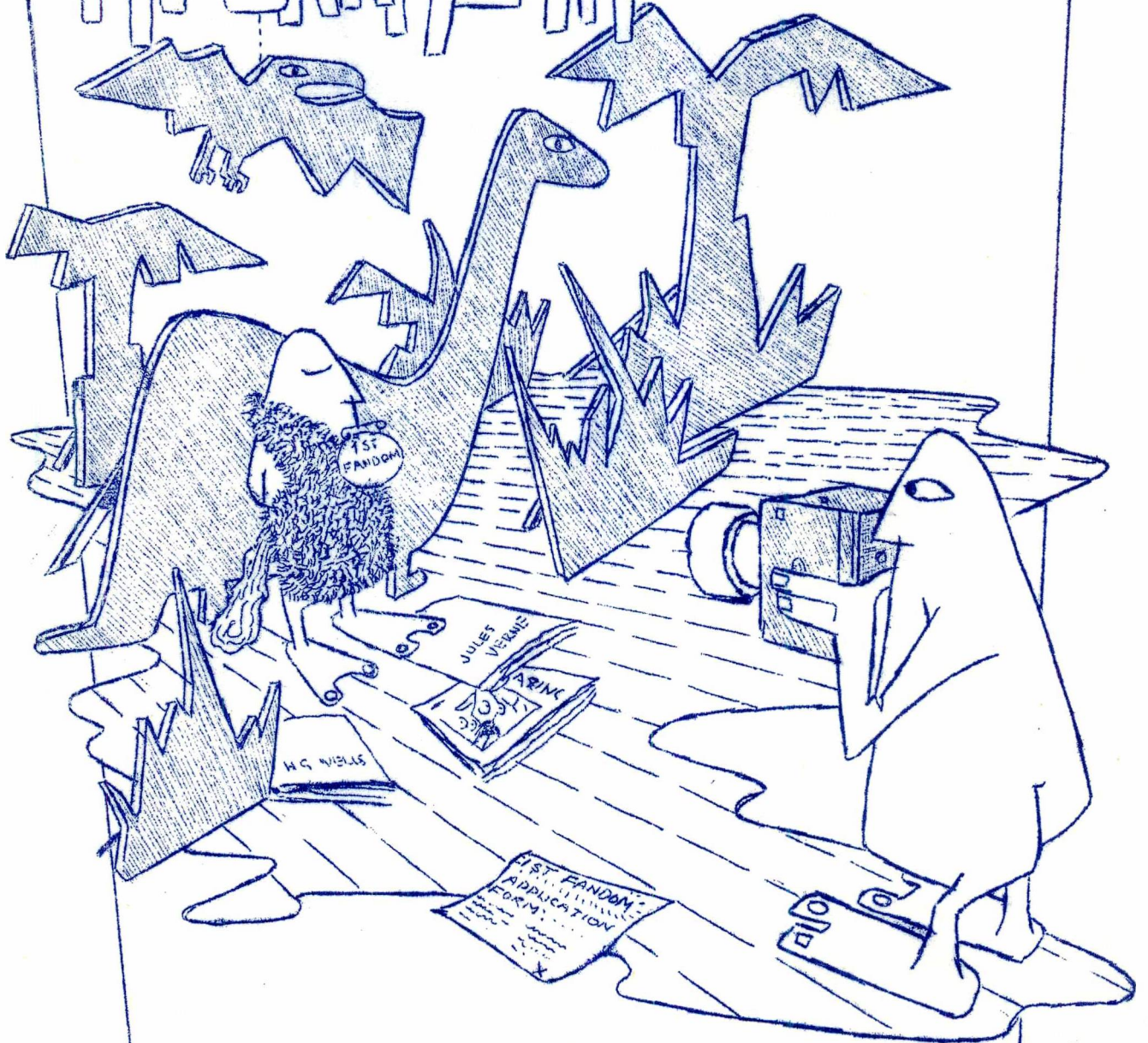


APPOINTEMENT



ATOM

No 12

THE FUTURE



THE FUTURE



1959

July - August

CONTENTS

Cover by Atom  
Editorial.....P 3  
Cover Story by  
George Locke....P 4  
The Old Mill Stream  
by Penelope  
Fandergaste.....P 7  
Cloudburst by Ron  
Bennett...P10  
Real Advert by HPS.P11  
SF A to Z: I-M  
by Atom.....P12  
The Wisdom of the  
Yeast by Sid  
Birchby...P14  
A Suggestive Article  
by Bob Bloch.....P17  
The Badger That Now  
and Then by Dean A  
Grennell..P19  
The Li'l Pitcher  
by Joy K Clarke....P22  
Inchmery Fan Diary  
by H P Sanderson...P28  
Illos and cartoons by  
Arthur Thomson, Joy K  
Clarke and Don Allen.  
Lettering and layout  
by Atom, Joy and HPS.

The number here is the  
last due to you under  
present conditions....

9999

# APORRHĒTA - 12

(Gr.) esoteric doctrines. New Imperial Dict.

policy

"Freedom of speech is a very vital freedom, for without it all freedom withers and dies. The freedom of speech is the freedom of everyone to state his honest opinion about any matter of general importance. This isn't a right peculiar to newspapers and journalists. It is a right that is common to us all.

"We are all free to state fearlessly to anyone our real opinion, honestly held upon any matter of public interest. We are free to state such opinions in any way we like - diffidently, decorously, politely and discreetly or pungently, provocatively, rudely or even brutally."

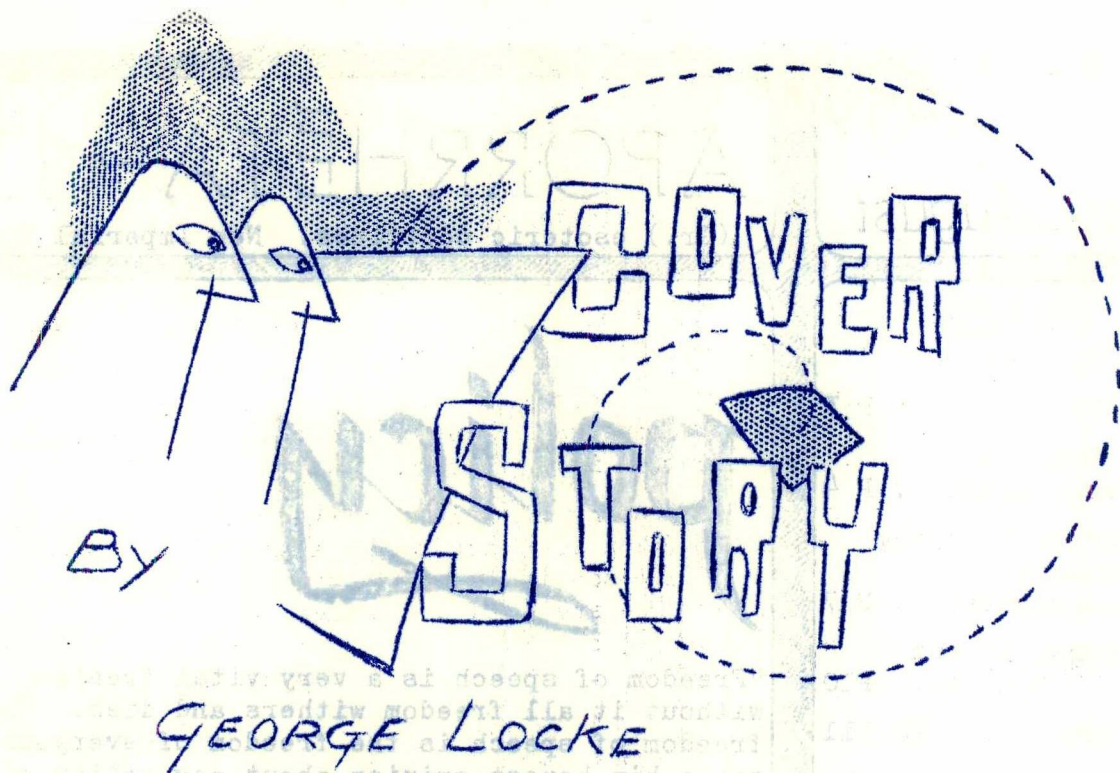
MR. JUSTICE SALMON

The policy of Aporrhēta is also to entertain....

Sandy

Edited by H P Sanderson; published 52-pagely by  
Inchmery Fandom at 'Inchmery' 236 Queens Road,  
New Cross, London S E 14. Subs - 1/6 (10p) per  
copy, 6 for 8/- (\$1), 12 for 15/- (\$2). Copies  
exchanged 1 for 1 with other fanzines. HPS49





Apé arrived on Thursday morning, and neo-fan Tom started on the Diary during his lunch-hour. Looking back on his own activities in comparison, he was suddenly struck by the fact that he couldn't remember Tuesday, and this worried him a little.

Tom was beginning to leave his neo-fannish days behind, but he was still rather conscious of the opinions he had once held, and more than well aware of the fact that all non-fen still held them. He was a Londoner, which probably made matters worse. It was atavistically, from the notion that the London BNFs might think him a peasant and gone in the head, that he did not go immediately to the Globe when he heard about it. He was receiving the odd fanzine, of course, and when Apé catalysed his having forgotten Tuesday, he was suddenly spurred on to visit the Globe's hallowed halls - as he imagined them to be.

Having a long way to travel, he took Aporrheta with him to continue the Diary. After a preliminary examination of the adverts on the Underground train, he took the magazine out and sat a while admiring Atom's cover. It was one of those marvellous pieces which catch the eye and hold it firmly, only letting go when a free bheer shows up.

After a couple of minutes, he felt a sensation as though he were being watched. Instantly, he suspected the reason - they, the peasants, were staring at the cover of his fanzine, and were sniggering. He sneaked an embarrassed glance; the other passengers were regarding him from the corners of their eyes, over the tops of their newspapers and from beneath the tipped brims of their hats. Guiltily, he stuffed the fanzine in his pocket.

Two stations went by before he recovered sufficient of his composure to



take it out again. He dared not display the cover though, and so he carefully removed it, replacing the staples just as he had found them. The fanzine he left on his lap, confident that now the common herd would have no reason to snigger. But the cover - what to do with that?

He could hardly allow it to flutter gracefully to the floor. They would still know it was his, and one would be polite: "You dropped this, sir?" Snigger, sneer. Besides, there was the question of a £10 fine for distributing litter. He could tear it into uniform fragments, blend it with the Daily Mirror, and stuff it in his pipe. Blue duplicator ink was said to have the same physiological effect as nicotine...

"Save us," an invisible voice implored. "Save us from the vengeance of disappointed fen." But it was more as if the voice were merely lamenting to itself - as if he had overheard it by chance.

A vision came before him, blurring the view of the cover held close to his face at which he had still been subconsciously staring. A vision of a little man wailing "Save us," and sobbing gently into a bottle of correcting fluid by the side of a mediaeval Gestetner. A taller man was by his side, soothing the little man's wrinkled brow with one hand, while preventing a tiny child from inking its feet in the duper-roller with the other.

"Don't worry, Sandy," he said. "One coverless issue among many - they'll all forgive you after the next issue..."

"But the cover - so symbolical - so topical - it'll be the end of Apré."

The correcting fluid overflowed, onto the table, and spread and spread, until it blotted out the two disconsolate fen, blotted out everything...

