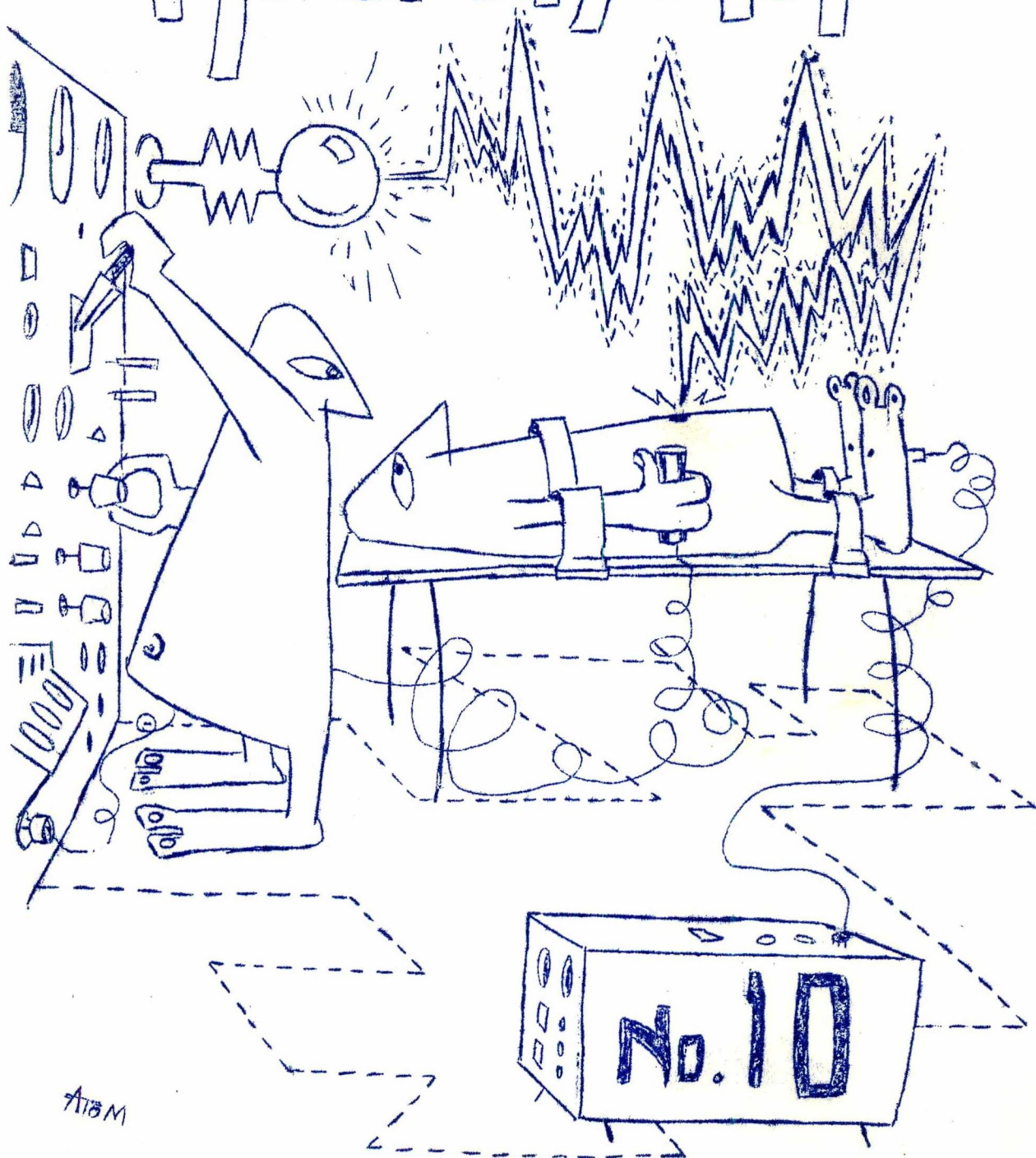
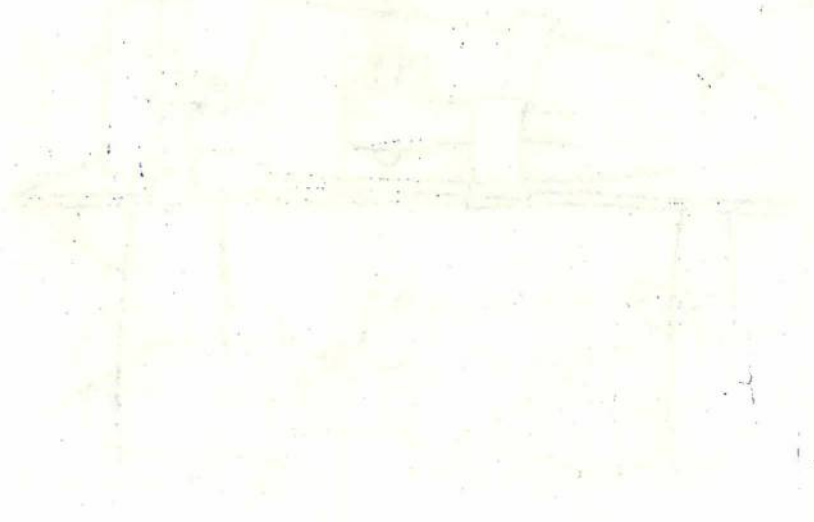
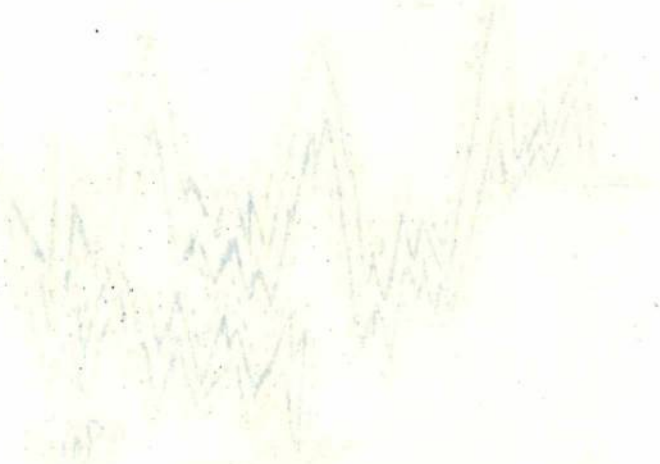


ATOM-10



1900



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1959
April

APORRHETA-10



APORRHETA No 10 - APRIL 1959 - HPS46

This is sometimes a fanzine edited by H. P. Sanderson and published by Inchmery Fandom from the address given below. Vinz Clarke cannot be praised enough for the things he is able to do with the stenoils I cut.

"Inchmery", 236 Queens Road,
New Cross, London S E 14.

Subscription rates: 1/6d (20¢) each,
or 6 for 8/- (\$1.), 12 for 15/- (\$2.)

Please see below regarding subs and
exchanges....and contributors copies.

March
3rd.

To harp back to a subject that is very painful for me, Vinz has pointed out that it is rather unfair to start the sub. system with No 9, and I rather agree with him. Unfortunately I am pushing myself into the red to get these two issues out, and I must get some return. You don't have to subscribe....I just hope that you will think Apr is worth paying for. Naturally I expect to lose some readers - but that might not be a bad thing in itself. I do hope to keep most of you though, and I think you can console yourselves with the fact that not many fanzines guarantee 12 issues times 52 pages for as little as Apr is to cost. (Come to think of it, if I carry on as now two of those pages will be blank, but it looks better that way!) Another guarantee is that there will never, ever, be a price increase....and let the Post Office do its worst.

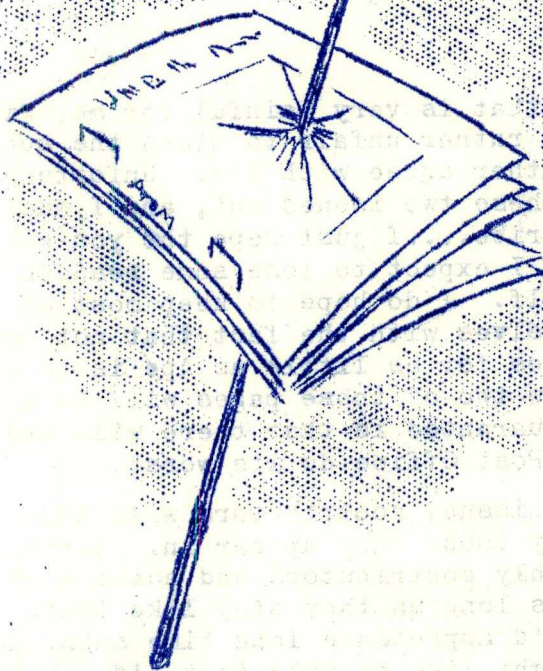
As I said at the beginning of the last issue, contributors will have their subs extended by one issue for every issue they appear in. Ditto the editors who send me fanzines. Hence monthly contributors and editors of monthly fanzines need not subscribe for as long as they stay like that. The rest of you might like to note that I'd appreciate long time subs...it's easier on the book-keeping. Americans might like to note that I'd like to have their subs in the form of dollar bills...much better than International Money Orders or stuff like that. All of you might like to note that the two issues you have in your hands are not to be taken as typical of future issues. There will be improvements.

TAFF contributions listed in the last issue should be split as follows:
Dollner 10/-, Groves 3/-, Jeeves 5/-, Freeman 2/6. And on to Ron Bennett..

OBSESSION

AND

THE



RAN BENNETT

Theodore Stone was aptly named. He made no attempt to conceal the fact that he was enthusiastic about money beyond the normal call of ambition. "I'd give a pint of blood," he would say, "before I'd part with a penny for a wild scheme like this." Or that. Or the other. There were no two ways about it. He was tight. The axion of his business methods was that he would grind down any opposition ruthlessly. When rivals discarded some scheme or other because of time gaps or the lack of promise of a large and speedy turnover, why, there was Theodore Stone stepping in with his offer. He was shrewd and he had confidence in himself.

He was highly successful. He made money hand over fist. His name became a household word in international financial circles, and Stone loved it. He drove himself to and beyond the limit of money making endurance, and his psychiatrist recommended a leisure pursuit.

Stone began to read. He studied the occult, he read fantasy and he was soon collecting science fiction. Naturally his name came to the attention of fannish circles and endeavors were made to draw him into fandom. Stone was initially suspicious but then entered into the spirit of fannish life with typical enthusiasm. He attended every Liverpool party, every Globe meeting, every Convention. He talked about himself, he spoke about his multi-sided collection, he sneered at lesser collectors, he criticised slightly imperfect fanzines

and brushed aside what he considered to be "the unambitious whines of the neofan".

It was nauseating. Fandom loathed him. He was a crass bore, conceited and overbearing. He was unwilling to learn from his mistakes. He had been more than successful in business and he failed to understand why the well known and well liked personalities in fandom did not acknowledge his superiority.

You may remember his fanzine, "Unequalled"? Stone published three issues. A fourth was said to have been in preparation, but it was never circulated. A pity, really, because it must really have been unequalled for fine fannish fare. The first three issues were totally and completely ignored.

Stone had filled the first issues with professional articles and stories. The magazines were bulky and they were printed. It was unusual to find a neofan who had money to indulge his fannish whims, but then Stone was unusual. And what a waste it all was. When "Unequalled" arrived, three issues in rapid succession, fans would merely look at the contents page and leaf through the glossy pages.

Stone could not understand why his highly superior fanzine did not draw any letters of comment or promises of material from Big Name Fans. He fretted. His psychiatrist recommended his showing more interest in his business, but Stone ignored him. He wanted his fannish due. He offered to pay for contributions. He was naturally ignored. An order to John Berry for a fannish serial brough back a terse note, "I'm a fan and I'll write what I like." Sandy Sanderson dedicated an issue of "Aporrheta" to pointing out a few home truths about Stone and there were no fewer than seven "Hyphen" bacover quotes devoted to him. It was publicity of a type Stone didn't really care for.

He became desperate. He had money, time and enthusiasm. What more could any fan ask? He resorted to threats. He had the influence, he said, to ensure that fans could keep or lose their jobs. His letters drew two or three replies in which the word "police" was frequently mentioned.

Finally, he resorted to the occult.

He was clinically logical about the whole business. He obtained the blood of a freshly killed chicken and heated it in a Pyrex bowl. The brew bubbled. He placed the bowl in the geometric centre of his study floor and paced around it seven times, muttering an ancient Arabic incantation. It was, like so many things in Stone's life, an overwhelming success. The demon that appeared was large, horned, green and utterly fiendish. It rose as a shadow out of the chicken's blood and gradually gained substance. Its legs were thick and stumpy but it ran lightly over to where Stone stood against the study wall.

Stone muttered an oath which rooted the demon. Stone chuckled, "My dear chap. You can't eat me. I know all the answers."

The demon sat down in an armchair. "You're not afraid of me?" it asked.

