

APORRHETA



1959
march

APORRHETA - 9



This is a fanzine, or so I've been told. It is edited by Sandy who is sometimes called H.P.SANDEPSON, and it is published by INCHMERY FANDOM.

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February
1st.

Well, after all the fuss I've had to admit defeat. This fan magazine will have to go onto a subscription only basis..... sorry and all that but there is simply no other way for it to continue. Inchmery Fandom's current expenses have shot sky-high since the arrival of Nicola Belle and they'll stay way up for some time to come. Although I don't have to increase my contribution I wouldn't think much of myself if I didn't, and so I can't continue to provide the financial backing for Apé as I have in the past.

In addition to this I want to make some further improvements and, working as I do from month to month for paper and ink, I'm handicapped by lack of capital. This is what I hope you are going to provide.

Subscriptions will be 1/6 (20¢) per copy, 8/- (\$1) for six, 15/- (\$2) for twelve. Since you'll be getting No 10 with this, if you want No 11 it will cost you 4/6 (60¢) so you might just as well send extra and get more. Of course, if I don't hear from you again you'll be two issues of Apé better off, if that is the correct term. Incidentally, current subscriptions will continue to be honoured at the old rate - but if you've been sending 1/- at a time I'm counting the last shilling as being for No 8.

Okay, you say, so how are you going to make sure of a lot of letters? I have another gimmick to take care of that. Instead of being monthly Apé will be 52-pagely (and this also accounts for the increased sub). Hence, if you want to see Apé each month then send 52 pages of letters and material each month. (Nos 9&10 might not reach the new length but I want to get them out fairly quickly after the Birmingham Convention)

Fanzine exchanges welcome - but on a one for one basis. Fan editors other than the Coulsons, the Berkeley mob and others who produce monthly or more frequently, should send a sub and let me adjust it for each zine I receive. Contributors will similarly be credited with free copies. HPS

The
Brinkwaite

ET
AIR

RON

BENNETT

I met Waffles as arranged. The note he had left at my club was terse and to the point, written by a man who expected no refusal. He was already waiting at the south end of Waterloo Bridge as my hansom arrived. I got down and shook his hand warmly. "I got your message. What's it all about?" I asked.

"It's good to see you again, Sonny" he said with sincerity. "And it's very good of you to stand in like this at a moment's notice."

"I'm always willing to help," I told him, "but what exactly is it you want me to do?"

"You've done it before Sonny, so don't look so worried," he replied. "We're going out to the Fallwich Estate in Gloucestershire. Lord Brinkwaite is giving a small party this weekend to celebrate the engagement of his only daughter, Lucy, to Cyril Soper. You've probably heard of Cyril's father. He has premises in Harley Street. His Lordship is a keen cricket enthusiast and he has arranged that I captain an amateur eleven against the Estate team. Cyril was to play for my team. He's showing a degree of promise as a leg break bowler. However, Sonny, that is evidently not to be. His Lordship sent me this telegram this morning."

I took the paper from him. The telegram read: "A.K. Waffles, The Albany, Piccadilly. Soper unable to play. Can you bring replacement? Brinkwaite."

"That's where you come in, of course, Sonny," said Waffles, as we moved across the Bridge towards Waterloo Station.

"But it's two years since I last played any cricket," I protested.

Waffles chuckled. "Nonsense, Sonny. You were always a reliable stand-in. I'll see to it that you have a safe position in the outfield where you won't be overworked, and with luck, if my eye proves to be 'in' as we cricketers say, then you won't have to bore the onlookers with your lack of batting skills."

And so it was settled. We caught an early train and arrived at Fallwich in good time before noon. Lucy Brinkwaite met us at the station. Her face held a straight and attractive profile and her hair was soft in the rare English sun. I admired her neat, yet simple dress. She led us to a small trap and Waffles helped her into the driving seat.

"Trust Miss Lucy here to drive her own trap, Sonny," chuckled Waffles. "Always was the independent type." He turned to the girl as we drove out of the small country station and his expression grew serious. "Well, Miss Lucy, I don't think I am mistaken in surmising that there is something worrying you."

She bit her lip. "I hardly know where to begin," she said. "My father --" she checked herself.

Waffles took a Mulligan from his case and lit it. "Your father and Cyril Soper have disagreed about something...?" he suggested casually.

"However did you know?" Lucy Brinkwaite looked surprised. "It is true, though, Mr Waffles. My father and Cyril had what can only be described as a row the evening before last, and now my father won't have Cyril in the house."

"But your engagement," I gasped.

"My father insists that I return Cyril's ring," she said quietly.

"That's a sorry state of affairs, to be sure," interjected Waffles, drawing heavily on his cigarette. "I presume you would like us to repair this breach of friendship between your fiance and your father, as tactfully as possible, of course."

The girl nodded gratefully, and I saw that some of the colour had returned to her cheeks.

"First, though," Waffles continued, "I shall have to know, if I'm not intruding, the matter over which your father and Cyril disagreed."

"But I don't know," exclaimed Lucy Brinkwaite. "It was something to do with an invention of my father's. You must know that his chief interest in life, apart from his family and his cricket, is pottering about in his laboratory...?"

"No, I'm afraid, Miss Lucy, that I know your father only through our mutual acquaintance with the world of cricket," said Waffles. "Still, we'll see what we can do."

It was a well-timed conversation, for Lucy nimbly turned the light trap into the drive of a large mansion, and soon we had been introduced to our host for the weekend, and shown to our rooms.

His Lordship showed us his sporting facilities after a cold lunch and Waffles met the local team he was to captain the next day in the match, which was still to be played, despite the engagement celebrations being called off. It would take more than a broken engagement in the family to prevent a cricket match especially arranged by his Lordship.

The next act in the drama that was being played out at the Fallwich Estate that weekend took place at dinner that evening. We sat down round the table under the low, beamed ceiling of the dining room. His Lordship seemed in a jovial mood, full of anticipation of the pleasures of the following day's match. I glanced at Miss Lucy and noticed immediately that she did not share her father's benevolent disposition.

"After dinner, Waffles," his Lordship was saying, "you and Saunders must take a look at my laboratory. It's the best equipped in the West Country, with the possible exception of the rooms at Clifton in Bristol, and I'd be prepared at any time to argue that point. We science fiction fans have to keep up with the times, don't you agree?"

"I do agree, certainly," said Waffles, "but your Lordship must know that I've been gafia these past two years. Travelling around betwixt matches does not leave a fan time even to read a Wansborough oneshot. Why, even during the winter months I've been playing cricket abroad."

Lord Brinkwaite bristled his muttonchop whiskers. "Ah, m' dear fellow," he said. "That's what comes of getting yourself mixed up with these first class matches. Village cricket is much brighter, whether watching or playing, and it leaves a keen fan time to indulge in other fancies. Did you know that I have just completed a series of experiments on a new elixir? Of course, the results still have to be classified, but I hope to be able to present my discovery to the audience at the next BSFA convention."

I glanced at Miss Lucy, who sat stock still, staring down at her practically untouched plate. Waffles himself appeared unmoved. "An elixir, Lord Brinkwaite?" he enquired politely, as though unaware of the tension.

"Yes, sir, an elixir," said his Lordship, his eyes meeting those of Waffles with an eager steadiness. "An elixir to help the very being of science fiction fandom, an elixir to stop forever the immature bleatings of insufferable neofans. You know of course that the BSFA are trying to convert sf readers into fans? My elixir can help those newly converted fans to attain the stature of BNF without the timewasting effort of the struggling neofan. One half pint of my elixir, sir, can transform any neofan into a BNF."

His Lordship sat back with what was unmistakably a flourish. Waffles looked interested. "Do go on, sir," he prompted.

"Well, Waffles," said Lord Brinkwaite. "You know as well as I do how brash so many neofans are. Quite often, otherwise good fanzines are absolutely ruined by the conceited attitude of the editor. Why, sir, how many times have the most out and out neos attacked an established fan who has more fannish spirit in his little finger than they have in their entire body?" Waffles said nothing. "Exactly, sir," continued his Lordship. "It is a rhetorical question. The neofan has proved an upstart time without number. He's a plague fandom can well do without. My elixir will put to

the best possible use the enthusiasm of the neofan. By changing a neofan directly into a BNF, we'll have that rare fannish phenomenon, the enthusiastic Big Name Fan, and, Waffles, just think of it; we won't have to wait. Those formative years during which a neo is going through his teething troubles will disappear forever."

At that moment, Jenkins, the butler, called his Lordship away on an errand, and the three of us were left alone. "It certainly does seem a beneficial scheme," I said, but a quick glance from Waffles showed me that I had blundered.

"Miss Lucy," Waffles said softly. "This is presumably the matter over which your father and Cyril disagreed. Do you know where Cyril is now?"

Lucy Brinkwaite stared firmly at Waffles. "No," she said.

"And except for the unforeseen errand on which your father has excused himself, we should now all four of us be seated here, at dinner," Waffles mused, as though he were speaking to himself. "Miss Lucy, you must show us the way to your father's laboratory immediately." The girl looked as though she were about to protest. "No," said Waffles, and his words were a command. "At once, Miss Lucy. There's not a moment to be lost."

Lucy Brinkwaite rose and hurried from the room. Waffles and I followed her along the branches of the winding corridor, and up a flight of heavy wooden stairs. Eventually she paused before a stout oak door, which proved to be locked. "Miss Lucy," said Waffles. "I must ask you to leave us here and also to trust us implicitly." He took hold of her hand. "Your future happiness and life with Cyril Soper depends upon your trusting us."

She nodded without speaking and hurried down the long flight of stairs. As soon as she had left, Waffles unclipped his tiepin and bent down to study the lock of the door. After a few moments there was a sharp click and the laboratory door swung open. We slipped inside the room and Waffles closed the door behind us. In the half light of a quickly gathering dusk we could distinguish the shapes of benches topped with scientific apparatus. "Not a sound, Sonny," Waffles whispered. "We dare not let this evening's happenings slip by us. No, no light," he said sharply, as my fingers fumbled for a vesta. "We must remain here all night if necessary."

Fortunately our wait was not that long. I had no idea what Waffles expected to occur in that cold and out-of-the-way room. Time passed slowly, marked only by our deep breathing and the heavy ticking of our hunters.

Suddenly, Waffles gripped my shoulder. Someone was at the far window. I gasped. The would be intruder pushed against the window pane, and a circle of glass fell to the floor, breaking noisily. "Crass amateur," breathed Waffles in my ear. We watched as the silhouette of the newcomer detached itself from the window square and merged into the shadows at the far end of the room. Still waiting silently we heard a few footsteps moving along the opposite side of the room, and then there was a little light as a vesta was struck. "Now, Sonny," shouted Waffles, and we hurled ourselves across the room. I half held the intruder, but an unseen table hampered me, and he tore away, only to blunder into Waffles who had cut off his retreat at the window. "Good evening, Mr Soper," Waffles said, as the intruder bolted into his arms.

Cyril Soper stopped dead. "What..... how did you..... who are you?"

"Quietly," said Waffles as I joined them. "Soper, we are friends. We have promised Miss Lucy to help in this affair...."

At the sound of Lucy Brinkwaite's name, Cyril Soper gasped. "Lucy," he said.

"We told Miss Lucy this evening that her future happiness with you depends upon your trusting us, and now I tell you the same thing," Waffles said, releasing his grip on Soper's arm.

"I see." Soper was silent for a moment, and then he looked Waffles straight in the eye. "It's this elixir of her father's."

"I thought as much," Waffles told him. "You're not trying to start an international fan feud, are you?"

"Gracious, no," exclaimed Soper. "That's what we'll have on our hands if Lord Brinkwaite is allowed to present his elixir at the next convention. It would be a retrograde step. His Lordship argues that he can, with his elixir, change a neofan into a BNF. Can't you see what that would mean? Instead of serving an invaluable apprenticeship as a struggling neofan, seeking advice and being helped to maturity by BNFs who have at heart the interests of both the neofan and fandom itself, he would be plunged straight into the inner circles of fandom, and he would still be as immature as ever!"