Then Tom felt himself falling, and his insides twisting, as though he were being flung into an alien dimension, flung there by the visual effect of correcting fluid diluted with the special lachrymal secretion of a sad fan...and something else, strange and beautiful, was happening too...

~~~~~

A few seconds - a few years, who could tell? Eventually, Tom awoke in the train, and the first thing his eyes saw was the date of the evening paper held by the man opposite. Tuesday - the day he had forgotten - the evening before the last Apré had been mailed out. Then he realised that his destiny lay not at the Globe, but at New Cross. He looked down at his knee. Apré was there, but coverless. Nowhere around could he find the cover, but a blank sheet of quarto lay in his hand. He smiled triumphantly. The cover had been well hidden.

He changed trains at Tottenham Court Road and at the Strand, and in due time he arrived at the Inchmery publishing house. Joy took him to the sacred duplicator room just as the two sad fen had finished cleaning up the correcting fluid-tear combination.

"I'm Tom," said Tom.

"Hello," said Vinç. Sandy dried his eyes and made a smile.

"How's Apré coming along?"

Sandy held up a tattered stencil. "This was to have been the cover," he

said. "Everything else is done."

Tom had never seen a stencilled original before so he smoothed the pieces out and examined it closely. It showed Atom's two Bems in the act of drawing a vast circle on an empty plain, just closing the circle, with several angelic London Circle members inside waving membership cards, with the rest of fandom struggling to enter. One of the London Circle members carried a banner with the strange device: "MEMBERSHIP 5/-"

"But now it's no good." Sandy broke into tears again. Joy took Nicki in order to enable Vinç to occupy himself fully with Sandy-consoling.

Tom smiled and pointed to a pile of quarto sheets of unused paper. "For the cover?" Vinç nodded.

"Put 'em in the paper holder."

Vinç was obviously puzzled but perhaps he felt some of the force that was driving Tom, for he did as asked. "The roller's inked?" said Tom.

It was. Tom took the handle of the duper and stared intently at the paper. Then, evidently satisfied, he began to turn the handle, running off the first sheet and then the second and the third, until all the covers had been run off. As soon as he was finished, they snatched up the new covers. There they were, in all their fresh glory, sparkling blue. As they examined them they found that each one was slightly different than the rest. From the first cover to the last it could be seen that the Bems were undrawing the circle, as in the frames of a film in reverse, and the clamouring fen were gaining the sacred ground of the London Circle. And with the last cover, all fandom was a united group and happy.

Vinç looked at Tom. "Eyetracks," he breathed, seeing the cover into the fan's eyes. "A living scene. But - they seem to be drawing the circle, whereas on the series of covers, they are undrawing it..."

Tom shook his head, as though coming out of a daze. "I don't know."

Vinç peered closer. Suddenly, his face froze. "I see it. I am seeing the picture in your eyes in reverse - drawing the circle. Projected onto paper - of course they'd be undrawing it!" He stood back, murmuring speculatively: "Which is the best course? We are closing the circle now, but is it wise?"

Tom, however, wasn't listening. He was back in Thursday on an Underground train going to the Globe, staring at a cover that showed...

"Now why the devil did I take it off the zine?" he said to himself.

"Why should I worry what these mundane people think?"

And carefully he opened the staples, and replaced the cover, closing the staples again.

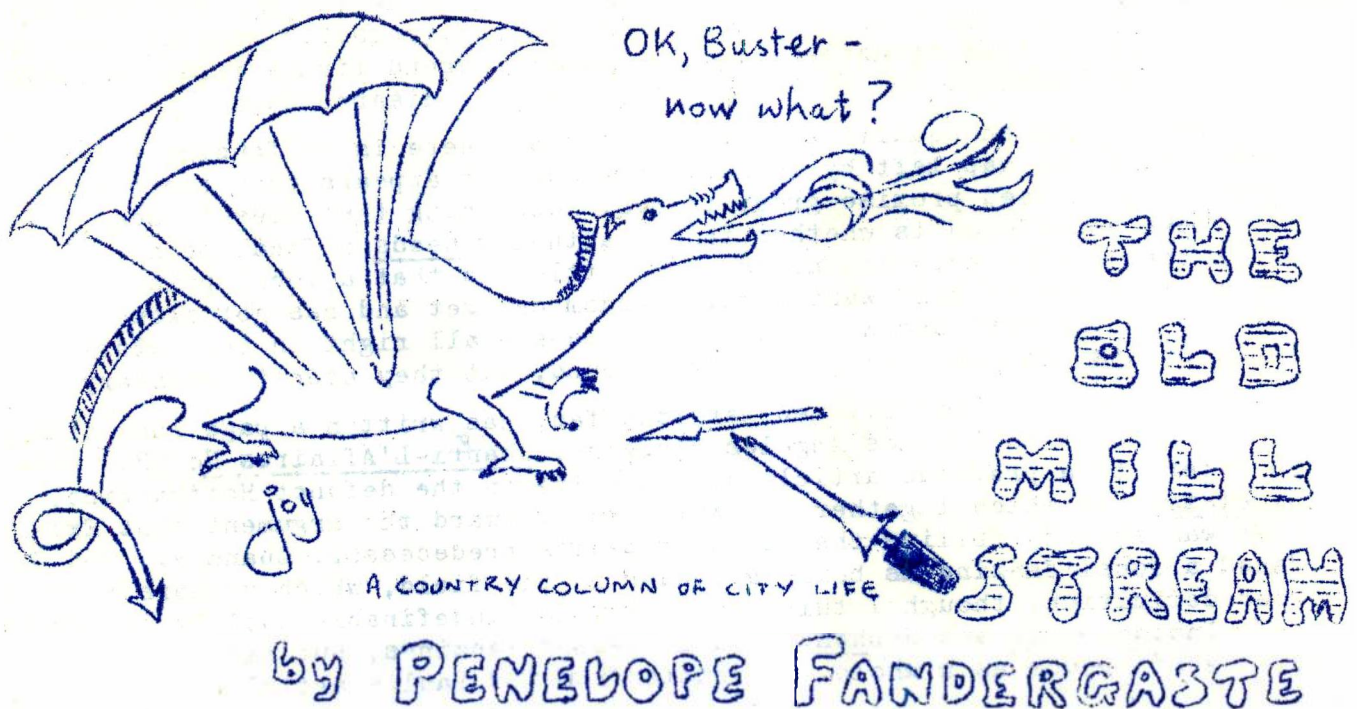
Then he turned to the contents page.

"Cover Story by George Locke....P 4."

fini

GEORGE LOCKE.





It's an interesting fact that fandom runs in cycles with its burning topics of the moment. As soon as someone brings up some point he considers important he finds that other fans have been thinking on the very same lines. It happened a while ago when everyone was discussing quote cards. Just about every fanzine one picked up mentioned the possibilities of the quote card, and of course every letter one received contained one of the pasteboards. Only a year later the trend seems to have faded completely, unless Honey Wood has burnt all those she received.

A short time before the quote card discussion there was all that talk on the sense of wonder in science fiction, which seems to have been talked to death. Nothing was ever resolved on the question, no agreement was reached and I'm sure that whether fans have retained their sense of wonder or not is still in as much doubt as ever.

The current craze appears to be Fandom's Focal Point. This means a fanzine which is at the very hub of the fannish wheel, a common meeting ground for every fan, which isn't an easy thing to achieve in this day and age when fans appear to be more interested in hi-fi and sports cars than sf.

I'm unable to discover exactly when the thought of a Focal Point first hit fandom. To some extent, I'd say that the Tucker newsletters filled the bill, but these were largely concerned with the comings and goings of prodrom as well as the more purely fannish aspects. Again, there is evidence that the magazines which came from Los Angeles in the late thirties and very early forties might have bound Los Angeles together as a focal point, as a club rather than as a fanzine, of their day and age. Here, however, it has been said that the very reverse was true and that the Los Angeles fanzines were cliquish to a degree, a thing any focal point can't afford to become.



It is fairly widely accepted that the classic example of the focal point fanzine was Lee Hoffman's Quandry, which fact many latter day students of fannish history have been hard put to understand, possibly because they have read copies of this magazine with the Quandry legend firmly fixed in their minds, have expected too much and have thus been disappointed.

Today, it is an equally accepted fact that there is no fanzine which fills the focal gap left by Quandry, although it appears that there are fanzines which indeed promise great things. One thing that doesn't seem to have been considered is whether fandom actually needs a focal point. I think that fandom actually needs very little and that a focal point fanzine is not included in this want list. Fandom can get and has got along without one in the past and will, no doubt, manage all right in the future. Focal points are nice things to have around, but they aren't necessary.

Ted Pauls, a relatively new Maryland fan, has written a page long article on the subject in the Los Angeles clubzine, Shamfri-L'Affaires No 42. Here he refers to a previous article by Ted White in the defunct Hoffmannzine, Excelsior, in which I gather Ted White put forward the argument that Excelsior was already filling the gap left by its predecessor, Quandry. Ted defined a focal fanzine as being a leader in the field, which appears to be a good definition, though I think an additional indefinable quality is involved. Inside, Grue and Hyphen are all leading fanzines, but hardly focal points of fandom as a whole. To quote from Ted Paul's article:

"There are certain basic requirements if a fanzine is to become the fanzine. It must be monthly; or six-weekly at the most, be able to draw good material, and above all, be dependable."

I don't know of any way for a fanzine editor to draw good material apart from judging his own taste and insisting on material which meets his own standards. There is also to be considered the type of material which is accepted. There are fanzines which are both regular and dependable of course and yet these will never become the focal point desired. However, as already seen from the examples of Inside, Grue and Hyphen, the drawing of first rate material is actually secondary to regularity and dependableness.

There is certainly Bob Coulson's fanzine, Yandro, which has been published monthly through thick and thin for about seven years. The material the magazine carries, however, is average, though entertaining. I doubt whether Bob would wish to change this. It's his magazine, and after all it has given many fans pleasure in its present format.

A year or so ago, several Californian fans gathered in Berkeley and for a time it looked as though this group might, with its bubbling enthusiasm, produce a focal point fanzine. The enthusiasm directed itself towards the publication of Fanac which I've mentioned in previous columns and for which I've a high regard. Its format, however, discourages any attempt towards anyone trying to consider it as a focal point.

Next, there is Void, which was put out with increasing quality and soundness by the Benford twins, Greg and Jim, when they were living in Germany. This fanzine had a good strong British influence, as many of its contributors were British, but it also maintained its natural American flavour, an excellent blend for any magazine with ambition.



However, the Benford family moved back to the United States and to all intents and purposes the magazine has now been passed on to Ted White who formerly published Stellar, a magazine which was outstanding for its quality of duplication and layout, but in which the presentation of material was a little too formal and staid to encourage enthusiasm from its readers. Unfortunately for Void and the hopes its readers might have held for it, Ted is now producing issues which apparently differ from Stellar only in title. As Ted Pauls points out, too, White is trying to make Void into a focal point fanzine, which in itself might not be a bad thing, but he seems to be trying too hard. The editor of a focal point fanzine has to have a personality which immediately endears itself to that fanzine's readers.

It may be because of this last premise that Aporrheta itself may not actually become the focal point recent issues point to. Sandy's insistence on correct procedure, in others as well as in himself, have not made him the most popular of fans, which is a great pity. Notwithstanding the earliest issues of Aporrheta there is nothing apart from a little gentle lampooning which can possibly give offence to readers. Moreover, the magazine is already accepted throughout fandom as one of the best, for entertainment, for presentation and for the dependableness certainly required in Pauls' definition.

Pauls says that he cannot imagine any British fanzine becoming the focal point. He points out that there is too large a time lag between issues because of the distance the magazine has to travel to America. So what? British readers of any American fanzine have to suffer similarly and I have not noticed anyone over here criticising Fanac for this reason - and is there a fanzine which depends more on its topicality? If a British fanzine is regular and dependable enough, that time lag to the States should be immaterial. Even if letters of comment have to skip an issue before being published, there is still less of a time lag than with many first rate fanzines which are published irregularly.

Yes, I can see Aporrheta as fandom's next focal point. Sandy will probably disagree with me, but you'll see. And any day now. (If you are right it will be quite incidental from my point of view...HPS)