"Certainly not," said Stone and one must admire his courage.

"Most unusual," admitted the demon. "You must be the first Englishman not to quiver like jelly before me."

"You've had dealings with Englishmen before, then?" Stone asked conversationally.

"Not for some time," said the demon. "What do you want?"

Stone explained how fandom was ignoring him. "I want 'Unequalled' to be unequalled," he said. "I think you can help me."

"Why should I?" asked the demon.

"No reason at all," Stone told him. "I am, however, willing to pay for your services. I believe you demons like to collect souls. Well, you can certainly have mine. I don't believe in such rubbish, anyway."

"Your soul?" said the demon. "That really is of little use to me. I am, however, greatly appreciative of the taste of human flesh and I don't mind admitting that I'd like to eat you."

"I dare say you would," declared Stone, "but I've already said you can't. There's no human blood spilled here and I know that you need that. However, if you can use your powers to make my fanzine worthy of its name, I'm willing to - er - let you eat me. But I can tell you now that I don't intend to spill any blood around. I always use an electric razor....."

"Enough!" cried the demon. "It is a bargain."

"Not quite," answered Stone. "I want an escape clause included first."

"An escape clause?"

"Yes, there should be some limitation placed on your powers other than this natural..." he chuckled at the use of the word... "this limitation of the blood spilling."

"Ah, a battle of wits!" declared the demon. "This will relieve the boredom of the waiting. I must admit, however, that my powers are rather limited in that respect, too. Whatever I work with must have contact with metal and..."

"You mean that as long as I keep away from metal you can't touch me?" asked Stone.

The demon looked crestfallen. "Great," said Stone. "It's a bargain then." He ran over to a cupboard and took out a pair of woollen gloves which he donned. "Now then, do your damndest," he cried with elation, but when he turned about, the demon had vanished.

Stone had a lot to do the next day and he did it. He rid himself of everything metal in his home, replacing steel tubed chairs with plastic furniture. He refused small change and purchased his wares with notes. And to be on the safe side he wore his gloves as much as daily life would allow. He employed a secretary to cut his stencils for "Unequalled" and instructed her in the use of the rotary duplicator in his office.

He himself wrote letters to various fans asking for material, but even before he could post the letters contributions began to pour in. Grennell, Bloch, Tucker, Willis, Clarke, Shaw, Harris all wrote and each piece was worth the price of an ordinary fanzine. But this was "Unequalled", remember. Arthur Thomson, Bill Rotsler, Eddie Jones and Ronald Clyne contributed artwork, all of which Stone duplicated in different colours. Harry Turner's

contribution was an art-folio which Stone included in the issue as a detachable supplement. It really was the fanzine to end all others.

Stone and his secretary worked away at the issue and naturally Stone felt very pleased with himself. Until the first misfortune.

His secretary fell ill of overwork and strain. Even in this mood of newly found happiness and completeness Stone wasn't the easiest person for whom to work.

He cursed when his secretary's husband rang him. "Ill?" he bawled into the receiver. "And I've said 'Unequalled' will be out today." The husband said he was sorry, but after all his wife was more important than a silly magazine, wasn't she? which didn't improve Stone's temper any. He stamped around his office, and collated the pages of his magazine, which was no easy task; he was still wearing his woollen gloves.

Then he stapled up his completed copies. The pile of magazines began to grow steadily. Clap, bang, clap, bang and that was another copy. And another. And yet another.

Suddenly, Stone felt a pain. A staple had pierced his glove, and his finger, too.

He didn't see the demon sitting on the pile of "Unequalled"s. He was staring at the blood welling up from the finger, spreading stickily across the surface of his glove.

RON BENNETT

Continuing March 3rd - FANAC 33 - Carr & Ellik. This one starts with an account of the Carr wedding and continues with pages of notes, views and fanzine reviews. Apart from noting the squib about Rickhardt there's nothing special about this issue. Just nice, like. You should be getting Fanac. Also received GYRE 2 with this issue of F, but beyond working out that it originated from Steve Tolliver I couldn't read most of it. Sorry, Steve. You've done better than this.


March
5th.

Letter from JOHN KONING, 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio. "Atom stones me, especially Madle in the coffin. Temple is interesting, he should be a fan (Grrr...). Joy steals the issue for a while with the account of the moving. Fannish experiences always intrigue me, especially trips and the like. As I've said so often (but perhaps not to you) I am filled with so much awe when I meet a fan that when I get to the Detention and walk into the lounge full of fans, I shall probably faint dead away from the wonder of it all. ## When will "The Compleat Practical JoCa" be out, if ever? (I'm beginning to wonder myself. I have a rough draft including most of the letters I received, but I want to do a lot of research on the fanzines between '53 & '56 first.....and for that I need time!)

March
6th.

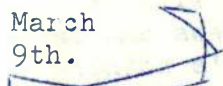
Postcard from DON ALLEN, 34a Cumberland St, Gateshead 8, Co. Durham, England. "...thanks for Apr 8 and also for 7 which I failed to acknowledge...illness hit the Allen family. I was off work for a couple of weeks with a heavy dose of flu, then Dorothy caught it...and the youngster took measles...he is now down with bronchitis.

That brings us up to date and I'm busy working my way through a six inch pile of un-acknowledged fanzines and (2B continued). (€Hmmm....Walt?€)

March 7th.  Card from Don Allen. "...just about an equally high pile of unanswered letters. Go Fafia for a few weeks and by heck things certainly pile up. Thought the Atom cover on #7 to be very good. I like this new style of design work that's obviously straight from the Patternity Ward. May the Good Man continue to experiment and give us new designs. A suggested name for the cover men could quite simply just be 'Atomen'. Seeing their navels on display reminds me that the new definition of a Naval Destroyer is a Hula-Hoop with a nail in it. (2B continued).

Letter from BOYD RAEBURN, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto, Canada. "Apr 7..... Curious that you have to replace your transformers with ones only 30 volts higher. Howcome the power varies like that? (€Not 'replace' Boyd. Sorry if you got the wrong impression. We had to change the tappings and although this could be done by changing plugs on some items, on others it meant re-soldering contacts. We didn't have time for that even! Power in this country varies between 200 and 250 volts. Sometimes, it would appear, from street to street. Don't ask me why. Yes, we are on 50 cycle stuff here€) (€Damn, and I've just noticed that I've been omitting to close quote marks for most of No 9 and this issue so far. Apologies.€)

"I never did get around to commenting on the issue in which PF talked about Ellison's 'Rumble' - at the time I hadn't read the book, but did a little later, and it was hard to believe that the book I was reading and the one PF had burred about were the same, although there was no doubt of it. The book can be criticised on various points - the writing near the beginning is very spotty, and indeed for quite a while I found the book quite a bore, but PF's quibbles were pretty silly. I think Metzger's reply in Apr 8 covers the whole thing pretty well." (€= I've remembered them! €)

March 9th.  Card from guess who. "I wonder when Atom will run out of ideas for the cover theme? It will be interesting to see how long he can keep it up. That was certainly an appetizing list of local concoctions Penelope rattled off - many's the time I've chewed some of these succulent morsels. I have identical opinions about the advertising business. I have to admit defeat over the puzzlers Penny presented. I know the one about the woman with a wooden leg who couldn't change a £..."(2B continued).

Received a couple issues of MAD today from George Raybin via Belle and Frank ...and noticed Jerry De Muth's photo in one. This is a development of the fannish ability to open a fanzine at a page crowded with type and pick out your own name in one second flat.

Note from the Cheltenham SF Circle on behalf of Eric Jones who has been stuck for time. Hope things are better now. This came with a copy of Spasmodic II, a sort of clubzine that was published some time ago and is probably better forgotten.

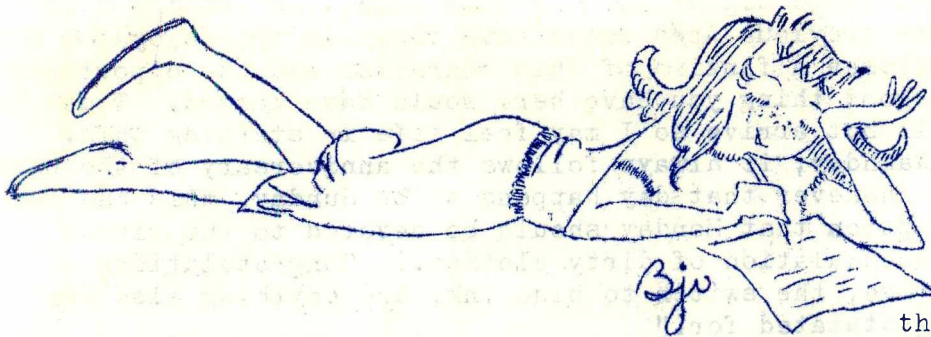
Letter from ELLIS MILLS, T/Sgt PO Box 244, Carswell AFB, Texas, USA. "At more or less regular intervals during the past seven months I have resolved that it was high time I acknowledged my debt to Inchmery Fandom with a bit o' news, comments and views. However, about the time I worked up energy to tackle the job of reviewing Apr's another would slide into my mailbox and I'd

leave everything until I could digest it. By that time, the evening I had set aside to dissect the previous Apes would have flown in the enjoyable way evenings have as one peruses a fanzine of this character and the opportunity to let you know what a good thing you have here would have passed. Today is a holiday, and mail will not arrive so I may feel safe in starting this. (George Birthington's Washday, it always follows the anniversary of the birth of our first President whenever that day happens to be Sunday, this has led to the popular misconception that Monday should be devoted to the ritual cleansing of a week's accumulation of dirty clothes.) Congratulations on the new addition, the move, the switch to blue ink, and anything else you feel you should be congratulated for."

Letter from CHICK DERRY, 7703 Alpine St, District Heights, Maryland, USA. "I must agree with you that I was surprised to see Bob Leman on the side of GMC and the Heinleins. This irks me in a way that Gertie's recent argument against me in FAPA couldn't. I made the comment that the reason Gertie and Robert were all for nuclear tests was because of the fact that they were childless...of course this was erroneous. But it was valid in one respect. Gertie herself has nothing to fear from fallout, being past the childbearing age. But she wasn't satisfied with slapping me down on this count - she began to dredge up the 'live slave, dead hero' bit. (Guess she's pretty safe on that one, too...) I got so mad at her tactics of ignoring the issues and playing her own horn that I almost wasted a couple of stencils on vindictive. But I got to thinking. What's the use. If you use reason on Gertie, she starts saying 'what are you? Are you an American, or aren't you?' She pathologically ignores the issues in an argument, and hews out her own line. So why waste words that will not be answered? I agree that further tests of nuclear weapons are futile, deadly in the extreme, and of no value of any sort to the nation doing the testing. That couldn't be clearer. That is my argument.

"As far as whether or not it is patriotic I don't give a DAMN. If it comes to war, we, or anyone else for that matter, are not likely to improve on the hydrogen bomb as a real goshwow killer. Why, it makes even the 'out-lawed' poison gas look like a nursery toy. As a sidelight I've wondered about this business of 'live slave, dead hero'. I will gladly let Gertie, or any other, have my place in the mud in the next war. I can see absolutely nothing glorious about dying in the wet, cold, filthy slime so that we can complacently ignore the one sensible solution to world problems that has come along, the United Nations.

"Every time I hear Gertie and her ilk spouting their 'nationalism' I see a young fellow who was a buddy of mine during 1944-45. He used to say (and he was no fan) 'the only way we are going to get rid of war, permanently, is to have a police force strong enough to slap ANY nation down, whenEVER they start beating their chests!' The quote is perhaps not exact, but nearly so. He died in a small town, whose name I can't remember, on a beautiful day in April, 1945. He had worn the same uniform for weeks, and he needed a bath (we all did), and he died slowly from a bullet in the throat. I think about him whenever I read where we, or any other member nation, has bypassed the UN for our own nationalistic reasons. Frankly there can be nothing more nationalistically selfish than H-Bomb testing. We condemn whole generations for the sake of testing something that needs no more improvement. Thanks for the hall. I'll go now." (You're welcome, Chick, anytime...)