"Exactly as I thought," said Waffles. "I had to make sure that this was why you disagreed with Lord Brinkwaite. And I had to ascertain that you held this viewpoint. I take it that you broke in here tonight to destroy the elixir?"

"Precisely," breathed Soper.

"No," said Waffles, firmly, "that must not be. It would be all too easy for his Lordship to put two and two together if he found his elixir destroyed. We must substitute something else for it."

And so it was that I came to be lighting a series of vestas while these two sportsmen searched through Lord Brinkwaite's laboratory that night. In a tense silence, Waffles held up a glass tube and looked towards Soper. Cyril nodded an answer to the unasked question. With not a little drama about his movements, Waffles poured the contents of the glass tube into a trough at the end of the room. "Now to substitute some sugared water," he said. He did so, and replaced the tube in the position in which he had found it.

"Now, Soper," Waffles told him, "away you go, and leave the rest to me. I'll see you at the pavilion tomorrow afternoon at three. Make sure that you are there." Soper departed by the window and Waffles turned to me. "Sonny, off you go to bed. I've still work to do here." I needed no second bidding for the strain of the night's wait and subsequent work had left me well tired.

His Lordship was very surprised the following afternoon when it was discovered that I was unable to play in the cricket match because of a pulled muscle. The bearded substitute Waffles found took nine wickets for only fifteen runs with some superb leg break bowling, and when this wonder wicket

wrecker had removed his false whiskers to reveal the clean shaven features of Cyril Soper, Lord Brinkwaite was so pleased with his performance as to overlook their difference of opinion.

"He'll make a good husband for Lucy Brinkwaite," Waffles told me, as we settled back in an empty first class carriage of the train carrying us back to London. "Fandom can be well proud of someone like young Cyril, who is willing to back up a well considered viewpoint with some action."

"But wasn't rather a lot left to chance?" I asked. "What would have happened if Cyril's bowling had failed?"

Waffles chuckled. "But Cyril is a rather popular man on the Fallwich Estate, Sonny. It only needed a word in the ear of the opposing captain to sure that his men sacrificed their wickets in the good cause of Lucy Brinkwaite's future happiness."

"I see," I said. "You old rascal. And what about Cyril's breaking into the laboratory?"


"A good question, Sonny." Waffles took out a Mulligan and lit it carefully. "Someone actually broke into his Lordships residence and stole six matching gold candlesticks..."


"Candlesticks?" I echoed.

"They should fetch a pretty price in London," Waffles said, "And in due course Cyril and Lucy should receive a handsome cheque. The money will be much more useful to them when they are newly married than six rather ugly looking candlesticks!"

Ron Bennett.

Strictly speaking the above piece pre-dates February 1st, but then there had to be a period of adjustment. Today we had a visit from Ivor Mayne and among subjects discussed was the fact that he is hoping to put out a fanzine himself. Wish him luck, people.

February 2nd.  ORION 21 - revived by Ella Parker, 151 Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, London N.W.6, with the assistance of Bobbie Wild & Sandra Hall. Send Ella something for this...1/- (15p)...a loooooong letter, contribution, etc. Atom has a glorious cover, and many of the favourite items are present - a 'Sergeant' story by John Berry - Atom's fan bems - an Enever (guest) editorial. Fandergaste has a piece of her rapidly spreading Old Mill Stream herein and Bulmer starts the first of a series of TAFF tales. About the only thing that I didn't like was a piece by Archie Mercer. I've no objection to fanzines carrying half page ads for the BSFA, but I object to them taking up four pages of something as good as Orion.

February 3rd  Letter from HARRIETT KOLCHAK, 21o4 Brandywine St, Phil 30, Pa, who says she is thinking of putting out a zine with Joe Casey of Jersey City and..."I am also thinking of a zine of my own. I would like to do something different and put out a zine to give neos and unknowns a chance to get in print without competition from BNFs."

February
5th.

Manuscript from Bennett that would be used here if it wasn't for the fact that he's already had one piece in this issue. It's held over for No 10.

Letter from CHICK DERRY, 7703 Alpine Street, District Heights, Maryland, USA "I am anxious as to whether Penelope is deliberately strewing red-herrings on her identity or not. The tobacco pouch gambit points to a pipe smoking indian squaw. I arrived at this since in my family I had one such ancestor. Tell me, are female, pipe smoking indians common in British fandom? I say female because after all, William Temple has already deducted that much, and who am I to refute Willy? (Pamela Bulmer has an OMPazine called 'UGH', and Paul Enever had one called HOW!, but I don't think this is indicative)

Card from KLAUS EYLMANN, Hamburg 39, Maria-Louisen-Stg 23, Western Germany, identifying the 4/- money order I mentioned in the last issue.

February
7th.

Went over to the Buckmasters for the day - and made a good check on times of trains and stuff. We'd received instructions from Daphne on how to get to the house, and we found it without difficulty. Most of the time was spent on looking through their new set of the Ency. Brit. and the copies of 'Which?' that Daphne had. (This is the quarterly magazine put out by the Consumer Association Ltd. Joy has since joined herself, and a number of fans have had their names handed in as 'possibly interested persons'. Mainly married ones, of course. At 10/- a year (you listening Archie?) the CA is worth joining.)

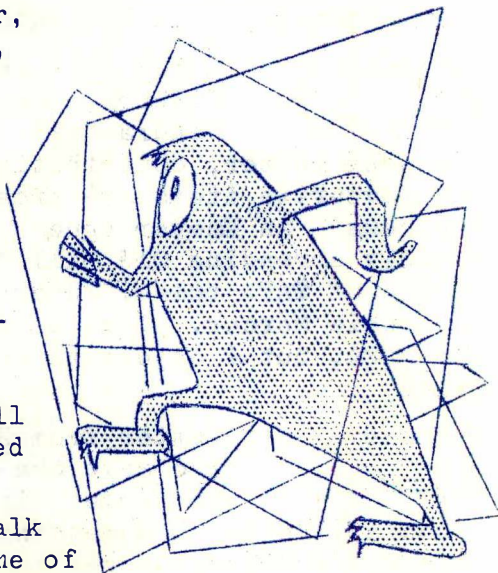
While we were over there we picked up copies of the Buckmaster OMPazine and some spare OMPazines which included GROUND ZERO - No 3 - Belle and Frank Dietz, 1721 Grand Avenue, Bronx 53, N.Y., USA and George Nims Raybin, 1326 Grand Concourse, Bronx 53 etc. Available for 15¢ (10 for \$1) or through Inchmery 1/- (10 for 7/6). Contents include a good ConRep by Ted Johnstone, a book review by Belle that now has special appeal to this household, and a short column by Inchmery giving a breakdown on UK news. Finally there is a short piece on the position of the WSFS after the Solacon that so completely covers everything as to leave nothing more that needs saying.

February
9th

angloFANAC - No 1 - Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln, Eng. This is to be a very infrequent newszine and it will be circulated in the States with Fanac. Four pages covering the BSFA, TAFF, various odds and ends and some fanzine reviews and stuff.

'Stork' type card from BOB MADLE, 3608 Caroline Ave, Indianapolis 18, Ind, USA who comments on the reverse.... "In issues 6&7 I was quite interested in John Berry's description of Chuck's project. If I can be of any help to him in authenticating his research, please have him call on me. Quite flattered to see that Atom included me in his definition of "Faan"."

Went over to see Ivor Mayne in the evening to talk about his idea of a fanzine and play through some of



his records. Had a nice time, too. Ivor has a collection of old ASFs that I rather envy.....or would do if I was still collecting.

February 10th. UMGLICK! - No 1 - Leslie Gerber, 201 Linden Boulevard, Brooklyn 26, N.Y., USA - 10¢ or 4 for 35¢. I'm afraid that this was spoilt for me by the use of so much fiction, but you might like it for the same reason. Reproduction is inclined to be rather patchy...in fact it was quite unreadable in four spots.

Letter from BOB COULSON, 105 Stitt St, Wabash, Ind, USA. "...while I may think - and will undoubtedly say - that certain of your opinions are idiotic, you have a very entertaining way of expressing them. I consider the opinions of most of the "faaanish" fans to be pretty idiotic, if it comes to that." (Then that is obviously the basic difference between us, and I don't think there's anything to be done about it!)

YANDRO 72 - from Bob and Juanita Coulson, as above, 15¢ (12 for \$1.50) or from Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd, Hoddesdon, Herts, Eng. for 1/- per copy. This is the Sixth Annish, and among other things the two editorials are expanded to two pages a-piece. There's an amusing take-off of van Vogt, and an article on sf art. Two items of fiction are followed by the usual Dodd column and in turn that is followed by Bob Coulson's review of 'Sex & Censorship'. More fan fiction, poetry, fan reviews and a letter column fill out the issue. Excellent duplicating.

FANAC 32 - Terry Carr & Ron Ellik, Apt#7, 2444 Virginia Street, Berkeley 4, Calif, USA - 4 for 25¢ or 9 for 50¢.....or 4 for 2/- from Archie Mercer. News of Courval's death and a report of a Pete Graham-type death hoax start off this issue. Fanzine reviews include Ground Zero. This one gave me a laugh because as it happens I'd been looking through some old fanzines of mine and came across a mention of one that Frank Dietz had edited some time ago. Can't find it now, unfortunately.

Letter from DON DURWARD, 6033 Garth Avenue, Los Angeles 56, California, USA. "I thought that Bob Pavlat's article on Von Braun was different. I have never before read this sort of a news commentary in a fanzine. Personally I liked it, so there." (Don goes on to say that The Old Mill Stream is fair, the Berry item is good - but he objects to serials very much since in this particular instance he will not be able to get hold of the first part - and ends by asking 'can't you do anything wrong?'. Quite obviously he has not been reading reviews of Ap published by the 'right' people, such as G.M.Carr etc. Thanks for the comments, Don, and I'd like to do something for Quixotic but I'm afraid it's almost impossible for me to keep up with my current commitments outside of Ap.)

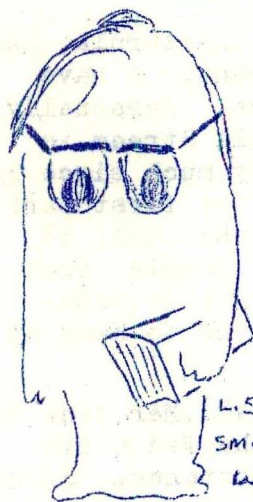
DHOG - Nos 1 to 7 (less No 2 -- wha happen?) - Ted Pauls, 1448, Meridene Dr, Baltimore 12, Md, USA. Letter substitute type of thing on the Ted White pattern. No.1 refers to my comment in Ap doubting Ted's existence. Since then I have seen a photo....not that this means much - a lot of people saw photos of Joan W Carr. And what am I to make out of the fact that these six issues were mailed flat in a large envelope with a piece of thick card to keep them straight? The envelope had 20¢ worth of stamps on it! Mind you, I liked this very much, but it isn't exactly the action of a neo-fan short of cash, now is it? Okay, so you developed quickly. Dhog is pleasant reading and well worth getting.

February
12th.