In a way it's a pity that annual fanzines can't really become the focal, the rallying points of fandom. I've just been looking over Sandy's copy of THE BEST OF FANDOM 1958, which is well produced in the ditto process, well laid-out and very well selected by the editor-publisher, Guy E Terwilleger. I can't speak too highly of this collection. This is, truly, an anthology of the best that fandom had to offer last year. In addition to many articles and stories, there is an art section, an introduction by Bob Madle - which is among the best I've ever read of his writing, and a blow by blow account of the year's news events, as listed by Ron Ellik. All three items are excellent. The reprinted material is worth reading down to a word. Guy deserves whatever praise one can spare for this venture. As there are 116 pages, too, one can only marvel at this fan's energy. Remember that he publishes a subzine, Twig, also.

British fandom is well represented here. Bob Madle, in his introduction, hopes that British fandom will not be neglected and he speaks highly of our



little group. Accordingly, perhaps, one can find here reprints of material by Sam Youd, Nigel Lindsay, Sid Birchby, John Berry, an episode from Beloved is Our Destiny, and Vine's Beetime Tale For a Baby Dem - from BEM, Satellite, Ploy, The Compleat Fan, Triode and Apé respectively. Hyphen and Retribution are also represented by items from Bloch and Harry Warner. In addition John Berry is also represented by Per Ardua Ad Fanac, a description of a visit by Joy and Vine, reprinted from the Dusby's Polarity, and an item from CRY.

Stateside writers represented are Johnstone, Bloch, Newman, Burbee, Leman, Moskowitz, Bradley, Carr, Weber, Weger, Scithers, Tucker and Grennell. Fanzine titles with which to conjure are Oopsla!, Innuendo, The Vinegar Worm, Ground Zero, Spectre, Goojie Publications, Brillig, Inside, Stefantasy, Grue and Yandro.

There is also an interesting list of Honorable Mentions, items which could not be included for one reason or another (length, perhaps). British writers involved are Berry (several times), Vine (with his Convention Cadaver), Willis, Bentcliffe, and Mercer.

Altogether a wonderful galaxy of the most worthy, the most readable items in the field, the Best of Fandom for 1958.

PENELOPE FANDERGASTE \*

(( \* Certified NOT a member of Inchmery Fandom ))

# RON BENNETT'S FINAL CLOUDBURST GAGS

I can't think of a damn thing to write up for Cloudburst that wouldn't be a chore for me and probably a bore to anyone who might read it. I'm just not a columnist and while it's sad to realise it, I think I had better do just that. TAFF details since Apé 11 have been:

|                                    |                |
|------------------------------------|----------------|
| Brought forward                    | £30 : 9 : 9d   |
| Jean and Annie Linard 6/7d each    | 13 : 2         |
| George Locke                       | 1 : - : -      |
| Ethel Lindsay and Ken McIntyre 5/- | 10 : -         |
| Balance on hand                    | £32 : 12 : 11d |

RON BENNETT.

(The above came with a long-range sub. Correspondence has failed to change Ron's mind. So be it. TAFF details will appear in SKYRACK. Get it...HPS)



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economy. Jack Speer's FANCY I published in 1944 ran to 98  
pages and cost \$1.50).

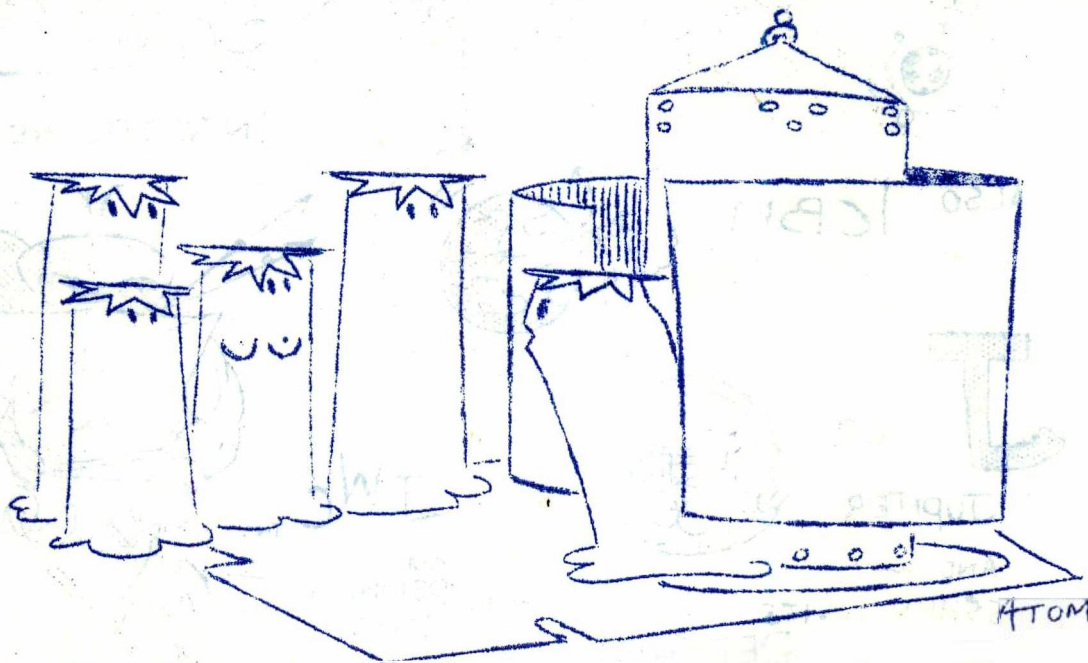
THIS IS THE MOST DEFINITE MUST THAT THERE IS IN FANDOM TODAY. ORDER NOW!

(Note - a number of special copies will be sent out for assistance render-  
ed, but if you are like the Clarke's or myself you'll want to buy a copy  
anyway, for working purposes).

SEND CASH NOW!! To Dick Eney, 417 Ft Hunt Rd, Alexandria, Virginia, or  
in sterling to H P Sanderson, 'Inchmery' 236 Queens Rd, New Cross, S E 14

This advertisement donated by the "We-Love-Dick-Eney Society".

President A V CLARKE. Secretary J K CLARKE. Treasurer H P SANDERSON.



"Cheap tho' it is I somehow doubt that this will be suitable for a Clubroom..."

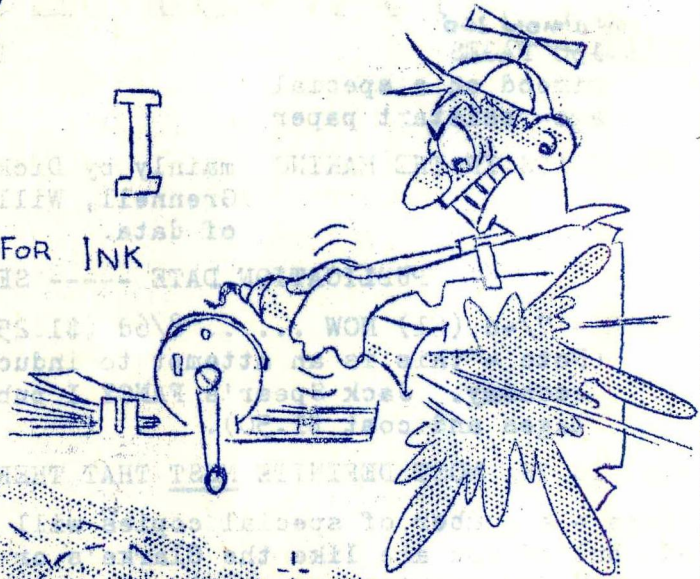


SF A to Z

by Atom

I

FOR INK



FOR  
INTERSTELLAR

THE VOID



AND

INTERPLANETARY

ALSO ICBM

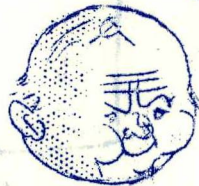
J

FOR

JUPITER

AND

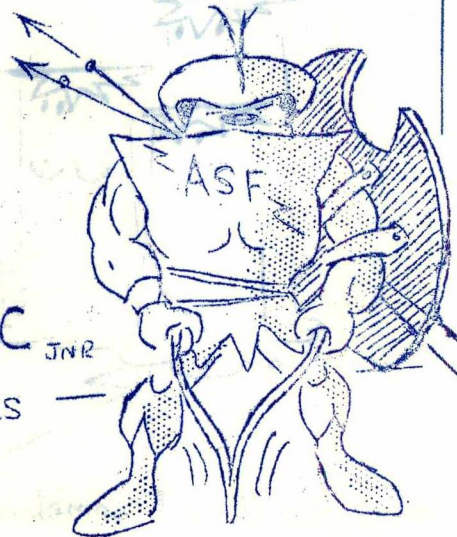
SSHH... ITS  
RED SPOT



JWC

JNR

OUR  
PSIONICS  
HERO



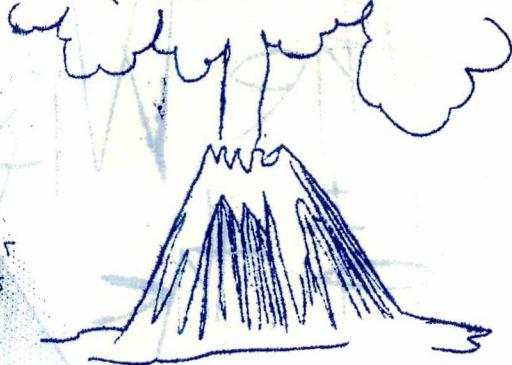


K



KING KONG WELLKNOWN PUBLISHING GIANT  
ATTENDED NEW YORK CONVENTION IN '30'S  
AND WAS THROWN OUT - IT WAS A RIOT!

KRAKATOA  
(IRREGULAR ISSUE)



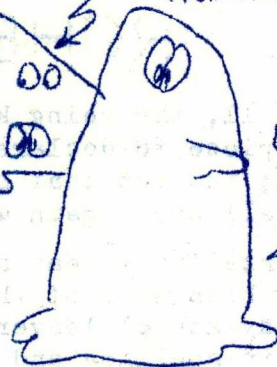
L

LONDON  
CIRCLE COOPS ---  
SCIENCE FICTION CIRCLE

LASFS (BIG WELLS  
FOR TAPE)

UH  
DAVE  
NEWMAN

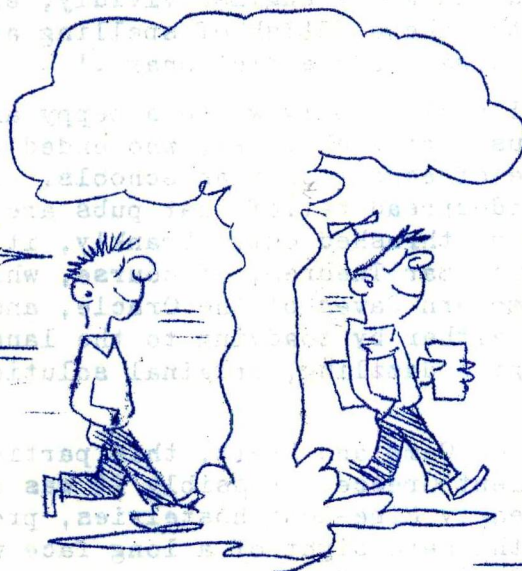
LIVERPOOL SFS



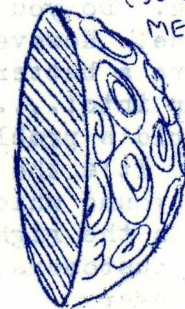
LEMAN  
(BOB)

M

MUTANT



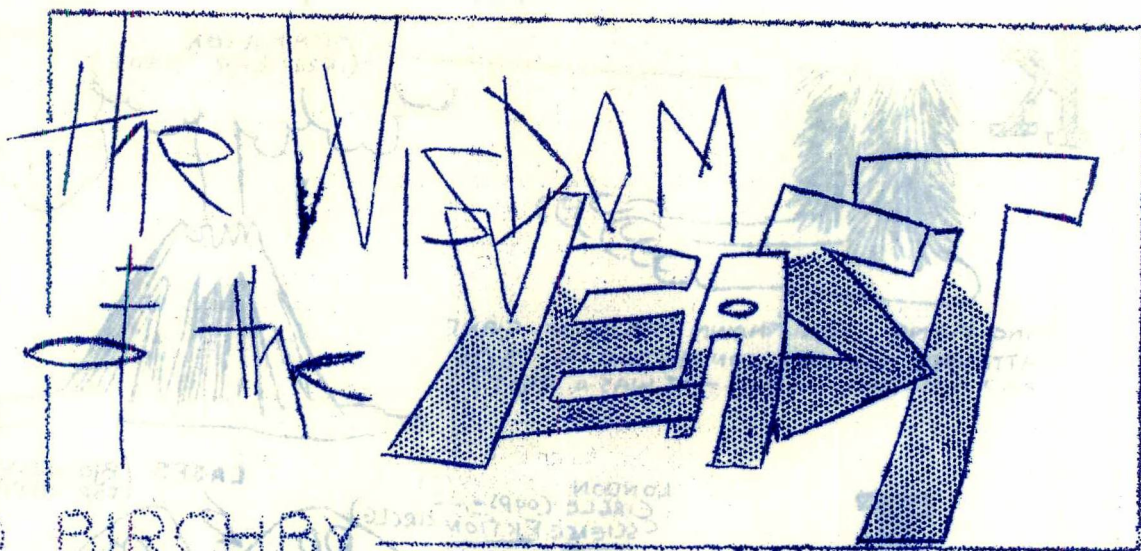
MOON  
(SO OK, YOU TELL  
ME I'M WRONG!)



MOSKOWITZ







SID BIRCHBY

In April, the being known to fankind as Penelope Fandergaste wrote a delightful piece to declare that Our Children Are Being Taught the Wrong Things at School; in fact that schools teach them nothing useful and that they have to start all over again when they leave school.

Incidentally, I read a lovely letter in the 'Sunday Times' on this subject. There had been some of the usual chunnering about the bad spelling of the present-day school-leavers, and this man defended them: 'Instead of drilling children in spelling and handwriting for their own sakes, teachers are helping them to speak, understand and write English vividly, enjoyably yet carefully...if you don't happen to make a fetish of spelling at the possible expense of language, you can always use a dictionary.'

And so on. Do you know, I could easily write a peppy article on that subject alone! However, I must get back to PF, who ended by saying, roughly, that pubs are a better source of education than schools. It's this that I want to tear into!....this widespread belief that pubs are where one can hear the world's problems being thrashed out. Frankly, it seems to me so much hokum. It's the Gavagan's Bar Theorem, of course, which maintains that pubs can be found which are modern Caves of the Oracle, and which, when approached in the right way, either by toadying to the landlord or snooping the regular customers, will give dazzling, original solutions to all that frets the seeker.

With apologies to Messrs. de Camp and Pratt, this particular theory was disproved as long ago as Ancient Greece. Possibly it was once true. Possibly there were once pubs, hearty Mine-Host hostelryes, presided over by jolly Father-figures who at the mere sight of a long face would rattle off wise sayings to ease the burden. The Norsemen were very fond of doing this:

"When the skøl is on the fjell  
Olaf Olsen's poke shall swell!"

they would roar, There was bound to be someone called Olaf Olsen within earshot ready to fall for this con. Even at that early date one can detect the leaden ring in the golden words of soothsaying.



One of the oldest shifts of all is the Gypsy's Warning Ploy, which consists in wrapping up the smallest amount of sooth in the largest amount of saying. The seeker has presented himself at the bar, shall we say...and it doesn't matter whether it is the altar-bar of the Cave of Mithras or the the saloon bar of the 'Dog and Duck'...and he lets it be known that his wife nags him, his boss bullies him, and his creditors are dunning him without mercy. He then sacrifices a goat or buys the landlord a double Scotch and faunches to be told whatever way out of his troubles the master mind can devise. And what, after a long period of throat-clearing, beard-blowing and similar build-up, is he likely to be told? Some cryptic gubbins such as this:

'Thrawn and sere the glottal palps  
Of the yodellers in the Alps;  
Kirsch by night and song by day  
Rots the uvula away.'

Much good may that do him. It sounds just difficult enough to be really clever, and just muddled enough to be interpreted five ways from Sunday. Does it mean he should skip off to Switzerland to dodge the tax-man, or does it imply that if his wife goes on nagging him long enough, she'll develop laryngitis? Or is it an invitation to drown his sorrows in drink?

Any way he takes it, the oracle can always claim the maximum credit for any good it does him, and the minimum blame for whatever goes wrong. A good system, especially if the landlord's main concern is not to provide a broad shoulder for everyone to weep upon, but to make them drink up and order again, and if possible short drinks, not beer, because there's more profit. All the reputation he can amass as a dispenser of man-to-man advice will pull in more customers for him as a dispenser of liquor.

This is such an elementary gambit that one is not surprised to note its great antiquity, nor to recall that the enterprising Ancient Greeks made excellent use of it. When the first half-crazy old hag set up business in a cave at Cumae, it was obvious that she was going to be a crowd-puller. Everyone has problems. Always has had. Always will. As long as she cared to sit there, coughing and spluttering amid the incense, the pilgrims couldn't get there fast enough. Anything would do for them, anything but plain common-sense, that is. No one is going to travel for hundreds of miles and pay out a small fortune in drachmae merely to be told that the root of his trouble is bone-idleness and fondness for the bottle. What he wants to hear is:

'Over the Attic plain the milk-white centaur wheels,  
And golden virgins frolic at his heels...'

That's the sort of stuff that will liberate his libido, and what's more, he'll be battering at the pay-desk next day to hear the second stanza. I don't know how many generations of Sybils there were, but a good many generations of their business advisers made a more-than-gracious living from them.

I suspect that when they did finally retire from business, probably to villas in Capri, the gimmik was taken over by the sellers of wine in the nearby taverns. Obviously there was a large untapped clientele who would be even more ready to bring their problems to a smoke filled bar-room than they would to a smoke-filled cave, and at great advantage to the sales of retsina. I suspect that from this beginning the legend of the Wise Old Landlord never



looked back, and flourished exceedingly in all lands.

That is, until modern times. Until, specifically, television took over the role. If anyone now has problems his best plan is not to go in search of Gavagan's Bar, but to tune in to the nearest commercials. He will get not just one, but dozens of remedies for what ails him, and all better than the others. He will be soothed to find that the cryptic double-talk still survives:

'Feeling dopey? Feeling Blue?  
Greeps are just the things for you!  
Sublimate that rumbling Id  
With this new take-over bid!  
G-R-E-E-P-S!!!'

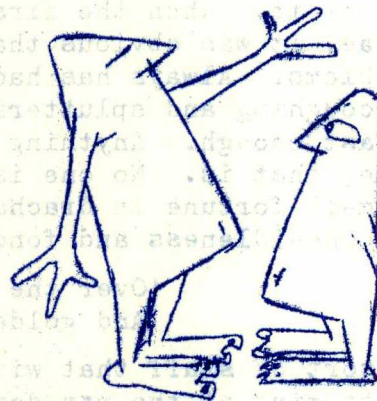
In my experience, at least, one never hears a crumb of wisdom in present-day pubs. If it's a country pub, and the conversation of the wise old gaffers along the wall is regarded, all one hears is this sort of thing:

'Warble-fly be bad up to Snurzle Farm.'  
'Ar, all that patent di-nitro-oxy-hydrazine  
sheep-wash be doing it.'  
'Liver-fluke be right turrible, too.'

What sort of talk is that for a man with the bank fore-closing?

If it's a city pub, the conversation is even worse. The landlord pre-occupied with how many tots he has left in his whisky bottle; the customers muttering shifty deals among themselves. Try to make talk with them, and the best you'll get is an analysis of last week's football match, cribbed out of the papers. That's if they don't take you for a copper's nark trying to queer their pitch and wait for you outside with a razor.