Letter from BJO WELLS,
2548, W 12th St. Los
Angeles 6, Californ-
ia, USA. "Do love
your fanzine! How
on earth do you get
it out so cotton-
pickin' regularly,
tho? Seems that we
have a new Apé in

the mailbox every week or

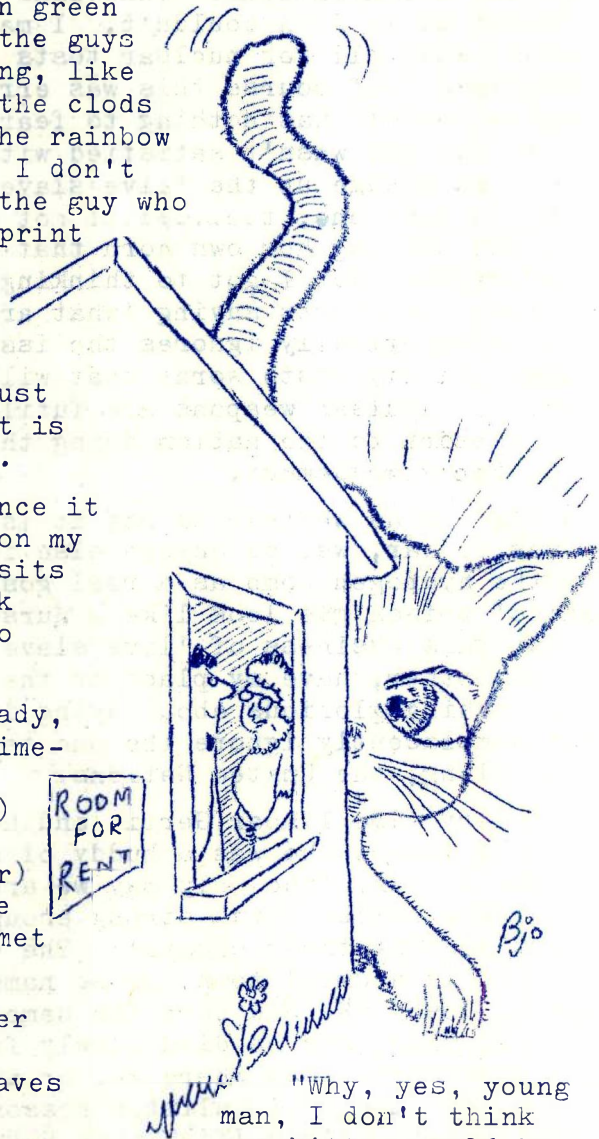
so. And wonderfully welcome they are! I like Atom's little monsters..... which I call Grommishes, by the way. The blue ink is nicely readable, and very pleasant. So now what do the rest of us do with our Gestetners without seeming to copy? Wonder how a zine in green would look...or P*U*R*P*L*E (don't think the guys would agree to it), or something intriguing, like fawn on chocolate brown paper. Oh well, the clods in the group insist on charcoal grey on the rainbow assortment we seem to put Shaggy out on. I don't know who's guilty, but I'd like to catch the guy who keeps buying that unborn Kleenex that we print on...still a bad sentence, but a true, sincere thot! I use the calendar to mark interesting dates on (which...to...) like "St Rutabaga's Festival, May 26th", and "International Tea & Calumny Day, August 15th", and like that. You can see that it is an indispensable part of my everyday life.

"I can't do much commenting on Apé, since it only just arrived. I'll read it through on my way to Berkeley for one of our monthly visits (it's my turn to visit the ancestral Ellik manse, now) and I'll even read it aloud to John Trimble. So there.

"Note to NBC; congratulations, young lady, for your excellent choice of universes, time-dimensions, and parents. Simply can't understand how one (or, in this case, two) can find the time to indulge in fanac (small swear-word you'll learn later, dear) and parenthood, too! But English fans are pretty amazing, if the few examples I've met in person are any criterion.

"You'll hear from me again (don't bother moving, I'll see to it that the mail is forwarded.)" (Guess that just about leaves room for me to say.....

BJO FOR TAFF! ♪)



"Why, yes, young man, I don't think one kitten would be much trouble....."

March
10th.

It's That Fan Again. "...note because she only had half-an-knicker! When the first instalment of John Berry's "Hidden Talents" appeared my intention was not to read it until the complete story had been published. I could then read all the episodes in one go. Presumably early one morning as I like a good cereal at breakfast time. However, the temptation was too great and I've read each episode as it has appeared. (2B continued). (And thank you, Don Allen)

Letter from ANDY YOUNG, 11 Buena Vista Park, Cambridge 40, Mass, USA, who comes down on the side of Harry Turner and Fred Smith in the Stereo controversy; picks up the correct answer to the second Penelope question and says of the first "...is impossible to solve without learning the mad details of your insane and barbaric monetary system, so I shall ignore it." As it happens I've just thought of a possible answer to the 'change' question...I believe silver dollars are still used in Las Vegas? Two of these could be 14/- in silver and they would leave the holder unable to change a 10/- note. Only trouble is to be really accurate \$2 does not equal 14/- exactly. Andy continues "A letter from ***: Lest some of your readers begin to pity the pore old woman, point out that her sales tax is three and a third, not 33 and a third, percent. ## We have a set of the EB too..inherited, if that's the word, from the Executive Secretary of the Astronomy Dept..it happens to be the 9th edition (1890) and is quite entertaining...## What is an 'electric fire'? One of those things consisting of a heating coil plus a polished metal reflector? If so, the heat all comes from the electric power and no oxygen is used up except for the slight amount that goes into oxides in the tarnish on the wire. ## Harry Warner's cleaning woman who cannot be trusted to leave things alone should get together with the custodian of Agassiz Station. I left my one-and-only copy of the finding chart for my region (the special one I just marked with the new red stars on it) sitting on the photoelectric photometer table last night between the amplifier and the recorder. Tonight it was GONE. After much frantic hunting around, with no results, I went up to the man's house and asked him about it. He'd been cleaning the 24" dome up for the impending visit of the "visiting committee" and had, sure enough, cleaned up my unreplaceable finding chart. Wow. Fortunately, I was able to resurrect it from the trash barrel under the patrols, but...well, there were some nervous moments there. He has other distinctive properties, too - especially a passion for painting. He paints everything when he paints a telescope - screw threads, focusing scale, Important Pencil Marks...it's a wonder he doesn't paint the lens. ## To quiet NBC, try playing the hi-fi REAL LOUD. It worked fine on Susan at that stage and it's easier to work through than smallchildrenwailing. ## Lucky for you that you decided to put out a double issue at the end of March. I was going to fill up this space with a shouting message to the effect that "I HOPE YOU PUT OUT YOUR BLOODY FANZINE LATE THIS TIME SO THIS WILL GET IN BEFORE NEXTISH COMES OUT" or something of the sort. See how much more we like you for being late? But of course that means an extra month's wait for the combined 9/10 ish. Bah. Let's start a movement to speed up the international mails, hey?"

(The above was condensed, like, from a crowded air letter. Same day I'm faced with the need to condense a three-page foolscap size letter...also from The Ivory Birdbath...this time it's Jean Young, as follows.)

"...those covers Atom is doing for you strike me as just about the best

work I've seen out of him, both in concept and execution, if you'll pardon my sounding stuffy. ## Adverts...Susan has a TV set, which we got from the grandparents, which serves to keep her out of our hair a good bit of the time (except that it's old and unstable, and we keep having to adjust the vertical and horizontal for her, and tune it..."I can't see uh picsher; picsher's going daown". "Now it going all wiggly". "I can't hear uh saound") Inevitably...I see things on this TV now and then. But what I see mostly, and hear mostly (Susan won't keep the sound low enough, and besides, they boost the sound on them) is commercials. There are, undoubtedly, the worst commercials on TV that you can imagine - However, they also have the best ones, now and then. The La Touraine coffee ads are very clever, and very short - so short that I usually only hear them from a distance, because they are over when I get there. There are two hand puppets involved. The first one we saw had critter No 1 standing behind a cannon, and asking critter No 2, "What do you think of La Touraine coffee?" "Don't know, never tried it." "BLAM!" Points cannon at audience. "Now, what do you think of La Touraine?" I tried La Touraine on the strength of the commercials..it was good enough, but not worth the price. However, I've got a lot of good will for them...

"The Berry serial...I feel a bit odd about this thing. Everybody is acclaming it as his greatest masterpiece yet, and yet, I find it sort of dull. Nothing much seems to happen, and there are long lists of names, and it's sort of amusing here and there, but...I don't know. I don't like it much. No reflection on you, because I know most people do like it, very much indeed - including my husband. And I like John very much, and feel very bad not liking something he does, and that the general fannish public (whose tastes I usually admire and agree with) likes very much.

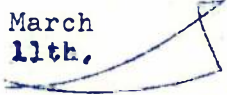
"I glanced over the letter from GMC, and suppose she's mostly right about the State's Rights and stuff. I don't know much about it, although I don't like the State's Rights attitude, or the idea that we're merely a loose confederation of states. It's ridiculous, and it's one of the things which leads to the many small pressure groups (farmers in one state, manufacturers in another) which make it so hard for this country to have a sane, sensible or consistent foreign policy. But I don't have all kinds of information to back this up, because it's not my speciality. And I'm sure there is a good side to it all.....

(¶Follows information on children and location in regard to amenities - all delightfully read here, and then...¶) "That what you had that night you went to visit John Newman and had such troubles getting back - that is a pumble. A Big, Long pumble. You went on a big, long pumble, as Susan would tell you. We go on lots of them. For instance, normally I take the MTA (trolleybus) down to the Square if I want to go there, even if I have Susan with me. If we're broke, I walk, or if I and my bike, both, are in good shape, I ride my bike. But normally is too rarely, around here. So when, as usually happens, I have to take both children, I pumble. Both children in the carriage, bundles in on top of them, and off we go. It's downhill going, but uphill coming back. I've done this almost everyday for the past week or so. Ugh. (¶But what a delightful word...¶)

(¶Continues with info on the capabilities of Jean's menfolk - you know, Inchmery and the Ivory Birdbath balance each other out remarkably well -- and for a final quote there is this...¶) "I am completely croggled by the

thought of the retractable ball-point pen as the perfect phallic symbol of our time... You know, this is the kind of family fanzine I like. At least, for OUR family..."

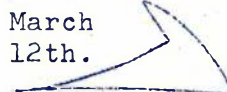
Letter from LAURENCE SANDFIELD, 25 Leighton Rd, London W 13. "Mass Hystereo was a very good effort on Ah Chee's part, but smelled faintly of sour grapes. One way to reduce needle hiss on old 78's is to use fibre or thorn needles in a single speed pick-up. I find this style of reproduction quite satisfactory, especially when one has an amplifier which gives a decent volume over the whole range irrespective of volume." (€Laurence has been ill, it appears, and his fanning is down to a minimum.€)

March 11th,  Postcard from DON ALLEN. "...Much enjoyment and many a good giggle has so far been obtained. This Fanharmonic Orchestra is indeed a good thing. I was going to suggest that it should tour the country on a series of One-Night-Stands but with such a bunch of layabouts I doubt very much that this would be possible!..." (2B continued)

"When you get out of the bath and try to dust yourself down with OMO..... you've done enough." Bobbie

Letter from GEORGE CHARTERS, 3 Lancaster Ave, Bangor, Co Down, N Ireland. "Sure and it's late I am in writing ye about the Feb issue of Apr. But you know how it is... You slipped, however. In a previous issue the page with my name on it was duplicated: (€Every page is duplicated!€) this time page 35/36 appeared only once. Perhaps the system broke down. I remember once I suggested to the gang at 170 that it would be very easy for me to write a Lancaster Ave Diary. Naturally someone asked why, and I said because there would be nothing in it - just blank pages. And then James innocently enquired, 'Double-spaced?' (€Oh come now George, even I know that James never innocently enquires about anything...€) PF's query in re change problems struck me as odd...and it was some seconds before the answer came to me. A silver rouble is worth precisely 7/-, so if he has two of them he obviously can't change ten bob. Simple. No, no, no, don't thank me - no rouble at all, I assure you. PS - If this letter doesn't reach you, you will know that it is because I was too tired to go to the attic to look up No 7 for the address! (€And thank you, George-All-The-Way.....€)

"What with Jesus Christ, Makarios, and Vinc..." HPS

March 12th,  The Don Allen postcard. "...Noted the query about Oral Contraceptives. Y'know, birth control may be alright but after all to heir is only human. Walt Willis has got it all wrong you know! (See his letter in Apr 7). (€I don't have to - I know it by heart...€) Hannibal did (2B continued).

"Even our Tory friends are eccentric..." Vinc

Letter from BOB TUCKER, Box 702, Bloomington, Ill. USA. "I am returning the medical certification you so thoughtfully enclosed in my copy of Apr 8, and beg to report that I've gotten as much use as possible from it. I presented it to my local draft board and they accepted it at face value, not noticing the ancient date of the thing. (€It was only after the issue had gone out that we noticed the envelopes Ethel Lindsay had supplied still contained medical certificates! This one was dated 9th July 1952 - but read on€)

"The board chairman read it, said 'Hmmm, severe trauma of the left eye, eh? Well, show me.' So obligingly I limped around the room for him, favoring my left leg in a subtle manner. He nodded knowingly. 'Really bad, eh?' he asked next. And I smartly rapped the left leg with my cane, causing wooden noises to reverberate about the room. He then stamped my papers UNFIT and thanked me for dropping in. I dropped out, and here is your certification back. I am now a certified draft dodger, which is the next best thing to a certified sex fiend.

