game. So I realise that I'm treading on gooey ground - the ice cream, remember - when I say that I can't understand how certain things sell at all when those products are advertised as they are.

The other week I saw a film in which a boy was collecting train engine numbers in a book. The driver of a passing engine called him up on the footplate and then he rode about on the lines until his mother called him in. Rather like those boats on a lake I thought. Come in number seven. The mother just smiled at the engine driver the motherly way screen mothers seem to have. The picture then changed to the happy boy going to bed. He sat up eagerly and his mother gave him a cup of Ovaltine. Loud groans from the audience. What does the Ovaltine company hope to gain from such idiocy I wonder. The audience is being led merrily up the garden path - there is no indication that the film will prove to be an advert until the very end. No doubt the audience feels that the manufacturers are doing a little one-upping at their expense. Is this going to sell anything? Don't come that old one about audiences liking being led up that old path either. I know all about Agatha Christie and Alfred Hitchcock and I can't see that it's the same thing at all. There's a difference when you're in on the joke.

The whole film seemed inconsequential. Having read The Hidden Persuaders I'm as fully aware as the next person that different products search around to find a section of the community at which to aim their subtle salesmanship. This Ovaltine advert evidently reached a new low for subtlety and if they are really so hard up as to aim their campaign at such a minority as engine number collecting schoolboys, then I think we should take pity on them and all go out and buy ourselves a couple of dozen tins apiece. Come to think of it, can anyone think up any adverts that beat, for sheer effect, those produced by Roses Chocolates?

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A strange thing happened to me late the other night, and it was strange to me only. I'd been doing some accounts pretty late on, and when I'd finished them I thought I'd go out for a breath of air. The pubs had closed long since, and though there was a threat of snow in the air, it hadn't started falling at that time. It was a little rare but a nice brisk walk soon cleared my muddled mind. I felt much better when I got back indoors. I put on my slippers and settled down by the fire for a little late night



reading. And that's when I had the shock. I started to read a straight novel by Leigh Brackett, 'The Tiger Among Us'.

This begins with Walter Sherris, an ordinary family man-in-the-street, taking a late night walk to clear his head after working late on some accounts at home. A car draws up by him and a gang of teenagers pile out and set about him. So much so that he's in hospital unconscious for nine days and is pretty much of a wreck even when he comes round. This isn't a pleasant piece of reading but it certainly is vivid and realistic. The youths are on something of a bender and their attack on Sherris has no basis in reason. They don't want revenge on him, they don't want to do him personally any harm, they don't even know him. It's just their way of having fun. Which is a manner of understating a rather explosive situation.

Sherris tries to get the police to hunt this gang, but their hands are tied by lack of factual evidence and Sherris has to cope not only with his injuries, his potential loss of his job, and the humiliation of the whole affair, but he begins to doubt his wife's trust (with very good reason) and all in all if you're the type of reader who automatically identifies yourself with the hero in the hope of pleasant things to come - in fantasy if not in fact - this is not the book for you. Sherris would willingly change places with you, whoever you are. This is a surprisingly good book, ably written and possessing an insight into human nature which would not seem possible from the writer's sf. It's a Boardman Bloodhound, of all things, and I definitely recommend it.

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It seems to stick out the proverbial mile that if one is going into the serial line in fanzines, then a monthly like Apē is a perfect setting for any jewel which may turn up out of the mud. And John Berry's serial certainly appears to be, so far, such a jewel. Another good use for the regularly appearing fanzine of unlengthy interval is the problem, the quiz, the puzzle - and as I've got a couple that have been puzzling me, I'll throw them at you and hope for an answer in a month. To start with, a man has fourteen shilling's worth of silver in his pocket, all current coins of the realm, and yet he can't change a ten shilling note. What are the coins?

Secondly, here's one that must have a flaw in it. The last time I came up into the City I was able to help a fellow traveller who arrived late, in to the carriage, and in return he offered to tell me the secret of his success in business. He said that I'd only need fifty pounds as capital. I had to place this in a bank - preferably a Post Office savings bank which in his opinion has more needless red tape than an ordinary bank. Next, he said, draw out twenty...how much will you have left? 'Thirty pounds,' I said. I'm dead quick on the old arithmetic caper. "Right," said the man. "Then if you later draw out fifteen pounds it will leave you fifteen." I had to agree. He went on..."Later you draw out a further nine pounds, which leaves you..." 'Six,' I said. He looked at me as Ron Bennett or Terry Jeeves must gaze on a boy who knows his two times multiplication table. Right, he said, then you draw out the six and close the account. You left in £30, £15 and £6 didn't you? Add that up. It comes to fifty-one. And no Post Office clerk ever spots that fact at the time. He was right! A profit of one clear pound. A slow but steady income. I think.



Hidden

Talents

John  
Berry

Part 3

Atom

#### SYNOPSIS

SANDFIELD, having discovered the musical talents of fans has arranged a concert to take place at the Royal Festival Hall, the proceeds of which will go to finance HARRIS'S projected 'THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ROBERT MADLE'. On the night of the concert - October 14th, 1960 - the author is seated in the hall close to Sir Malcolm Sargent as the players come on stage. First is ETHEL LINDSAY with the cracked bed pans. The string section followed: HARRY TURNER, H P SANDERSON (with a quiver of spare bows), EFR, FRED SMITH, EDDIE JONES DAVE NEWMAN, ELLA PARKER, RON BENNETT & DON ALLEN. The rest followed.... viola CEDRIC TWEED, piano BENTCLIFFE harp MARRIOTT, glockenspiel WILD, cymbals WILLIS, triangle J CLARKE, fish rack WHELAN & HALL, malleable irons MERCER, brass BULMER, BRUNNER, and DODD (minus tuba), woodwind WHITE, JEEVES, THOMSON, **ENEVER**, PF (suitably masked), THE SHAWs & Mad-eleine WILLIS. Eventually Dodd obtained a tuba from a Salvation Army man (who was thrown out of the hall by GDA men when attempting to recover the instrument) and the hall is still

.....



Laurence Sandfield tapped the baton, paused deliberately to heighten the dramatic effect, and led the orchestra into Mars, the Bringer of War. He raised his hands above his head, fingers rigid with the power he hoped to inflict onto his players. He nodded to the bassoonists, who it will be remembered, couldn't play a note, and flicked the baton in the direction of the strings.

The orchestra was superb. Sir Malcolm craned forward in amazement at the faultless skill displayed. Messrs Bob and Sadie Shaw and Madeleine Willis puffed their cheeks, bulged their eyes and fluttered their fingers ostentatiously. The string section, with NGW prominent, bent their heads to one side, closed their eyes and swung their right elbows rythmically.

Miss Marriott, on the harp, plunged her hands into the depths of the piano, and plucked the wires with reckless abandon. Even her grapes were neglected, by her at least, although Bentcliffe, with eyes darting from left to right, allowed his left hand to pluck one or two which he popped in to his mouth with all the acquired skill of a choir boy scoffing Bulls-Eyes during the Hallelujah Chorus.

For a second the conductor faltered, as if it was just too good to be true, and then he seemed to physically take a grip on himself, and lashed himself into the foreboding of the allegro. Flipping over the score with his left hand, he signalled the instrumentalists, telling them exactly when to come in...the tuba, with Alan Dodd akimbo...the trombone, played by Brunner as if it were part of him (which in fact it was - his tongue was stuck in the mouthpiece)...Miss Lindsay, crutch at the high port, waiting for the signal (which, to digress, fortunately never came)...Cedric Tweep, flogging his viola as though, in some abstract way, it personified section 11 of the Criminal Law Amendment Act 1885.....and all this was proof, if proof were needed, that the wonderful power of music, as exemplified by a masterful composition and relayed by a magnificent orchestra, was the ultimate mental achievement.

With the players lashed into a fury of activity, cheeks puffing (even when they weren't supposed to be playing) eyes bulging like goose eggs, feet stamping in impatience (Miss Lindsay), Mars came to its relentless conclusion. Sandfield stepped back, mopped his brow, and turned to face his audience.

Sir Malcolm was on his feet.

"I could almost swear I conducted that," he breathed, and he applauded. The audience, mostly composed of music lovers, appreciated the fact that it was unusual to applaud between parts of a work, but if Sir Malcolm thought the performance worthy of it, so did they. The hand-claps, the hurrahs, were deafening.

I looked at Sandfield, and I'd like to take up a couple of pages trying to describe the look on his face. Entranced isn't the right word...neither is bewildered...or amazed...or unbelieving. Lets just cut things short and say it was a mixture of all of those things. The sort of look that the Curies had when they saw radium for the first time...or Sir Edward Hilary's expression on the summit of Everest...or the rapture on Chuck Harris's face when he got his first cheque!



I must humbly confess here and now that I had prepared for the worst. I had had the foresight to have a taxi parked outside with the engine running, and I'd built up a cast iron alibi to prove I was in Caithness at the time. But I saw before my very eyes, in the Royal Festival Hall, a manifestation of all that is fine and good in a civilised country...a magnificent orchestral composition superbly played.

It was some moments before the audience would let Sandfield turn his back on them and calm down the orchestra to prepare for Venus, named ironically enough, as you shall see, the Bringer of Peace.

Sandfield signalled the flautists, Messrs White, Jeeves, Atom & Enever, and the Hooded Oboeist (Penelope Fandergaste) and they twiddled their fingers and sweet music flowed over the hall. The spellbound audience, really carried away by Holst's genius, almost hummed their enthusiasm.

And then the shaft parted Bentcliffe's hair and disappeared with a succession of twangs into the bowels of the piano. Shirley Marriott screamed and in one second The British Fandom Symphony Orchestra sank from their triumph to utter degradation which even.....

But let me tell you what happened!

The scream had no effect whatsoever on the orchestra who seemed, quite understandably, happy with their performance. They puffed their cheeks and ogled their eyes and moved their arms about and twiddled their fingers up and down, giving a brilliant visual impression of what constituted a symphony orchestra giving its all. The effect was spoiled only by one factor - the music had stopped with the scream.

All was silence. The audience seemed hypnotized, save for Sir Malcolm, whose noted initiative asserted itself at the psychological moment. Stammering incoherently, he dropped in a heap before me with a muttered 'Gor blimey!'

No one else knew what to do. The members of the orchestra continued to jiggle and ogle and puff and fiddle about, and then gradually, very gradually, they individually woke up to the fact that they were doing their nut for nothing. I would hazard an estimate that three minutes after the music had ceased in the middle of the adagio, the only active instrumentalist was NGW, still giving his all with vigorous energy - yet without a sound.