All told, the pubs are right in blaming their decline on the growth of TV. Their gimmick stolen from them, their premises given over to those whose only problem is who to put the bite on next; what possible solace to us ordinary men, beset, as throughout history, with hob-goblins and nightmares, can they now afford? With respect to Penelope, I refute Gavagan's Theorem and turn to the telly. For all problems, the commercials have answers, tried, tested and guaranteed in many cases by the Good Housekeeping Institute. For those with no problems, the advertisers will even create one. And provide the solution, too, at a price.



"SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A  
COMPLETE 'EN RAPPORT' AND WE  
ALL ROSE UP SHOUTING HALLELUJAH!"

ATOM



"If you haven't any on hand, might I suggest a few ideas?  
Are the films still knocking SF?,,How serious was Lovecraft  
about the Mythos?,,The sort of prozine you'd edit,,Fabulous  
Fannish characters you've met,,Improvements in Fandom,,  
Questions you'd put in a fan census,,etc.

H.P.Sanderson.....

in a letter to the author..

## A SUGGESTIVE ARTICLE

BY  
ROBERT BLOCH

It is always dangerous to give a writer any ideas, as quite a few girls have found out at various Conventions.

Actually, however, most writers scarcely need a topic in order to turn out an article; for proof of this, it is only necessary to read the average fanzine. Indeed, it's a common boast of the professional that all he needs is a word or an object suggested to him, whereupon he can turn out a piece of fiction. Oldtime sf writer Arthur J. Burks once stated that if challenged he could write a story on any object in the room; if he really did so, his room must have looked like a mess with all that scribbling over everything. On the other hand, they keep right on engraving the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin, though I find it a sticky business at best. A pin seems better suited for pointed remarks.

Nevertheless, I can't complain; the editor of this zine has furnished me with some very intriguing topics, and I'll deal with them in turn...if I can manage to understand his questions, that is.

"Are the films still knocking SF?"

Well, hardly, old boy. I mean, if you were a film producer and you knew that for about \$15,000, or a little better than \$25,000, you could turn out a dandy little feature epic called GIANT MIDGETS OF INSIDE-OUTER SPACE, featuring two papier-mache monsters and four or five out-of-work actors (also papier-mache, judging by their performances) and clean up a neat profit of \$1,000,000 or so -- if you were



such a film-producer, would you knock SF? Obviously the films love SF. And if, as oldtime fan Oscar Wilde once observed, each man kills the thing he loves...well, that's too bad.

How serious was Lovecraft about the Mythos?"

If, by that question, you mean, did HPL believe in his Mythos, the answer is a flat no. Lovecraft was a rationalist and he no more believed in the existence of a slimy green monster like Cthulhu than I believe in Ted Tubbs. On the other hand, he was quite "serious" about his development of a "logical" theory on which to base his synthetic mythology; he invented a regular chronology, as well as a complete bibliographic history of his Necronomicon. It is widely believed that Lovecraft's description of Elder Gods and monsters in his Cthulhu Mythos served as the inspiration for that later piece of gruesome fiction, The Immortal Storm. (Which, by the way, may still be filmed under the title of Sam Moskowitz Meets The Wolf Man...the only hitch is that the Wolf Man is afraid to meet Moskowitz).

"The Sort Of Prozone You'd Edit"

It wouldn't be a SF prozone, if that's what you mean - I'm not that much of a masochist. Personally I favor invading new fields and turning out what we over here call "trade papers" or magazines for professions which do not presently have any official organs or guides. As far as I know, there isn't a single solitary prozone edited for the benefit of murderers, although with over a half-million murders committed yearly throughout the world I'm sure there'd be a large potential readership. Particularly if we ran a lot of 'How-to-do-it' articles. And made sure that the magazine was sufficiently gory. Nothing like blood to build up the circulation. I'm waiting for a catchy title, like THE SATURDAY EVENING POST-MORTEM

"Fabulous Fannish Characters You've Met"

Sorry, but I've never met any. At the numerous conventions I've attended, I have encountered only the most stodgy types; shy, retiring souls like Bert Campbell, introverts such as Bob Tucker, and inarticulate specimens such as Harlan Ellison. At one convention I did meet a fairly forceful individual, but he turned out to be the house-detective. Every time a truly fabulous character arises in fandom, like Carl Brandon or Joan Carr, he or she turns out to be just that - truly fabulous.

"Improvements in Fandom"

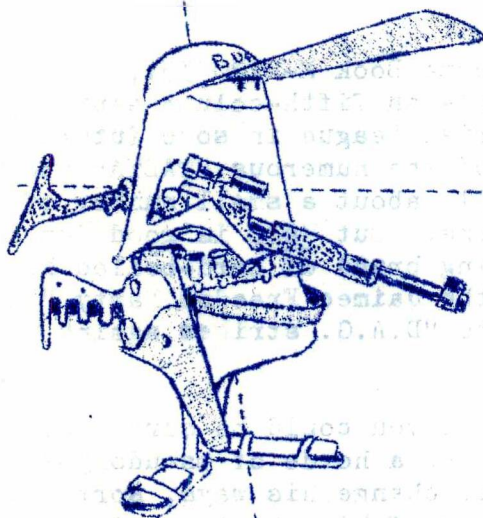
To be utterly serious for a moment, I feel that what Fandom needs most at present is a revised Fancyclopaedia, plus a History which takes up where Moskowitz left off and brings the saga up to the present day. As it is, the newcomer to fannish circles - or for that matter, even the fairly perceptive oldtime fan - must embark on a long, arduous period of intensive yet hit-or-miss research in order to learn something of fandom's past, its ideology, etiology, and mores, to say nothing of lack of mores. There would be much more mutual understanding, and resultantly much greater cohesion amongst fans if we all had some mutual sources of information to draw upon and to give us a feeling of collective identity. The fannish Gestalt could be achieved.

"Questions You'd Put In A Fan Census"

"How do you manage to regularly edit and publish a fanzine - particularly if you have to fall back on fillers like this?" Whatever the answer may be, I'm glad you do!

ROBERT BLOCH





# THE BADGER that NOW & THEN

BY DEAN A GRENNEILL

The firm of Clarke, Clarke, Sanderson and Clarke having met the requirements in force and, by accepting subject manuscript having accepted conditions pertaining thereto, the undersigned will attempt to write a column for every issue for so long as he is able and, perhaps, occasionally thereafter. Caveat lector.

BOOKS: I'd considered myself long immune to getting spiders-up-and-down-the-spine from reading books. But Psycho, by Robert Bloch (Simon & Schuster, New York, 1959, \$2.95) changed my mind. Basically the story is about a pudgy, middle-aged motel-proprietor, his somewhat domineering mother, the pretty ex-office-girl of a real estate agent on the lam with 40 grand of her former boss's money, her fiancé and her sister. There is also a sheriff, plus an insurance investigator. A shade over 57% of these survive to the of the book and beyond.

I have always felt a bit jittery when I would be taking a shower in a motel and would think I heard a noise out in the room. You realize how trapped and vulnerable you are in such a situation. It took Bloch to exploit the feeling I've had (and perhaps you've had). Quoting from pages 38-9: "...The water was hot, and she had to add a mixture from the COLD faucet. Finally she turned both faucets on full force and let the warmth gush over her.

"The roar was deafening, and the room was beginning to steam up.

"That's why she didn't hear the door open, or note the sound of footsteps. And at first, when the shower curtains parted, the steam obscured the face.

"Then she did see it there - just a face, peering through the curtains, hanging in midair like a mask. A headscarf concealed the hair and the glassy eyes stared inhumanly, but it wasn't a mask, it couldn't be. The skin had been powdered dead-white and two hectic spots of rouge centered on the cheekbones. It wasn't a mask. It was the face of a crazy old woman.

"Mary started to scream, and then the curtains parted further and a hand



appeared, holding a butcher knife. It was the knife that, a moment later, cut off her scream.

"And her head." Unquote, and see what I mean -- this is one of the calmer passages at that. A good book, this.

So, too, is Wasp by Eric Frank Russell (Perma Book M-4120 35¢, 1959). In essence, it is the story of James Mowry, a one-man fifth-column sent to discombooberate the planet Jaimec, of the Sirian League in some future war between it and Terra. The book reminds you of the numerous "TABTA" stories in Astounding, many of them written by Russell, about a small number of Terrans that disrupture large numbers of aliens. But Wasp is good fun to read, told as it is with Russell's own engaging brand of hard-boiled humour and I, personally, liked the bit of calling the Jaimec Freedom Party "Dirac Angestun Gessept." The countless references to "D.A.G. strikes again", etc., suffused me with reflected egoboo.

There was only one Cyril M. Kornbluth and if you could be sure that he is now among the angels, grinding out stories under a horde of pseudonyms..... well, I mean, it would give a person reason to change his ways, sort of. Anyway, Ballantine has brought out a collection of his short stories under the name of the lead one, The Marching Morons (No 303-K, 35¢). Beside the title yarn, it contains "Dominoes", "The Luckiest Man in Denv", "The Silly Season", "MS. Found in a Chinese Fortune Cookie", "The Only Thing We Learn", "The Cosmic Charge Account", "I Never Ast No Favors", and "The Remorsefull". Even if you've read all of these, you're apt to want them in this handy package. And if you've never read any of them, you are indeed to be envied.

Late in 1955 or early in '56 I had a letter from damon knight asking if I'd care to offer some critical comments on guns, duelling and related items in a book he was writing. I said I'd be dee-lighted so he sent along a set of carbons. I helped catch a few very minor points and sat back to await the book because I'd only seen the middle third or so. Finally the first third appeared in F&SF for November, 1957. I settled back to faunch for the third third and did not stop until Zenith Books brought it out in March of this year.

As I think of it, I must have read both the first and second parts in manuscript because I remember that damon and I were both surprised when it appeared in F&SF substantially untouched by editorial hands. There were parts included that we would have bet would have been cut or changed...something to Mayor Needham, for example. But no-one could complain that the book (The People Maker, Zenith Books ZB-14, 1959, 35¢) was underedited. It was edited to the point of death. Countless bits and chunks of luscious detail had been ruthlessly bluepencilled out: the business of what Forrest Dean Tucker did when he got his gismo, much of the atmospheric conversation at the gathering of the clans in the mid-portion; a lot of the duelling scene is missing although what remains is still the most grippingly realistic portrayal of a duel I have ever seen in print (pity you couldn't have read the first version!)

One of the perils of being both a book reviewer and a book writer is that the other reviewers tend to lay in the weeds for you and when you bring forth a brain-child of your own they cut loose with all stops out. I imagine

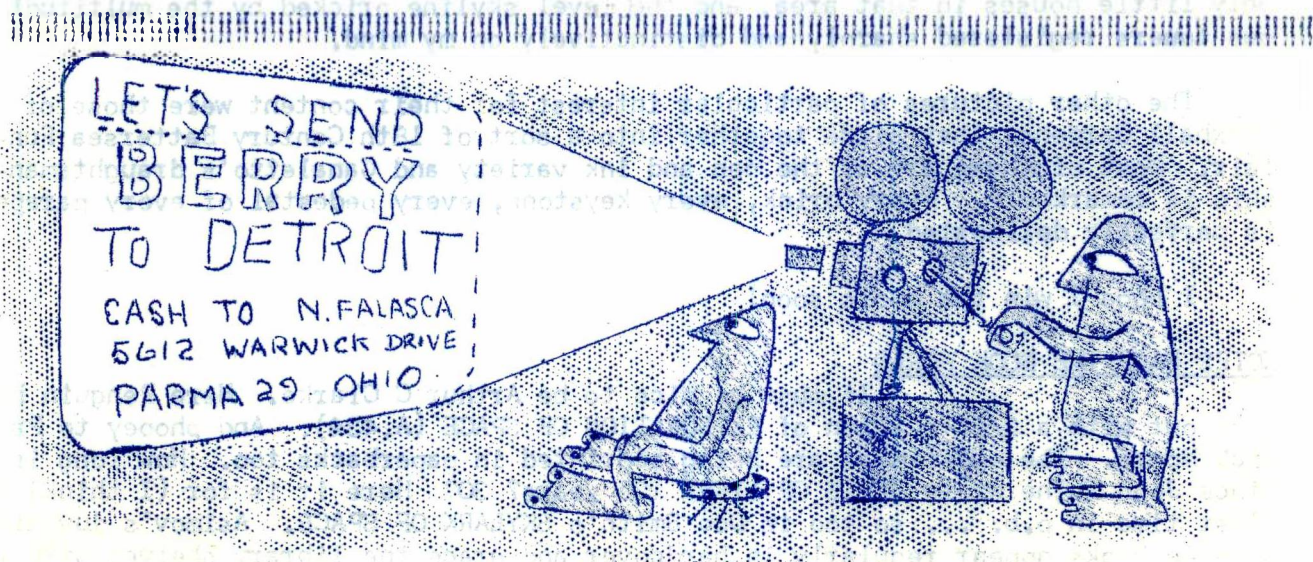


there will be a haunting fragrance of roast knight wafting through the book review pages for some time to come but I can assure you that it would have been a goodly bit better if it hadn't been so thoroughly gone over with paring knife and steak hammer by the editor at Zenith. The F&SF version of the first part was raw, vigorous and compelling. The original version of the middle part was as gripping, as evocative, as poignant as anything I have ever read anywhere. For all I know, the final part may have been better in the original but in the book it definitely limps along at the rear. It is too slice-of-life; too this-is-how-it-might-be. As for most of us in real life, nothing seems to go quite the way you think it should. The hero (named Dick Jones, of all things) suddenly turns out to have no more control over his destiny than a scrap of spent Kleenex blowing in the wind.