"I don't recall getting into this Penelope Fandergaste thing before, believing that you and she were deliberately keeping the mystery alive for publicity purposes, but this time I'm moved to comment. Both Penny and Metzger have discussed Harlan's paperback 'Rumble', and that gave pause for thought. I shouldn't think that such pbs would gain much circulation in the British Isles (normal-channel circulation, that is), and my thought was that someone imported it because of Harlan's fannish connection. Now, Bennett and the Falascas were discussing it when they stopped off here, because of an amusing incident in a Cleveland bookstore. I gained the impression that Bennett had a copy. Also, from other and previous sources, I had the impression that both Ted Carnell and Mike Rosenblum imported a lot of American books - especially American books by American authors they knew or knew about. You follow that? So I wondered if Bennett, Carnell or Rosenblum could be the mysterious columnist, for admitting to possession of that particular book? (No comment...except to say that, unfortunately, you underestimate the circulation of books of this nature in the UK. I'm not certain but there might even be a BRE put out by one of our own pb publishers...)

"The B*I*G letter from GM Carr evoked this croggle: the state of Washington imposes a thirty-three and one-third percent sales tax? Good ghod! Check her original again - did you make a typo there? Three percent is more normal; almost every state has such a tax on retail sales. (Checked after AYoung's letter and that's what the lady said!) She forgot to mention the gasoline tax, the corporation tax, and the capital gains tax, among others. I sometimes wonder why business men bother to stay in business. I wonder - were you smiling when you stencilled that letter? Aren't British taxes so much greater that those she enumerated seem meager by comparison? (Yes, I am afraid so. You don't have to earn very much these days before you are paying income tax at 8/6 in the £. I am myself. And it doesn't take a great deal more to push that up to 19/6 in the £. Tobacco tax works out at about 200-250%. Wines and spirits are high, but I don't know the rate. The worst of all though, equal to your sales tax, is our Purchase Tax. This goes as high as 60% on 'luxury goods'...which include - in addition to gems and furs - most cosmetic items (try telling women that they are 'luxuries') and almost all electrical appliances - cookers, washing machines, refridgerators - etc etc (oh, including fires, I believe) - which should go a long way to explaining why we don't have so many of these items as you do...)

"I don't understand why various London fans were so shocked and surprised at the birth of Nicola. I don't understand how they were caught by surprise at the birth of Nicola. Heck, I knew it, and I've never seen Joy." (We don't understand how you knew.....)

Letter from DON DURWARD, 6033 Garth Ave, Los Angeles 56, California, USA.

"The letter from GMC expresses nothing but agony to me. My history teacher tries to cram the same junk down me every day. Oh well, now all ye in the

UK will know what we slaves of American History must plow through. Thank goodness GMC isn't my prof. In the acknowledgement of the receiving of Quix, you state that we of LAFSF should pool all our efforts into one zine, well I agree to some extent. Maybe as our competitive egoboo hunger wears out, you will see a pooled zine, but at the moment it is quite improbable because of that fiendish hunger."

Letter from BELLE C DIETZ, 1721 Grand Ave, Bronx 53, N.Y., USA. "Atom's alphabet..I particularly liked the Gravity and Hecto illos - does Arthur stencil the illos himself? (Yes, I get Arthur to cut all his own illos rather than risk spoiling them on transfer...;) I loved Joy's Li'l Pitcher and particularly the li'ler pitcher depicted. Everyone seems to be complimenting only Joy on the achievement - what about Vinç? He deserves some credit too - how does it feel to be a proud papa? (If there is such a thing as a typical Englishman in fandom then it is Vinç. You know, in the background...but always there when wanted. As Mercer said recently, there have been times when Vinç has almost had to carry British Fandom on his broad back - but I doubt if you'd ever get Vinç to agree to this. I'd be lost without him. The fact that he doesn't do a column in Apé is not through lack of trying on my part - but through lack of time on his. There are so many calls on his time that I can't press too hard. He does do all the duplicating for the zine. Oh yes, the lost money order was replaced by the War Office. Don't know who WJ Greenfeld is yet....and 'wet the baby's head' means to have a drink to celebrate...;)

Letter from BETTY KUJAWA, 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Indiana, USA, whose husband Gene is in the midst of buying a plane - which, because of an agreement, means that Betty can have a taperecorder..."so in a week or so I'll be able to actually HEAR the dulcet tones of the likes of Dodd and Bennett - a rather shattering and awesome thought, eh? (Especially since I believe neither of them have recorders - tho' Ron can use Mike Rosenblums ;) GMC's letter I argue with hotly and long and loud - that's an olde chestnut - the part about "The Southern States are fighting not so much against negroes attending the same school with their children.." The HELL they're not!! Nine out of ten citizens of those states give not a hang about states rights - it's the race hatred and fear - long before my time in school negroes were intergrated in my state - have checked as much as possible - nary a howl could I find was given up here when it happened. The typical lout in the street down there hasn't the foggiest about the States Rights angle - all he knows is that he don't want no nigger next to HIS daughter in school.....and bad cess to 'em all. Bennett's not knowing of the approaching arrival of Baby Clarke (call her 'cookie' for short - her initials also stand for our National Biscuit Company, you know!) - well, you must remember Ron is an innocent boy of the North - he thought you found 'em under cabbage leaves. Methinks you won't be getting that series of SHOCK type TV shows - they were offered for sale and your networks stiffened in horror and coolly turned 'em down - or so the clippings Dodd sent me say."(How sensible of them!!!!...;)

March
13th.

The Allen Card. "not use a catapult (which is strictly for cats) to get his elephants over the Alps. It is quite obvious that he used an elephant gun! Hannibalistic Missiles is what they were called as they soared over the mountains. Ivory much think this to be quite a tusk, don't you? A mammoth feat. My thanks to Barry Hall for the info about Strontium 90. Now I know why I (2B continued)

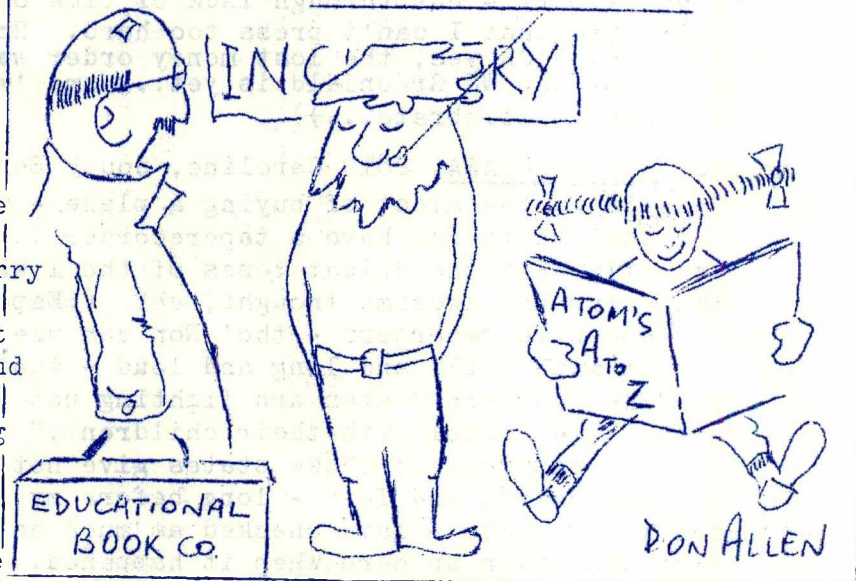
Letter from JOHN TRIMBLE, c/o Ellik, 2444 Virginia St, Apt 7, Berkeley 4, C.
 "I laughed myself red in the face (scarlet in fact) over Berry's story. This is the greatest. I can just picture Archie Mercer swingin' on those irons. This may surprise Archie, but Berry's writing is that vivid. ## Be willing to bet that half the world's fans are muttering into their fannish bhrew about how they wish they'd started this Fan Diary thing themselves. I know I wish I had, and so do some other pipples I've talked to lately. ## Re: Metzger's letter re: Fandergaste's review of Rumble. I agree with George; this is just down-to-earth realistic writing, with few academic attempts made to analyse the motives of the characters. Their mores, motives, and culture were set down in the tone of the action, which made the story real, while it served the purpose of making one aware that this goes on and isn't entirely fiction. Reading Harlan's book sorta made me want to do something about all this. I view George's reaction (brushing it off as every-day stuff) with some shuddering myself, 'cause it bodes not well for what passes as 'Western Civilization' when such things are everyday stuff."

March
14th.

Guess What?

"...ABC books! No, we don't need any of them. She's learning to read quite well on her own..."

PSI-PHI No 2 - 10¢, 6 for 50¢ - or letter of comment sent c/o Bob Lichtman, 6137 S Croft Ave, L A 56, California, USA. This is really showing considerable improvement already. Art-work by Atom and a John Berry story set the style, but there is also a fair amount of stuff by the editors, and Roger Ebert, Twig and Ted Johnstone write interesting items - despite the fact that I've never been able to get past the first chapter of 'The Lord of the



Rings'. Sorry, Ted. One point that could perhaps do with some correction before it gets out of hand...in reviewing Apé Bob Lichtman says some nice things about the zine and its success despite my stand in favour of the WSFS. I know what he means, but the wording isn't quite right. I've never made a stand in favour of the WSFS - in fact, under different circumstances I would almost certainly have been against it. What I have done - and will continue to do - is to object strongly to the way in which certain people acted in their attempt to dissolve the WSFS at any cost. To put it mildly I think that their tactics stank. I also object to the way some basically decent people have been crucified over this because others found it easier to make hysterical, emotional accusations in order to get their way, rather than sit down and do a bit of straight logical thinking in a discussion. Okay?


March
16th.


And Again. "...glow in the dark! Does Ellison write under a pen-name - Hal Ellson? About two years ago I received from the States four pbs by this author. In each case the story

was about teenage ganglife in the New York slums. The first of these four books, 'Duke', I read right through and, no, I was not shocked, horrified, mesmerized or even goggle-eyed. The descriptions of gang wars, sexual behaviour, the gang slang etc, only aroused amusement. I got halfway through the second book..." (2B continued)

Letter from DONALD MALCOLM, 42 Garry Drive, Paisley, Renfrewshire, Scotland. "Congratulations to you and Joy (No, clots, the letter was addressed to Vinc...?) To put it astronomically: 'It is announced that a tiny body, first detected stethoscopically near to the smaller component of the close binary 7 Clarke (CAT cluster), some nine months ago, has now been observed visually. The body is in a four-hour orbit round the lesser component. Everything in the neighbourhood is eclipsed. The new body is a powerful broadcaster in various wavelengths.' ## About contraceptive methods - can you really see the Catholic say-so being taken into account? Britain is, you'll remember, a Protestant country, the large majority of the population adhering to that faith. Should an opposing religion be allowed to dictate to all? I feel it's high time that a safe contraceptive method, preferably oral, was produced. Neither myself nor my wife have any desire to rear a dozen unfortunate children in near poverty. We think 2 or maybe 3 is an economical family to which all the good things of life can be given in the quantity and quality children deserve." (Let's not fool ourselves, Dom. The percentage of RCs in the population has nothing to do with this. What will count is the percentage in the BMA - and they won't have to be in the majority either! In any case, this is an American invention - and if the RCs in America (who are more strongly placed) get it banned from the beginning, we might never have a chance to see what the feelings in Britain might be. Unfortunately.)

Picked up a copy of 'the TAPE RECORDER' today - No 3. This is the new tape magazine that pleases us immensely. If you are interested in tape then you should buy it. And next time someone asks what tape recorders have to do with science fiction you can tell them that Mr S Korobuk, a keen reader of sf books, said that these first gave him the idea of producing a simple and really reliable tape deck selling at a reasonable price, as recorders were mentioned so many times in these books, and under so many varying circumstances, that he realised that here, surely, was a medium that was bound to catch on sooner or later. The latest example of one of Mr Korobuk's decks is the Motek K 9, and a short analysis is given in this issue. As readers of Ape will know, I have three of these decks at the moment - one in a portable machine. One runs fast - and none of them are what I would call 'cool running', as it says in the article, but then this is not a review. Now I wonder if Mr Korobuk knows about Science Fiction Fandom and the intense interest we have in tape recorders?

March 17th.  ITFA "...before becoming bored stiff and threw the thing away. That man Mercer is springing up all over the place these days - must be the time of the year! Why does he insist on calling a record-player a phonograph? That antiquated American word went out with gramophone! Stereo and 3D sound, outside of the cinema, I don't particularly care for. My radiogram and tape-recorder put enough strain..." (2B cont).

March 18th.  "...on my ears as it is." (2B cont) (I'll teach you!?)
Column from Penelope Fandergaste, begins on the next page.