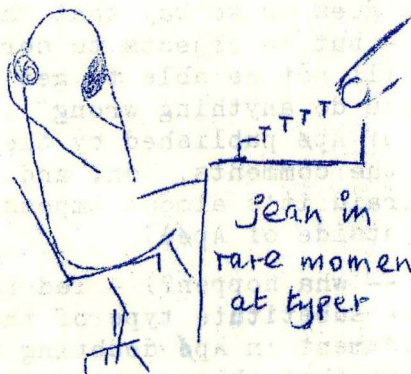
Letter from DICK ENEY, 417 Ft Hunt Rd, Alexandria, Virginia, USA. "If Apé really isn't the plural of απορρητος..." things not to be mentioned" - which is what I'd read it as - I suppose it's a compound word and I suspect its elements to be απορος & ρητον, which works out to "perplexing sayings" as well as I can construe it. I hope this is right; it'd calm my grief over not having been able to figure out the meaning of FIJAGH. That character who read into it meanings like 'foul' and 'unwholesome' I can't understand...the only thing like that I see in the vicinity is Aporreya "prohibition". And it's only over here that that word is foul and unwholesome. (Well, you've got it down to two words --now take another two words that mean exactly the same thing but have a particular meaning when used for a fanzine, and you've got the definition my dictionary has!?) I chortled appropriately over Vine's bedtime tale for Baby Bems...think I still have, around here, the letter he sent me mentioning his idea of using "Flat, the Flatbed" as a child's-story title. I can see it now...in 14-point Textbook Roman on moistureproof pages...illustrations by L Frank Baum...goshwow. Apé 7 up...Bob Pavlat's piece takes the prize from some rugged competition. I wish that he'd do many more like this, and more frequently. I've so far fallen from grace as to (sh!) get a paint-by-numbers set to work on...a plastic-stamped sheet which, properly colored, is supposed to look like a piece of mosaic work. I suppose it's because the ingenuity of the idea appealed to me; I've hated those paint-by-numbers things not because they were Mass Produced Imitation Art and therefore W*I*C*K*E*D and E*V*I*L but because - the only sound reason for disliking artwork, really - they were simply damned ugly and graceless, with their abrupt division lines between the colours and so forth. The subjects of these mosaics aren't exactly inspired, but I can't help a sneaking admiration for people who suit there notions so perfectly to the limitations of their medium." (Mosaic, hmm? That would certainly aid the colour breaks?)

Letter from THE IVORY BIRDBATH, 11 Buena Vista Park, Cambridge 40, Mass, USA

IVORY BIRDBATH TYPES



L. STARK 3rd,
small but
wiry



jean in
rare moment
at typer



Ay
bearded
boy
sinust

Andy writes: "Before me lies the quivering, seductive form of Apé 7 - and let me start right off by saying that the cover was lovely, and that I'd like you to stop putting an underline over the 'e' when you shorten your title to 3 letters; I keep thinking it's an underline for the word above it in the previous line, and it drives me something crazy. If you can't get

an accent put on your typer, use the virgule, thus: Apé - which serves the same purpose, looks no more like an accent mark than the underline does, fails to attract attention to the previous line, and does not necessitate shifting up and down again as well as backspacing. (It is being done as you suggest...thanks for the idea) I think Bob Pavlat has pretty well covered the (von Braun) matter...it does seem more and more that, unpleasant as it may be, the Soviet system can be quite efficient - or at least, quite effective - in accomplishing things it wants to do (if you'll pardon my personification of such an abstract entity). In fact, I actually wonder whether they can't be more effective than we can - and thus, whether they, in the long run, won't actually succeed in taking over the world. We may well be in the situation pictured in a Bester story of several years back, in which the only way we can save the American Way of Life and all that is by giving up the supposed advantages we're trying to save. (I believe that in many ways that process has already begun)

"But I can assure that nothing is going to work an overnight united effort on this side of the H₂O in order to get into space or whatnot. The Russians could start colonizing Mars and Americans generally would simply say "How awful" and let it go at that. We aren't going to have general respect for 'excellence' - intellectual achievement, etc. - quickly. You can not change basic attitudes by decree. On the other hand, the government could put a lot more pressure on in that direction, as the desegregation in the schools is acting to eventually change Southern attitudes toward Negroes. Perhaps things (in either of these fields) cannot be pushed faster without bringing on an adverse counter-reaction. The man in the street can comfort himself with the thought that, if he hasn't got brains, at least he's got more money than the people with brains; if we doubled teachers' salaries or something of the sort, The Common Man would rise up in protest, feeling himself discriminated against. The kind of system we have here just can't adapt suddenly to changes. Americans buy comfort and personal pleasure at the expense of the general welfare, perhaps. Have you read Ferlinghetti's "Tentative Description of a Dinner Given to Promote the Impeachment of President Eisenhower"? You'd like it - at least, I did. The NY Fanarchists were handing out copies at their Xmas con, I understand. Oh, by the way, who was your guest editorial writer who signed himself PTO at the bottom of the first page? (Peter Thomas Ostletwistlethorpingham - you appreciate the reason for not giving the name in full, I'm sure.)

"Hidden Talents. Gawd. You don't realise how true-to-life this really is. Suppose we consider, for a moment, a group of people with similar interests like fans, a group comparable in size to British Fandom - namely the students, staff, etc., of the Harvard (& Smithsonian) Observatories. Suppose that from this motley group of relatively intelligent people bound together by a common subject, we try to abstract such a musical group. The result is the Observatory Philharmonic Orchestra - now in its tenth, or is it the eleventh, year. The instruments listed in the program include sandpaper blocks, cuckoo, and (actually) tea tray, as well as a couple of violins, flute, clarinet, oboe, and home-made string bass. Perhaps I can tape a recent OPO concert and send it to you and Berry....

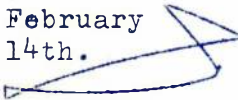
"Paul Enever is in need of correction. To say that "some life forms keep others in check" is a pretty vague, oversimplified, and generally wrong


statement - wothell does "in check" mean anyhow? -- but his idea that "every thing keeps itself in check" is not my idea of a proper counter to it. Everything interacts with its environment, living and non-living...the study of this is called ecology and is fairly complicated. Grand, sweeping oversimplifications are unjustified. The accurate description of all these interactions would require a coupled set of differential equations, as numerous as there are different kinds of organisms. The coefficients of all the terms would depend on the exact way in which the activities of each organism affects the populations of the others, and would have to be inferred from statistics which would be impossible to gather in sufficient numbers, or from theoretical pictures of doubtful validity. In particular, the terms involving Man would be quite complicated, and vary as functions of time due to social and economic changes. A simple approximation has been tried in a few cases, in which it is assumed that the numbers of births in each population is proportional to the food supply, and the number of deaths proportional to the number of predators (a la the Law of Mass Action from chemistry) ...this produces simple models of population fluctuations which are informative but not strictly realistic. It makes good problems for texts on differential equations, though. A further refinement is to include the time lag in births, etc...but I digress. (Perhaps, but you do it so well..)

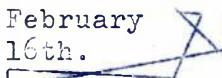
"Good comments from Daphne Buckmaster on ethics et al. I'm eager to hear what comes of this. (So is she, but so far...nothing). A great number of articles have appeared in Science lately on fallout and the effects thereof. My personal opinion is that it certainly isn't good, that it probably is BAD, and that since we don't know how bad, the safest thing to do is stop until we do know how much harm has been done already. But Bill Temple is using the wrong argument on fallout vs. rainfall. Good Lord, the way laymen talk, you'd think scientists didn't have "one brain cell to rub against another", as my old chem prof used to say. I can't prove it right off, but I doubt that bomb tests have added significantly to the number of condensation nuclei in the air. I want numbers, Bill Temple! Put up or shut up! Reference to dust in the stratosphere is irrelevant, since the air in which clouds form comes from near sea level. Certainly (rain)cloud formation is exclusively a tropospheric phenomenon, although big, energetic clouds occasionally can penetrate into the stratosphere. Even so, the air from which the rain comes originated in the lower levels and is not stratospheric. Krakatoa makes H-Bombs look like peashooters, so the comparison there is not valid. There's a good summary of cloud and raindrop formation in the current, or next-to-last Scientific American, which I recommend to anyone wishing to carry this argument further.

"By the way, my rather unkind-sounding remarks up there about 'laymen' can be applied also to scientists whose business is something other than the matter at hand. I forget who it was, about a year ago -- no, I've got it now, it was a geologist who was (along with me and several other people) assisting in a Natural Sciences course on the Earth and the Universe, or something of the sort - who asked me "Er, by the way, how do those rockets fly around in outer space without any air to push against?". I enjoyed Steve Schultheis' comments on calendars. Speaking of which, I bet (not that anyone's interested) that I'm the only person in fandom with a Julian Day calendar on the wall...it's right here, next to the typer. Today, for instance, is J.D. 2436608. Aren't you glad? End of commentary by A. Young."

At Inchmery we had another visit in the evening from Vinç's co-worker, PETER MANTELL. Nothing really memorable occurred, but in our determination to turn Peter into the fan that he really is, Vinç had him working the duplicator. Of course, it might just have been that Vinç was tired.

February 14th.  Ron and Daphne Buckmaster paid us a surprise visit. We cut a tape for them that had been promised for some time, and talked about this and that. Partly about Apé and letters of comment were promised....which have not been received to date. How about that, you two?

February 15th.  Short visit from Atom....yes, the A - Z for this issue is over the page...

February 16th.  Letter from JOHN NEWMAN, 36 Bulstrode Avenue, Hounslow, Midx, who was shocked to hear of our travail in returning to New Cross from visiting him. Actually it's all rather funny now that we can look back on it. This was, as far as we know, the first time we had been on a Pumble...(this, according to JeanYoung). Incidentally, John was the first person to mention the lack of editorial address in Apé 8. No prizes have been awarded.

Letter from HELEN WINICK. "Atom is just a sheer blinking marvel - not only in the complicated pictures, but the amount of sheer character he can put into a few lines - in fact almost the simpler the better. The sketches he did in "Waiting for Ron-O" show what I mean - the essence of anticipation, frustration, bewilderment, and besotted pleasure, all in a few strokes, while the Metzger illos, for example, are cluttered and messy looking. (But Metzger's prose style is good and readable). I liked Belle Dietz's episode ...she catches the atmosphere and personalities well.

"Dear me, Penelope relapsing into good old-fashioned 'either-or' Aristotelian logic? "Honest blood and guts or sugared prostitution. Which do you prefer your children to see?" s(he) says. This is so plain crass stupid that at least we can now rule out you, Joy and Vinç, either separately or together. There are a few hundred films which don't deal with either, you know, and if your local cinema doesn't happen to be showing them, who passed a law saying you have to go at all? And what's 'honest' about blood and guts? This cult of the Anglo-Saxon is almost equally old-fashioned. Hadn't somebody better break it to PF that several millions of people in her immediate vicinity are doing decent, useful, constructive, and unpublicised - things with their lives, and that this dialectical morbidity is more than somewhat old hat? Still, having been through this myself, I know the feeling! While on films, I wonder why exactly s(he) spent time seeing those four, and missed one of the most breathtakingly beautiful and moving films showing? If you have to crawl there on your hands and knees, get to see 'The Immortal Land' at the Academy. It tells you just nothing to say that the photography is perfect, the commentary and poems and music perfect, the colour perfect - oh, and it's about Greece! If PF stopped worrying about other people's hypothetical children and improved her own standards of viewing, maybe s(he)/they would have seen this instead, yes?

"Felt mildly frustrated at only one page of Joy, as she always comes up with something interesting that I haven't encountered before. Good book reviews by Jack Williams - how nice to read a review which says what the

SORRY-BUT.....
OWING TO PRESSURE OF
WORK, FAN, MUNDANE,
AND LIKE SO.

SFA to Z WILL NOT BE
AROUND TILL ISSUE 12.

ATOM



SPACE FILLER -- Or, So - You think up a title.

It isn't just that we object to the fact
That film folk nowadays act.

It isn't just that they decide to put on a weepie
Or a creepie

When we want a chance

To watch a colourful, tuneful, love-dove-June and Moonful song-and-dance
To entertain us,

But they decide to detain us

While we watch slide after slide unfold revealing the wonders of Gold-
en Puffs for breakfast, or Blue Detergent for the wash

And how the front seat in Xmobiles' Cars let 3 sit down without a squash.

We wouldn't mind that so much but the main film

Gets tired of the hero halfway through and decides to kill'm.

And if it's not that, the hero isn't a hero any more but just a common man

Who wants to get married but doesn't know how he can.

If it isn't the man-in-the-street it's the one

Who rules the underworld with a sawn-off-sub-machine-gun

And incites the youth of our times to run riot

On motorbikes, or else shows 'em how to take drugs instead of behaving like
normal people and simply trying a diet.