Even he eventually stopped by what I presume to be the combined effect of a couple of thousand minds channelled simultaneously onto one target.

Then the building fell down.

An exaggeration perhaps, but that was my first theory of the cause of the frightful cacophony of sound that blasted unmercifully from the stage.

By some oversight, Gustav Holst, although catering for an exceptionally large orchestra in The Planet Suite, had unaccountably omitted to include parts for the Cracked Bed Pans, The Malleable Irons and The Fish Racks.

One can sympathize with Archie Mercer. At great personal inconvenience he had geared his caravan on to the rear of Bertram Mills Circus and worked his way to London, ('I didn't mind scrubbing The Tattooed Lady, but it was

a bore feeding the sealions") especially to bring his Malleable Irons to the concert.

It is presumed that such thoughts flitted through his head at the sudden stoppage of the music. Possibly it occurred to him that although for some reason the concert had ceased (even if the musicians hadn't noticed) it was imperative that the audience, although temporarily bewildered, be eased out of their obviously aggressive tendencies. It was in his power to create such a diversion until someone brought Sandfield a glass of water and a pillow, and got things going again.

Mercer got to his feet, raised a 16lb sledge hammer, and proceeded to bash his Malleable Irons with powerful force. Miss Lindsay, thinking perchance Mercer was getting all the egoboo, raised her crutch and commenced her party piece 'Concerto for Cracked Bed Pans'. Messrs Whelan and Hall, fat ladles rampant, attacked the Fish Racks, playing up and down the scales.

The first stretcher cases were removed at this juncture (Larry Sandfield one of them) and a squad of uniformed police quickly marched down the aisles and obtained solid ranks between the orchestra and the audience...facing the audience.

I must digress once more. The history of the world is dotted with instances where, during grave crisis, men of strong and sober spirit have come forth out of a void of confusion and orientated things with the force of their personalities. So, in this instance, such a man came forth, by name H. Kenneth Bulmer. He dropped his klaxon horn, climbed on to Vinç Clarke's shoulders, and addressed the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen and fellow fen," he shouted. "Due to the temporary indisposition of our conductor, the concert has come to a halt. Until Mr Sandfield gets back, let's have a little community singing. Let's start with an old favourite 'Old Uncle Tom Cobby and all'."

He waved his arms about, and by sheer dynamic strength of will, managed to persuade about 5% of the remaining audience that it was a good idea. The other 95% audibly discussed the phenomena which had been transacted before their eyes.

Sir Malcolm had recovered somewhat, and to an interested circle of admirers expressed the concrete opinion that in fact he was in a position to confirm an earlier statement of his except that this time he didn't 'almost' swear -- he did swear -- he had played it....

"...the horn played an extra note during the come prima in my recording with the London Symphony, and it was repeated just before the music stopped - I remember it very well - "

Feeling worried, I got up from my seat, edged my way past the busy St. John's Ambulance men, flashed my GDA card and passed through the ranks of bewildered policemen, and sneaked to the front of the stage.

A strange, confused sight met my eyes. Mercer was still flogging the Malleables (he looked rather inspired), Miss Lindsay and her two neofan attendants were gingerly picking up pieces of Bedpan, and Whelan and Hall were trying desperately to get their heads out of the rods of the Fish Racks -- and from the smug expression on Willis's face it didn't require too much



imagination to guess who had carried out the justifiable execution.

The four press-ganged trumpeters stood together, facing each other, and blasted forth with full lung-power the theme from Colonel Bogey, and one or two of the fans joined in with the same chorus I had learned during my army days. Ken Bulmer was entreating the audience to chant 'It's a long way to Tipperary', and the rest of the fans gathered round and discussed the latest twenty-three page OMPA mailing.

Then something fascinating happened.

Eric Bentcliffe screamed aloud again, and eyes flashed towards him.

He stood on the orange crate, his eyes wide, pointing to a violin bow sticking through his bush of unruly hair. He pointed an accusing finger, and we all followed the indicated direction and espied, to our horror, H.P. Sanderson holding his violin like an arbalest with a bow fitted to the stretched strings like an arrow -- pointing at Bentcliffe.

"Oh, he ith a nathty man," lisped Tweep. "I'm on your thide, Eric," and holding his/her viola like a shield he/she swayed seductively towards the piano.

Slowly and uncertainly, fans, with their instruments, moved to either the left or the right of the stage and faced each other, hostile eyes flashing aggressively.

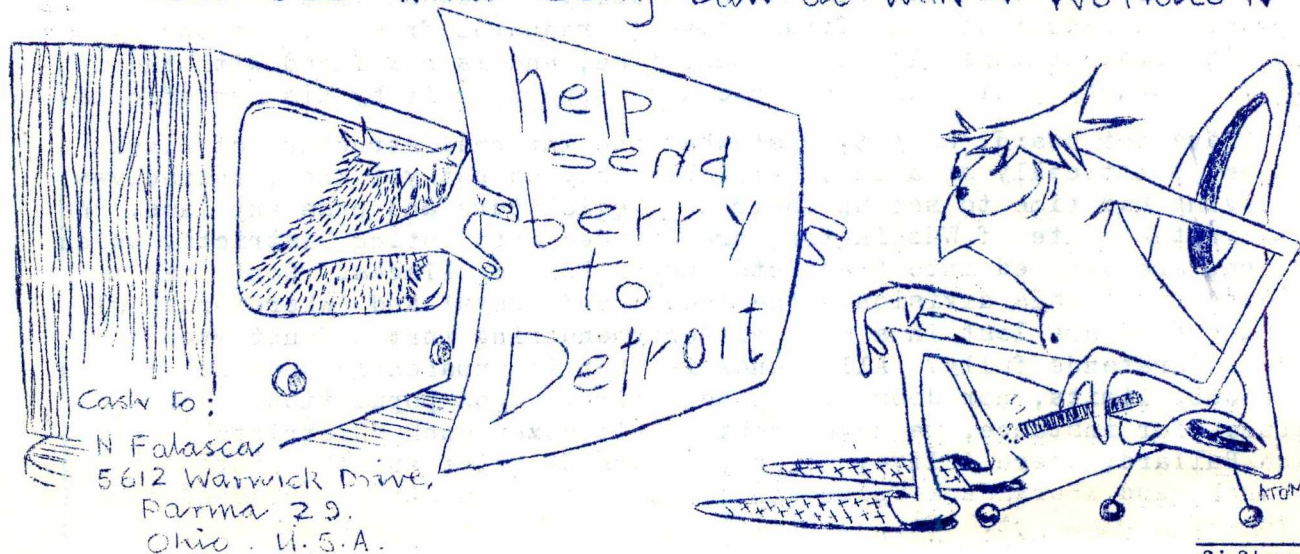
Just as the first shower of violin bows arched through the air with a discordant hum, I heard a sigh from the audience, and I jerked my head round. I saw something even more amazing than anything I had witnessed during an incident-packed hour.

Laurence Sandfield was swinging stageward on the chandeliers, and he had a black disc gripped between his teeth.

...to be continued.

John Berry.

let's see what Berry can do with a Wordcom





A Letter From



G. M.

C A R R

Many people do not realize that the United States of America are quite literally that; i.e. there are 48 semi-autonomous States, each with its own internal political structure, united together for mutual aid and protection. To these 48 States, it is now proposed to add another. But before this can be accomplished, the proposed territory must prepare itself for Statehood by switching over from its present dependent status - dependent in the sense that heretofore it has been administered and financed from Washington DC, and must now become self-governing and self-supporting - by electing its own government and setting up its own system of taxation and laws. This is precisely what they did in their recent elections. (And not without rumblings of internal distress, either. It has come as a bitter shock to some Alaskans to realise that henceforth they will not be subsidized from Washington DC, but must raise the money to pay their own way. Here in Washington, for instance, we are staggering along under a 33-1/3% sales tax, plus a property tax, a business tax, and no less than 3 assorted taxes upon any of us who are so Capitalistically-inclined as to presume to hire any of our fellowmen as employees. Alaskans who previously suffered only a mild form of Income Tax, exempt even from the local taxes on tobacco, liquor and luxuries which most of us accept as necessary evils, now find themselves faced with the necessity of self-government with all the expenditures thereto self-raised. It hurts...most understandably. Somewhat like the status of the pampered Eldest Son who finds himself graduated from College and his father's purse-strings all at the same time, and is now faced with the necessity of starting his own household and supporting it by his own efforts.)

I have not heard, as yet, just what the internal structure of Alaska will be, politically speaking. Probably they do not yet know, themselves, not having had time to set up their own legislature and pass any laws. We here, in the State of Washington, are divided into voting Districts, which, in turn, are divided into Precincts and/or Polling Places. Don't ask me the details of this division - the 'hows' and 'whys' and 'wherefores' of such division are lost in a maze of Gerrymandering that I doubt even Jack Speer understands fully. All I know is that it apparently does not follow the County limits, nor does it depend entirely upon population. Here in Seattle, for instance, we have about a half dozen such "Districts" -- of which Ballard, where I live, is in the 44th District and the little village of North Bend where Jack Speer won his candidacy as State Representative is in the 47th District. Each District elects its own Representative, so Jack



represents only the 47th District...(Come to think of it, it seems to me Ballard has 2 representatives, but I wouldn't swear to it. I suspect there is a purpose to this political vagueness - if every citizen could understand fully what the State Setup was all about, they'd soon come to their senses and get rid of about half of 'em...)

Each State is a complete political unit in itself. It has its own Capitol building, its own Senate and House of Representatives. The elected head of the State Government is called a 'Governor' - but the term does not mean the same as it does elsewhere. It corresponds more closely to 'President' than to what it would mean to the British, for example. (My understanding of the British idea of 'Governor' is that of an appointed representative of the Central Government, so that the Governor to India, for instance, was actually a representative of the British Crown overseeing the local territory. The Governor of a State does not represent the President nor act for him. In fact, quite the contrary - the Governor of a State is the elected representative of the people, and has (in some instances) more power in his office than the President exercises in the White House.)