In the past I have heaped scorn and contumely on the sort of science fiction that shows protagonists inevitably deciding that the norm of mid-20th-century Anglo-American culture is best after all and always bringing things back to that by the end of the book. I have sneered full-face at heroes who were too brave, too strong, too full of craft and guile. Dick Jones is human, depressingly so. He is not, somehow, the sort of guy you would care to meet or associate with. As the end of the book approaches, you can't tell if Knight is going to polish him off or let him live past the end and, heaven help us, you don't care! He emerges as a spoiled, stuffy brat, an opportunist, a prig and a bore. Leave us to face it: Dick Jones is the kind of guy you run into all the time; the kind of guy you read books to forget about. Make no mistake, it's still a book well worth your time and money, but it's not the book it could and should have been.

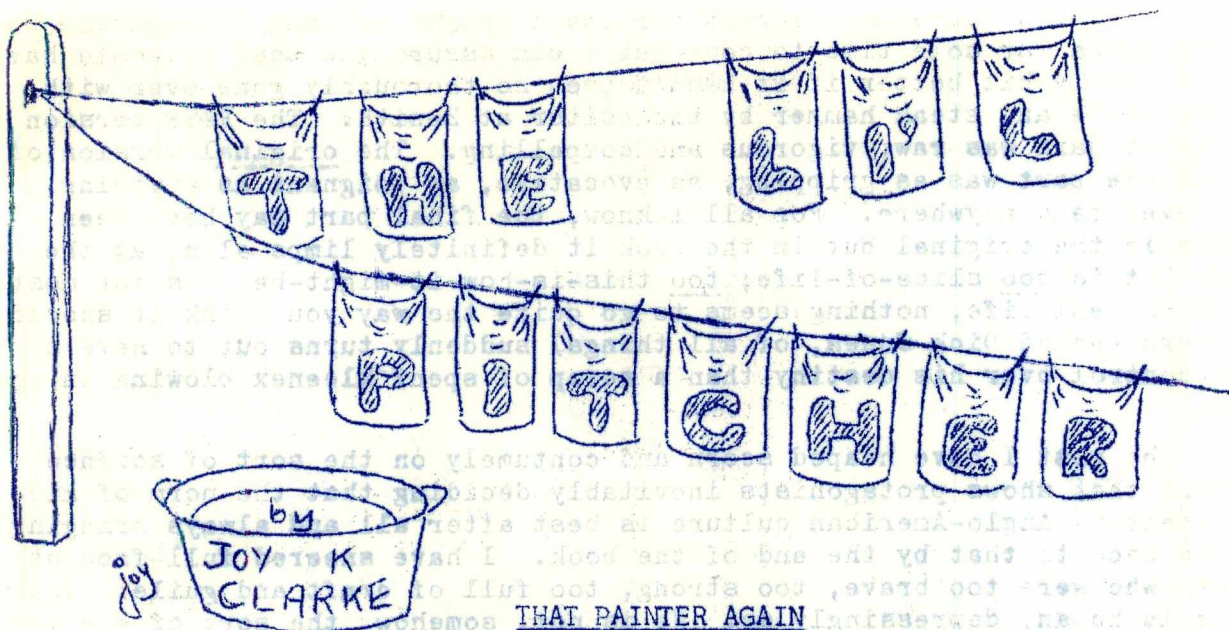
This is not going to be a book-review column, nor a column of any particular category. Next installment may discuss the International Geopsychic Year or it may tell how to keep the mealy-worms out of your snap-dragons or it may say nothing about either. Drop in and see, hmm?

DEAN A. GRENNELL



P.S. Last minute news is that the plane ticket has been bought. Hooray!





#### THAT PAINTER AGAIN

Just after the last issue came out, The Times ran an article on Canaletto and said that the Guildhall was holding a show of his paintings. So, with the boss out for the day and with his permission, I took a long lunch-two-hours and went to Guildhall. The Gallery was really loaded - oils, etchings, pen and ink on toned paper: superb stuff that made the modern paintings of royal processions look like daubs (which they probably are).

The most weird of his paintings was a view downriver from Somerset House gardens, past St. Pauls, towards the Tower. I say weird because the picture was full of the shining white steeples of Wren Churches - spire after spire rose above the rooftops. And suddenly the reason struck me: the churches were still there, but couldn't be seen - the surrounding buildings hide them. In those days there were only little houses in that area, and the level skyline pricked by the multitudinous towers registered sharply and distinctively on my mind.

The other pictures of particular interest for their content were those of Vauxhall Gardens: they piece together into a sort of 18th Century Battersea Fun-fair. Most of these are of the pen and ink variety and Canaletto's draughtsmanship is remarkable. Every brick, every keystone, every pedestal of every parapet is perfectly delineated.

I hope I win the pools soon!

#### NOTES FROM THE BOOK WORLD

It must be nice to be Arthur C Clarke. Here Penguin have come out with a 3/6d edition of EXPLORATION OF SPACE (A.434). And phooey to Patrick Moore. The old-timers are being reprinted in paperbacks too. How long is it since John Taine wrote SEEDS OF LIFE? 25 years? 30? Here it is for (I think) the first time in p.b. ... so too is Doc Smith's SKYLARK OF SPACE. Asimov's juvenile science books appear regularly in hardcover and grace the library shelves with commendable promptness. Science-fiction seems to be gradually regaining its feet after the tussle with the war-books. Good show...let's wish it success.



Now with each issue of App I hope to run a listing of the books I've bought since the previous issue. For readers who are not OMPAns, I should say that John Roles initiated this system in his OMPazine and that it is such a good system I'm going to follow it (with his permission). First, the books are listed, with their price, and then any general information follows after. Here goes.

|     |                                           |      |                                   |
|-----|-------------------------------------------|------|-----------------------------------|
| 1.  | House without windows - Maurice Sandoz.   | 1/3  |                                   |
| 2.  | The Circling Year                         | 1/3  |                                   |
| 3.  | The Documents in the case - D L Sayers    | 5/-  |                                   |
| 4.  | Complete Handyman Illustrated - Odhams    | 2/11 |                                   |
| 5.  | Dust and the Curious Boy - Peter Graaf    | 2/6  | } Pan Books                       |
| 6.  | Short Reign of Pippin IV - Steinbeck      | 2/6  |                                   |
| 7.  | Tales of the Greek Heroes - R L Green     | 3/-  | Puffin Book                       |
| 8.  | Five Red Herrings - D L Sayers            | 2/6  | Four Square Book                  |
| 9.  | Mutant - Kuttner                          | 3/6  |                                   |
| 10. | Decade of Decision - Fred Hoyle           | 1/-  |                                   |
| 11. | H G Wells - biography by Vincent Brone    | 1/-  |                                   |
| 12. | The Bedside Book                          | 1/-  |                                   |
| 13. | The Ancestral Recipes of Shen Mei Lon     | 8/-  |                                   |
| 14. | The Betty Crocker Cook Book               | 8/-  |                                   |
| 15. | The Ladybird Book of British Wild Flowers | 2/6  |                                   |
|     |                                           |      | <u>GOLDEN PLAY BOOKS</u>          |
|     |                                           |      | 16. Wonders of the World 2/6      |
|     |                                           |      | 17. Discoveries and Explorers 2/6 |
|     |                                           |      | 18. Early Man 2/6                 |
|     |                                           |      | 19. Pirates 2/6                   |
|     |                                           |      | 20. Days of Old 2/6               |
|     |                                           |      | <u>I-SPY BOOKS</u>                |
|     |                                           |      | 21. In the Country 6d             |
|     |                                           |      | 22. The land 6                    |
|     |                                           |      | 23. History 6                     |
|     |                                           |      | 24. Country Crafts 6              |
|     |                                           |      | 25. The Unusual 6                 |

House Without Windows was bought because it is semi-sf in a style similar to Verne. It is not really a story but merely a series of episodes about a house with many odd gadgets which was once visited by a child (the 'hero') and about whose mysterious owner he tries to discover the truth as he grows up. The real treasure of this book is that it is illustrated by Dali, although apparently his wife Gala has something to do with the pictures. No mention is made of her in the credits. The logo on each picture, however, looks like the thing on the right, and to me it indicates that both Gala and Dali have worked on them. This book, together with #2, 9, 10, & 11 were picked up on a stall in Soho market. No 2, a nature book with delightful illos, is for Nicki's later benefit, and so are Nos 16 to 25 inclusive. I felt that if I start collecting now, when she gets old enough to read we won't suddenly have to keep lashing out lump sums to keep her supplied. Strictly speaking, of course, #15 is for Nicki too, but I bought it because it has many illos in it, all by Rowland Hilder, another of my favourites. The Golden Play books contain coloured illos like large stamps which are torn out and stuck into the book in special places. For examples see almost any Eney quotecard. The I-SPY books are published by the News Chronicle and consist of an illustrated list of items the child should look for. When she has found each one she enters the date and the place, and when the book's full sends it in to the NC for a prize. Apart from the prize, they're very good for teaching observation and raising interest in the actual items mentioned.



No 3 is to help complete my collection of my favourite 'tec author and is the



Gollancz edition, while #8 is the very first ever example of a DLS story being published in pb. Four Square are also going to reprint her NINE RED HERRINGS and MURDER MUST ADVERTISE, both of which are o.p. in the Gollancz edition. No 4, remaindered at Boots, was a present for Vinz (unbirthday, of course), No 7 for Nicki, No 6 because it's fringe sf, and No 5 was to support our old friend Sam (John Christopher) Youd under yet another pen-name... The Kuttner was remaindered: #9 is Hoyle's impression of science and whither science: The Wells Biography is, according to Vinz who read it in a library edition, very good: The Bedside Book is an old favourite. #13 is a series of file cards of (naturally) Chinese Cookery - but wire bound into book form and supplied with a special case: #14 is the General Mills cookbook, with some fascinating illos: Both are American editions at \$1. And that's all for this time...tune in next issue for the latest on the Clarke bookshelves. Now we can go over to the commercial.....

#### THAT OLE DICTATOR, SANDERSOD

He says you don't want to hear me rhapsodising about architecture and all that stuff that doesn't have anything to do with sf or fandom. I tell him he's nuts. I don't mind writing about sf when there's anything interesting to write about in the field, but you don't mind if I natter on about other things, do you? Or do you? Let him know, anyway. I can fool him this time...I can talk about the West End and sf in one. Because the other day I discovered a little alleyway off Piccadilly Circus, which is called MAN IN MOON PASSAGE...and guess what office is situated there? Why, the most appropriate Aliens Office!

#### FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, UGH!

Some time ago, an argument raged through the fan-world as to whether Horace Gold and Galaxy were worth considering as science fiction, or not. Whatever the final outcome, and I don't think it was ever decided, doesn't really matter. What does matter is to start screaming loud and clear about what was once a Top Zine - Fantasy and Science Fiction.

Tony Boucher, with the genius for which he is rightly famed, started this zine off on the right lines. It touched peaks of brilliance in many issues: he discovered the outre, long-lost and often never-printed mss of the masters: he seldom reprinted, unless the story was a masterpiece of its kind: he introduced new writers, many with a calibre that is seldom seen in other sf magazines. His book reviews were timely and enthusiastic. He ran an interesting column on sf in the film and stage world, even extending it to printing the script of Gore Vidal's "Visit to a Small Planet." Tony Boucher WAS F&SF. Unfortunately, some time ago, he had to give it up. He kept a fingerhold on it through the book reviews whilst the editor of its companion magazine, Venture (Robert Mills) took over the editorial chair.

Venture had started off determined to print the most risque space adventures it could get away with. It's short life might be due to the fact that it tried to get away with too much: I don't know, this is only supposition. But it folded and was then incorporated with F&SF.