You don't get a decent Western now either - remember Shane & High Noon?

They try to copy them and then the hero gets ambushed too soon,

The girl gets raped, the farmstead burnt down,

And even the sheriff's a bit of a clown

Who can't find a dead body even when it lies right under his nose

And everybody else knows

About it but him. Of course the scenery's good...

You know the sort of thing - a New England wood

Or a modernistic symbolic surrealistic decor

With Gene K. dancing through an unsupported door.

I'm tired of men with golden arms, or noxious blackboard jungles

And want entertainment, music, Yul Brynner, or a clown that tumbles

Off the Empire State and is caught on the lorry carting a load of hay

Alongside a taxi transporting so many cops there's enough to patrol the whole
of New York for a day.

I'd like to see Fantasia again and maybe 'The Rains Came' once more

But half of the things I see these days turn out to be just a bore.

Let's go back to the hams

And get rid of these socio-politico-psycho-logical shams.

Give us the old song-and-dance

And ants-in-the-pants and some solid romance;

Robots and forbidden planets with electronic tonalities

And I can then forget all these films-that-make-you-think specialities.

Out with it, out I say, after a hardworking day

I want entertainment, Judy Garland, Bob Hope, Sinatra and Kaye.

After all.....with my 2/9


A producer has enough to start off a new picture and get someone to spout
the first line.

THE END

Joy K. Clarke

Continuing the letter from Helen Winick.

book is about. (Mea culpa!) Of course, Vinø's take-off of Enid Blyton is much too good, it would never put anyone off the nauseating submoronic twaddle! Usually 'Encounter' is much too chi-chi for me, but they had a deadly accurate analysis of Blytomania recently which was worth reading."

February 17th.  Letter from BILL TEMPLE, 7 Elm Road, Wembley, Middx. "So Penny Fanny has read The Hidden Persuaders. So have the Buckmasters, I happen to know. But that's not firm enough ground for jumping to conclusions. I've read that book too, but unless I'm a schizo, I'm not PF... Food for thought there. Just finished reading The Three Faces Of Eve, about multiple personality. Maybe PF is an Eve Black or Sally Beauchamp, a mischievous lodger who exists in a body but unknown to the rightful tenant holding the leasehold on the body.

"Please condone any typos in this letter - it's my first attempt at touch typing. Meteorologist Barry Hall so blinded me with science that I'm still wearing dark glasses.

"'Orographic uplift' defeats me, but 'Frontal uplift' I do know something about, being a Brigitte Bardot fan. All I know about Turbulence, Convergence, and Divergence is how to spell 'em, which is more than Barry (and/or your goodself?) does or do, and as for 'Heating from Below'...No, my top subjects were Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Fainting in Coils.

"One of ~~101~~ things involved in making a cloud produce rain" is to slip Manchester beneath it. Another is to have a meteorologist announce on TV that "It will be mainly Dry tomorrow." Television's funniest turn so far is the nightly appearance of these earnest experts, with their maps of the British Isles loosely draped with isobars and shot as full of arrows as St. Sebastian, and their confident prophecies which are as infallibly and wildly wrong as my own much less confident football pool predictions.

"Their dismal record encourages me to venture on a weather forecast myself. There will be heavy rain during the latter half of this month on account of all that dust Barry tried to throw in my eyes.

"Thanks for an intelligently amusing issue, valiantly produced in the very gums of NBC."

Letter from GEORGE LOCKE, 85 Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Road, London, S.W.1. "First I would like to add my few faint-ribboned words to the thousands already used in congratulating you, Joy, and to wish you all the best. I'm thinking fandom could do a lot for that child. There's Ethel, a nurse, there's Terry Jeeves and Ron Bennett, to educate her, there's Ving to teach her that the only way to write is to use a duplicator, Sandra for cultural improvements, Sandy for initiation into the intricacies of the electronic world, and fandom to rot her mind and make it receptive to all the above and more. I'll start by volunteering to count out any tablets that may be required. And measure out a child's dose of Blog.

"Re The Old Mill Stream. Penelope is nicely anonymous, so what I propose shouldn't be too difficult. The column in my mind has been running very, very thin, in the last couple of issues. With all due respects to the author, who still manages to keep it readable, I think a change in perpetrator would liven it up again." (George also sent the following ms.)

A GOLDEN ROAD

It has been proven mathematically that the presence of a human being cannot induce intelligence in an animal. Also, it has been similarly proven that a camel does not see mirages.

...The Chronicles of Apeynully.

GEORGE
LOCKE

...So naturally, Clarence's mind was a blank as he plodded across one of the sandier regions of the Sahara. He was a disreputable creature, with long, dusty hair and feet skimming the sand as a spoon does the skin off a rice pudding. His humps were bent and sagging. There was only instinct left, a fuel of passable quality and no more. It was just as well. Possessing a capability for reason wouldn't have been of any help with nothing but rolling dunes to stimulate the mind.

A tiny figure appeared over the crest of the horizon to the North. At the same moment, behind the speck, a misty, double-peaked mountain materialised, beckoning, and solidifying almost in step with the approaching biped.

Clarence responded to the awakening stirrs of intelligence with his first thought: What titanic chess-player has implanted this strange mirage before my eyes? For what purpose?

The man came yet nearer; the mirage yet clearer.

And what does it symbolise?

He hastened towards it, impelled by a mysterious force which an inner voice insisted was yet the most natural of motivations. It became suddenly important that he find the reason for this strange feeling. Perhaps - the man could supply the answer.

The camel almost galloped, one eye fixed on the man, the other on the humps in the distance.

Humps!

The humps of a tremendous camel, and inside the cells of those humps will be found water. If I find them, I will be able to drink. But why

are they shimmering like that? It seems as though they are about to divide.

They have divided! That is good; it means not a stagnant pool but water in abundance.

The man came up to him. He resembled a perambulating pear with feet of truly camel-like proportions, wearing shorts and a hat of a kind rarely seen in the Sahara. It possessed a small feather, and was made of thick felt.

He said, evidently aware through some instinct possessed of few humans, of the camel's intelligence: "I wonder if you could give me a lift to the Con?"

Clarence wasn't sure whether he appreciated the full semantic implications of the request, and telepathed cautiously: "From where did you come?"

"South London".

"And where are you going?"

"To the Convention at Birmingham."

"I see. And you want a lift to Birmingham. Well, since my goal lies North, I believe I can oblige." But as he projected the words, the camel felt that something was amiss. The man's tale did not comply with the actions of a rational being.

"You're not going South, then?" the man said, disappointed.

The camel wound his jaws round his teeth, as they do in the zoo. "No."

"Never mind." And the strange man departed, no doubt to find other transport. At once, Clarence started North, following the mirage and the promise at its foot. All the remainder of that day, and through the night, and through ten, thirty, sixty days and nights, he continued his quest, seeking the tantalising water which seemed at first to shift to all points of the compass, but which finally settled down to a true North. At the end of his journeyings, he came to a tiny stream.

He dashed forward. Lowered his lips. Guzzled mightily.

And spat the alien poison out before it could insinuate itself into his system and perhaps destroy his very mind. And he cursed the invisible chess player which had so interfered with his normal body processes as to make water an alien thing. And through the tears and the long hair and sand, he could see the four humps, mocking - mocking - mocking

He sobbed a little, then his magnificently compounded mind came to the fore once more, and he knew that his destiny did not lie at a tiny stream in the sunken wastes of the desert, but beyond. And he resolved to fight on, Northward.

Thus, he came to the sea, and knowing that sea-water, even such inviting water as that of the Mediterranean, was not fit for such as he who could apparently only exist on an elixir much higher and more refined, he did not essay a sip. He gazed across the blue ripples instead, at the humps on the horizon.

How can I possibly cross? I am not a fish. I am a camel, born to be dry. Yet my destiny lies there...I wish camels had evolved with wings.

The sand was soft. As he stood, he could feel his feet sliding away from under him. Abruptly, they were rolling and he was sinking towards the ground and nothing he could do could prevent it. Within him, too, things were sinking, and twisting and writhing, and he knew he was changing. To what? A bird? But he was a camel and could be nothing else.

And he was blind, and mindless, and the last impression he had was that of a word: "Contact!" and of a muttering roar accompanied by a swift flash forward into the sky.

Gradually the motion stopped, and light and sentience returned. Instinctively, he knew he was on the Cote d'Azur, and he felt a certain emptiness. And he knew with the knowledge of knowing, that one of his other bodies was that of a Sopwith Camel, beleived to be extinct, and some of his substance - the blood in his veins - had been used up as fuel. He examined himself, and found that, if he marched carefully, he would be able to carry on.

The mirage beckoned; and he continued his way, avoiding the water which here abounded, and travelling by night so as not to be apprehended. In the course of time, he arrived where it was cold and grey and for-ever bleak, and groaned as he envisaged the even less inviting land the other side of the Channel. But he steeled himself, and allowed himself to sink to the ground again.

And he changed.

But it was not into the friendly, speeding Camel that he changed. No, it was into a large, square object, which remained motionless. And remained motionless, as days passed, and nights dragged, and the rain beat, and the wind tore.

At last, he was able to hear voices approaching. Then excitement. Muttered words: "Cigarettes. American cigarettes, by Jove."

"Just what we need old fellow. Finding 'em's even cheaper than buying them over here. We can stick them in the boot of the car."

"Think I'll have one now."

"Just the job, old man."

And there was a ripping which tore at his very soul, and a tearing asunder, and a stealing. And a stealing and a certain changing which lasted for three days. Then, suddenly, he felt an abrupt movement, as though to a quiet place, and he was alive once more.

He examined himself, and was satisfied - well satisfied - with his condition.

The last stage of the journey took a mere three or four days, and Birmingham was in sight, and soon the Convention hotel, and then he was walking through the door, with only slight difficulty. Immediately, he sought a refill for his humps. They were very helpful at the hotel, and amazingly knew just what he wanted. And he did drink, and the numbers around him increased, and they laughed and joked around him.

"Doesn't he look cute."

"With the beanie on his rear hump."

Last month, I made the terrible mistake of trying to show the Fander-gaste superiority by posing the problem of how does one get away with juggled figures of bank balances so that the amount left in the bank almost tallies with the amount drawn out. That was fair enough, I suppose. Several fans wrote to me via Sandy pointing out the truth of the matter, and that's that! A gigantic foosh on all quiz composers. (Yes, but what about the 14/- worth of silver and the 10/- note?..hps?)

ooo000ooo

A year ago fandom was having a ball shrieking from the rooftops. The situation in British fandom was under discussion and it was generally agreed that fandom needed new blood. America was evidently all right. They'd had Bob Leman leap to the fore out of nowhere. And the trend over in the United States looked like continuing, as indeed it has. For example, a new group calling themselves Los Angeles Fifty Six Fandom has been formed and members like Don Durward possess all the enthusiasm Leman has ever had, if not his brilliance. But over here fans like Nigel Lindsay and Paul Enever were going gafia with amazing regularity and favourites in the fanzine field were disappearing with the batting of an editor's eyelid.

It's rather strange how different facets of fandom crop up from time to time in different quarters, the same facets at the same time. A few months ago, everyone seemed to be discussing the quote card and its rise and steady tapering off. We know whose fault all that is, but a year ago British fandom wasn't discussing quote cards but rather the miserable decline in its very existence. With the situation being discussed on all sides, it was hardly surprising that something was actually done about it all, and it was pleasing to read reports that at Kettering last Easter fans had held a six hour meeting with definite aims in mind.

The ultimate aim was the introduction of fandom to those who are not fans but who read science fiction. The British Science Fiction Association was formed.