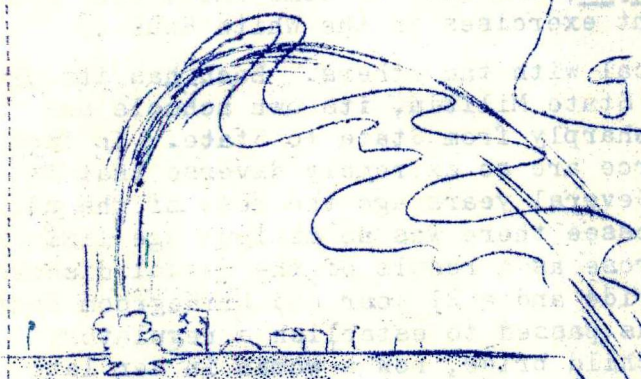
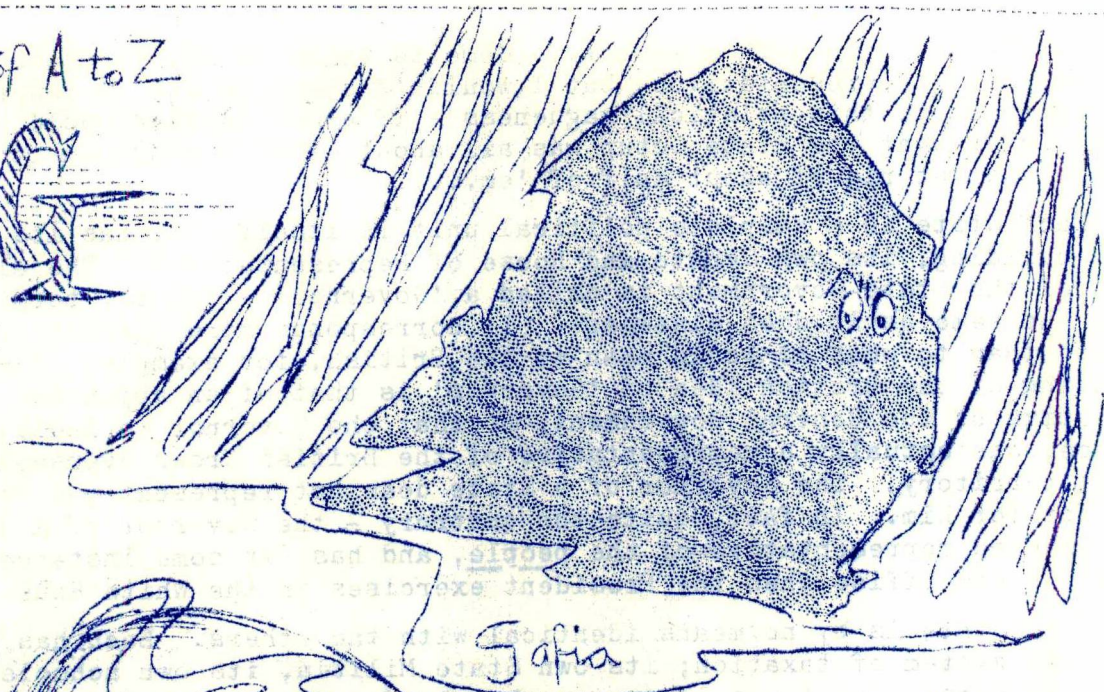
Each State is by no means identical with the others. Each has its own laws and system of taxation; its own State Militia, its own schools and penal systems. Sometimes laws vary sharply from State to State. In fact, the laws regarding Marriage and Divorce are so extremely diverse that it has approached a national scandal. Several years ago the rest of the nation was shocked to discover that in Tennessee there was no minimum age limit for females to marry. The clamor that arose as a result of the casual discovery of a marriage between a 7 year old bride and a 21 year old bridegroom caused so much public pressure that a law was passed to establish a regulatory statute. (Last I heard of her, the child bride, now a woman in her late twenties, was still married to her husband and apparently a happy and well adjusted wife and mother - definitely shy of newspaper publicity, but otherwise in no way different from her neighbours.) But it was the State itself that passed the law - the Central Government in Washington DC had no jurisdiction to do so, nor could it revoke nor invalidate the marriage. This is what is referred to as 'States Rights'. (In a highly simplified form...)

Actually, from time to time, there have been many attempts by the National Government to impose pressure from the outside upon a State to compel it to conformity with the wishes of the majority. Utah had to give up polygamy in order to become a State. Another outstanding example of this outside interference with the internal economy of a State or group of States was in the so-called 'Civil War' - which was actually a war between two groups of States who disagreed over various economic measures (of which slavery was the most widely mentioned). The principle at stake in this war was actually not the relative moral values of slave-holding, but whether or not the so-called 'Southern' States should withdraw from the Federal Union. Another instance is the present integration troubles as exemplified by Little Rock. The Southern States are fighting not so much against negroes attending the same schools with their children, as they are fighting for their own inherent right to continue running their own schools. Unfortunately for them the pressure of public opinion regarding the civic rights of Negroes has obscured the moral values involved regarding the rights of the State Government.....

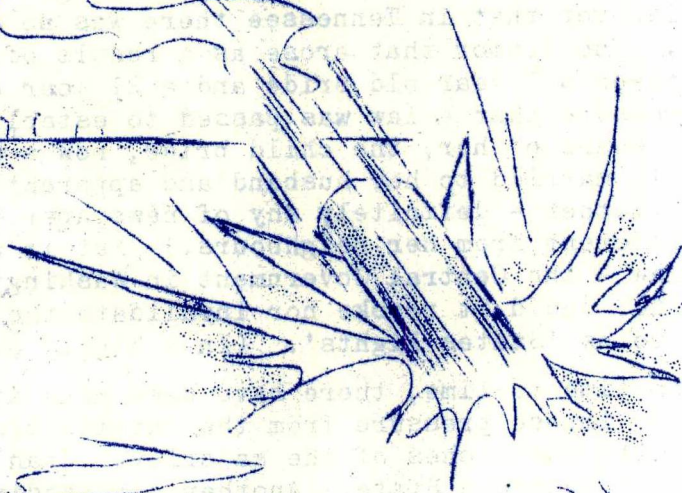
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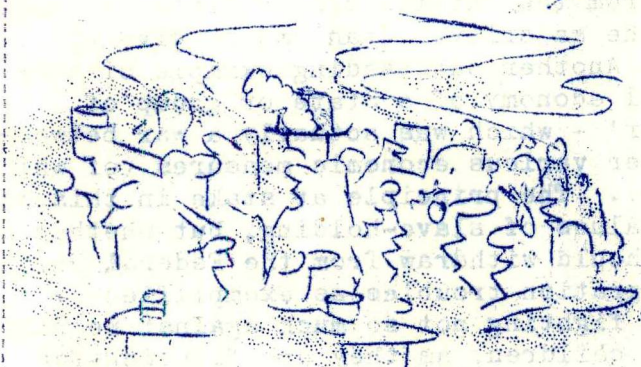
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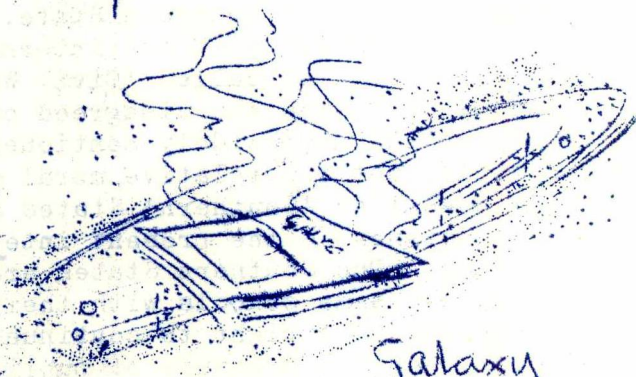
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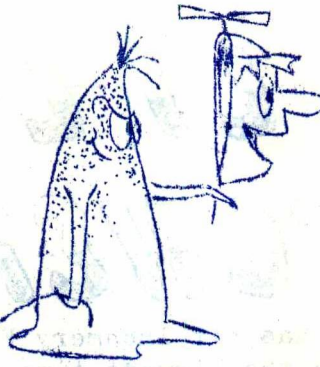
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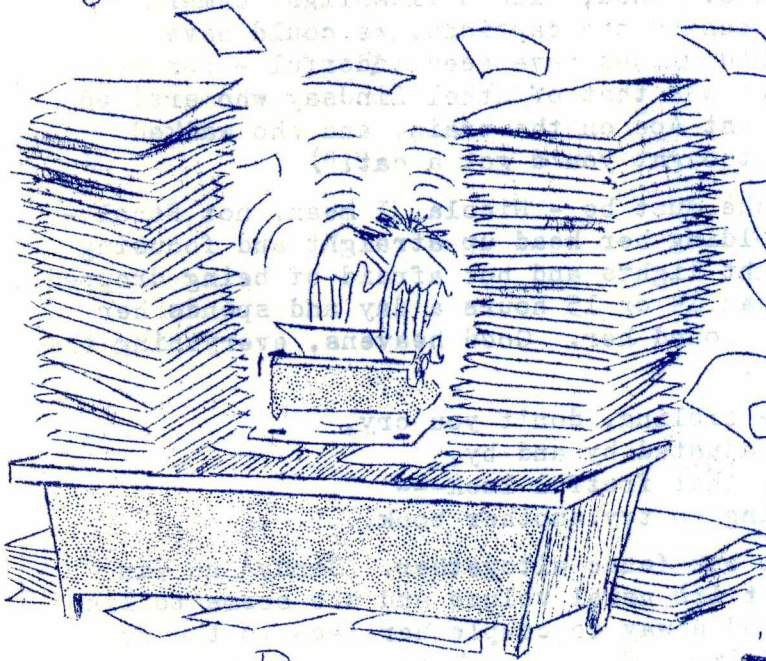
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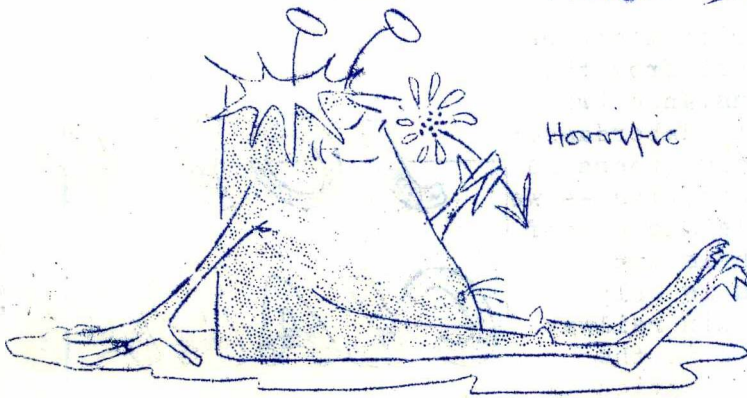