PENELOPE FANDERGASTE

I'm expecting a Martian invasion any day now. Every day I open a newspaper and read some tentative forecast by a pet columnist and right up there is my bid for fame. Never mind who will win the Cup, never mind the Grand National, forget the stock market and foosh on the tipsters who predict the deaths of well known personalities. My line of business is the War of the Worlds stuff, and believe me, we are going to get it in the neck.

You've all read about the Silly Season. That's the time of the year when the sun beats down and warps the mind. In Britain it's the persistent rain which blots out what would otherwise be the summer. And everyone knows the sort of things that are reported during the silly season. In Conan Doyle's day it was fairy types. Now it is flying saucers.

A while ago I read a peach of a sf story in which the Silly Season's typical reports played a large part. Saucer sightings, imp-

THE OLD MILL

a country column
of city life

STREAM

enetrable domes and the like were reported, yet upon investigation proved to be untrue. It worked out that the Martians or whoever the invaders of the story were had devised a Cry Wolf scheme. Everyone became so sick of these false reports that when the actual invasion came about nobody took the slightest notice.

It strikes me that we're in danger of the same thing happening to us. The time has never been riper. At the beginning of March a UFO was reported over London Airport. Four witnesses claimed to have seen this mysterious object. Although it was 'explained away' by an Air Ministry spokesman, my point is that only four people were worried enough about the object at the time to consider it worth reporting. It is possible that they were the only people to see it, but it is far more likely that anyone else didn't want to make a fool of themselves. One can quite understand their viewpoint. Only a fortnight before, on Feb 20th, commercial TV had shown a play whose introduction had caused the biggest panic ever experienced in Britain, a panic apparently second only to the Orson Welles affair in prewar America.

Viewers watching the ITA Friday play "When the Sun Goes Down", saw an

announcer read a notice that there was a satellite hovering over London. He begged that everyone remain calm and said that further bulletins would be broadcast. The ITA then got on with its play. Most viewers took this opening to be what it was, an unusual hook beginning to an hour's entertainment. The minority, and there was a large number in this minority, either 'took to the hills', or began to phone around either with enquiries or, presumably later, with protests. Switchboards are reported to have been jammed.

ITV got it in the neck for its handling of the announcement. The Authority stated that when they received a summary of the play in January they warned the producer against the danger of such a scare. However, the company responsible were convinced that the viewing public would accept the announcement as part of the play and they went to some, admittedly small, lengths to ensure that it was not too realistic. While I'm forced to permit myself a cynical chuckle at the gullibility of certain sections of the public - after all, I didn't panic when I saw the play - the whole business has thankfully focused attention on the usage of TV. The question of commercials and the generally low standard of stock half hour serials also seem to be under review. We may reap some good out of the chaos yet. (~~HEPS~~-Alternatively because of the stupidity of a section of the public TV might be prevented for some time to come from using experimental forms...)

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What with lambs gambolling around in the fields and buds popping out all over the place, it's finally beginning to dawn on me that spring has arrived. The amazing thing is that in my heart of hearts I'm still waiting for the winter. After the shocking weather we've experienced over the last couple of years everyone was forecasting a bumper series of snowdrifts this year. But apart from the occasional, but thick, fog we haven't done so badly.

One thing I've missed during the winter evenings when it hasn't been possible to walk around (for of course it has been possible to enjoy many pleasant evening walks), is sitting by the fireside with the odd album of photos. I've been interested in photography since my school days and have always made a deliberate point of collecting as many photographs as possible. I've always kept an album specially for fan photos - the first one I started I left on a train after a business trip to the West Country (I'd say Bristol, but there are nasty minded readers who would suspect a red herring). I never recovered it, which was a pity, for it contained photos of Lee Jacobs, shots of London during the war, and I believe there was one of a very young Ken Bulmer in uniform.

Since then, I've taken more care and it is always time well spent looking at these photographs and linking the smiling faces with events of fannish import. For example, there are the shots of the London CoronCon, with Nick Oosterbaan giving that stirring international-relationship-cementing speech of his. There's a picture of the old Liverpool Space Dive, and two or three of authors Clarke, Temple and Burke looking at manuscripts and cover illustrations with Ted Carnell at The White Horse, and what nostalgia that all brings back. Especially so as at the moment there are so many moves afoot to consolidate the position of the London Circle in fandom. The Globe's all very well, but it's not and never will be the same as the White Horse. I could look at those happy pictures for a long time. A quick turn of the page shows Eric Bentcliffe and paint pot. Wonder what he did with that?

And why! Here's a photograph of a tall rangy individual passing out small pieces of paste board to Manchester passers by. Chuck Harris, of course. Ah yes, that convention was held at Whitsun. I remember now, it was the time the London Circle travelled around in an ancient taxi and Bert Campbell got lost in the midland wastes.

Now that Kettering seems to have passed from fannish favour as THE convention site, it is interesting to look over photographs of those four happy gatherings. There is a photograph of Vinø without his beard and doesn't that seem a long time ago. There are American visitors like Lee and Larry Shaw and Dave and Rusty Jenrette, to say nothing of the occasion afforded for such snaps as the London World Convention two years ago.

Kettering itself also afforded such delightful snaps as Peter Hamilton drinking his mint sauce blog, Eric Jones in Bem costume dancing with Shamey Marriott, Eric Bentcliffe jiving with Audrey Eversfield, Ron Bennett playing brag, Burgess asleep in a corner, visits to the Collector's Shop, Liverpool's induction into the knighthood of Saint Fantony, Ina Shorrocks hula-ing on Dave Newman's bed, the Liverpool group parading round the streets with gigantic sticks of rock, Harry Powers hypnotising Peter Reaney, Stan Nuttall leering at the camera across the station's main line, all of which bring back a certain degree of nostalgic but very happy memories.

I wonder what the camera's eye will have captured of the Birmingham Con? I hope there are some photographs worthy of providing some pleasantly spent evenings next winter. Don't you?

Penelope Fandergaste.

~~March 19th.~~ No card from Don Allen. Wha Hoppen? What I did receive tho, is a copy of The Sick Elephant - No 4 - from George Wells, Box 486, Riverhead, N.Y., USA. Since I recently had words to say about No 5, I won't review this...hang on a minute, this is No 7, with the cover from No 4. I thought there was an improvement in appearance. This is legible - fiction takes a large slice of the available space - and there is more talk of future improvements. Cost os 10¢, if you want to help out with the improvements, but that works out at 1¢ per page - a bit much.

Picked up a copy of the TAPE RECORDER's opposition, if you can call it that, to see if it had improved any. This one is called TAPE Recording and HiFi Magazine and it sells for 2/-, 6d dearer than 'the TAPE RECORDER'. Just for the fun of it I ran a comparison, and the following should be of interest. TR&HFM figures given first, with the 'tTR' figures in brackets. Price 2/- (1/6). Pages 68 (52). Advertising pages 40% (26%). Reading matter 27¼, including full page contents listing with no other matter, ½ page 'just gone and coming shortly' features, and 2 page 'Contest' announcement.....= 24¼. (25¼, including ½ page contents and coming shortly, and 1 page 'Contests'...=24¼). But that isn't all, of course. The dearer magazine uses larger type, bigger headlines and is given over to repeating itmes from advertising handouts. The cheaper magazine is produced by the same group that produce Hi Fi News... one of the best there is. Do you know which to buy?

Went to the Globe this evening - a 'business' meeting had been called. We got there in time to find that although it had not been stated the purpose of the meeting was to get the approval of those present regarding the use of the club funds - including the donation received from the States. After a

great deal of effort and against strong opposition, Inchmery was able to push through the fact that since the money from the States had been received on behalf of the larger group known as the LC that had existed prior to the formation of the current dues-paying LC by Ted Tubb in December 1958, it could not be disposed of by the smaller group. It was agreed that a meeting of all interested parties - those that could be reached - would be called for April 2nd, and that a majority vote would be binding. We feel strongly that the American donation should be used for something concrete - a club-room, for example, - that would best show our appreciation. We didn't fancy the idea of going back to Don Ford and saying 'thanks for the money - we had a damned good party with it the other night'. In some ways it was rather funny - Ted Tubb was very keen to have a vote taken there and then of the 20 or so people present, and in the end I had to slip the ace down from my sleeve and point out that it wasn't a business meeting of the LC because at least one dues-paying member hadn't been notified of it - Ethel Lindsay. (She agrees with us...I'd checked by phone with her). Even then it took five or so minutes searching through Charlie Duncombe's books to convince him.

March
21st.

Letter (letter?) from DON ALLEN "So help me I'm out of post-cards." (Letter continues with comments on the business of the weather and is full of lousy puns. Well, most of 'em..)

Letter from VINCE NOWELL, Hq Sq SEC A, A.F.M.D.C., Box 361, Holloman AFB, New Mexico, USA. (Which is probably as good a time as any to point out that all of a sudden there are a lot of Vincents around. You will remember to distinguish ours by typing it as 'Ving' won't you?). This Vince has been in fandom before and is making a come-back. He has a lot of ideas, best of which is that he'd like to sample fanzines in order to catch up on the current scene before he really opens his mouth. In particular he'd like to sample British zines and will subscribe to those he likes. I think you'll find it well worth while to put him on your mailing list. (And thanks for the good wishes on the clubroom idea, Vince. We do hope to get one.)

Letter from ELLIS MILLS. "Those crazy Americans have done it again! Just when you finally get Alaska neatly patted into place, they go and vote to let Hawaii become a state. This means that...the nation's flag makers will coin money selling banners with 49 stars in the union, and (then they) will start coining new millions with a 50 star banner." (Not so crazy, huh?)

Letter from GM CARR, 5319 Ballard Ave, Seattle 7, Washington. "Well, I must say that was a remarkable editing job - cutting a letter down to 2 pages from 5 pages (or was it 7) and still leaving enough of it to make sense. Oh well, at least it was informative, even though all the spark-provoking comments were whittled away. (Actually little was taken out until the very end, and there was enough left there for your critics to get their teeth into..) 'Lacking in logic' - that's tragic? Phooey! As Campbell pointed out in one of his editorials, 'logic' is merely a method of thinking..and a vastly over-rated one at that. Logic is, as he put it, merely the empty vessel into which an idea is placed in order to carry it from one point to another. It is undoubtedly easier to handle that way than it would be to try to carry it in one's bare hands, but it does not insure the correctness of the idea or the validity of the point to which it is conveyed. It is merely the vehicle. There are many other methods of thinking - problem solving by related experience; by analogy; by the subconscious 'intuitive leap' etc. In fact,

'logic' is merely the pedestrian plodding whereby a cautious thinker endeavors to support a theory arrived at by the intuitive leap, in many instances. An over-dependence on logic is apt to limit an individual. Some people become so dependent on 'logic' that they do not bother to make sure the idea they are processing via logic is correct to begin with. There is no check or double check during the process itself, inasmuch as the only value the process has depends on the correctness of the original postulation. I prefer to do my thinking via other vessels, so to speak, and as a result I frequently come up with 'right' answers even though all the reasons therefore are apparently 'wrong' from the logical point of view. But so what? Just because poor, pedestrian plodders, wearily trudging the dusty paths of 'logic' cannot follow the apparently wild and dizzying sweeps whereby I arrive at my conclusions, it does not in any way affect the validity of that arrival. What's more, not being bound to any narrow channel of thought, I can frequently see angles that are overlooked in the methodical processing of 'logic' and can detect a fallacy in spite of its fancy container. It's irritating to the rut-bound, true. But I certainly do not consider it 'tragic'. Hah! Quite the reverse, I'd say." (Oh my God! What a monstrous ego we have here. My children you have just had demonstrated for you Carr's 3rd Law of Argument... 'If you can't join them, sneer'...as you will have realised from the number of times 'merely' and so on appeared in the above. The second Law is 'If you can't beat them, try to join them' and the First Law is, of course, 'I am RIGHT, despite you'. If this is what you truly think, Gem, I pity you...)

"PS. Atom's Fan Alphabet deserves all sorts of fannish kudos. Congrats to both Atom and the Ape for making the Fan Poll. I concur. (??) When are you going to run for TAFF?" (The short answer is when I'm asked to - I could not put myself forward. However, it is more complicated than that. I have been asked twice - the second time was just after the '57 Worldcon when Walt Willis, Bob Madle and a number of others were at Inchmery. My answer then was the same as the first time. You see, there is a slight possibility that my next posting overseas might be to America - to Washington, in fact, where we have a small pay office. It is small, which is why the possibility is slight, but as long as it exists at all, naturally I couldn't let my name go forward for TAFF. The answer would be the same this year. In 12 month's time? Well, a year from now I'll know where my next posting will be, even tho' I won't be leaving UK for some time after that. If it isn't to Washington my next chance will be 7 to 8 years away, so I might consider standing for TAFF then. If I'm asked. Okay?)

March
23rd.