Everything in the garden was coming along nicely until some critic pointed out that the cabbages were labelled as snowdrops. The pound subscription to the B.S.F.A. was condemned in certain quarters as being a trifle high. The B.S.F.A. officials pointed out that in return one received certain benefits like use of the Association's library, headquartered at Cheltenham, whilst there was in preparation an official organ, Vector, edited by Ted Tubb. The apathetic among us rejoined that to the established fan the library was of no real interest and that the journal was therefore costing a pound a year, or five shillings for each of the quarterly issues. The official reply was that everyone had asked them to do something and that they were doing it. They asked for a chance to prove themselves and asked whether fandom though a mere pound too great a sacrifice to pay to get the wanted new blood into fandom. Someone said that it would be worth paying the pound even if there were no benefit or direct inducement. Vector itself appeared and it was immediately criticised in certain quarters. Some fans had previously pointed out sarcastically that Ted Tubb was certainly the best choice as editor of the journal because of his wide experience with fanzines.

So, all in all, the B.S.F.A. had a pretty stormy beginning. Within limitations, this could be a good thing, for in no instance did I notice that

any critic was trying to promote his own ingenuity. Everyone seemed to have in mind the ultimate aim behind the Association's raison d'etre, that the idea was to get that needed new blood into fandom. I can't see that anyone minds a criticism of the subscription rate, for example, or what is offered for it. The final choice remains with the individual. If one does not consider the Association's offerings to be worth the requested price, then one simply doesn't join.

The B.S.F.A. was having its internal teething troubles, too. As if in one accord, Dave Newman moved from the Liverpool area to Bournemouth and a resultant limbo, and Ted Tubb decided that his mundane commitments did not allow him to devote any time to the editing of Vector. Two of the remaining officials immediately stepped forward to assume added responsibility. Eric Bentcliffe headed the Association from his Secretarial chair and Terry Jeeves became editor of Vector. I rather admire the way in which this virtual coup d'etat took place. With lesser personalities there might well have been the cries of 'dictator' but even the Association's most erstwhile critics must have realised that these two fans were merely doing a job that they considered needed doing. I'm sure that both Terry and Eric would rather produce an issue of Triode than an issue of Vector if the choice were left to them as individual fans. They certainly deserve credit for the excellent way they have held the Association together during the past eight or nine months.

Now, if what Sandy tells me proves to be the case and the March issue of Aporrheta appears towards the end of the month, you'll be reading this around Convention time.

Even the most unsympathetic among us will realise that the organisation of the Birmingham Convention here in Britain is this baby association's biggest project to date. This is no mere cutting stencils and turning duplicator handles but the Association is now dealing with people. The progressive policy of planning two separate programmes for serious readers and faaaaans is to be applauded, though there is the apparent possibility of the convention falling between two stools. Give the boys a chance. The BrumCon is the B.S.F.A's tangible evidence of the faith put in them by the few for the past year. Let's remember that before we criticise. On the other hand, the officials of the B.S.F.A. must not use their Association's infancy as any excuse for slackness. Judgment must be made entirely from the programme and events which occur at the Convention itself. Let's hope it's thumbs up. After a year's hard work by Eric, Terry and Archie it would be a great pity if this Birmingham gathering proved to be a flop.

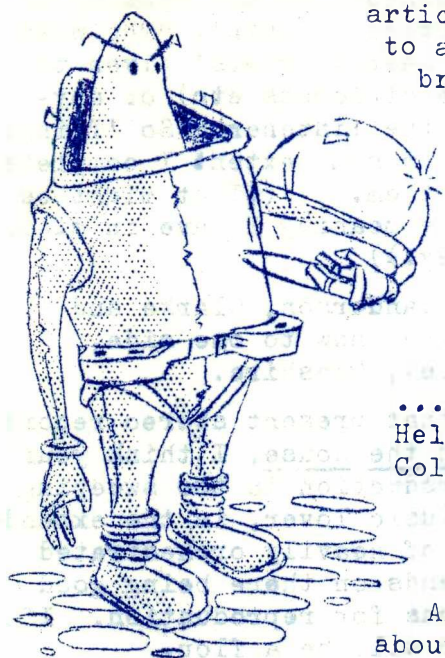
Cross your fingers, fellow fans.

Penelope Fandergaste.

February
18th.

Letter from SID BIRCHBY, 1 Gloucester Avenue, Levenshulme, Manchester.

"Have been trying to think up names for Atom's two little cover men. No great thoughts emerge. At and Om? S and C? Ferdinand and Isabella? No...I suppose I haven't the slogan-making mentality. Next, I see where Ron Bennett reckons that he spends 3/21sts of his moolah on fanac. Well, one economy would be to express it as 1/7, thus effecting savings on



stencil space, ribbon, paper and reading time. Archie's article about stereo sound was on the target. Who wants to achieve the effect of being in the same room as a brass band, for instance? However, my own problem is essentially different. I have just inherited an old family heirloom in the form of a very early cylinder-model gramophone. At the moment it lacks a horn, sound box and record-rolls, but here and now I ask for help in rehabilitating this noble instrument. Has anybody out there got any pieces of mechanism, or the record-rolls themselves, stowed away in the attic? Think what could be done at the next Con. ...this is the perfect answer to the electric guitar. Help support Birchby's Skiffle-Stopper. PS: It's a Columbia "Gramophone" - vintage about 1896."

Letter from RON BENNETT, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave, Harrogate, Yorkshire. "Foosh on editors who don't write editorials...very nice article by Archie. My headmaster and I have had a talk or two about stereo and have come to the conclusion that for the added expense the extra step towards perfection just isn't worth it. I like Archie's point about getting used to surface noise. Since you really put me on to the wear and care of records I just can't listen with the same amount of enjoyment as I had previously to the 78 jazz recordings I have piled up around the ployce. I hate you Sandysox.

"Penelope...is that another red herring or does PF really live in the south? That point about the Four Sided Triangle being shown on TV. It certainly wasn't shown up here. Why is Atom reproducing so faintly these days. Best thing in the issue was decidedly Joy's column, which was superb. Very nice remark about reviewing the Enc.Brit. And boy! Three cheers for old Ethel. I thought you had a cat yet awready. I'll have to check on the electric fire biz for Joy, but meanwhile here's just a very hazy-memored guess. A naked light can't be kindled in a vacuum, but electricity can be passed through one. Don't know whether it can actually become - hell, what's the word - incandescent?...I'd say myself that while a light uses up oxygen in a room an electric fire does to some degree, but not much. Can't you ask Vinc -- Lumenology and all that...

"Sympathies about the lost War Office Money Order. It strikes me that it was someone who knew your habits and possibly someone who knew your signature, Sandy. A fan of course. Possibly even me. Would have been worth my while to do it, no? (Well, someone made £13 out of the deal! It must have been a local bod - I've seen the money order since this happened and the signature had no relation to mine. As you know, you don't have to produce proof at the Post Office. The most you are asked to do is to say who sent you the order, and since mine would have been delivered in an envelope prominently stamped with the War Office stamp, there would have been no difficulty there!!) Note to Charters...'flitted' is a term widely used in Yorkshire." (And Manchester, if it comes to that..)

Letter from DAVE COHEN, 32 Larch Street, Hightown, Manchester 8. "In one

of the Round Robins I'm involved in we have been discussing the meaning of APORRHETA. Our Greek member gave us the almost correct meaning, "The word means 'secret' and is used in our language to mark 'secret orders' given to the Government employees (i.e. instructions to the diplomats etc) or anything which has to remain between the speaker and the listener. So 'Things not to be spoken' is right." However, knowing you to some extent I completed its meaning; "Things not to be spoken, so I speak them." (That might be so in Modern Greek, I don't know. However, for the meaning I have in mind, Dave, you should check the earlier letter from Eney.)

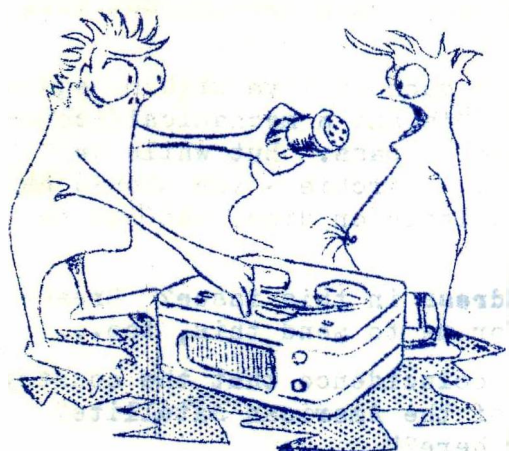
February
19th.

Letter addressed to Messrs Clarke, Sanderson, Clarke and Clarke, from HARRY TURNER (stand thee now to one side, Mercer) of 10 Carlton Avenue, Romiley, Cheshire.

"The Editor 'Ap~~o~~': Sir: While not satisfied that present stereo records and equipment give the results claimed for them in the house, I think your correspondent Mr Mercer condemns stereo sound reproduction in too sweeping a fashion. The main point about stereo, for the music lover, is the extended dynamic range and the clarity and 'separation' of heavily orchestrated passages. Naturally, to be successful stereo depends on there being good recording equipment and suitable acoustic conditions for reproduction. If one or more of these factors is absent then stereo will be a flop.

"In the matter of recording there are some excellent stereo discs, but there are a goodly number of bad ones - which is not a reason for condemning stereo! The Ted Heath discs, where the brass blares from one speaker and opposing instruments reply from the other, are typical gimmicky efforts, no doubt made in the manner Archie suggests. But some orchestral records are above reproach on this score and no obvious trickery has been used by the recording engineers. The obvious track separation on stereo discs will no doubt appeal to some people who wish to hear the sound coming out of each speaker, so that they are assured both speakers are working (just as some hi-fi enthusiasts like to listen to upper and lower frequencies on specially cooked LP's), but there's plenty of better material available for the people who really appreciate the music. From my own experience to date, I find that stereo on tape gives superior results to discs - but I am open to conversion!

"Equipment: well, results are largely governed by cost. So far as I can see if you spend £100 on single channel equipment, you don't noticeably improve on it when spending the same amount on stereo equipment. If you want hi-fi stereo you pretty well double up on expenditure, probably saving on the second speaker system. Some of the cheaper "stereo" systems seem merely multiple speaker systems and do not produce the wide dynamic range which is perhaps the raison d'etre of hi-fi and stereo. Good quality sound reproduction requires considerable volume for balanced reproduction because of the wide dynamic range. Which is why lesser mortals who have been happy with a portable record player or AM radio usually complain that the hi-fi enthusiast plays his equipment far too loudly. It is too loud to them because they are used to music reproduction which has extremes of frequency lopped off and the dynamic range of the music squeezed until it will filter through their inferior equipment. It's only when these people really hear quality reproduction that they realise how much they are missing. I know Archie likes jazz and that some jazz can filter through low-fi equipment fairly



satisfactorily: but no lover of orchestral music would be content with low-fi equipment once he heard the advantages gained with good hi-fi and good stereo.

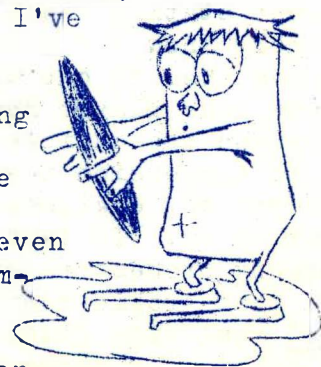
"Room acoustics are important with a monaural set up - especially in a small living room - and results can be varied considerably by moving the speaker system around. (As an aside, I have found listening conditions analogous to the concert hall by placing the speaker across the corner of our hallway, and then sitting at the top of the first flight of stairs. But I've not tried this out on visitors yet.) And acoustics of the

room play a bigger part with stereo, if the separate channels are to be heard blended satisfactorily: it needs a pretty big room - and most post-war homes don't cater for that!

I suppose Archie has a legitimate beef about the availability or otherwise of items on 78's, LP's or stereo discs. But when I think of all the recorded works available and think of the small fraction I can afford, or even have time to listen to, I find it rather discouraging. My inclination is to ask the record companies to call a halt, so I can catch up with them!