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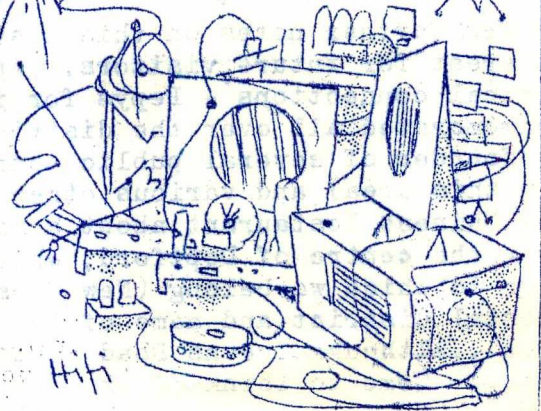
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Letter



Horrific



Hifi



# THE LI'L PITCHER



A disruptive influence has hit Inchmery Fandom with devastating force. Nicola has turned out to be the biggest time waster - not excluding Aporr-hēta - we have ever met. It's not so much the time taken pacifying her screams (and how so loud a noise can issue from such small lungs is something I can't explain) as the time spent by the two NOT attending to her current wants just watching her expressions. These range from infuriated shrieking to sweetly angelic smiles. Ghod, with a flashlight camera, a mile of film, and a fannish mind behind the captions, we could have made a fortune. (The many letters of good wishes have been wonderful - perhaps the most hysterically received comment was that of Ethel Lindsay who arrived after just glancing through the last Apē on the train, and who walked through the door and said "Oh, I thought you'd got a cat!")

We are not sure how mutated she must be - Nicola, I mean, not Ethel - but at a fortnight old she was holding her head up straight and focusing clearly, liking loud noises, bright lights and not afraid of being dropped. She also refused to sleep more than 14 or 15 hours a day and spends her waking hours studying everything around her. Good heavens, everything the book says she shouldn't. Oh well,

"....Hush little sibling, don't you cry,  
You'll be adjusted by and by,  
I recognise that fretful look---  
Mummy's going to try another book..."

At least Nicola will not stop our fanac altogether. Sandy and Ving type, the hi-fi equipment plays at its usual volume and she seems to like the music. If only Ving could find a way to couple her legs to the duper handle she could even earn her living. We'll think of a way yet.

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A few further notes on this district might be of interest for future visitors. Apart from the historical connections - Pepys for instance (who is commemorated all over the district) Haberdasher Aske, founder of several public schools (there is one in this area) and various other notables -- we have a Chinese Restaurant about a mile and a half away in the centre of Deptford, which is the borough to which we belong (New Cross is only the postal district and name of the main railway station...although Queens Road Station is the nearest.) Come to think of it, the situation is

twenty

JOY K.  
CLARKE



even more confusing. Inchmery is in "Hatcham" which I believe was once the grounds of one of the big houses in about the 17th and 18th centuries. Of course you've heard about the post office next door but one, the launderette on the corner about six shops away, the odd government-surplus stores scattered through the area and the branch of the library about 4 minutes walk away. Yeah, we've got all the amenities lain on. So if we say "Nip downstairs and post this letter" we are not guilty of hyperbole - that's just exactly what we mean.

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Ron and Daphne Buckmaster, living on the inflated income of a staff-sergeant, have just splurged on an Encyclopedia Britannica. We have received reliable information that they have not yet read it fully so we are unable to review it here. But I thought you might be interested to know about some of the reports an encyclopedia owner can get from the publishers. For instance, while abroad Sandy sent for reports on the following: Interplanetary Flight, Dianetics and Science Fiction. It seems to me that we ourselves could find the data the Library Research Service rakes up, but to have it condensed and the appropriate details quoted from the cited books is most convenient. However the main interest from my viewpoint is the bibliography given at the end of each report - look who's quoted for Interplanetary Flight...Cleator - Rockets through Space

Ley - Rockets Missiles and Space Travel

-" - Conquest of Space.

For Dianetics Elron himself is quoted, naturally, but in addition the LRS wrote to him and quote his reply in full. It still doesn't make the subject any clearer though....

It's quite fascinating to see items that we consider automatic reading being cited by the Encyclopedia Britannica: It almost gives one the feeling of being "Top People"!

Talking of Willy Ley, too, we noticed in the library that it is he who is to blame - or at least partly - for that ghastly title "Outer Space", about which we are continually cribbing. Willy - how could he? - once wrote a book called just that, so how can we quibble if less-sf-minded people such as Eisenhower and his advisers refer to space as "Outer Space". Where, meanwhile, is "inner space"? Oh Willy, what have you done?

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With fiendish glee we welcomed the power cut the day Ethel Lindsay came to inspect Nicola. Not that we wished to drive Ethel away, or even that we considered it preferable not to see her. It was just that we were gloating over the effect on the local TV-viewers. Unfortunately, (for them anyway), the cut came in the middle of the penultimate instalment of the latest Quatermass serial. We, Jack, were all right. The street lights gave us sufficient light so that Ethel, Peter Mantell and we three could sit and natter to our heart's content. Heat was provided by a paraffin heater that Sandy and Ving repaired and we didn't even feel our evening had been interrupted. Half Hatcham apparently departed to bed, since they couldn't go on viewing. What a commentary on our times!

While I think of it, a minor point regarding electric fires has me

puzzled. You know that combustion uses up the oxygen in a room, but as I see it electric fires work only by radiation - so what I want to know is, do they use up the oxygen in a room too? Can any of our real science students tell me?

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Those who stilllisten to the old steam (regd trade mark) radio have probably noticed the new series on Network Three on Mondays at 6.45pm. At least, provided they are tape enthusiasts I expect so. This half-hour programme started on the 12th January and every other Monday the previous week's edition is repeated. The programme covers VHF radio as well as tape recording and various items already partly dealt with will give you an idea of the variety: A comparison of FM and AM reception. Sounds with simple tape recording equipment. Modifications to tape recording equipment.

The general opinion at Inchmery is that it is of interest generally as there are sections for both beginners and dyed-in-the-wool addicts.

More or less on the same subject, tape recording is at last to have a magazine devoted to it that will not consist of merely a series of blurbs for equipment copied straight from advertising matter. The publishers of "Hi-Fi News" (Classical Record News Ltd) brought out "The Tape Recorder" on January 16th, at 1/6 per copy, No 1 being dated February 1959. This magazine is of the calibre of "Hi-Fi News", 44 pages including covers, and when it is reporting on a piece of equipment, distinguishes very clearly between a report and a review. We highly recommend this magazine which is not only ahead of its competitor (which I will not even name, so poor do I consider it) but is so much ahead that I expect shortly to see it as the sole survivor in the field. If you own a recorder, all I can say is, put in an order for the magazine now.

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Last year in Ireland Madeleine cooked a delicious dish of herrings and gave me the recipe. After we got home, I found in one of my magazines a competition for herring recipes so I sent in Madeleine's. About three months later I received a little book from the Herring Board full of recipes. Puzzled, I wondered where they'd got my name and then found a slip of paper inside informing me the recipe was a good one. The competition recipe, that is. Now, I have the faculty of reading a recipe and visualising the final cooked taste. However, after reading the first fifty or so herring recipes in this book, my taste buds became quite dulled. I must take the book across to Madeleine this summer....

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The Ace Double publishers have produced some lousy covers but they reached the nadir with "Sargasso of Space." It wasn't so much the illo - that just about gets by - but the spine bears in large letters the title "Sagasso of Space". Backing both (sea-)horses, I suppose?

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Joy K Clarke  
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BY RON  
BENNETT

# CLOUDBURST

the

North's answer  
to The Old Mill Stream

SANDY

Your editor has been nagging at me for a long time now, hoping to get a column in exchange for the thing he has in PLOY (Free Advert) and I've finally given in. Send your objections to Sandy. Actually I asked HPS if I could use Ape for reports on the state of TAFF, and when he agreed I found myself committed to writing a column...and to date there is no news on TAFF because I'm waiting to hear from Bob Madle. Like wow.

Still, I could always tell you about the convention in the UK this year ...especially since I'm in charge of the publicity to non-BSFA types. The British Science Fiction Association is organising the Convention, as it was originally suggested they should at Kettering last year. The date is EASTER WEEKEND, Good Friday 27th March to Easter Sunday 29th March. The site is THE IMPERIAL HOTEL, Temple Street, Birmingham 2. Bookings should be made direct to the Hotel Manager. Bed and Breakfast is 27/6 or 30/- per night. The hotel has promised accommodation for 70 if booked before the end of February. After that he will accept non-Convention bookings. So, book as soon as you can. The hotel is 111 miles from London by road, and it is 250 yards from either of two railway stations - Snow Hill and New Street. Meals are a bit stiff -- 7/6 for Luncheon (3 courses) and 8/6 for Dinner.. but then I have no doubt that fans will follow in the time worn path set at previous conventions and eat out!

Convention membership subscriptions and entrance fees should be sent to Bob Richardson, 19 Courtiers Drive, Bishop's Cleeve, Gloucestershire, preferably in the form of uncrossed postal orders. This is 5/- for B.S.F.A. members and 12/6 for non-members. This fee is naturally returnable to those who have to cancel their bookings, less 2/6. Even so, all Convention members will receive the Convention Programme Booklet. I trust I'll be seeing you at the con?

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Come to think of it, while I'm on this advertising kick, I should tell you about the Gestetner duplicator I've just bought. And the main thing is to tell you I plan to take in duplicating. Have to make a living, you know. In fact orders have already started to come in...and on the circular I put out I said 'Colour work a speciality'. You see, there's this colour changer attachment, and I used it for a few pages in PLOY and NuFu and....



well, it works. Actually this was only included for the odd bod who might want that sort of thing. I must say I like the machine very much, and enjoy working with it. If any fans are interested in having their duplicating done for them I'll be happy to quote reduced rates. Bennett, filthy pro.....

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As most of you know, I am a school teacher. We were very pleased to hear the other day that a film the school made almost two years ago had won first prize in its section in the News Chronicle awards for the year. The film was made by another teacher, Jim Barry, and millyuns of kids, lots of whom are in it. So am I.