I don't consider myself a prude - I am neither young nor naive. But I think the peak was touched with Sturgeon's "Affair with a Green Monkey" in Venture. Precise description by analogy of male-humanoid sexual organs can hardly be described by any other word than 'pornography'. At least, while Boucher was editor, F&SF didn't **sink** to this level. But he has left, Mills has taken over, and the trend is becoming strongly visible in F&SF itself now. I was reading the June 59



issue. Two stories in that issue depended solely for their plots on intimate and precise descriptions of sexplay and the sexual act. I find such stories boring... I'm married...I don't need 'em. I don't quite know what the US Post Office would say about them, but I am certain that most mature fans aren't interested in second hand titillation and, since Boucher left, that's what F&SF has indulged in.

Mills hasn't had one issue yet as good as the poorest put out under Boucher's hand. I can't see F&SF ever getting the Hugo again if they keep on this way. Let's start screaming about it, loud and clear.

#### LET ME AT THAT ROCKET

Apparently, there's a fortune - or there was at the time it was willed - awaiting the first person to step on to the moon. A Madame Guzman left 100,00 francs in her will to him or her. In the days when she was alive that was some nice money; now, alas, it is only in the region of £100 - unless of course it has been looked after at compound interest

But it's a pleasant thought that some unsuspecting space traveller is one day going to receive a letter from the descendants of Mme Guzman's solicitors, saying

"Dear Sir, If you would be so kind as to contact us, you will hear something to your advantage."

#### NO PLACE TO HIDE

JULY 8TH, 1959

It was announced in Parliament that within 2 months, seven squadrons of nearly 200 H-bomb carrying planes would be sent from bases in France to bases in the United Kingdom. In Britain there will be a greater density of nuclear threat than anywhere else in the world (Remember 1984 and Airstrip 1 ?)

In Kingsway Hall, John and Marjorie Brunner opened an exhibition which they will be taking to the Continent for four months to tour the major cities. This exhibition, planned by the Hampstead Group of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament shows the threat and terrors of the H-Bomb.

What two more contrasting things could have happened on the same day. Vinç, Sandy and I visited the Exhibition, thanks to the kindness of Ella Parker who babysat for us. Paul Hammett, the fan who is a doctor, drove with his wife and four children from Dorset to London especially to see the exhibition. Joan, his wife, is the Chairwoman of the Midland Region Group. Dr Shevaji Lal, another fan and an Indian, was there too - he came with the Hammetts. Naturally the Brunners with John's parents were there. The anti-bomb feeling is spread pretty widely through fandom: fandom must make it spread throughout the world.

The captions used for the exhibition were in French. During the tour captions in German, Dutch and Swedish will also be used. We had only two minor complaints, neither of which detract from the urgency and importance of the exhibition, titled NO PLACE TO HIDE. Owing to the necessity to re-photograph some of the pictures the dots composing the half-tone screen have been enlarged and it is necessary to stand well back to overcome the effect of this. The other is that one photograph alone really needs re-siting: it is a panoramic view of the Aldermaston march, several yards long. Currently it is arranged round two sides of a U-section and the foreshortening caused by this tends to decrease the impressive length. If it would be possible to arrange the photo in one long strip, the effect will be heightened and made more striking. Apart from these two quibbles, the exhibition could not be more vivid without overpowering the viewer.



Benn Levy opened the exhibition. He profoundly disagreed with the idea that Great Britain ~~M-U-S-T~~ have the bomb. Last year the Labour party took the stand that Russia was the enemy, and therefore, as the bomb was the only weapon that would make sure we would not be attacked, we had to have it. A wrong point of view, but sound reasoning from such a viewpoint. This year, with the nuclear-club idea, the situation is changed...there is no good reason for our retaining the bomb and we are paying out for a defence that is no defence. Levy said that when he had finished seeing the exhibition he felt sick. This was a good thing. Statistics were of little use but the exhibits agonised the imagination. He wished them luck and declared the exhibition open.

The arrangement was imaginative. The first section showed the area that would be affected by one H-bomb. A comparative scale was shown overlaid on a map of Geneva. Following this were photos showing the results of the A-bombs dropped on Japan...the wounded, the dead, the ones who had lived but were scarred, mutilated, deformed and genetically diseased, the deformed children...two-headed babies.

Following this, the smiling politicians, with quotes from their speeches..... MacMillan - "I hate 'political appeasement'. I will never support such an attitude even though I should know that a war would reduce my country to a cinder."

There was only one sombre face, the Japanese Prime Minister, Mr Kishi - "Japan renounces nuclear arms whatever the ends that comprise defence, and denies to all other powers the introduction of nuclear arms on to her soil."

The next section showed the official idea of what would happen in the event of a nuclear war...sit in a cubbyhole under the stairs to 'avoid falling debris' (!!!) and wait for the medical services. A quotation "If you value your life, don't go to the aid of victims of an atomic attack." And then the reality...a quotation on what had happened when the Red Cross tried to help out in Japan in WWII. No medical services, no hospitals, no doctors, no medical staff...the wounded and the dying lifted up their arms to the Red Cross for help...they did what they could...but there was nowhere to put the victims. "THEY LAY AND WAITED FOR DEATH". And another quote from a different section "From the political point of view, how the devil are you going to bury NINE MILLION BODIES?"

There were details of the effect on humans of the bomb and the fallout - little touches that gave a shock: prior to the explosion of nuclear bombs, THERE WAS NO STRONTIUM-90 IN THE ATMOSPHERE: between 1949-1950 in Nagasaki, parents exposed to the 1945 radiation gave birth to 22.3% of deformed babies...to parents not exposed only 8.7% deformed. A picture of a deformed child, so pitiful I nearly wept: "When a child like this is born into YOUR family, it will be too late." And a quote from the President of the A.E.C. of the Indian Government - "It is the responsibility of each one of you to make sure that this shall never happen." Another quote: "The country that possesses nuclear arms will be the first to suffer in an atomic war."

Next, there was a map showing how many would suffer if 20 bombs were dropped on the main cities of Europe: London 9.5 million - Moscow 5.3 million - Berlin 3.4 million - Leningrad 3.2 million - Paris 2.9 million - Rome, Budapest, Vienna,



Madrid, Hamburg - all nearly 2 million each. The remainder, only just under 1 million

Following this, what sort of deterrent is the bomb? How many wars did it stop? Quemoy? Korea? Indochina? Hungary? Suez? Five wars in fifteen years...

A map showing the radiation belts around the world...you might be safe from fallout North of 72°N or South of 50°S - say in Spitzbergen, the Arctic or the Antarctic.

Lastly, pictures of protest marches: not all of them, only some important ones.

Britain - Aldermaston, Stevenage, Swaffham.

U.S.A. - New York, Cheyenne, Boston, and the protest sail of the yacht "Golden Rule" towards the Pacific Testing Grounds, the crew of which were arrested.

Europe - Hamburg, Heuchelberg (where the makers of the fuses downed tools and refused to work when they learned what they were employed on), Marcoule, Chaux-de-fonds.

In May 1959 Switzerland held a referendum on the bomb. More marches - in Sweden, Japan and Russia...YES, RUSSIA! In 1957 on the anniversary of the murder of Hiroshima, thousands gathered in Moscow to protest against the bomb. Did you know this? We didn't. And who was asking what would happen in Russia if the citizens protested? The answer is 'NOTHING HAPPENED...They weren't stood up against a wall and shot.'

Read here the scoreboard for the H-bomb tests...for the equivalent of each 1,000,000 tons of T.N.T the following will be affected (and the bomb at Bikini was equivalent to 20,000,000 tons of T.N.T.) PROF C.H. WASHINGTON - MAY 1958.....

15,000 defective children who die young-----

10,000 to suffer from bone cancer or leukemia-----

100,000 lives shortened-----

The merciful of the world are united in pity for the past, present and future victims of this murderous weapon. But where are the rest of the Christians - especially our so-called Christian politicians?

We, the people who have known and read through science fiction the terrors and horrors of atomic energy, are the ones who can bring home most truly the facts. We, who have read the scoreboard of death and deformation, can reach a wider audience than those who just write letters.

Will you be in the campaign.....or don't you care?

JOY K CLARKE.



# Inchmery

May  
25th



Let's see now - two copies of MAD from Belle & Frank via George, and a pocketbook "The Jungle Kids" by Evan Hunter, from Leslie Gerber: Sub from Dick Eney: Story from George Locke: S-F-nytt from Alan Dodd. This last is a Swedish fanzine, I think. My geography is terrible and I can't read the language it is published in. Alan has a column in English (four pages, tho' unfortunately the repro was very bad on the first and it was quite unreadable) in which he rambles on in his own interesting way about the state of sf in the worlds of the cinema, TV and books. Interesting if you are a completist.

CRY 127 ~ Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash. 5 for \$1 (7/-) from the address given or through John Berry. Cry is apparently getting a little out of hand and some high level thinking is going on as to its future. Strongest possibility so far is bi-monthly publication instead of the present monthly schedule. Having only recently discovered Cry, I, for one, would be sorry to see this happen. Unfortunately I have no alternative solution to offer. Constructive comments on the problem should be sent to the zine. The letter column is a little shorter this issue, and the rest of the contents include stories by Moffatt, Cox and Berry. Fanzine reviews by Rich Brown and Bob Lichtman, prozine reviews by Busby. That is why I wouldn't like the zine to go bi-monthly.