"The matter of hi-fi or 'natural' sound is highly subjective: one can argue about standards indefinitely. I can remember the day when I thrilled to acoustic recordings and recaptured the thrill of the concert hall. Then when electrical recordings superseded acoustic recordings, you realised the defects of the old system and how far your memory had filled in the gaps. And so it was when I abandoned my medium-fi radiogram and 78's for hi-fi equipment and LP's. I can still tolerate many jazz 78's but the excellence of some orchestral LP's so far exceeds anything achieved on 78's, I've written off my original collection of records. Not all LP's are good recordings and as hi-fi equipment will bring out all that is on a record it mercilessly exposes the defects of a poor recording. Obviously one buys LP's which are good recordings: Archie must buy some lousy recordings to complain so! When I consider the miracles wrought by sound engineers on all the discs in my collection I am humbly grateful for their work....

"Why haven't I got stereo? Well there's the matter of money of course, but that apart, after all the demonstrations I've heard I still feel that the single-channel equipment I invested in some eighteen months ago is adequate for my needs. After all, there's little to be gained by playing music for a solo instrument on stereo - and I like Segovia and a host of pianists. There's not much advantage in playing music by small jazz groups on stereo - which reminds me that I have written all this without so far even referring to Dave Brubeck! When it comes to the performance of works where the composer lets loose with everything including the kitchen sink - Sacre du Printemps or Shostakovich symphonies for example - there may be an improvement. However, I've not yet had the chance to compare stereo equip-



ment with my present set up in the hi-fi recital room at home! But present results have a terrifying realism and bring our neighbours dashing out into the street in fear that the H-Bomb has landed....

"From which you may gather that I'm still very much in love with my equipment. I suppose I could adapt myself again to 78's and a mechanical/acoustic system if the threat envisaged by Archie came to pass. But while we still have electricity I'll stick to my hi-fi.... Archie - you should be grateful for the wealth and quality of music available on disc, and not be so grouchy.

"PS. Why haven't you put your new goddam address in this issue? Breaking the law and making it dashed inconvenient for me to send this, too....

"PPS. As regards the H-Bomb weather - is it coincidence that the country is smothered in fog after the recent launching of the American satellite? It must be the smoke or something drifting over here?"

(You know, Harry, you might have some people thinking you really mean that! On hi-fi, I agree with you and also with the following....)

Letter from FRED SMITH, 3 Douglasmuir Road, Faifley, Clydebank, Glasgow...

"Regarding Archie's diatribe now, he makes one or two misguided remarks that even I, in my near complete ignorance, must correct. Firstly, re this 'hole in the middle' bit. He seems to be unaware that three speaker systems are already here. I know - I heard a demonstration of the Decca system in which a Ted Heath record produced brass section from the left hand speaker, saxes from the right and rhythm section from the middle. How they manage this with only two channels mystifies me, but it happens. (Personally I only consider the Decca system to be part-stereo. The effect is easy to achieve. The side speakers only handle the upper frequencies - one for each channel - and the bass frequencies from both channels are fed to the centre speaker. Since most of the rhythm section works in this range you have the result you describe. Cheap, and effective, but not true stereo. On the other hand, the usually accepted hi-fi system of removing the 'hole from the middle' is to have two full frequency speaker systems and two additional small high frequency units. Each channel serves one system and one 'tweeter', and the two tweeters are placed slightly in front of, and in-between the main speakers. This increases the spread of sound from each of the channels and 'fills in' the centre....hps)

"Talking of high fidelity Archie says the sound should be more realistic, without stating exactly how the extra realism is to be obtained. As you probably know the wider frequency range available to recording engineers enables them to capture more of the harmonics, or overtones, produced. Of course your player has to be capable of reproducing these overtones too, otherwise the engineers' skill is wasted. The tone of Archie's article gave me the impression that he thought high fidelity was a matter of placing of microphones, engineers juggling volume controls etc. This is probably the least of it. In fact one recording company - Mercury, I think - records symphony orchestras with just one microphone - and to good effect. I suspect that Archie doesn't have a high-fidelity system - maybe hasn't even heard real high fidelity (not to be confused with "Black Box" abortions, and the like). Or maybe he just can't hear harmonics, like Dean Grennell, who

claims that the long proximity of .50 caliber machine guns (when he was a gunnery instructor) reduced the range of his hearing. In Archie's case it may be the proximity of a Malleable Iron Works going full blast that has ruined his aural perception. This is speculation of course. Let's look at a few more facts.

"I don't know where Archie has been hiding but he seems to be labouring under the delusion that nobody ever hears singers or concerted instruments except as piped through a p.a. system. This is the most fuggheaded statement of all. I have yet to hear an orchestral performance where there is a microphone in evidence. Even dance bands only use p.a. systems when playing in large halls and, if you are near the stand, the sound of the band itself will completely swamp any sound coming from the speakers. Crooners use mikes, ~~yes~~, 'straight' singers seldom, if ever: they don't have to. They can 'project' so that even a whisper will carry to the back of a concert hall or theatre. Archie should go to an orchestral concert, recital or opera sometime.

"Lastly, Archie quotes a 1932 Aldershot Tattoo record as being one of the 'most apparently NATURAL sounding records' in his collection. Sorry, this is not a good example, for the simple reason that brass and woodwind instruments do not have so many harmonics as the aforementioned strings, piano and voice. Therefore the difference between an early and modern recording would not be very great. Has Archie any 1932 recordings of say, a string quartet? The point is, if you are a brass band and melodean fan high fidelity is not much advantage! Latest: it may interest him to hear that high fidelity existed long before LP recording. However, I do agree with Archie that stereo ~~does~~ not offer enough to compensate for the additional cost.


"Will just close now by correcting George Charters. The expression 'flitting' is also used in Scotland, especially in 'moonlight flitting', where one just takes off unexpectedly (at night, maybe) perhaps omitting to pay several weeks 'back rent'! Incidentally, Belfast is very like Glasgow, only smaller. Dunno what this signifies, if anything. The inhabitants are also alike in some ways. Will draw to a close now, like, diminuendo.


"PS. It has just struck me. What Ap~~e~~ needs is more belly laffs. How about that for the next issue, eh? More belly laffs. Here's one I lifted from a 'Phineas Pinkham' yarn: "Haw-w-w-w!" (←Okay, so let's have a few more....how about some of you providing them, though? I can only use what I get, you know....unfortunately→)

Letter from BRUCE PELZ, 4010 Leona Street, Tampa 9, Florida, USA. "Atom's 'F' category is the best yet in the alphabet. Much fun and one of the prime reasons I don't like to miss an issue. ## Seeing as I have a habit of making wrong guesses all over the place, in connection with pseudos, and with zine titles, I'm a little leary of the hazard of picking a victim to be 'Penelope Fandergaste'. But the reasoning so far goes: PF lives in or around London, since you see 'her' frequently. Of those two possibilities, I would say around London would be better, going by the title of the column. PF gets reasonably frequent letters from George Metzger, with whom I also correspond, so there is a very good possibility Metzger has mentioned the real name to me at some time. This narrows the field considerably, and by the time I add the fact that I jokingly accused this person of being PF and

got no denial, I come to the conclusion that PF doesn't really exist, since she is Alan Dodd. And by the way, this time I think I have the right meaning for Apé - took me a half-hour in the University of Florida library last week: "(at Athens), goods the export of which is forbidden." Howzat? I'd hate to get two in the eye from the same letter. (≠No comment on PF and see Eney's letter for Apé - and Ha! to you, like, mate) ## I wonder whether someone could talk ~~Charles~~ 'scuse me, Charles R Harris into putting out a guide to London shops? He's got a pretty good start on it already. Of course, he shouldn't be told that the booklet would go to fans. ## I wonder if Berry had Hoffnung in mind when he began his story? I've seen the cartoons "Hoffnung's Orchestra", which I thought were fabulous. They and the Berryarn make an excellent combination. ## I'm beginning to join your crusade against the goofs in Fanac. Not very enthusiastically yet, but a little - caused by the listing of the zines in which the Bennetoureport would be pubbed, and calling one of them SPECTRUM, which I'd never heard of. Come to find out the zine meant was Bill Meyers' SPECTRE. Pfui to such things - and I haven't seen a correction yet. Apé had the first correct listing that I have seen. Hmm...reading through the Diary a bit further, I see you spotted that one too. Main trouble is that SPECTRUM was and could be another fanzine's title (used by George Jennings of Dallas a while back)."


Letter from JIM CAUGHRAN, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California, USA. . .
"No 6 and the calendar. The calendar is very good; I hope this is to become an annual thing. Belle Dietz does better than I'd expected; maybe I've misjudged her, and she isn't all serious and constructive and the Wsfs is all, and like that. Penelope Fandergaste is a good thing, and worthy of anonymous egoboo for hiser anonymous ego. My suspicions go to Ron Bennett as Fandergaste. Right? (≠No comment) Flat the Flatbed is good, and fulfills Carr's longings in Cry for good fanfiction. Or rather, it should. I liked it. "The brand of your fannishness seems to be how many cons you've attended, and who you know, and not your collection or what sf you've read". This does raise a question about fandom - what is the position of sf? And, for that matter, what should it be? Myself, I no longer buy magazines without special attraction of some sort, and I read more non-sf than sf. Yet I consider myself a fan, if not of sf, then of fandom. I enjoy reading fanzines (most of which have little to do with sf), even those with a heavy sf theme. Sf has become one of many interests of fans, tho it is the one almost all hold, or held at one time. Fandom is no longer what it started out to be; it now would have very little interest for the sf fan, as a sf fan. Pardon the unconnectedness of this paragraph; composing like this has its faults. Anyway, I think that people should realise that fandom is no longer sf fandom, but has become something else." (≠I quite agree with you...)

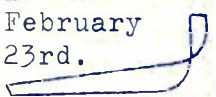
February 20th.  Received the TAFF voting forms from Ron Bennett, and you should find one enclosed for YOUR use

February 21st.  Letter from TERRY JEEVES, 58 Sharrard Grove, Sheffield 12.
"Penelope seems less thorny this time...spring coming in? I was surprised to see her bitching (or just moaning) about the poor quality of TV programmes - too unfannish - personally I think I must have watched an average of six programmes a year since TV came to the Jeeves household - otherwise the programmes are sheer crud. My answer, is, use the knob provided for such conditions - the OFF switch - personally, I don't use the ON switch without choosing a programme first - and the same applies to

steam radio. ## The Li'l Pitcher - naturally enough, Nicola took a large slice of this...just wait for the day when she has her own column. Re the new Tape-mag (≠The Tape Recorder?) I agree that the old one was pretty poor (and still is), but I thought the new one wasted a heck of a lot of space on showing how a tape should be spliced. Admitted they did distinguish between a report and a review, but they didn't say what the difference meant to them. A report could be either a statement of what they found, or a statement of what they dug out of the manufacturer's...yet one would be useful to a buyer - the other, possibly misleading. Again I liked the column - it makes yer fink."


Letter from HARRIETT KOLCHAK. "If you have a great many copies of your zine coming to America why don't you mail them bulk and then have them distributed from someone here. It would save you quite a lot of postage. (≠Actually I rather doubt that, Harriett. It costs me 3d for 4ozs to the States. I don't think I'd save enough from the USA mailing costs to cover the expense of mailing the bulk parcel. Added to which there is the matter of a further slight delay in getting them to the readers...?)