The film was scripted by three of the boys, and a fourth is the star. The first shot, from the top of a nearby gasometer, was taken by Jim Barry, but much of the film was shot by boys from the school who were taught by Jim to handle the camera and stage scenes. There will be a 'premiere' at the National Film Theatre in London on April 18th and there's a pretty good chance I'll be inflicting myself on Inchmery for that weekend.

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#### STOP PRESS

For those who have just come in, TAFF is a Fund which shuttles fans across the Atlantic. The 1960 Fund is now open and in full swing. The aim of the Fund is to raise enough money to bring over an American fan to the British Convention of 1960. The money is raised by each voting fan paying a minimum contribution of half a crown or fifty cents to the Fund. In the past additional donations have been welcomed with open arms and if you want to see how we react to such donations these days just try us!

This year, the Fund will close on 31st December. Until then anyone who has been active in any way in science fiction fandom prior to 1st January 1959 is eligible to vote. The candidates are Terry Carr, Don Ford and Bjo Wells. Terry is a well known fan editor (INNUENDO, FANAC), a fan writer (under the name of Carl Brandon as well as in his own right) and is a member of FAPA and The Cult. Don Ford is himself a past TAFF administrator, one who took on the work without having made the trip himself and he is active in OMPA. Betty-Jo prefers to be called Bjo and she is a popular personality girl of the Los Angeles fandom; an artist with a whimsical sense of humour, she put on the Futuristic Fashion show at the South Gate Solacon last year.

Voting forms will be included in the next issue of Aporrheta and should be sent, when completed, to either Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, or Robert A Madle, 3608 Caroline Avenue, Indianapolis 18, Indiana, USA.

There will be a TAFF raffle at the British Convention in Birmingham this Easter. Donations of magazines, cover illustrations, etc, will be gratefully received by Ron Bennett.

As of the beginning of February, the total cash in the British treasury of the Fund is: Residue of 1958 Fund £17-10-0d

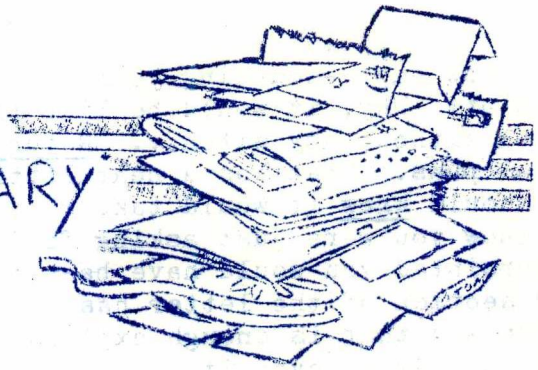
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# INCHMERY FAN DIARY

January 1959



Perhaps I didn't explain as fully as I might the reason for Apē being so late last time. The main trouble was that Nicola, like a true fan, was a month late herself. This led to various complications and a desire on our part not to get anyone unduly worried. When Joy came out of hospital on December 30th I mentioned that she had been overdoing things on her first day up.....but of course it really needs the January Diary to tell you that as a result of her over-activity she spent the first fortnight of this month in bed. This left Vinø and I to cope with the house, Nicola, and Apē ....and there are no prizes given for guessing which came last in our list of priorities. So, for the next 14 days as detailed in the following pages you can imagine the chaos we were in. Even so, I think I make a good cook ...tho' I doubt Vinø would ever prefer my meals to the ones that Joy prepares... and we managed to muddle through. The fact that I was on leave for the first week...and off sick for the second week...helped quite a lot!

2nd. Letter from DON FORD, on Apē 6..."The letter from George Metzger reminded me of an incident - one of Doc Barrett's Dr. friends inserted an ad. in the Bellefontaine newspaper offering 25¢ for your old Christmas trees and signed Doc Barrett's name to it. ## Next day, unaware of this ad. Doc was confronted by two small children as he was leaving his office, and they offered him a bedraggled tree for 25¢. He gave them each a quarter and thought no more about it. The deluge was on! ## Any doubts about the ad. were dispelled by the sight of Doc giving away hard cash. Kids started streaming in from all over town and were disappointed to learn Doc had quit buying trees. The joke backfired, however. The son of the Dr. who inserted the ad. teamed up with a friend and scrounged trees from the alleys all over town. They brought them home to their garage and planned to sell them to Doc Barrett the next day. So, the Dr. came home and found his garage full of old Christmas trees...and Doc Barrett got by with only two extras on his hands..."

Letter from BETTY KUJAWA on Apē 6. "...Metzger and his Xmas trees after the big day - well, here we have a 'Twelfth Night' deal - sponsored by the United Council of Churches, no less, and done by the City Street Dept - the week after New Year they go about picking up your discarded Xmas trees (for free) and lug them all to the center of one of our biggest City Parks and then on January 12th we have a big tree burning - a kinda arboreal Guy Fawkes you might say...."

5th. Letter from G. M. CARR. "Hah! Wishful thinking will get you nowhere, naive child that you are to think that you could drive



me off with harsh words, now that I have found one (and apparently the only) fmz in the British Isles with some good old spunk and gumption! Besides, think how empty-sounding your Apē would be without GMC for him to hurl insults at! Why, it would be like trying to tell the story of Hansel and Gretel without any Witch... Naturally I'm the first to pull those anthropoidal puns. That was a neat little job of gun-spiking you attempted, but you should know it would take more than a feeble editorial to scare me off. You know you were just asking for 'em when you named your mag - think how disappointed you would have been if somebody hadn't come across... (The next section of the letter has been extracted onto pages 16 & 17..). Well, I dare say that is enough explanation... I doubt you'll have room to publish it anyway (even if you could bring yourself to do so without snide interpolations). (I managed it, alright! One reason for using your letter Gem, was to indicate to the readers that we understand each other more than they thought possible. There are many things on which we couldn't see eye to eye on any account - in many ways I believe you to be so lacking in logic that it would be laughable if it were not rather tragic. But then again, on some points, I am quite willing to have you put me right. When I think you are wrong, I'll say so. And since you appear to enjoy a slanging match I'll say so in violent terms. A number of readers thought I was being unduly harsh on you an issue or two back, but you and I know that this isn't the case, don't we?)

Letter from GEORGE METZGER .. complete with illo as usual - motor-bike type. "Re: Penelope's column. Noticed the bit on Ellison's book "Rumble"...which I read...The blurb says it's based on fact and Penny wonders if it is - I'll venture to say it is. I'm afraid Penelope missed any symbolism that was to be found in the book, but she didn't miss any of the sadism and sex. Nothing worthwhile about the book? Is there anything worthwhile about the type of existence portrayed therein? My goodness, she doesn't consider the characters worthwhile, nor the situations, nor the use of sex, slang, gore..... What does she want? A drawing-room society whodunit? Considering the type of people and the kind of life Ellison was writing about, how can you expect them to be other than as depicted? They use slang - it is something all their own - the adults don't dig it and they don't like it, and in their rebellion the kids then use it as a weapon, cultivate it - it is theirs. Gory? You expect some sort of ethics in a rumble? Has Penelope ever had some kid pull a switchblade on her? They are wrapped up in a pretty brutal existence there and the best armed kid has a little longer to live than someone else not equally armed. Sex..why not.. Ostracized by society, they do not adhere to its moral code. But they do have a code - a gang in a tightknit herd. It has to be, for its self protection. If one member tries to cut out it's like a weak link in a chain - you can't have it. If one gets away with it others might try it - the chain becomes more vulnerable - weaker. It's like a wounded wolf in a pack of wolves - fellow members will set upon it and destroy it...and a gang loosely held together falls to the stronger rival gangs. Therefore, that first member must never escape to start the rot. How would you write up something like that? With heavy, ponderous, intricate sentences, masterpieces of witty verbal construction. Or as raw as shredded flesh? Should the book have had less gore, slang and sex...would that have made Miss Fandergaste feel easier, less reproachful of the book? Is that the duty of a writer, to make such a



glaring reality seem to be less than it really is? Is it his duty to present a story of crusading youths in darkguttered streets wielding precise English Grammar so that the reader will say "Oh, it's really not as bad as they make out", and then think nothing more of it? Apparently Penelope is pretty oblivious to things, but then she's not in any way associated with them. And how would a youngster react to reading this book? Kinda hard for me to say - as I don't know what is considered a youngster to her. Me, I didn't get any shudders or break out in a cold sweat - not much of a reaction I guess - 'Oh, same old everyday stuff..' - maybe that is what would cause Penelope to shudder."

NORTHLIGHT 4 - Alan Burns - free for letter of comment or exchange and "those mad enough to send money should mail it to TAFF". This is a curious fanzine -- all of it (bar a few illos) is the work of the editor, Alan Burns. Odd bits of news, fanzine reviews, fan fiction and stuff like that. It achieves the purpose of showing that fandom is still alive in Newcastle, but before Alan shows that it is also kicking he'll need to get some outside contributors and improve the appearance and layout.

Had a visit from JOHN NEWMAN today - he called in on his way from work to see if we were alright (not having heard from us for some time on account of Vinø forgot to phone him) and stayed to cook dinner for us. This meal we enjoyed - John is pretty much on a level with Joy where cooking is concerned, and I certainly enjoyed being able to sit back for a change.

"It took six fans one year to produce Fancy I, so....." Eney

6th. PSI-PHI 1 - Bob Lichtman - One of several new Los Angeles zines, this one is presented on one side of what must surely be the shiniest paper ever to be used in a fanzine. I think that if this new group got together and settled down to producing one zine regularly then they could amount to something. As it is, most of the new Los Angeles stuff appears a little bitty.

7th. YANDRO 71 - Buck and Juanita Coulson - 15¢ (1/3d) or \$1.50 (12/-) per year. UK Rep - Alan Dodd. One page editorials from Juanita and Buck, who apparently kneels only to furnaces (how about that DAG?).... Part III of Bennett's 'Colonial Excursion' is followed by a fiction piece, a short Dodd column is followed by a long letter column, and that leads to the fanzine review section. The whole thing is very well produced and the layout is good. I notice that in the review column Buck - talking about PH 4 - says '..an article on Lumenology by Vinø Clarke..' and this dead-pan statement amused us no end...until we realised it probably wasn't fair.... perhaps Buck didn't see PH 3, and if not then Vinø's piece in No 4 must have seemed peculiar to say the least! Yandro tends to be rather a bore in places, but a well-produced bore.