Letter from HARRY WARNER, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, USA. "One thing that should get a lot of mention from all sides is this matter of the ethics involved in bringing into general fanzines material that originally was restricted to ayjay publications. It's time that fandom came to some sort of unwritten agreement on the matter. It is customary for ayjay members to be more frank and outspoken in their APA publications, because the audience is limited and pretty well-known and there is less danger that some idiot will get excited about a statement and write to the fan's employer or parents or postmaster and blow up a storm about it. At the same time, when an ayjay publisher distributes his magazine to some non-members, as I do, he's certainly leaving himself vulnerable for sniping from the open countryside. Maybe the best solution would be the one that most of us use when we get dangerously daring in letters: mention 'dnq' outside the organization, and hope that the publishers of the general fanzines will oblige. ## The Berry serial retained its amusement and interest for me to the end. I dare you to send copies of the issue containing it to Sir Malcolm. ## Flag manufacturers are in a great tizzy in this country. Here at the office we got a press release from one firm that specializes in the things. We were urged to tell the public that it's perfectly right to buy as many flags as possible immediately, even if new states come in, because the law says that obsolete flags can still be flown as long as they are in good condition. At the same time, the press release added, the law requires you to replace RIGHT NOW!!! any flag that is tattered or torn, even if the number of stars



will be wrong after a few more months. And there's talk of Puerto Rica coming into the union. That field of stars is going to get crowded; maybe Andy Young could talk Washington into creating some binaries to save space, for the Carolinas and Dakotas. Also, there are rumblings that California might split into two states, because of geographical problems. Another idea might be the introduction by some really inventive flag manufacturer of Cepheid variables into the field for certain states that are constantly growing or declining in population. ## Mrs Carr's letter in this tenth issue tops everything by her that I've seen in print. I'd like to know when she suddenly decided that logic is useless, and I wish she had made that discovery soon enough to save FAPA some extremely long chains of reasoning in Gemtones in recent years. (Gemzine...) ## I loved that description of your trip to the British Museum to make your deliveries in person. It reminds me of a long-time ambition of mine: to walk up to the United States Treasury building in Washington, present the first official whom I see with a dollar bill, and demand for it the dollar's worth of silver which is guaranteed on each bill in clear green ink. I imagine that someone would attempt to get rid of me in these circumstances with a silver dollar, but that I would firmly reject as not containing the full dollar's worth of silver, being adulterated with several baser metals because pure silver would not hold up under the stress and strain of circulation." (I've forgotten the exact details, but I understand the Bank of England once refused to handle a promissory note which only bore the signature of Rothschild. In retaliation he sent a stream of his clerks to the Bank with £5 notes, to exchange them for gold. When business resumed next morning the clerks were there again, queueing up. The Bank capitulated sometime during the afternoon...)

May  
26th

Leaflet from Ken Bulmer, giving meeting dates for the London Circle ...social nights every Thursday at the Globe, but with the accent to be placed on the first Thursday of the month (Aug 6th, Sep 3rd, Oct 1st, Nov 5th, Dec 3rd) and business meetings-cum-social gatherings at the White Horse on the third Friday of each month (Jul 17th, Aug 21st, Sep 18th, Oct 16th, Nov 20th, Dec 18th). Subject to alteration if necessary. There is, perhaps one minor point that Ken could have covered himself on - i.e. by putting "for the London Circle" after his signature. He probably didn't think it mattered and personally I agree with him...don't give a damn about who sends out information, as long as it gets out. However, there are some people who might quibble about it coming from an individual. The address of the originator is required on printed matter (a Post Office regulation) and when Vinç was asked to circulate news of a particular meeting he took the precaution of signing the leaflet "for & on behalf of the LC", in addition to putting Inchmery's address on it. As I say, it's a minor point; but Ken could perhaps have taken the same precaution with advantage.

May  
28th

Sub from Bob Pavlat..."When Tucker sent the enclosed dollar to me he specified that it wasn't to be spent for beer..."

SHAGGY 42 - 00 of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, 2548 W 12th St, L A 6, Calif. Edited by Al Lewis. There's a profile of George W Fields (who does a nice job on the cover), and a fair amount of club news of one kind or another. Pt 13 of Bennett's 'Colonial Excursions' (when did that final 's' creep in?) is here, along with fanzine reviews, the Ted Pauls piece taken up by Fandergaste in this Apr, columns by Carr and Ellik, and pages of letters. Exchange, write, or send 20¢. (6 for \$1). It's good.



CACTUS 1 - Sture Sedolin PO Box 403, Vallingby 4, Sweden & Roar Ringdahl, PO Box 495, Drammen, Norway. 10 for 7/- through Alan Dodd. Enever, Dodd and Appeltofft make interesting contributions to this typical European fanzine. Duplication throughout is excellent, and there is an interesting photo page included along with the old stand-byes, fanzine reviews and letters. The zine is in English and is worth getting.

May  
30th

THE BEST OF FANDOM 1958 - 75¢ through Guy E Terwilliger, 1412 Albright St, Boise, Idaho, if you haven't already had a copy. This has been pretty well covered by PF in this Apr and all that remains for me to say is that it is superb. I was particularly impressed with the art section - the colour is magnificent. The material, of course, is well, the best.

Letter from John Trimble... "Chick Derry's letter immediately set me off. In agreement, let me hasten to add. Ed Cox and I have taken to joking at each other whenever one of us sees the other take a drink of milk.. "Haven't you been glowing in the dark recently"..or "Strontium 90 count is down, eh?" and like that. But it does bother us even if we do chuckle about it. I agree with Derry that nationalism is probably the biggest (but not only) source of one helluva lot of world problems today. If the UN Police Force had ever been worked out on a practical scale, the world would be much different today, methinks. And strangely enough, a good example of this idea in sf is contained in the Heinlein juveniles 'Rock Ship Gallileo' and 'Space Cadet'."

Letter from Jack Speer...(on rather impressive 'House of Representatives' note paper - which is not surprising in view of the contents)... "The thing that has now jolted me into action is, as you might guess, GMCarr's letter featured in the Feb 59 issue. Fancy how i reacted to her ignorance of state business when i read her letter somewhere in the middle of my first session of the legislature. Now at last i'm digging out from under the piled-up mail and work, and shall get off some belated blasts. I am depressed by her paragraph ending "(Come to think of it, it seems to me Ballard has 2 representatives, but I wouldn't swear to it...)" Whatever GM's faults may be, i thought she was at least alive to the world, and presumably performed her civic duty by looking over the candidates for various offices before voting. But if she isn't even sure whether she has one or two representatives, i'm forced to conclude she doesn't know much about them. The long ballot is part of the difficulty (we elect a number of executive, legislative, and judicial officers at county, state, and federal level at the same time). But there is something perhaps more significant to infer from GM's ignorance about her state representatives. I may be wrong, but i doubt if GM is equally ignorant about her representatives in the federal Congress. She probably knows that she has two United States senators, and even who they are. I'm sure she knows she has one representative in the lower house of Congress, and quite possibly she also knew that she voted for a Congressman-at-large until recently. Probably, too, she can name not only the mayor of Seattle but quite a number of members of the city council. It is, i hope, only the state legislature that she is ignorant about. But how can this be when GM's letter is written on the theme that the states are the most important unit in our American system? It can be, because they aren't. We are one nation, and we think much more about our national government than about the state we happen to live in. State sovereignty is a principle of doubtful legal standing (since the Civil War and the 14th Amendment), seldom in-



invoked except by recalcitrant minorities such as the white-supremacists or economic interests who have a lot more control over the state governments than they have over the national government. I do not mean to exalt narrow nationalism. I still get a kick out of the line in Things to Come: "Wings Over the World does not approve of independent sovereign states." Progress is away from particularism." (Many thanks for the letter - this is the type of authoritative response I wanted...not that it will affect GMC much, but it might put over the correct position to other readers...)

FANTOCCINI 23 - Published to mark the return of the editor, Leslie Norris, 7263 Farndale, North Hollywood, California, to active fanning. He wants to know what has been going on in his absence. Send him fanzines and stuff...

May  
31st

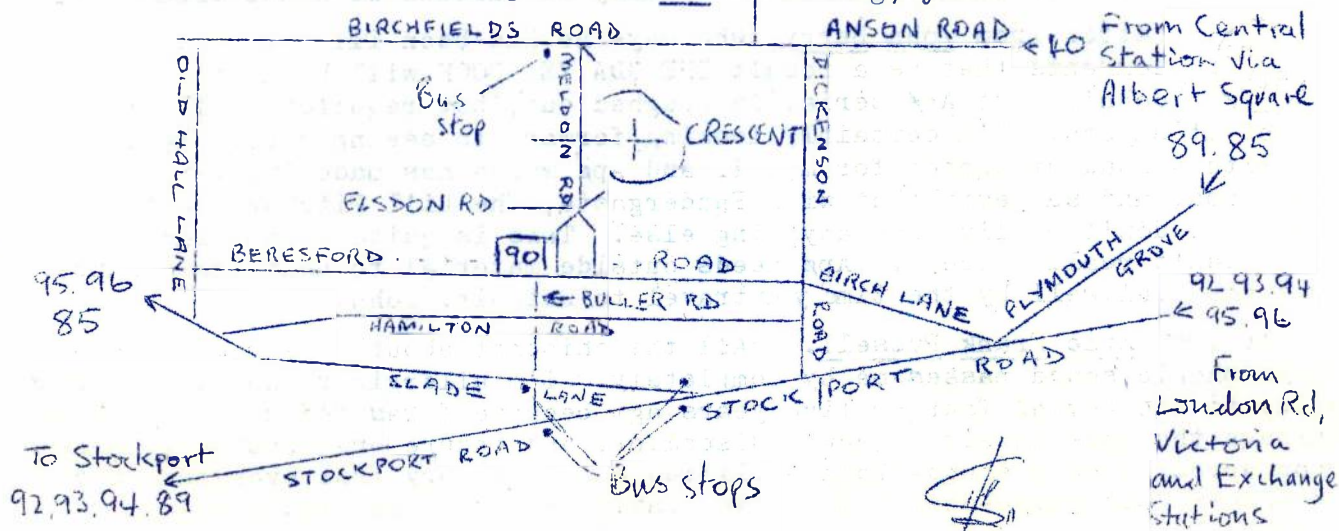
Atom dropped over for a short visit and to fetch some stencils, and then a little while after he'd left Chuck Harris turned up. As most of you probably know by now, there is a chance that Chuck will be getting married shortly. The end of fandom is in sight.....

June  
1st

Sax Rohmer died. Not an sf writer, but a favourite of a lot of fans who liked to read fantastic thud and blunder.

Postcard from Don Allen, checking on the 'Inchmery Open House' hint in #10. Apr 11 gave more details, and still more follow.....

We will be leaving here about 8.00pm on Friday, August 7th, arriving in M/c about 1.00am Saturday. Food and drink has been laid on already and will be delivered on Saturday morning. The party will start with the arrival of the first guest on Saturday, 8th August, and will continue until the departure of the last on Sunday. (Liverpool please note we will be well stocked with pineapple...which we understand is an ingredient for your latest poison.) To date, Eric Bentcliffe, Terry Jeeves and Sid Birchby will be there - some of the possibles are Don Allen, Jim Linwood, Archie Mercer(?), Harry Turner, and members of the Liverpool and Cheltenham groups (currently on holiday, so nothing has been heard from these). For the benefit of out of (M/c) town visitors, a map is given below showing the location of 90 Beresford Road. This is constructed on the same style as the London Underground map and has only a remote connection with the actual area. Not to scale, like. It should help you find us, though. You are coming, yes?





SKYRACK 3 -- Ron Bennett. Surprised, and to a certain extent shocked by the lead news item in this issue stating that the London Circle would be running the 1960 con. There had been nothing official on it. We have since been informed that there must have been some misinterpretation because it had been repeatedly stressed by the LC members at Cheltenham that no final decision on the con could be given until it had been put to the vote at the next business meeting on June 19th. Skyrack, for anyone who came in in the middle, is a newszine. The UK equivalent of Fanac, and equally indispensable. Six issues for 2/6 from Ron, or six for 35¢ through Bob Pavlat.