GAMBIT 29, TEST STENCIL 1 - Ted White, 2708 N Charles St, Baltimore 18, Md. VOID 14 - Ted and Greg Benford. The first is a news sheet - the second is basically the same news sheet under another name because the next Gambit - No 30 - should be a big issue and Ted hasn't finished it yet. (Which reminds me, I never did see No 25). VOID is a small (20 pages, including covers) zine that is going monthly. 25¢ or 1/- through Ron Bennett. Free for trade, contribution, or published letter. Contents include two editorials - a McCain article reprinted from FAPA, fanzine reviews by White (devoted to an axe job on Geis - and from the sound of it he got what he asked for), some verse from Terry Carr, and a lettercol. It's the first time I've seen this zine - I rather like it.

With the above came a couple of pages of muck by Rickhardt - he used to be with the Detention group and is currently staying with White. Personally I

think Carr and Ellik can count themselves lucky he never got as far as California - which is where he started for. Quote "I had managed to get externally potted the night before I was to leave and consequently missed a ride...". I wonder how long it will take him to grow out of the 'Gosh-wow-look-at-me-I'm all-grown-up-enough-to-get-drunk' stage? Rickhardt spends most of his time tearing at Belle Dietz and George Nims Raybin - like, it's safe to do it, now that he's sorted out the way everyone else is jumping. To start his mouthings he uses three small points from their OMPazine (which wasn't for general circulation and won't have been seen by most of his readers - which makes it even safer for him to say what he wants). He doesn't relate these points to the rest of the zine or to the OMPA background. For instance he sounds off against a poem written by Belle. Now this was one OMPAN replying to a similar poem written by another OMPAN. So far as I am aware, neither party was upset about these poems (right, Archie?)...then why should a rank outsider stick his big nose into the matter? The man (boy, more likely) makes me feel sick. He badly needs to grow up.

March
24th.

Letter from BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 S Croft Ave, LA 56, California. He comments on the blue ink - must get that fixed - thinks I should have an editorial - let's have comments after this issue, hmm? - and thinks Apé has become the British Focal Point zine - that's nice, but if it's true I might get landed with a Feeling of Responsibility to Pandom or something like that...and I don't think I'd like it very much! "Time to answer your question on why we don't combine our zines into one regular affair. It's egoboo, along with a few other factors. We are all different types of fans. Arv doesn't want it to take up too much time and money, Don considers it a hobby, and I think it's a lot of fun, but not just a hobby." (Sounds reasonable enough. Maybe later when you've settled in with us? But there has already been a lot of improvement in LA56 zines..?)

SHAGGY 41 - 2548 W 12th St, LA 6, California, USA. Djinn Faine is still editing this club zine - you can get it for trade, contribution or letter of comment. Failing that you might try sending 20¢ - it's worth it. The duplicating is not as good as one might have expected from a Gestetner, and the letter column is badly in need of editing, but the zine does convey the atmosphere of the club, and that is what counts. At this rate it won't be long before it reaches the standard of CRY - the best clubzine there is.

Speaking of which, CRY 125 - Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Washington. 25¢ per copy - or through the new agent, John Berry at 1/9 per, 5 for 7/-, and 12 for 14/-. This issue really hits the jackpot - the letters appear to have improved - editing? - and the other material is as usual, tho' I missed the fanzine reviews (come to think of it, if Apé wasn't reviewed why did I get this copy? Not that I'm complaining, for chrisake!). There is a fair amount of outside material this time (note that, SHAGGY) which makes this a cross between a club and general zine. Berry and Willis both have over 4 pages each. That makes the mag worth 25¢ at least. Get it.

NORTHLIGHT 5 - Alan Burns, Goldspink House, Goldspink Lane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 2, Northumberland, England. Letter of comment, trade or contribution. Below standard for a British zine at the moment, but improving all the time. Alan has now started to bring in outside contributors. Encourage him.

Letter from JOHN BERRY, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, N Ireland, enclosing the conclusion - yes, it really is the end - of his serial. PTO.



IN WHICH THE STAGE IS CAUGHT IN
THE SPIRIT OF THE THING.....

SYNOPSIS: Time, October 14th 1960. Place, the
Royal Festival Hall. Occasion, the

concert being given by the British Fandom Symphony Orchestra under its conductor Laurence Sandfield. The music, stops. The orchestra, slows in confusion. The result, chaos and a split of the fans between Sanderson and Bentcliffe. They combine again against a common enemy - the audience. Then, having rescued their conductor, they prepare to leave the stage.....

The rubble-strewn stage was almost deserted when the trumpet blast - and what a blast - asserted itself at the expense of several score pairs of ear drums. The last two fans leaving the stage, Bentcliffe and Sanderson, arm in arm (whether from a newly found amiability or just for physical support I never discovered) were just disappearing through the exit at the rear of the stage when the terrible high pitched blast burst forth. They remained stock still, which was particularly frustrating because they were standing on me.

The remainder of the audience was shaken to silence, too. They gaped open mouthed at the piano, for the top of a head suddenly began to appear from its innards, and by some coincidence the trumpet solo seemed to emanate from there also - which should in any case have been obvious because a piano doesn't jump up and down, does it? Then other instruments joined in the discord - a wild, undescribable rabble of disorganised sound.

"Oh Dizzy", a voice screamed from inside the piano.

At that exact second, the plasterboard wall at the back of the stage crunched inwards and fragmented into millions of little fluffy balls which slowly floated down like artificial snow flakes at the Chelsea Arts Ball. The inertia for this phenomena was supplied by the members of the orchestra who burst their way through the wall like a Centurian tank - or, to be precise - a lot of Centurian tanks. Sanderson had his foot in my mouth at the time but my sight was unimpaired, and I'm prepared to swear one fact here and now. In three seconds flat the empty stage was transformed into a mass of bewildered hoodlums once again playing their instruments like raving madmen, which confirmed my initial opinion of their extreme physical virtuosity and complete lack of classical finesse. (That last sentence is reprinted with kind permission from an article in the Times Literary Supplement dealing with the concert).

But the audience didn't notice the musicians' hurried return to the cause. They were still spellbound by the apparition painfully clambering out of the piano. I'm not stating this merely from hearsay, but it is undoubtedly a 99.9% accurate assumption that when Sandfield was rescued, and centrifugal force deposited him and his rescuer through the wall, they had inadvertently landed in a toilet. I mean honestly, I can't for the life of me proffer any other theory as to why Sandfield had a lavatory seat round his neck like a horse collar! Fortunately, it bore a high polish, and as Larry pulled his legs out of the piano and dropped awkwardly to the floor it shafted the light in a most aesthetic way, making the scene somehow...unreal.

Oh Dizzy, give man give," screamed Sandfield, and he did a strange, primitive swaying gait to and fro across the stage, his unconventional movements probably caused by the fact that Brunner's trombone was still attached to his left ankle. For the first time I heard a titter from the audience, followed by an uncontrolled burst of laughter. One man really let himself go, but eventually his raucous guffaws became somehow unnatural, and still screeching at the top of his voice, Julian Herbage (the BBC Music Critic) was carried out amidst much confusion.

The trumpet soloist, whoever he was, played so hard one would almost think he was trying to blow the trumpet into a hunting horn, and all the while Sandfield lauded the instrumentalist he called 'Dizzy' and he hopped and skipped up and down the stage in front of the audience who, for the first time, began to see the humour of it. I couldn't, but the audience could, and that was the main thing. Sandfield's performance came to a fitting climax. The fannish instrumentalists were getting a mite bored - I mean, pretending to play when you aren't does get boring - and Sandfield, pausing in his fantastic perambulations, turned to castigate them, tripped over the trombone, and disappeared head first into the big drum. The audience stood up, roared their applause and asked for an encore...and the fans stood up to take their egoboo even tho' the trumpet was still blasting its message.

"Author, author," the audience chanted, and the fans looked uncertainly at each other and the audience laughed. A lone figure appeared from the midst of the orchestra. A proud figure, head held high, shoulders back, feet braced well apart. Charles Randolph Harris addressed the audience with all the crisp and informative prose we have come to expect from this intellectual.

"It looks as though the joss-sticks I burnt did some good after all, and I hope you'll agree with me that the orchestra couldn't have done more if they had each been promised a virgin tonight. You know this is in aid of my project 'The Life and Times of Bob Madle'. At all the exits, even the window of the Gents, you'll find a collecting box. It's not for your old toffee papers -- it's for money. Remember, if you don't give, you don't go. Ta, ever so. Now, if we can get Sandfield out of the big drum, we'll try an encore."

I doubt if anyone heard the last remark, because the trumpet still had no thought of surrender. I think the audience was more interested in the titanic struggle manifested before their eyes...it seemed as though the fans would never get Larry de-drummed. But I wasn't worried about that! I spat the last fragments of plasterboard out of my mouth and crawled across the stage and up the aisle on my hands and knees. My mind and body could only stand so much. I pushed my way laboriously through the exit doors, and tried to resist the team of St John's Ambulance workers who threw me in the back of the nearest ambulance.

"The worst case yet," I heard someone mutter sympathetically. I tried to tell them I was the triangle player who'd stapled his finger by mistake whilst compiling an OMPazine and Joy Clarke was proxy triangulist, but they rammed a tablet in my mouth, jammed a needle in my arm and suddenly my mind was filled with trumpet blasts, roars of applause, and the bell on the ambulance all mixed up together.....

I knocked at the front door of 25 Leighton Road, London. It opened, and Sir Malcolm came out. He shook hands with Larry and strode past me with a brief glance. He opened the garden gate, then stopped and looked at me.

"Where have I seen...wasn't it you crawling up the aisle on your hands and knees, frothing at the mouth?" he gasped.

"It was indeed, sir," I said, "'cept I wasn't frothing - that was bits of plasterboard!"

"Oh...was it?" he breathed. "Oh well..." and he disappeared, slamming the gate behind him.

Sandfield looked at me questioningly.

"I've come to straighten out a few facts, Larry," I said, opening my arms wide. I represent an interested third party." (It was true - my wife wanted to know how my best suit had become shredded.)

"Come into my study," said Larry, and ushered me inside the luxuriously furnished room. "Well?" he asked.

"Remember the concert last week...when you conducted Mars, did you honestly think the fans were actually playing it?"

He opened his hands expansively, and there was a nostalgic gleam in his eyes. "Look at it from my point of view," he said. "I was conducting and they were playing...well...I mean..."

"I see," I lied unconvincingly. This was going to require all my famed diplomacy. "I must say you were well dressed," I said. He looked coy. "Well," I continued. "When Shirley screamed, what did you think?"

"I was absolutely flabbergasted," admitted Larry. "When the sound stopped but the orchestra continued to silently go through the motions, it dawned on me that a record player was concealed somewhere."

I craned forward. "And did you discover where?"

"It was obvious," said Larry. He breathed on the finger nails of his right hand and polished the corduroy lapel on his smoking jacket. "I mean, the orchestra was only performing Holst's Planet Suite, and a piano isn't scored for it."

"Neither is The Cracked Ped Pans," I hinted.

"And you can conceal a record player, sound amplifier and the wiring in a Bed Pan?" I had to concede the point. Larry was worthy of his high IQ rating. "You see," he continued. "Sanderson couldn't resist the temptation to fire a violin bow at the Bentcliffe cranium, but unfortunately the bow ricocheted off Bentcliffe's wavy hair into the innards of the piano and disconnected the plug attached to the record player. Shirley, of course, was especially detailed to switch the machine on and off at the beginning and conclusion of each movement."

"And then you fainted?"

"Nah, I didn't really faint. I lay there and as soon as they carried me off I ran to a nearby music shop and purchased a Dizzy Gillespie record."

"And then you returned to the stage via the chandeliers. Why was that?"

"Well, frankly," said Larry earnestly, "I knew the only chance to save the prestige of British Fandom was to act as balmy as possible to try and convince the audience that in reality the whole thing was meant to be a farce!"

"Good - good. Sir Malcolm almost wrecked the idea and he came to apologize to you tonight?"

"Tush, no, John. I must admit that we did appear to murder a classic, and after all, Sir Malcolm had his prestige to think of. The miraculous rescue by Brunner saved the day, although when we crashed through the wall I honestly thought all was lost. I couldn't get the lavatory seat off my head but John Brunner used his initiative and unscrewed the hinges. I crawled into the piano whilst the fans were dejectedly leaving the stage, put the plug in its socket, put on the Dizzy Gillespie record, and, as I had envisaged, the fans literally burst back at the first note. I pranced up and down, acting as if I'd been 'sent', the audience laffed, and then really became enthusiastic, and thus, although not in the way we had planned, The British Fandom Symphony Orchestra was a great success. Didn't you read the rave notices in the national papers?"

"I did surely," I panted. "Who planted the record player, though?"