Staff-Sergeant and Mrs R BUCKMASTER came for kid inspection. We nattered about this and that and arranged to go over to see them in February. Both of the visitors, Ron and Daphne (and Vinø and Joy, if it comes to that) appeared to enjoy their meal very much, and it was only by accident later that I discovered spaghetti should be rinsed in hot water after it is cooked so as to remove the starch. I thought it seemed unusually sticky!



12th. Joy was up and about yesterday, and her cooking put enough strength in me for me to start work again today after a total of three weeks off. Hectic day!

Letter from BRUCE PELZ. "For the information of Penny, there is already a book with plots of books boiled down to the bare essentials. Of course, they deal only with the 'classics' but it's a start. There are two sets of two volumes each, called Masterplots. The library copies are very well worn out by high-school students in search of book reports. Tsk. As for insects having good taste in reading matter - try making a sandwich of them using two book pages. I think Penelope is just a reincarnation of Don Marquis's "archy" rather than a fannish pseudonym. Pfui to blatant admitted hoaxes. It's a shame John Berry's fan orchestra is limited to your side of the Atlantic - or else, in addition to Miss Lindsay on the Cracked Bed Pans, he could include Rev. Moorhead on the Cracked-Pots."

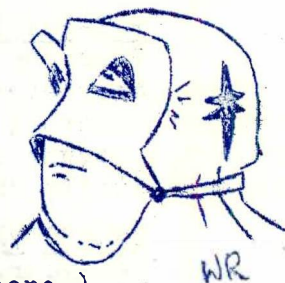


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"The greatest phallic symbol of our time is not the rocket....  
-----

13th. Money order for 4/- .... but no indication of the sender!

14th. And talking about money orders, as if the situation wasn't bad enough, I discovered on Pay Parade today that my pay for the week I was sick had been posted to arrive on Saturday, 10th. There was no mail on Saturday - at least, not at the time we got up to check. Checked with the local post office, two doors away, and sure enough, the War Office order had been cashed. Investigations proceed, both by the SIB and the Post Office detectives, but meanwhile, Sanderson goes short of a considerable amount of money. Everything happens to me!

Letter from JOHN KONING. "My, how conscientious this Sid Birchby is. The day when I turn down ego-boo, no matter who has written it, is long in the future. You coward, Sid - you may have ideals and scruples but you are still a coward - you are afraid to be Penny Fanny (to quote someone.) Re VinøClarke making like Brandon - amusing. You know, I believe there must have been a Brandon-type (parody, satire etc) before "Brandon" appeared on the scene, but what was it called then?" (The 'Trufan Tales' would probably be the nearest example, I think. I don't know about the earliest examples of this sort of thing, but it originally reached the peak of perfection when Vinø wrote 'Scrooge on Ice' several years ago. This was the the Dickens story in a fannish setting and was the forerunner of the Brandon type of story. Round about this same time, '52/'53, Ted Tubb was writing a series of stories for 'EYE' which had real feeling for fandom in every phrase. Sample opening....'He was an old fan, and tired.....')"



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...it's the ball-point pen. The RETRACTABLE ball-point pen." HPS  
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16th. Tape and short letter of comment from FRED SMITH - the tape to be passed to Ellington who I am hoping will forgive the delay an'all.

17th. Went over to John Newman's house for a party - the invitation had  
twenty-eight



been given when John was here about a week ago. To show the state of chaos we are in, we discovered on arrival that the party was actually to be held on the 18th! I must say, tho', that John really did us proud at such short notice. We had a very pleasant evening talking about this and that and listening to the hi-fi equipment, and then set off for 'Inchmery' when we found that it was later than we'd thought. As a result, we missed a train at Hounslow and this made us miss the connection at Victoria. Going by the underground to Charing Cross we just missed the penultimate train from there and went to the Embankment to catch an all-night bus. Of course, these do not run on Saturday night/Sunday morning. Back to Charing Cross for the last train (a wait of about 50 minutes) only to find, when we got on this and reached London Bridge, that there was something wrong on the line and we had to change onto another train. This entailed another 15minute wait. At New Cross, when we got off, it was pouring with rain. Vinç dashed off to get the house warmed up and I tried to shelter Joy as much as I could while she pushed the pram. By this time Nicola was about two hours overdue for her feed and we'd been terrified she might wake up and demand it. She slept through the whole furshlugginer mess! Anyway, this will explain why, on future fan visits, we will watch the clock more than has been our habit. Wouldn't want anyone to think we were bored with the company or something.

-----"A virgin in fandom again!....."-----

18th. Atom came over for a visit, and as he was going CHUCK HARRIS arrived. He explained that he'd written us a letter which we would get on Monday, but then decided to come over anyway. This was very frustrating because he couldn't use his puns for fear of spoiling the impact of the letter when it did turn up. Atom stayed on for a while and then went home, only to return with his wife Olive. The discussion covered such topics as Gafia, Chuck's car, artwork, the car, Hyphen, the car, Birmingham as a consite, the car, whether to take your wife to a convention, the car, and Chuck's car. Oh well, at least it shows we are working on him.

-----.....the things they do to get me back" CRH-----

19th. Letter from RON BENNETT. "I'm overjoyed at the great news. You rats. Keeping it from me. Dammit, didn't you know? And not a word to Bennett. (€...who was here at the end of September, at the seven-month point. Hah!€). Fancy having fans for parents! It's bad enough a parent having a fan for a son, I think, but the reverse... And then the poor girl goes and gets entangled with an Uncle like Sandy. Nuff said. I won't even add a note to Sandy that there's a fan now with whom he hasn't feuded!" (€Talking about not letting anyone know, Belle Dietz said that this spoiled the best part of the whole affair as far as she was concerned. She was prevented from spending months and months worrying about Joy....which was really what we intended.€)

Letter from HARRY WARNER. "Maybe Ted Tubb just hasn't seen the fan publications that dealt with the satellites. I can recall quite a bit that was published on the first Sputniks. In FAPA, there was that remarkable hour-by-hour account of how a boy astronomer reacted to the news, as written by Andy Young, and a prompt series of arguments over the importance of the jump that the Russians got on the United States. Maybe the subscription fanzines treated the satellites a bit haughtily, but as I remember it, sub-



scription fanzines were pretty rare just about that time. Come to think of it, I don't believe that the fan press did much about the first atomic bombs, probably not as much as about the sputniks. Fans are obviously interested in sf, not true confessions. ## The Atom alphabet is marvelous. Almost as superlative, in fact, as the calendar which I should have mentioned at the very start of this letter. The calendar is going up over my desk, in some manner, even if I am forced to hang it from a skyhook; so far I haven't been able to exercise my small store of mechanical ability enough to devise a method. I can't do the obvious thing, and just leave it lying on the desk, because of the woman who comes in to clean. She cleans in violent fashion, and nothing except metal and glass escapes uncrumpled. I would rather have a dusty Atom calendar than one that she had cleaned. Mercer Day is something entirely new to my experience and I hope that you or the Fancyclopedia or someone will explain this latest bit of fannish lore. (Briefly, Archie Mercer as editor of OMPA gave the deadline for voting on amendments as "31st April". Walt Willis was President of the association at the time, and he came out with a 'Special Presidential Edict' in which he said that since the Constitution gave him "powers to deal with situations not covered by the Constitution", and since such things as the Hydrogen Bomb, The Partition of Ireland, the White Problem in South Africa, etc, etc, would all take time for the proper consideration to be given them, he would start with something comparatively easy, such as calendar reform. To quote Walt..."I have noticed that in past years there has been a lot of trouble in various parts of the world on the 1st of May, on account of labour parades and Communist demonstrations etc. So this year I rule that there shall be no 1st of May. Instead the day following the 30th April shall be known as the 31st April, and shall be succeeded without interruption by the 2nd May. Instead of May Day, the new date shall be known as Mercer's Day, in honour of our infallible Association Editor, who has so intelligently anticipated my wishes." End quote, and back to Harry's letter.)

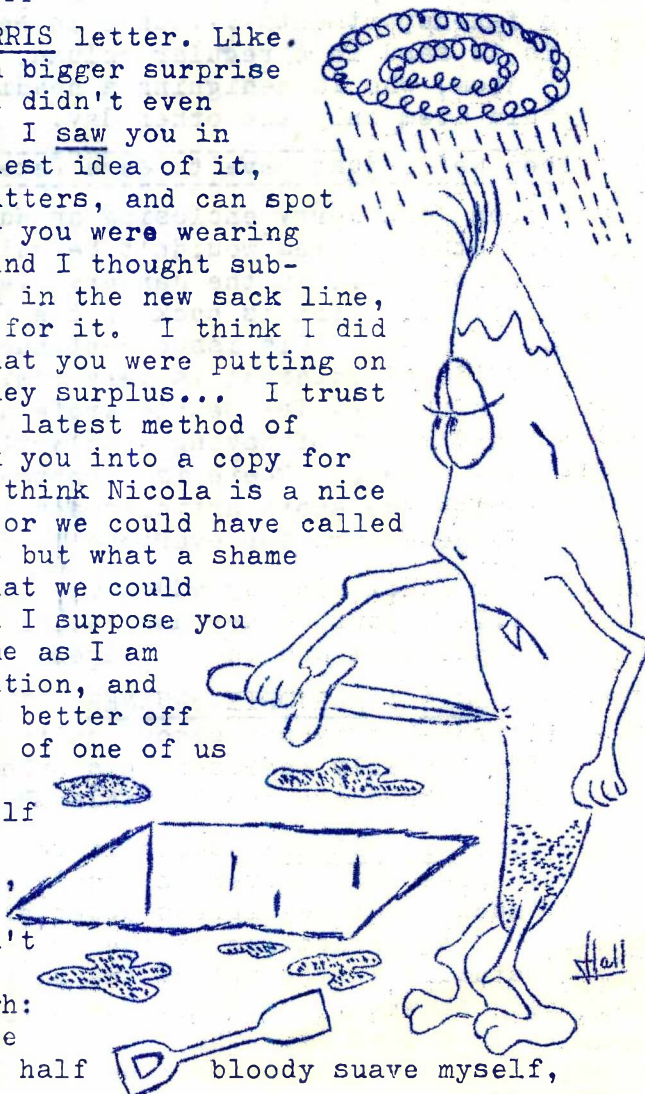
"Berry's latest serial begins in most promising fashion. I wonder if he just dreamed this all up, or extrapolated on Burbee's half-serious proposal to form a fannish orchestra? Burb wanted it in time for the Solacon. I'm afraid it would have been too well supplied with guitarists and pianists to be a normal symphony orchestra, but it would have been some kind of orchestra. Even Elmer Perdue promised to play in it, and Elmer is normally the kind of pianist who is choosy about the people he plays with. ## Another note on contraceptives, which makes this letter on the very verge of illegality in this country, because you aren't supposed to use the mails to supply any information about them: There was a newspaper article the other day about a scientist who is working on something that will make them unnecessary, if it works on humans. He injects this chemical into the veins of pregnant dogs, and the pregnancy vanishes within a few days because the foetus or whatever you call the puppy-in-progress breaks down into its constituent elements and is simply absorbed by the body, without the necessity for an abortion. It only works comparatively early in the pregnancy, of course, before things have become solid, and it hasn't been tried on people yet. It never will, if the Catholic church gets hold of this scientist, I imagine." (Yes, I imagine it will be looked on as the worst method of all ...since the baby is already started there will be an outcry against a form of 'murder'. I'll bet the system is outlawed...)