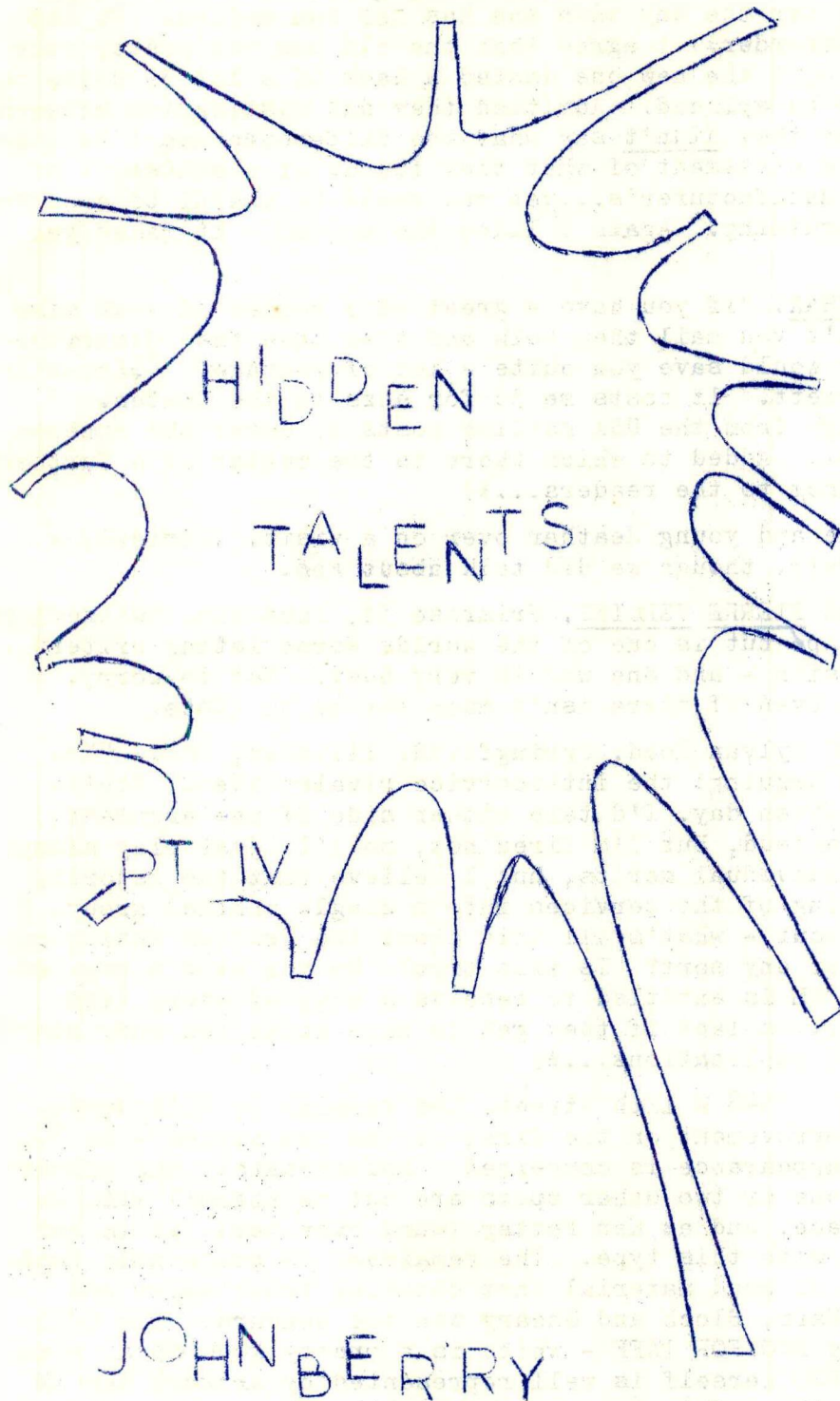
February 22nd.  Atom, Olive and young Heather over on a visit. Strictly a social affair, though we did talk about Apé.

February 23rd.  Letter from PIERRE VERSINS, Primrose 38, Lausanne, Switzerland who likes Apé but is one of the worlds worst letter writers - his expression - and one who is very busy. Not to worry, I like this letter, Pierre, even if there isn't much for me to quote.

Letter from VIC RYAN, 2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Illinois, USA. "Now here's a point well worth arguing: the interservice rivalry idea. You're against it, I see. On a given day, I'd take either side of the argument, and start a really good fanfeud, but I'm tired now, so I'll just play along. Both methods have their individual merits, but I believe that the majority of Americans favor a merging of the services into a single unified group. # Something I've wondered about - what's all this about the British Museum receiving all publications of any sort? Is this true? Do you send a copy of Apé to the Museum? (≠The BM is entitled to receive a copy of every item published in this country...in fact if they get to know about you they start writing for copies of your publications...?)

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRS - No 40 - 2548 W 12th Street, Los Angeles 6, California. This is certainly a big improvement on the first of the new series - No 39, as far as production and appearance is concerned. Unfortunately the editorial (by Djinn Faine) and one or two other spots are cut on stencil with an Executive (Bodoni) type-face, and as Ken Potter found over here, it is not easy to obtain a good cut with this type. The remainder is eminently readable. There are 35 pages of good material (not counting front cover and contents page)....Ellik, Carr, Bloch and Sneary win the honours. The editorial is devoted to saying BJO FOR TAFF - which is a pretty good idea, when you think about it - and BJO herself is well represented by artwork and in the first of a profile series. This is very much a club zine, rather like Cry of the Nameless, and in fact there are extracts of club minutes used in this also. All in all, this is well worth getting - 20¢ per or 6 for \$1..

February 26th.  Letter from JOHN BERRY, enclosing part 4 of his serial, which begins on the next page. Please turn over, like.



SYNOPSIS

SANFIELD is conducting a concert at the Royal Festival Hall - given by the British Fandom Symphony Orchestra - on the night of October 14th, 1960.

The proceeds are to finance HARRIS'S projected 'THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ROBERT MADLE'

The players - the members of British fandom - come on stage, and the concert begins. The author is in the audience with Sir Malcolm Sargent, having been prevented from playing himself due to a sore finger.

Suddenly, during the music, a scream is heard. The music comes to an abrupt end...but the players are still making the motions. Gradually they stop and when an element of order is restored it is noticed that SANDERSON is about to shoot a second bow at BENTCLIFFE. The orchestra splits into two camps and prepares for war.

And then a sigh comes from the audience as they notice that SANFIELD, previously carried off on a st stretcher, is making his way back - swinging on the chandeliers.....

I'll never forget Sandfield's performance. It takes a certain amount of British Grit to appear before a paying public gripping a record between one's teeth - but swinging from a chandelier as well?

This revolutionary method of negotiating the Royal Festival Hall from rear entrance to stage obviously affected the audience deeply - and that one fact in itself speaks volumes for Sandfield's prowess, because, on stage, an unbelievable conflict was being enacted.

Sanderson, with twelve fans at his command, was sheltering behind the raised top of the piano, oblivious to Miss Marriott crawling all over him looking for her grapes. His bewildered aides had constructed a barricade of chairs and music stands, and sitting behind it, they maintained a steady stream of violin bows arching across the stage and into the huddle of Bentcliffe's supporters, who represented a rather undisciplined rabble. It transpired that they couldn't decide who was going to shelter behind Archie Mercer!

Using the force of his personality, Bentcliffe took command and supervised a foray into the ladies toilet at the rear of the stage. His supporters returned with chairs, a table, a sink and a lavatory door, which they quickly knocked into a quite handsome-looking fortress, on their side of the stage.

Most fantastic of all, however, was the exciting scene being enacted amongst the militant rabble in no-mans-land ... three firemen in full kit, hacksaws rampant, were vigorously attempting to extricate the Whelan and Hall craniums from between the rods of the Fish Racks.

The uncannily accurate fire of the Sandersonites began to prove most effective, and Sandy was all geared up for a final charge when Ella Parker suddenly gave a shrill scream and yelled, "Look at poor Larry!"

I wish to make a firm statement here and now. Whatever has been said about the tendency of fans to argue and feud and fuss amongst themselves, there can be no doubt that when a fellow fan is confronted by an almost unsurmountable difficulty, other fans, no matter what their persuasion, will forego any advantage to go to that fan's assistance. I am going to put the facts before you so that you can decide for yourselves ... and I can vouch for the accuracy of this description because, hidden behind the big drum, I saw it.

You see, Sir Malcolm nearly had a fit when he saw Sandfield making a Tarzan-like progression across the hall. At first, I got the impression that Sir Malcolm hopefully concluded that Sandfield was in fact a Commie agent about to drop an infernal machine into the middle of the stage and precipitate the battling and erstwhile pseudo-musicians to the four points of the compass.

And then, I fancy, Sir Malcolm caught sight of Sandfield's expression - a sort of vicious snarl surrounded by a black disc - and realised that the stageward trip most probably denoted yet another musical fiasco.

No matter. The important thing is that Sir Malcolm realised it was about time he did something to try and restore a modicum of sanity to the sanctity of the Festival Hall, and it seemed to him that if Sandfield could be forcibly stopped from reaching the stage, it would at least be some vindication of the prestige of the Masters.

He quickly took field command of the remainder of the audience. Under his explicit instructions they began to assemble a wall of plush seats between Sandfield and the stage.

Larry spotted this, and probably having a mental vision of a front page illo from BURROUGHSANIA he swung the chandelier wildly and literally travelled six or eight feet in mid air to grab the next ... and the next ... and all the time the Sargent Defensive Wall grew and grew.

Ella Parker, who had been detailed to collect some spare violin bows and take them to the marksmen, spotted this titanic struggle, and screamed.

The fannish conflict ceased so abruptly it seemed that the violin bows en route skidded to a halt and returned whence they came. The fans congregated on the edge of the stage, gazing in fascination over the row of policeman's helmets to the rapidly growing construction on which Sir Malcolm was rampant. He was trying his hardest to grab Sandfield's legs which were inches from his outstretched arms.

"Another chair," he screamed.

The fans seemed uncertain. Instinctively they sort of swayed forward, all intent upon a rescue, but how could it be effect? First of all there was the line of bobbies to negotiate, and there was something fearsome in the way they had their notebooks open, pencils poised.

Suddenly, Arthur Thomson yelled in a strident voice. "I recall a situation similar to this in the Middle East when I was in the R.A.F. during the war. A gang of wogs had swiped a set of spifflicating twizwaks from a hangar, and we cornered them at the summit of the Great Pyramid of Gaza. I was the senior aircraftman present, and I"

"Quick," hissed Bulmer. "Stop waving that stylus about - what can we do?"

Atom whispered in his ears and Bulmer grinned.

"I'll take charge," he shouted, and leaping onto Vinç's shoulders once more he gave certain detailed instructions and then bawled "Brunner, step forth with your instrument."

John stepped forth, his trombone at the ready position.

Meanwhile, Atom had mercifully flogged the other fans, and they had constructed a pyramid out of the two barricades. Brunner nodded as Bulmer whispered some last instructions, and he climbed up the pyramid. Ethel Lindsay, already at the summit, lashed his feet with bandages to the stem of a chandelier which hung over the stage. Ethel gave a vigorous push, and John Brunner swung towards Sandfield.

"Jump, Larry," the fans screamed in unison, and just as Sir Malcolm's fingers brushed his shoes, Sandfield took off like an oversexed frog and with acrobatic skill turned a double somersault and his left foot stuck firmly into the curled end of the trombone, which Brunner was holding at arms length.

Centrifugal force asserted itself, and with a blatant hum, Sandfield flew through a prescribed arc and he, the trombone, Brunner and the chandelier vanished in a blaze of glory through the plasterboard wall at the rear

of the stage.

Sir Malcolm stood at the summit of his defensive wall, silent with consuming frustration.

The row of policemen looked quickly to left, to right, up and down, and proceeded at a steaming trot along the aisle to the rear of the hall and through the doors and into the fresh air beyond.

Several fans peer inquisitively into the void where Sandfield & Co. had gone - the rest fidgeted about, puzzled at the speed of things. The few members of the audience sat down wherever possible and commenced a steady chant which, without the obtuse words, revealed that they had decided not to move until they got their money back!

"Right, chaps, **pack** up," muttered Bulmer quietly, and the fans sorted through the debris for the remains of their instruments, and dejectedly commenced to stagger off ... the wrecks ... the dismal rejects of the much-vaunted British Fandom Symphony Orchestra.

Forgotten was the feud - the excitement of the magnificent Sandfield Rescue - nothing remained but the grim irony of yet another fannish project ground remorselessly underfoot.

In fact, nothing was more blatantly obvious than that British Fandom had sunk to its lowest ebb. "The Life and Times of Bob Madle", that glorious fannish dream, nurtured in the passionate mind of Charles Randolph Harris, could not possibly be continued, because its financial future was dependent upon the success of the orchestral concert.