"The Liverpool Group," explained Larry. "They had heard most of the tapes I received when auditioning and were disgusted with the quality of the sound. However they knew we couldn't back out because of the Madle Project, and arranged for John Roles to fix up the player and its accessories inside the piano. It would have worked, too, if the feud hadn't sprung to the fore at such an unexpected time. Actually it was a blessing in disguise, otherwise we couldn't have landed this." And he passed over a sheet of paper full of

small print with signatures at the bottom scrawled over a halfpenny stamp. He let me peruse it briefly, and then took it off me again. "Get that finger in full use again, John," he said with a smile. "And get some triangle practice in -- and make up your mind which faction you're going to join -- the Sandersons or the Bentcliffes."


"You mean.....?"


"Yes. Sir Malcolm pleaded with me to give a repeat performance of the whole show, chandeliers and all, in the Albert Hall next August. Can you imagine that - The British Fandom Symphony Orchestra at the Proms?"

Frankly, I can't. But be there, won't you?

fin JOHN BERRY

Left 'Inchmery' at 11.00pm for Manchester - arrived at 5.00am on

March 25th.  In the evening I went over to see SID BIRCHBY. Eric Bentcliffe was there, trying to persuade Bob Shaw that he should go to the Con in Birmingham. Bob was holding out in favour of joining his wife in Belfast, and when I left this was his final decision. Incidentally I gave Sid and Eric an advance warning which I would now like to extend to all other Northern fans - particularly those in and around Manchester and Liverpool. If you haven't yet planned holidays, you might like to leave free the period 8th to 16th August, inclusive. More details later. Anyway, the rest of my holiday was spent at home resting, and I returned to Inchmery at 5.00am on

March 31st.  Letter from Dick Eney, 417 Ft Hunt Rd, Alexandria, Virginia. "For Penelope's sake I hope she sees, one day, an "advert that beats, for sheer effect, those produced by Rose's chocolates". In a tea-drinking country you may not see the video plugs for Wilkins Coffee - but wait, you won't dig this unless you know of the nauseating adverts for Viceroy, 'The Thinking Man's Cigarette'. If you do you may get a chuckle, as I did, from the little scenario in which the puppet Wontkins, busily drowning, cries: 'I'm sinking! I'm sinking!' The other puppet, Wilkins flashes up in a boat and extends a steaming pot: 'Have a cup of Wilkins!' 'Wilkins? What for?' 'It's a sinking man's coffee...' As Busby says, the only thing you can do with Gertie Carr is ignore her and, if necessary, refute her comments passim in remarks to others. Just ain't no use arguing with a woman who'd pull such things as her trick on Willis merely to amuse herself. Apparently ol' Metzger didn't dig that Penelope's objection to RUMBLE was that it was simply a damned bad, sloppily-done book quite aside from the subject; it is unpleasant, maybe (and surely for PF to object to this is legitimate?) but when Ellison combines 'raw, crude, sexy violence' and slovenly handling he isn't trying to be Realistic and Vivid, man; he's just reaching for the Mucky Spleen market. If his portrayal is accurate it's coincidence of the wildest sort."

A BAS 11 - 25¢ from Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Canada. There is only one thing wrong with this fanzine (the same as with Grue) - it doesn't come out often enough. If you're not on the mailing list you are missing one of the best written, best produced zines that has appeared in the last few months -- but more about this after Bennett's 'Cloudburst' column..

CLOUDBURST

the North's answer to the old mill stream

hard and grizzled veteran and the freshly talcumed newcomers suggested that there might be failure on both counts.

To make things worse, the first news that greeted me when I walked in the hotel in the company of Terry Jeeves, Archie Mercer and Phil Rogers, all of whom I had met on the train, was that there had been a mix-up in arrangements concerning the provision of alcoholic refreshments and that the bar closed at 9.30. To complete the dismal picture, the hotel itself seemed to be disappointing for a three star AA rating. Quite apart from the frayed stair carpets and dingy decorations, the service was of the standard normally associated with a hotel in the western backwoods at the turn of the century. This point alone, combined with the hotel's high prices, decided fans to eat out.

Friday's session was one of informal meetings. I met Jim Linwood and Brian Jordan for the first time and renewed acquaintances with Norman and Ina Shorrock (whom I had not seen for three whole weeks), Pete Taylor, Dave Cohen, Ken Slater, Ken McIntyre, Ella Parker, Bobbie Wild, Bob Richardson, Eddie Jones, Sandra Hall, Ivor Mayne, John Roles, Paul and Joan Hammett and Norman Wansborough. After the bar had closed Pete Taylor managed to smuggle in several bottles of gin, sherry, whiskey and beer and the convention moved from the lounge up to his room on the third floor. There was a good deal of chatter and wild laughter which was not unduly rowdy, and it was therefore surprising to find the manager coming along to complain about the noise. I think we made a tactical error in not inviting him in for a drink, but Ella Parker rescued the situation by suggesting that we moved along to her room which was in a 'fan' block. We did so and it must have been well after four that the party broke up for early morning coffee. We returned to the lounge until we were all ready for bed. Ron Ellik will be shocked to the marrow to learn that we did not play brag. Instead we indulged in a session of what was to become the predominant cardgame of the weekend, pontoon (blackjack).

The first programme item was held on the Saturday afternoon, although there had been an llam OMPA meeting. Strict interpretations of OMPA deadlines had been thrashed out. After general introductions by Chairman Terry Jeeves, the programme moved to Science Fiction Twenty Questions, which balanced Terry's polished performance as Chairman by being extremely ragged. Apart from newcomer Ken Cheslin's inclination to 'have a go at all costs' the panel seemed unwilling to put forward any guesses, whether wild or logical and the most interesting parts of the session came from some unruly comments and heckling from the audience. Questions included Van Vogt's Games Machine and Ploy No 1.

Later in the afternoon there was a tea-drinking contest which I entered, having been given a little practice at the Solacon. Here, however,

It was with no small misgivings that I attended the National Con at Birmingham held over Easter weekend. For one thing this was the first convention held under the auspices of the British Science Fiction Association, and the policy of attempting to provide interesting items for both the

RON
BENNETT

there was a difference in the rules, for the preliminary ten cups had to be drunk in half an hour. I'd drunk five in twenty minutes when I found out that anyone failing to qualify with ten had to pay for the cups already consumed. Seeing myself doomed to failure I opted out. Peter Davies, a newcomer from Stourbridge, won the contest by being the only one to qualify with ten cups. It was a meagre affair, all told. Why, nobody was even sick.

On Saturday evening I showed the colour slides I had taken in America. This was followed by a short play put on by Sandra Hall, Ella Parker, Bobbie Wild, Pete Taylor and Peter West which boasted not a few laughs, quite a few wrong and missed cues and a wonderful bem by Brian Burgess who arrived early Saturday morning after hitch hiking around the country.

Bob Richardson auctioned a pile of books and magazines during which Eric Bentcliffe arrived and the convention moved on to the fancy dress party. This promised to be quite a fine affair, but was marred during the early hours by a religious maniac who crept into the proceedings and upset a couple of the femme-fans with his rather thoughtless insults. Sandra Hall, with sparkling green finger nails, won the fancy dress prize.

The promised Russian Beer Drinking Contest didn't come to pass. Instead a group of us played Pontoon on the Committee table smoking Russian cigarettes - the type you have to twist in order to stick the foul taste. Around three we adjourned to the nearby railway station whose tea room boasted an all night service. Afterwards there was a room party thrown by Bob Richardson.

The Annual General Meeting of the BSFA took place on the Sunday morning. The retiring committee members gave their reports and a new committee was elected - Archie Mercer remained as Treasurer, Bobbie Wild took over from Terry Jeeves as Publications Officer, Doctor Arthur Weir became Secretary in place of Eric Bentcliffe and Ken Slater was offered the chair. There was little discussion on the Consite for 1960. I put forward the suggestion that as the BSFA is now holding itself responsible for organising more formal conventions than have been held at Kettering during the past two years, there is probably a chance of obtaining a suitable hotel in Harrogate. The only objection to this seemed to be travelling distance from the south. 'New Worlds' was voted the best British SF magazine, 'Astounding' the best US magazine, and 'Triode' the best British fanzine. 'Aporrheta' tied with 'Hyphen' for 2nd place.

After lunch Doc Weir discussed the theory that the lost city of Atlantis was situated in the Mediterranean region and afterwards there was a replaying of the Liverpool tape 'Last and First Fen'. This went down extremely well with the newcomers and I was delighted to realise that it has not dated since it was made. In the evening there was a final auction during which several cover paintings were donated to TAFF. One of these, donated originally by its artist, Jack Wilson, was auctioned off no fewer than six times. These auctions were followed by a lengthy and interesting programme of fan films which included the Liverpool groups offerings, "May We Have The Pleasure?" and films of the Brussels Exhibition, London Convention films and two films by the Cheltenham Group, one of which, "The Test", was straight sf and will be entered in the best amateur films of the year.

There was more pontoon and brag in the evening at the party which took place in the convention hall. This achieved the traditional honour of being raided by the police, a solitary constable coming in at three to see what was happening.

Monday came round to the expected partings and goodbyes. I went off with Terry Jeeves to spend an invigorating train journey and a couple of enjoyable hours in Sheffield before travelling back up to Harrogate. Looking back I would say that I personally found the convention to be an out and out success. Financially, the affair was well on the credit side, but fannish enjoyment is not reckoned financially. Once the convention had surmounted its initial disappointment at the hotel's service the situation became better and better. There was a good spirit of fannish wellbeing and companionship and if the programme lacked polish at times, this was readily forgiven. The weekend was well balanced in sf and fannish affairs and there prevailed an informal and easy going atmosphere of such an intensity I don't remember feeling at a 'sercon' gathering before. After the first night's complaint, the hotel left the convention pretty much alone to do as it liked. There was no disadvantage in holding the con in a hotel in which there was a majority of nonfannish residents, a realisation that surprises me and which tears down a theory I've held for five years.

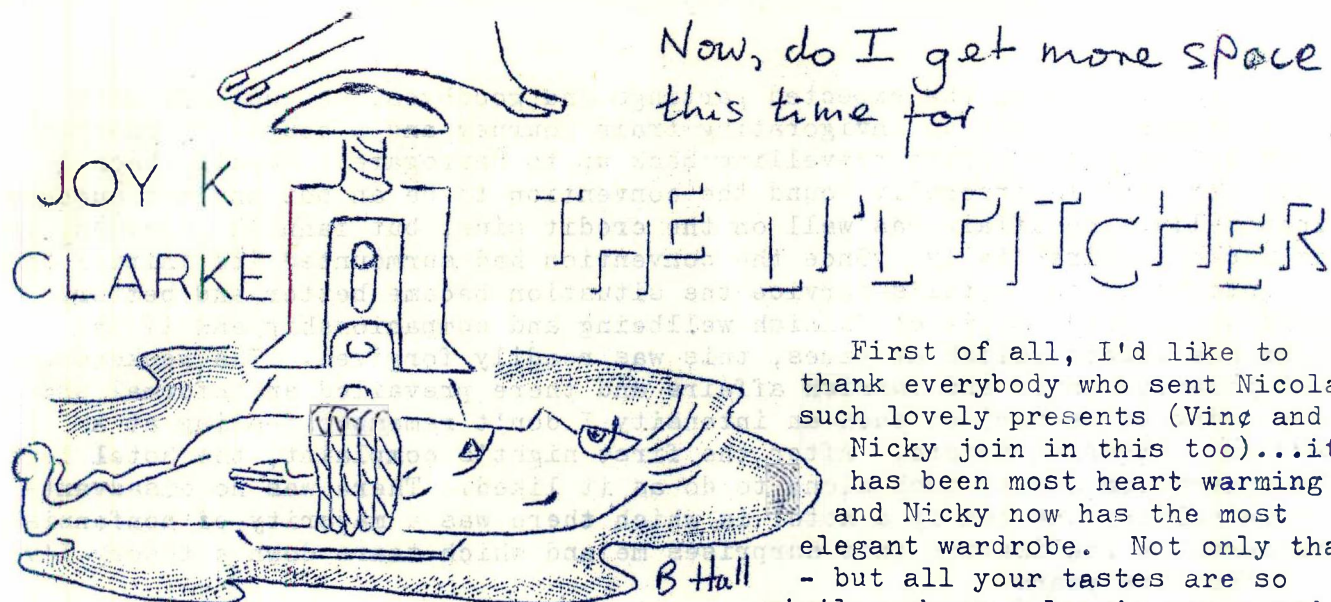
It would be interesting to hear views on the con from those who were attending for the first time. Was the newcomer left out in the cold by the old stagers who gathered together (an old fault)? Did the programme cater for the newcomer? Was the newcomer lost amongst the esoteric references? Did the newcomer expect more sf to be discussed? And so on and so forth.....