(Still on the 19th.) Letter from VIC RYAN. "Would you folks answer a question for me? Are you bothered by the 'Shock' type TV series. If this term is entirely American I'll explain. The 'Shock' series is a package of old horror films redistributed to TV stations to be shown again (and again, and again, and....). Are you bothered by these old things and if so, under what title. Do the distributors label this as 'horror' or 'science fiction' (As far as I know, this sort of thing hasn't caught up with us yet, but it probably will eventually. When old horror films are shown on 'Classic' cinemas they are labelled as such. But the modern horror films continue to be called 'science fiction'.?)

Joy had three letters today, all rather personal to herself, but she didn't object when I asked to publish the following extracts. First, from ARCHIE MERCER. "Well goshwow and like that - but aren't you possibly carrying things a bit far like? I mean, everybody's been saying and saying that Fandom required some new blood, I know very well -- but this do-it-yourself type recruitment strikes me as being above and beyond the call of one's duty to fandom. Consider yourselves congratulated in no uncertain terms, anyway. I hope Sandy LIKES washing nappies."

And then, of course, there was the HARRIS letter. Like. "Bloody hell! No issue has given me a bigger surprise - or more pleasure - this year...and I didn't even dream that it was coming out. Dammit, I saw you in November, and didn't get even the vaguest idea of it, and I'm a trained observer in these matters, and can spot them at three months usually. I know you were wearing that greeny mandarin jacket thing, - and I thought sub-consciously that I didn't care for you in the new sack line, but I never dreamt there was a reason for it. I think I did mention to Arthur during the summer that you were putting on weight, but I thought that was chop-suey surplus... I trust Vinø is happy with the results of this latest method of reproduction. But, don't let him talk you into a copy for everyone in the next OMPA mailing. I think Nicola is a nice name too - and a pity it wasn't quads or we could have called the others Pepsi, Coca, and Seven Up - but what a shame she didn't arrive six days later so that we could christen her Jesus Christ Clarke. And I suppose you realise that she is Capricornys the same as I am myself? This is a hell of a constellation, and I tell you frankly that she'd be a lot better off if she was Pisces or something instead of one of us Goat People. Personally I have always had a secret yearning to be Virgo myself (in, I hasten to point out, a purely zodiacal manner of speaking of course), but my Mum never understood these higher branches of science, and wouldn't indulge in a Ceasarean at the crucial moment, alas. About Capricornys though: the waif will undoubtedly grow up to be mechanically brilliant, suave (I ain't half



bloody suave myself,



especially when I've got my grey suit on), charming, witty, mature, sympathetic, handsome and ever so nice, but completely disinterested in the opposite sex. And, worse still, every girl Capricorny grows up to be effeminate and girlish too. So there. I shall be over instantly to count heads. Don't let her grow a beard before I get there."

-----"I'd be neurotic if only I had a brain..."----- NBC

ETHEL LINDSAY & PETER MANTELL came over in the evening for a visit. The area staged a power cut so Ethel didn't see much of the flat. Her visit was in connection with a piece she was writing for RET, so we must keep our eyes open for that issue.

21st. Letter from PETER HAMILTON enclosing a cutting from the Empire News, December 1958 - actual date not given. Said cutting was concerned with an interview between Peter and a reporter....and among the points mentioned was the fact that Peter had an open mind ("I'll believe them (flying saucers) when I see them.") and that Nebula had a 20,000-a-month circulation. All in all it was a good write-up for the mag. Not mentioned in the piece was the fact that a fair amount of space is given over to fan-departments....space in Nebula, that is. I notice that Bob Madle is to send in a regular column, although the first one has been delayed. Atom, who is designing a heading for it, was telling us about this new Nebula item only the other day.

-----"Then we'll just have to send Peter some British Letters..."----- HPS

Letter from John Berry enclosing an advance copy of RETRIBUTION 12. John said that other copies wouldn't be mailed until Feb 1st, but he wanted to get a mention of it in the January Diary. Pity this issue of Apé is going to be late..... Atom is back on the RET covers, and there is a new column by Archie Mercer. This issue continues the new style RETs in that the amount of 'Goon' material is very limited, but personally I'm in favour of this. I think very few people wrote Goon-stuff with anything like John's ability, and short of having John write all of every issue, non-Goon-stuff is the only answer. There is a photo-page in the current issue and this, together with the short articles and the two poems, helps to make the contents diverse enough for everyone to find something of interest. Get this.

Letter from Ethel Lindsay addressed to Nicola..."Belated borning congratulations....Tell your Mother and Father that I have written a scorcher of an article about them and their Lodger."

Card from JOHN & MARJORIE BRUNNER "The purpose of this extension (to quote Apé) has probably by now become quite clear; it is to make the night hideous. You probably realised this subconsciously - I mean, it can't be pure coincidence you chose the initials NBC\*" \*Nightly Broadcasting Corporation.

Letter from SID BIRCHBY asking if we'd put Nicola's name on the OMPA waiting list yet. Goes on..."Cover in Atom's modern style, clever and wry. I like it very much. Let me digress about art. Not Art Thomson: art. Recently we have had an exhibition at the Crane Galleries here entitled 'The Lost Image': studies in the art of the higher primates'. This exhibition was originally shown at the Royal Festival Hall last Autumn, so that you may possibly have seen it. Then you will agree that it was a strange sensation to see the first picture painted by a non-human: if you can call Congo's thirty-two



productions 'pictures'. Artistic efforts, certainly. Along with Congo's work - he is a chimpanzee -, is that of an orang-utang, a 15-month old human bean, and a 3-year old ditto. Interesting, didn't you think, to observe Congo's development from the earliest days when he was really only trying out a new game to the latest stage - up to now - when he is starting to form circles and patterns...what the blurb calls the 'pre-symbolic stage'. The 15-month-old-kid seems to have gone through the same process but has gone a little further in forming images and symbols. And the 3-year-old further yet: when told to draw an aeroplane, he drew a recognisable symbol ...as he damn' well ought at three, of course. In commemoration of this striking advance by the lads in the tall trees, I've bought a repro of one of Congo's works, and intend to frame it. Next time you call you may see it, though if Jay has her way, you may have to view it from an unusual place. Why have I done this? I hear the miffed voice of Harry Turner enquire, as he produces yet another Action-type painting by riding a bicycle backwards through treacle. Well, perhaps it's in the secret hope that the chimps will be as nice to us one day. ## I'm finding this 'von Braun' discussion stimulating. I think that's because the subject focusses a number of blurred images that have been forming in my mind for quite a while. Similarly with the H-Bomb...I am out-of-focus on that issue, too. and likely to remain so, having spent a fair time already trying to spy a way ahead for the West without a Bomb. Pandora's Box is wide open, and it is likely to stay that way. If it's any help, the same problems were being faced, or avoided, six hundred years ago, in Chaucer's time, when he translated the following from Boethius' 'The Consolation of Philosophy'

'For it is set in your hand what fortune you would have, that is to say, good or evil; for all fortune that seemeth sharp or cruel, if it does not exercise the good folk, nor chastise the wicked folk.....it punisheth.'

Boethius wrote that in prison, during the twilight of the Roman Empire. I should say he had need of philosophy. I should say we have, too."

-----"I know I'm inclined to read aloud in micro-elite...."-----WAW

23rd. Letter from RON ALEXANDER (Cir. Mgr. European Div.) addressed to 'All European Astronatus:' (meant to be Astronauts?) on behalf of the Stardusters and advertising the Bulletin. Anyone know what this is all about? Sounds weird to me. I note that one can write for a free copy of the Bulletin, but doing this would cost me 6d and I'm not all that certain it would be worth it.

Letter from John Berry..."Diane is just reading Joy Clarke's 'The Li'l Pitcher', laffed every now and then, and just asked me what a 'young foetal fan' was. She knew she'd get the correct answer from me, and so I told her "It means handsome, or nice looking" I explained, "hence foetal-genic..."

Visit from KEN & PAMELA BULMER who came over to wet the baby's head, bless 'em. A pleasant evening ensued in the course of which they introduced us to the delights of 'At the Drop of a Hat' - a record I'd had for some time but had never played. Ken said that whoever's turn it was to write PFS piece in Apr 7 did a good job this time, and the Berry serial continued to build up to a really first class story. We nattered for a while on the place of serials in fanzines - and decided that near-monthly publication was essential. They had to leave for home much too early.....



24th. THE PHANTOM No 1 - Ted Pauls - 5¢, trade or long letter of comment ...and I think it is well worth it. This is quite an improvement on the copies of HI that Ted put out, and although the duplicating could do with some improvements still, I feel this will come with time. Material is average but readable, and there is a letter column of good length. One thing...I wish I knew who W.J.Greenfeld was. And no, so far as I am aware he/she is not a member of the small group I class as personal friends to distinguish them from the larger group of fan friends (no insults intended to any of you out there...you know what I mean). Anyway, get this zine -- people crying out for 'new blood' should encourage it when it appears.



Letter from GREGG CALKINS who mentions that I just beat him into print with blue ink. Goes on to comment on the von Braun controversy, but most of the points he makes have been covered by Bob Pavlat, so I'll skip that bit. (Write again, Gregg if you don't think that a fair one.). Gregg also picks me up on the comment I made about differences between UK and USA fans in reference to a Coulson editorial. On the other hand, as Dick Eney said (Ape 6 Page 38) I b. well knew before I asked....etc. Sorry if the tongue in cheek was not as obvious as I would have liked. Final comments end in praise for the Diary - for which many thanks - and then the note that this item makes the Page 3 editorial rather superfluous. You know, I agree so much with this that I'm dropping the opening editorial. I will make all necessary comments on the last page of the Diary. I'd love to see you in Detroit, Gregg, but a severe shortage of cash is in the way....