"We should at least have had a rehearsal," I heard EFR mutter to Don Allen as they passed through the remainder of the swing doors at the rear of the stage.

And then, frighteningly, a brilliant trumpet choard blasted its way, decibel by decibel, round the hall. It was a chord out of this world... both majestic and terrifying ...

JOHN BERRY

to be concluded.

BERRY FOR DETROIT
LET'S SEND HIM
British cash
to: Arthur Thomson
17 Brockham House
Brockham Drive
London, S.W.2

Right, still on February 26th, we can now take a look at a letter from HARRY WARNER, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, USA. "This seventh issue served a remarkably useful purpose. It kept me awake for the better part of an hour Saturday evening when almost every other kind of reading matter failed to snap me out of the drowsiness that my case of the pip or the flu or whatever it is had cast me into. My current reading is "The Charterhouse of Parma," and the bare act of opening that volume was enough to send me into a deep trance that evening. I couldn't work up enough wakefulness to hunt up the Pogo book that I'd been saving for just such an emergency. I was so light-headed that I didn't want to risk the trip across the room to turn on the FM radio and just listen instead of reading. So Apé couldn't have come at a finer time to spare me the ignominy of sitting and dozing like a senile old idiot through that long evening.

"Atom's art continues to be of surpassing interest. I don't think I would have known that he has taken a modern turn if you hadn't explained it somewhere in the issue. Fortunately he still has that strong, firm hand that causes his lines to be honest-to-goodness solid, not the faltering line that most mimeo artists create with the stylus. Of course, I don't think he'll ever qualify among the ranks of the modern art movement, for the simple reason that he has a remarkably fine sense of humor and that's the unforgiveable sin in the avant-garde. Maybe they're so deadly serious in their work for fear that their audience will get into the habit of laughing at everything they turn out, if they risk a few intentionally funny pieces."

Letter from ELLA PARKER, 151 Canterbury Road, London NW6. "The Li'l Pitchers are cute as depicted on the heading, but 'What big EARS I've got mummy' Joy hasn't got into the habit of picking the child up by them in the mistaken belief it is the thing to do? Next to the Diary this is my favourite... I'm glad to see you were a bit more generous to her this time as regards space....What did she use on you, besides cajolery I mean...A hatchet? (I think the length of Joy's contribution is governed by the time she has, the space left, and the time I have for stencil cutting. For instance her bit in this issue will be a token appearance...Nicola has been teething for the past month...but we are all hoping she'll be able to do a full column for the next issue...No 10?)

Letter from BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 Soth Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, California. "Thank you for your kind review of LNF; but I was the one that wrote the Casebook Story, Durward just gave me the idea. For that I'm thankful. Future issues are pending; we have decided not to let it remain a oneshot.... Would you like to be our Inchmery agent?" (I would love to, but...no time!)

Letter from Walt Willis (damn! I always slip up sooner or later) 170 Upper N'Ards Rd, Belfast, N.Ireland. "I'll be looking forward to this forthcoming double issue of yours. There's a rumour that in view of current events at Inchmery it's going to be called Diaperheta and mailed folded in a triangle, so I'd better warn you that I don't think the Post Office will accept safety pins as staples. Besides, think of the unkind things people might be tempted to say about the contents. With a two-month double-issue-full Diary they should be good, but I hope you've envisaged the possibility that egoboo-hungry fans will mail you two postcards per day, thereby getting their names mentioned some 90 times? (Yes...but if they want to pay the postage who am I to complain?)

"This blue ink is spreading through all the good fanzines like some trademark (a pigment of the imagination - Advt.) but Hyphen will stand firm by the British fanzine's national colour, nailing its grey flag to the masthead. (It's spreading over hands, gloves and (in one case we know of) bed-linen, too. This matter is under investigation with the manufacturers...)

"Arthur's cover figures remain bems of distinction. About (Mr.) Sandfield's suggestion for naming them, somehow I think of them as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. ## That was a fine article of Archie's. I'm always glad to read someone telling me I needn't buy something I can't afford. Makes a nice change from BSFA propaganda. ## John's serial is still funny, but where's the plot? I don't mind, mind. I'm just wondering how it's all going to end. ## Arthur's G-H was lovely, though there wasn't anything quite up to the pungency of that one about the Antediluvian Fan last issue.


"It so happens that I'm in a position to know the answer to that first puzzle of Penelope's about the man who couldn't change a ten shilling note, because on my first visit to England I found that the entire population was in that position. It was an Irish ten shilling note; which does, admittedly, look rather like a sweepstake ticket. As for the second puzzle, that man was a fool for only making a profit of £1 on his Post Office withdrawals. By withdrawing his stake £1 at a time he could have made thousands. I'm not sure just how many since I've forgotten that low mathematical trick for calculating the sum of series like $50+49+48$ etc. Since leaving school I've done nothing more abstruse than dividing by 2.8.


"Joy's column was as bright as usual, a tremendous feat considering everything, or even considering only one thing. About inner space, I always figured it was the volume of space within the hegemony of Earth's gravitational field. Ordinary outer space is that within the solar system, while deep space is outside that again. I don't think you should criticise poor Willy for using these terms, which give a poetic atmosphere to commonplace descriptions. After all, when you look at it, space is pretty dull by itself. Naturally I'm sticking up for good ol' Willy because I have had tea in his house and he gave me a gramophone record of himself reciting Jabberwocky in German, and these things create a bond, but the real reason is that I'm trying to make sure he won't be offended when I take over from him as a Big Scientific Brain. You see I keep finding it more difficult to think of things to write about in Nebula, so I'm hoping to convince Peter that he should let me answer readers' questions. That's why I answered Penny's puzzles and the one in Ret, and why I am now turning the massive resources of my intellect to this question of Joy's electric fire. (You sound as if you hadn't realised that from now on your time would be taken up answering all those letters from Nebula readers asking about TAFF...) Obviously it doesn't use up oxygen, because if it did it would mean that the oxygen went into the elements and they oxidised, or burnt up. They don't, do they, so it's quite safe for you to close all the windows when you have the electric fire on. I hope this is right because if you're all discovered asphyxiated in the morning I just don't know what I'll write about in the next Nebula after your obituary.

"Nice capsule comment on Yandro, and a lovely splinterlineation (first use, Eney!) (And it's a good word...) on p.28. (A good page for it too.)

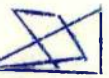
You missed one thing about that Empire News cutting. Poor Peter got all that space about his magazine without a single mention of its name."

AGHAST 6 & 7 and SPECTRE 4 from Bill Meyers, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tennessee, USA. The first zine is distributed in SAPS and although a lot of the material doesn't mean much outside of that group, there is still much of interest to the general fan. SPECTRE is available for letter of comment or trade. Like Aghast, the duplicating is damn near perfect. Contributors are Bob Leman, Renfrew Pemberton (who tears a strip off Age Double in the process of reviewing books...and a well-deserved bit of strip-tearing it is), Gregg Calkins (verse), Meyers himself (handling the fanzine reviews as well as the editorial) and Terry Carr. A 10 page letter column winds up an extremely good issue. I've been missing something.....again.

February 27th.  CRY OF THE NAMELESS No 124 - Box 92, 920 3rd Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington, USA. No sub rate quoted -- at least I couldn't spot it. (Come to think of it, now that Age is going sub how about one of you boys subbing to my zine by putting in a sub to CRY in my name?) The duplicating on this issue seems to be a little bit poorer than in the immediate past, but it is still readable. The usual mixture of reviews, club news and minutes and letter column. I'm beginning to enjoy it more with every issue that comes my way. Unfortunately I've never been able to keep track of the CRY fanzine reviewers and so I've not been able to make sure of every copy. Note for Terry Carr - don't know if you'd call 2 'several', but that's the number of Bickerstaff stories Vinç has written. The first was 'The Perfect Fanzine' written early 1954 and reprinted later by Dean Grennell, and the second was the 1958 detective story in PLOY. Too long an interval to make a series out of the character.

February 28th.  Letter from ARCHIE MERCER, 434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln, England. "To start with, 'Mass Hystereo'. I'd like to congratulate you on your treatment of it. I didn't keep a copy, but I noticed it'd been streamlined in at least some places, and seems now to read rather more coherently than it did when I done it. Which is strictly a Good Thing, and I approve wholeheartedly.

"G M Carr on states rights and like that. Personally, it always strikes me as ridiculous that any arbitrarily-defined parcel of territory should be able to assert any 'Right' to be such a parcel and not be part of the precisely similar and equally arbitrarily-defined parcel next door. And that each should then be able to impose arbitrary restrictions on its inhabitants that are not necessarily the same for each parcel. But then, I'm an idealistic crank and like that anyhow.

March 2nd.  THE VINEGAR WORM, No 4 - from Bob Leman, 2701 So Vine St., Denver 10, Colo., USA. Letter of comment. 22 pages of Leman material, funny, serious and descriptive. If you have not yet come across this zine you missing one of the best new fan talents to be discovered in a long time. It's quite impossible to review. Get it!!!

Well now, that just about leaves me room to say that I've dug out a bit by Joy to go on the next page (token appearance, remember) and that I had a letter from RON BENNETT, sending on his latest 'CLOUDBURST'. Unfortunately, due to the amount of work Ron has been doing lately, this item has rather turned into a series of scattered showers, but there'll be more next time.

THE littlest

LI'L

PITCHER

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I've just been looking at a coloured calendar - the picture doesn't really matter although it was a colour photo of Dovedale. It didn't look more than a photo until I switched the light on a moment ago. The scene is sunlit, and the light is so positioned that it simulates the position of the sun in the picture. This seems to have an extraordinary effect on the picture which I have noticed before - for instance with one of Bonestell's moon pictures which we have in the bedroom. Provided the light is so positioned that it simulates the light source which causes the shadows in the picture, you will get a vivid impression of a stereoscopic picture. In this one the foreground tree stands away from the scree-covered slopes of the dale: in Bonestell's the nearby moon mountains rise heavy and dark while the further side of the ring seems many miles away. This might be a good idea with just one, or maybe a couple of pictures, but I can just see a roomful lit suitably: wires everywhere and lights staring you in the face and blinding you, so you couldn't even see 2-d let alone 3-d. Must try it some day.

JOY K CLARKE

the north's answer to the old mill stream

C*L*O*U*D*B*U*R*S*T

During the past week the school has been swarming with reporters. Following the showing of the school film, "Fat Fred" to the Leeds Education Committee and the publication in The News Chronicle of the award winning films, the local papers have been going to town. Edward Firth, the boy who plays the part of Fred has had his photo in three papers, while his supporting star, Trevor Marwood, a boy in my own class, has also been in the limelight. The plot of the film, which was written by boys in the school almost two years ago, concerns "Fred" who steals some ice cream from the school dinner van. He hides the swag by the beck which runs at the back of the school. Trevor spots this dirty deed and tells his friends who go along and eat the ice cream while Fred is otherwise occupied. When Fred goes along to tuck in, he is naturally disappointed and, to make matters worse, is discovered by a master -- guess who -- and taken in to the Headmaster. Poor old Fred.

I remember the scene where I take Fred into the Head's study quite well. I had to tick him off and then lead him indoors. As the door closed on the rolling camera, the Headmaster looked really perturbed. Gee, it must really have looked as though I was leading Eddie in to him.

The reporters took photos of Eddie and Trevor eating icecream. Trevor came back into class with an enormous block and a grin to match. "May I finish this?" he asked. I kidded him that it was nice of him to bring me the ice cream. Poor kid. Both he and Eddie will be going down to London on April 18th when the film will be shown at the National Film Theatre.

Voting forms for TAFF are included in this issue and should be returned either to Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorks., or Robert A. Madle, 3608 Caroline Ave., Indianapolis 18, Indiana, U.S.A. As of 1st March, the total monies in the British Treasury are: Previously acknowledged: £17.7.2d. Contributions (Dollner, Groves, Jeeves, Freeman) £1.0.6d. Total: £18.7.8d.

Ron Bennett.