TAFF did very well over the weekend. The TAFF auction realised over four pounds and the TAFF raffle over thirty shillings. A dozen fans voted and the poll is now in full swing. With a quarter of the time for voting having now elapsed it is interesting to see that the money in the fund is matching the time element. If the money continues to pour in at the same rate, there should be no difficulty in bringing an American delegate to the British Con next year. The state of the fund is at present: Balance B/fwd £18:17: 8d Birmingham....Raffle £1:14:-d...Auction £4:6:1d.....£ 6:--: 1d Contributions: J.M.Rosenblum £1; Ivor Mayne and Anon 10/- each...£ 2:--: -d Brian Jordan, Eric Bentcliffe, Barry Hall, Dave Cohen and Bob Richardson 5/- each. Norman Weedall 3/- . Ken Slater 2/9.....£ 1:10: 9d Ella Parker, D Fawcett, Eddie Jones, Frank Simpson, Phil Sless and Phil Rogers 2/6d each.....£ :15: -d

Balance to be C/f..£29: 3: 6d

Ron Bennett.

Right, now, I was going to say a bit more about A Bas - really all I wanted to add was that this issue contains Boyd's Solacon report complete with Rot-sler illos (that man must have been busy, like) and No 9 in the series Derel-ic-yi Derogation. This one runs on from the Beat Generation, through the Young/Magnus 'feud' and on to CRY. A wonderful piece of work. Terry Carr, Dean Grennell, Alex Kirs, Eric Needham, Bob Tucker, Harry Warner and Ted White are all present in the zine. You want more? Well, there's a piece by Walt Willis that should be Required Reading by all fans - the most sensible thing that has yet been written on the subject of TAFF and fanzine fandom v. convention fandom. Bob Leman has A. Lincoln writing to a fanzine edited by GM Caw - very funny, this. Why, even good ol' Bill Donaho has a one page filler. A 12 page lettercol completes the 54 page issue. Write for it now! And on to Joy's column for this issue. Please turn over...



Now, do I get more space
this time for

JOY K
CLARKE

THE LIL PITCHER

First of all, I'd like to thank everybody who sent Nicola such lovely presents (Vine and Nicky join in this too)...it has been most heart warming and Nicky now has the most elegant wardrobe. Not only that - but all your tastes are so similar where colour's concerned (no I don't mean that idea of pink and blue only). I've had a number of yellow items sent to Nicky, too. Thank you, all of you. You're great.

INCHMERY FEMME DIARY (Yes, I pronounce it the French way.)

- March 1st. Feed infant, cook lunch, feed infant, cook dinner, feed infant, feed males, feed infant, sleep - if I can.
- March 2 - 20. Ditto.
- March 21st. Parcel arrives from Jandy Young with a beautiful dress for Nicky This is fanhistorical since Andy wore it, and the children too, so this must go down to the next fan baby born.
- March 22 - 26. Back to the old routine.
- March 27th. Peter Mantell and his girl offer to babysit - Vine and I go to see an all-Disney programme: 20,000 Leagues Under The Sea, and Cinderella. Mmm, that Toccata and Fugue played on an organ. All through Cinderella Vine keeps moaning enviously, "Oh, that drawing! The drawing!" Fascinated most by the blue-grey landscapes that seem to be such a feature of Disney art. Remember Blue Bayou in 'Make Mine Music'?
- March 28th. The old routine again except that Ron Buckmaster dropped in, sympathised at the lack of necessary to attend Con, such as money, and suggested a Consolacon at Dartford, with themselves and Daphne's mother who was staying with them.
- March 29th. Consolacon. Ron fixing up tape recorders, Daphne cooking assisted by her mother, me looking after the baby and at the Encyclopedia Britannica, and Vine pulling electric plugs out, pushing them in, moving chairs, lamps etc and generally assisting.
- March 30th. Complete column since Sandy will be back by tomorrow.
- March 31st. And feed, cook, feed, cook, feed feed feed nyaaah!

POOF TO PF

It's time Penny Fanny knew that the necessary thing with knowledge is NOT to know something offhand, but to know where to find the answer to any question. For instance, while I don't know when Barker and Dobson first started advertising (though I suspect there must have been something on TV

about it to occasion her query) if I wanted to know, I'd phone SC Peacock and ask the Account Executive for B&D

In Apr 9 PF says that someone pointed out sarcastically that Ted Tubb had a wide experience with fanzines. Well, I don't know whom she means but I said straight out that Ted had never had any experience of editing fanzines - and you can't count three issues of EYE since Stumac was the real editor.

Then, on the question of the BSFA and the con - will fans blame the BSFA if the con is not a success? As I see it they would have no right to do so since a con could be a flop for any number of reasons. Harried officials trying to put on a con have failed before, even though they weren't members of a national organisation - ask some of our Northerners. Harried officials have also put on very successful cons - see various Kittycon reports. No, the real judgment of the BSFA will depend on how they carry out their stated aims, and while the organisation of a con is a sideline, they should not be judged by its success or failure. Anyway, see Bennett's con report.

HUSH LITTLE SIBLING

I'm glad Boyd Raeburn noticed the quote - we were going to put in details of the British recording but on looking through our collection of papers couldn't trace the details we remembered seeing. However, what we know of it is this - Boyd sent us a tape with a load of songs by one Kati Lee, called songs of Couch and Consultation. Our favourite was 'Gunslinger' - and the lines quoted in Apr 8 come from the song titling this section. The record has now been issued in the UK and for those who don't know, the songs are satires on popular song styles done in psychiatric jargon. If you like Lehrer, you'll like Kati Lee.

THE NEW SOUND

And while we are on about music how about this for the most moronic method of conveying luxury to pop-addicts. Lou Preager has lined the 'mutes' of his band with mink at a cost of £25 each! This seems to me on a par with a mink-handled toothbrush. Gaaaah!

MARYLAND AHOY!

I remember reading some time ago about a chap called Harold Barnes who has something to do with traffic out in Baltimore and who is bugs on electronic roads for safe driving. (Come to think of it, I'm bugs on it too, I'm not quibbling.) Any of our Maryland readers know how he's getting on? And for that matter, how about Chicago? Whatever happened to Frank Lloyd Wright's plan for a 500-odd storey building one mile high?

BRITISH MUSEUM.

Sandy's been kinda mild about the British Museum you know. They're not only entitled to copies of any magazine, newspaper etc, published in Britain, but you're liable to heavy fines and so forth if you don't comply. This is detailed in Section 15 of the Copyright Act of 1911 (which section was not repealed when the new Copyright Act (1956) came into force.

Section 15 also tells you which other libraries are entitled to receive copies of anything you may write, draw, or compose - as opposed to the BM which must receive a copy. These other libraries, for instance those at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, only get copies provided they write and ask you for one within 12 months of publication. So we don't bother with them. The BM has been an Honorary Member of OMPA since its inception.

Did we ever tell you about the time Vinç and I, being in town one day, decided to drop in on the Keeper of the Printed Books and save postage two ways by handing him a copy of the current EYE? (British readers might have heard this before but the Americans probably haven't, so use the off switch, Jack).

Anyway, bold as brass, up we stride to the janitor 20 yards outside the doors of the library - beg pardon, Reading Room - of the British Museum. Now one cannot go into this place without a Reading Ticket, which are not dished out just for the asking. You have to be a bona fide researcher, whether for a thesis or writing a book or what-have-you. In other words, a jolly sound excuse. Ours was a bit weak, only 40 pages in fact and not looking like much since the cover was a sort of watery green. Janitor 1 decided to confer with Janitor 2, who is situated bang next to the Reading Room doors. J2 gives us a suspicious look (we're still 20 yards away) and sidles inside the RR, shutting the door firmly behind him. A few minutes later we are sheherded up the aisle towards the wooden cage in the centre where we explain once more, this time to the librarian, that we've got a little 'zine here - we were in town and thought we'd save postage and could we give it to the Keeper of the Printed Books. Our whispers echo round the room (it's round, too, you see) and come back to us sounding horribly magnified in the silence. Any minute we expect someone to go SSSSSSSSHHHH!

The librarian thinks we look comparatively harmless and after all we are clutching some little rag in a hot hand so maybe... Cage door opens, librarian locks it behind him, ushers us across to the other side of the room (coo, we've gone right across the RR without a ticket), unlocks the big door there, ushers us through, locks it again and proceeds down various corridors to the bowels of the earth. Or of the Brit. Mus. anyway.

Various doors are unlocked and relocked after we pass them. We skirt cupboards, showcases and shelves filled to bursting point with museum items for which there is no room upstairs. (They'll be on show another time and the ones up there will will be down here, like a victim of the Inquisitor). Finally, he unlocks one more door, and leads us through rows of eagle holes (pigeon holes, only bigger) filled with newspapers to a desk where two men are working, then leaves us after a muttered colloquy with the taller of the two. Once more we explain our errand and a pleasant smile flits over their faces. No longer are we possible vandals, about to steal their cherished copy of 'To Russia With Love' or the pencils on the desks. We are Persons on a Legitimate Call. We chat...tell you about that another time...and our and our offering is entered in a (there's no other word for it, it's about 2 ft high by 18" wide and 4 to 6" deep) TOME. A receipt is written out and after about 15 pleasant minutes talking in which 10 years in the future is regarded by them as much as after lunch is regarded by us just before lunch, they let us out the side entrance.

Yep, the British Museum is entitled to receive copies all right.

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

George Metzger says he burnt a case of 'em. I weep bitter tears. That's just like the fan in a bookshop hearing the proprietor say, "Well I had a pile of wartime Unknowns last week but someone bought them on Monday. Also another fan recently moved from Arizxona so he wasn't able to send me any. The only worry I have is whether he would have sent me pieces of cement and sand - or magazines! The next person that burns AH without offering 'em to us will be summarily cut off the mailing list. Grrr. JKC

And still on March 31st, I had a postcard today from the Brumcon - thanks, people (and Bennett) and a copy of the Con Programme. This is a pretty thick zine excellently produced by Norman Shorrocks with Eddie Jones handling most of the illos. Layout is good and the short articles very informative.

April 1st. FANAC 34 (The Fannish) - Carr and Ellik. Starts off as a normal ish, but includes a 21 page report on the Fanac-poll. This is very well done indeed. Apart from the news disseminated by Carr & Ellik, Mercer tells about Anglofandom (wha happen to N Ireland Archie? -not to mention Scotland and Wales), 4E reports on Los Angeles, and Dick Ellington describes drunkenness and doping with the New York Fanarchists - like maan, now we're really grown-up. I was pleased to note that Apé placed 7th in the poll for best fanzines, coming behind Fanac, Hyphen, Innuendo, Retribution, Oops!a and Grue. Following on Apé came Cry, Inside, Twig, Yandro, The Vinegar Worm, Flafan, A Bas, Shaggy, Ploy etc etc. Inchmerry Fan Diary placed joint third for best column with The Skeptic Tank by DAG. First place was taken by Willis (The Harp...) and Busby (The sf Field...), and second place was filled by Bob Shaw (The Glass Bushel). These results were particularly interesting because only 75% of those who voted have ever received Apé - and only 50% have had it regularly. Only two voters were Britfen. Terry ends the report by saying that it seems to be more work than it's worth. I know I wouldn't like to do it...but I would like to see the poll made an annual affair. A couple of points - have the voting forms sent out earlier next year - this was one of the reasons Inchmerry didn't vote this time...the other being that we were too close to Apé to feel qualified to judge other zines fairly. And why not arrange with other fan-eds for the forms to be reprinted and circulated with other fanzines a la the TAFF forms. This would be one way of evening up the odds a little. Oh, and was it really necessary to intersperse the issue with those 'cute' remarks? GYRE 3 from Steve Tolliver came with Fanac, but was very much overshadowed. Interesting chatter.

FANAC 35 - neatly addressed 'HPS-his copy; may it blind him.' Actually the duplicating in F has always been very legible, so? The issue starts with a bit about 'Djinn Faine to marry' and the same post brought a card from Ellik to say that this was now not the case. Postcard ends 'This is the sort of thing that pleases Sanderson, I trow.' Wrong again - it's news about people getting married that pleases me, not about them not getting married. (And Ellik, for Christ's sake stop making a fool of yourself. You're acting like a spoilt schoolgirl). Mistakes are one thing - slanting is another. So is being over anxious to use 'news' regardless of truth, if it serves your purpose. Now, how about sending out a postcard to correct the item on the second page where you mention that Rickhardt's Flip has caused Frank Dietz to publish a rebuttal which he's demanding Ted White mail with the next Gambit? Because, you see, Frank has not published anything and he has not, naturally asked Ted White to circulate this thing he hasn't published. Personally I'd double check anything that might have started with Donaho - not only does he think he has an axe to grind, but as one of the Fanarchists in New York you can never tell when his news is true or the result of some drunken or doped binge. Rickhardt is a typical member of the beanie brigade, and FLIP is a piece of garbage. You don't do anything about garbage except throw it away.

And this just about leaves me room to start practising to type

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION ENDS WITH No.....
Is finished. Next issue bigger as promised. H.P.Sanderson.