Letter from DOROTHY RATIGAN "Many thanks for your latest issue of 'Aporrheta'. I have no comments to make!" (Far be it from me to wish to appear threatening, my dear Dorothy, but really, you must try to do better than that if you wish to continue to recieve Ape. After all, it wasn't so long ago that you had plenty of comments to make to members of OMPA --- a large number of whom do not receive this magazine...)

26th. Six page letter from JEAN LINARD which will have to be cut down I'm afraid...would love to be able to find room for all of it. "You certainly have your reasons for calculating up your salary in 26th, regardless of how the mental process horrifies me to think of it only. Anyway, out of curiosity I wanted to know how many Xth of annual salary the same magazine run on a monthly basis would cost me...I grossly figured it out in 24th...such a mag as Ape 7...distribution 150 would cost me about exactly\* eight twenty-fourth of my annual salary. I hope you won't take this for a letter. I'm at my office, and I just wanted, beside thanking you, to calculate a little about your charming 26th and communicate a little about our 24th. Hence. ## What type of time have you over there? Here it is seven to five pm. And you? (9am to 5.30pm). Who is Penelope Fandergaste if it is not Sandy? Well we do know she is not Ray Nelson for all we do know. And Fanac is dispensable. For all we know....Nelson's new address...Ray and Kirsten Nelson, 51 thirty-four

(\*or "exactly about")





Avenue Pasteur, Bellevue-Echenoz, Vesoul, Hte Saone, France."

Letter from Barry Hall. "Bill Temple's letter in last ish. It is all very well saying that all water condenses onto tiny nuclei - it does of course - and that therefore if you have more nuclei floating around the Troposphere you natchurally get more rain. Nothing could be further up the creek, (and it isn't the stratosphere as Bill says because there's no water vapour that high to condense onto nuclei). So you've got more nuclei buzzing around -- who ses the water vapour's going to condense onto 'em? It first has to reach saturation point. Saturation is always reached when the temperature of the air is decreased, and this will occur if the air rises. So the problem is to get the air to rise and this needs a Trigger Action. There are only five of these: Orographic uplift, Frontal uplift, Turbulance, Heating from below, and Convergance and Divergance. So the air rises, reaches the saturation point and condenses onto those purty little nuclei Bill's got floating around all handy like. And it forms such a nice pretty little cloud, but it doesn't necessarily rain. Cloud Physics is WAY above me, man, but a 101 things are involved in making a cloud produce rain. So it finally boils down to the fact that having extra nuclei nipping abaht doesn't necessarily mean more rain, although more clouds could form. Only the amount of water vapour released by the cloud will even be available for condensat-ion, and there are usually enough nuclei for this lot anyway and having extra won't make a lot of difference. Finally, I don't believe the Krakat-oa eruption made anywhere near such a fabulous climatic change as Bill would have us believe. When you are working things like this out and you want to get the right answer, you have to take many hundreds of small factors into account, so that equations linking any quantities become literally pages long. And still there is the more than likely chance that you may have missed something which has yet to be discovered." (Such as the fact that despite this rationalization H-Bombs might still have a bad effect on the weather? Okay, Barry, so this ties in with your job and you should know what you're talking about. Still....you never know.....)

Letter from LAURENCE SANDFIELD who brings up the point that Atom's cover men should have a name. Any suggestions? Goes on "I feel that I must explain to the readers of Ape the reasons for my dress on the occasion of the Fandom Symphony Concert. I had in fact just done a dep gig with the Mad Hatters at a Sunday afternoon concert and Ted Tubb had failed to meet me at the Coliseum door with my dress suit. The result was that instead of changing in his car as arranged, I had to run all the way to the Festival Hall as I hadn't the taxi fare. The trumpet men were not from the London Symphony but from Spike Jones's band. They always come on like that."

FANAC 31 - Carr and Ellik. FAPA post-mailing type issue, but still full of the usual chatter. The fact that Bob Pavlat corrected a rumour printed in a previous issue is used to show that I'm all wrong and Carr is right, and Truth Will Out. Like wow! Obviously it doesn't prove any more than that the truth came out on this occasion, but I wouldn't dream of arguing with Carr about this. I just hope the same people received both the relevant issues - and if any of them passed the rumour on to non-Fanac-readers I trust they will now pass on the correction with the same enthusiasm. Mean while, try as I might, I just can't help but think things would have been a lot better had the original rumour not been published. And you?



27th. QUIXOTIC No 1 - Don Durward - 10¢. Rather a lot to ask for the amount and quality of the material...2page Editorial, 2page story by Twig, 2page story by Ted Johnstone and 2page fanzine review column. I still think these new Los Angeles fans are to be encouraged though. If only they'd cut out this multiple-title idea and concentrate on one zine then they'd go places fast.

Letter from ARCHIE MERCER. "If you didn't take any leave (hold it - I seem to remember that soldiers are paid whether on leave or at work). That means that you work (or go on leave) for two weeks per year to pay for Apē. Or maybe you'll have realised that already. (Yes, except that 3/26th is six weeks....which is also, as it happens, the amount of leave I get a year?) I'll skip the rest I think, except to mention that it has at last impinged upon my belated consciousness that an oral contraceptive is a letter-substitute."

Letter from GEO CHARTERS. "Joy's column interested me most this time around - though I don't suppose you will be terribly surprised at that. The last time I 'flitted' (a term confined to Ireland, I think) was way back in 1929. I can still remember how hectic, hurry-scurry, throughother (a term confined to N.I.?) the movement was, but I could never give a description of it in the masterly way Joy did. I have read about two other removals in fandom - Warner and Danner - but their accounts were merely very interesting. The letters were interesting though I regret to see none from me. Why you no print it? I know I didn't actually write one, but you could have reprinted the previous one. If you did this for all the customers you could ~~run~~ run 200-page issues. Have you no ambition?"

30th. Letter from Bill Temple. "The high spot of Apē 7 was, of course, the news that yet another person named Clarke had arrived on this planet. Sometimes I feel that there are too many Clarkes around of one breed or another, but as she's a lady we'll move over and make room for Nicola Belle Clarke. What cunning parental planning lies behind those names to give her an initial success. To what extremes some people will pander to the big TV corporations - in this case, NBC - to wangle an 'in' for their infant prodigies. ## Penny Fandergaste waxes lyrical over Damon Runyon and twice spells his name wrongly. All we have to do now is track down a fan who confuses Runyon with a brand of pickles. (I haven't the ms of the column so I can't check, but the mis-spelling might have been me.) Looking forward to Archie Mercer's debunking of stereo records. We've been trying out the Decca apparatus in our lounge. The Storm in the 'Pastoral' Symphony almost brought our ceiling down. There seemed appreciably more needle hiss than with the single track needle. Different sections of the orchestra drifted bodilessly, and disconcertingly, around us. Yet there's no really great difference from ordinary LP's played through two separated speakers. Seems that as long as you have sound waves from one speaker impinging on the left eardrum, and ditto from another on the right eardrum, you get a satisfactory enough sense of fullness and depth. Shouldn't be surprised if 3-D records fade out like 3-D films, though it's true the films were killed by the compulsory wearing of spectacles and you don't have to wear anything but earmuffs for 3-D records. ## I ran THE BORROWERS to earth at last on the lowest shelf of the darkest corner of Foyle's, where the Borrowers had tried to conceal both it and their existence. It  
thirty-six



NOTE: Fanac has a new address.....  
Apt.#7, 2444 Virginia Street, Berkeley 4, California. Mr & Mrs Terry G. Carr are to be found at 3320 A, 21st Street, San Francisco 10, California. Ends message.

## ADDRESSES

Likewise, ends Address section for this month on account of this is to be the last stencil and I've a letter to finish and another to start and finish.

Like wow!

(Bill Temple cont.) was pretty near as good as I'd hoped, and would have been better if left as a question mark between comedy and tragedy instead of the illusion being spoiled by a poorer sequel, THE BORROWERS AFIELD."

Letter from RON BENNETT who has worked out that Fandom including Ploy takes up 3/21sts of his annual salary. Goes on "...Atom superb..Especially like the Antedeluvian fan thing...Benchley was a film star before he made The Reluctant Dragon, surely? He had won an Oscar before then for short comedies. Shame, shame. Bennett has been up to his tricks again. I wrote that little note to Terry Carr who published it in Fanac. Apologies to Penelope. I had a vague thought that such a note might Get To The Bottom of Things. Certainly I've no wish to become a fake Penelope. I'm not Envelope Blunderbuste. Hidden Talents heavily formulated...The Li'l Pitcher best thing in the issue...I resent Chuck Harris' remark about Penelope's writing combining "the hackneyed phraseology of the earliest Ron Bennett material." A poor choice of phrasing on his part, which is most unusual. My earliest rubbish was written in a style which was NEVER hackneyed. On the contrary, I tried for the out of the way phrase. Hackneyed phraseology employs cliches which I've rigourously tried to avoid until recently when people have told me they prefer a more informal approach, which means incidently a lowering of writing standards. No, the early stuff wasn't **hackneyed**. Stilted perhaps. Probably even 'stilted certainly' but hackneyed -- foosh."

And that's the lot. No mail on the 31st. This issue is late again, after all, but we did manage to catch up a little time. (Incidentally, when we talk about the 'noise factor' we don't mean that we are afraid of making a noise in case it disturbs Nicola. On the contrary, she loves noise and can never get enough of it. The trouble is that when she produces her own type of noise it becomes almost impossible for any of us to concentrate. And as I said, she likes noise...). Anyway, the time has come for another double issue to get things straight again. Therefore Nos 9 & 10 of this fanzine will appear together at the end of March. At the same time I intend to try Walt's idea of making each issue a complete Diary. For this purpose I'd like all regular contributors to send a column in what is left of February, and a second one sometime during the first three weeks of March. Is all.





Sketch of the hill and its surroundings.

The sketch shows a hill with a small building on top. The hill is surrounded by a fence or a wall. The building has a chimney and a small porch. The sketch is very light and appears to be a preliminary drawing. The text below the sketch is very faint and mostly illegible. It seems to be a description of the sketch, mentioning the hill, the building, and the surroundings. The text is written in a cursive or handwritten style. The overall quality of the image is poor, with a lot of noise and a faded background.