Letter from Howard Devore of the 17th World SF Convention, in reply to a letter we wrote concerning Bill Rickhardt's FLIP (see Apé #10, March 23rd). We'd queried Rickhardt's statement, in the context of "we in Detroit", that fans who did not have the sense to elect an honest (Convention) group deserved to be taken i.e. swindled. This seemed rather strange morality to us. Howard says, in part: "Rickhardt has spent almost no time in Detroit since we won the bid. We know little or nothing of any statements he has made. Any statements he makes are his own responsibility. Rickhardt does not plan to be in Detroit again until the time of the Convention and is not even certain of attending it." Well, we supported the Detroit bid for the World Con, and this certainly removes any doubt that Rickhardt might have cast on the wisdom of this. The people who are doing the work - and not just talking like Rickhardt - seem to be a good bunch and we wish them all the best for the Detention.

June 2nd Minutes of meeting held at the White Horse, which bring out the point mentioned above. After discussing a proposal from the chair it was decided to look into the matter of the 1960 con after contact had been made with the BSFA Committee members at Cheltenham.

June 3rd Postcard from Ken Slater, putting me on to John Gregor, 54 Barrymore St, Everton Park, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. He subbed to Orion after getting a sample from Ken....you should try him. Also had another visit from Arthur Thomson on stencil matters etc.

June 4th Social evening at the Globe. I went up on my own, unfortunately, and had rather a quite evening. Joy was looking after Nicki and Vinç was checking over some Fancy II carbons we'd had from Eney.

June 5th Letter from John Berry, who says he has been ill for some time and comments that as a result THE GDA YEARBOOK will be a little late. John's next Apé serial is roughed out, but requires a bit of work to get it smooth. I'm certainly looking forward to seeing this. He continues with a load of egoboo for myself and Apé which has made Inchmery really feel good, and suggests that with Fandergaste, The Li'l Pitcher and the Diary, we don't really need anything else. This is quite a compliment, but one I can't really accept. Apé needs outside material to help the balance. Hope you feel well by the time you travel to Detroit, John.

Letter from Eric Frank Russell. "All the chitchat about tape recorders and stereophonic sound passes me by completely. I'm allergic to noise. Stopped going to the movies four or five years ago because I was fed up with paying through the nose to sit in acute discomfort and endure one continual, non-stop uproar from a sound-track amplified on the theory that everyone in the rear seats was stone-deaf. Bellowed conversations filled in at every pause



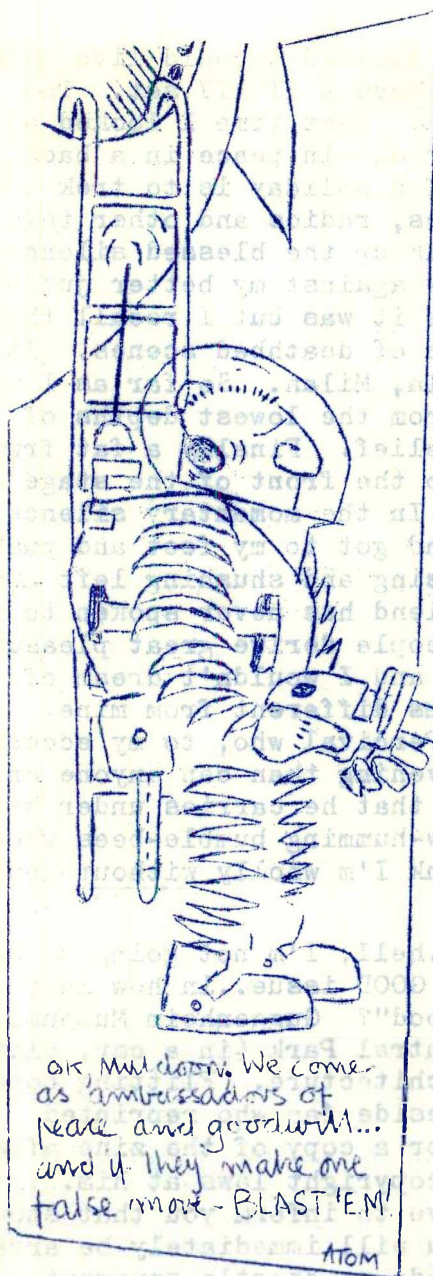
by roaring orchestras proved too much for me. I decided I could live without the movies and haven't missed them since. I have a 21" TV set. The wife and daughter watch it fairly often. I don't. Last time I looked at it was three weeks ago for half an hour. I'd rather sit in peace in a back room and bury my nose in a good book. My idea of a holiday is to trek to the wilds of Connemara, far, far from cars, planes, radios and other toys of civilization, where one can sit on a wall and soak up the blessed silence. ## Some years ago a friend talked me into going - against my better judgment - to my first and only opera. I forget which one it was but I recall that what I saw of it was damn sordid and had a couple of deathbed scenes. It was supposed to be by a famous bunch from La Scala, Milan. So far as I was concerned they were an infamous bunch straight from the lowest depths of hell. The bloody uproar on the stage was past belief. Finally a fat frump with tits that overshadowed the orchestra came to the front of the stage and let go a shriek of anguish that split the roof. In the momentary silence that followed I ejaculated, "Holy Ker-ist!!!!" and got to my feet and pushed past all the glaring stuffed shirts who were hissing and shushing left and right and beat it home fast. My opera-loving friend has never spoken to me since. I don't doubt that plenty of estimable people derive great pleasure from plenty of decibels piled up in long columns and I wouldn't dream of criticising them for it. They must have ear-drums different from mine. At the bottom of my garden lives a blackbird named Percival who, to my eccentric ears, makes infinitely sweeter music every evening than can anyone on a stage or a tape. He plays a little silver flute that he carries under his left wing. And I have a private orchestra of low-humming bumble-bees whose performances I attend regularly. So I don't think I'm wholly without musical appreciation, do you?" (€Why, no...?)

June  
6th.

Letter from Ron Bennett... "Nice cover..hell, I'm not going to say nice every darn item..this was another GOOD issue..in how many tones of typer can one say the word "good"? Guggenheim Museum... well, I passed this place when driven through Central Park (in a car, clots, not with a whip) and it just isn't my idea of architecture. Flitting conclusion...ouch!" (€Ron ends by mentioning a Stateside fan who reprinted material from Ploy without so much as a request or a copy of the zine after it was published...."I think I'll throw British copyright laws at him...y' know the sort of thing...'And in conclusion I have to inform you that should you ever visit Britain or any of her Colonies you will immediately be arrested as I have sworn out a warrant...')." This made us chortle somewhat...?)

Letter from Eric Bentcliffe... "This seems to be a fanzine week. Don't know whether you have noticed, but fmz always seem to arrive in gaggles (someone should think of a suitable collective noun). Could we start a movement for staggering pubbing dates, you think? (€Now that's an idea..but it would have to cover things like the recent heat-waves that held up this Apr..and the fact that only Paul Enever - oh, and Walt Willis once - have ever stuck to an exact date for publication...could try, tho'...?) ## I had a letter from Rory Faulkner a few days ago and she seems to be convalescing quite well I'm pleased to say. She enclosed a wonderful photo of herself in Solacon sackcloth-and-ashes costume taken by John W Campbell, which probably proves something or other. ## Er..there isn't any tax on Kitchen Sinks..and they get away without tax on sink-units - don't put a back on 'em so they can't be classed as a 'cabinet'. (€Sorry about that, Eric...?) ## Why not Grog and





Blog, for the cover-men. Or even Phil and Phen The Fowerplot Men! ## Personally I'm against this business of a TAFF scheme for European fans. For one thing I don't think the distances and fares involved warrant such a scheme - and on this, it is quite possible for a Continental fan to get to England by hitch-hiking and paying the comparatively small amount of money to get across the ditch. There's another even bigger snag - European fandom isn't one unit but rather a number of racial groups. The French fans aren't known to the German and vice versa etc...and very few are known to British fandom. French fandom is not really organised - the only club is Versin's CLUB FUTOTIA with under 100 members. German fandom is organised, with upwards of 1,000 members in the SF UNION EUROPA alone. Assuming there were both French and German candidates, the German fan would inevitably win. Understand here that I'm not criticising or condemning French or German fandom, I'm merely stating the position of things, because this is one of the reasons a TAFF scheme for Continental types wouldn't work... at least not if the European fans were allowed to vote, and you couldn't really expect them to contribute if they didn't have a say in the matter. (€Last time we discussed this here, Joy came up with some ideas similar to the above, and the more I think about it, the more I tend to agree with you, Eric...€) ## Alan Burns, doesn't he?" (€Ouch. Eric mentions that Hill and Singleton are both BSTA types, and Apé was recommended in the last Vector... for which many thanks. Also queries Shaggy being the only worthwhile clubzine - what about Space Diversions? Well, when SD appears, it is a pretty damn good club-fanzine, but it just hasn't got the regularity of Shaggy. Okay?...€)

June  
7th

Letter from Ethel Lindsay... "Pensively I notice that your blue ink does look better on white paper. I giggled at Ron's gag on L'pool and Atom bouncing on your settee. That's twice in one page. Your reply to Bjo was very kind and very honest too. I suppose you realise that, like me, you will be called an 'idealist' as if it were a dirty word. (€Oh, it'll make a change...€) After this issue of Apé, I doubt if anyone will ever dare to even hint at being a focal point for years. And what else have I got to say about Apé? Och, that it's good, and slightly fabulous, and habit forming, and full of fun, and my! such goings on, and shows so much energy that I have to go and lie down for half an hour afterwards, and has smashing atomillos, and is duped by a very nice man, and stencilcut by a nutty friend of mine, and they serve gorgeous icecream, too." (€Wow!...€)



Sandy back again. Just in case anyone takes the trouble to check up and discovers that June 7th was a Sunday, I should perhaps explain that I picked up the letter when we visited Ethel at Surbiton. Ah, the canny cunning o' the true Scot. It was a wonderful day, Nicki behaved like an angel (she loves to travel), and Ethel had the very great satisfaction of playing a Sinatra record that I didn't have. Spent most of the time in deck-chairs out in the garden - the sun was so hot. Don't think Vinç approved tho'..at least not after I hit him on the head when folding the chair away. Anyway, he soon recovered when we got back indoors and found something had gone wrong with the gramophone. I think Ethel arranges this on purpose. Flushed with his success at fixing the erring gram, Vinç then went on to tinker with a broken down old player-piano and lo and behold, we were soon entertained by the sounds of the keys. We like going to see Ethel.

June  
8th

Nice letter from Peter Singleton commenting on Apré 11..."How on earth does Atom manage to feature his work in so many zines - and still take time off to eat?" (Hm, come to think of it, I don't recollect having seen him eat...don't remember him stopping for a meal on any of his frequent visits - or if he has it was some time ago...)

Letter from Alan Burns...but since he won't be getting this issue it would be unfair to quote since I'd have to comment and...ah, the hell with it.

June  
9th

Letter from Terry Jeeves..."I agree with a point you make towards the end of the piece on H-Bomb tests (May 4th) i.e. that anyone who isn't wholeheartedly for Democracy, is classed as a Communist. It's getting very true...and very frightening. That sort of attitude will have us in 1984 long before Russia pushes us there. I had a personal example the other day. General pub natter was discussing the recent rocket launch by the USA of some monkeys to the 300 mile limit. Our local RAG hailed this a magnificent first achievement. I decried this, and said it was no use playing at ostriches and trying to blind ourselves to facts. It was certainly an achievement, but little better than the much older job the Russians did in launching and recovering dogs, from only a nine mile lower altitude. One bloke accused me of being a Communist. I wasn't wholeheartedly thumping the tub for the American monkeys...e.g. and etc, I was on the 'other side'. The point I was trying to make was simply that being Russian does not mean 'incapable', and that to outdo the other side, actions are far more useful than words. No doubt I'm now marked down for a future Democratic purge. ## Many thanks for the free focal point, it took me less than 8 hours to assemble it, and I feel sure it will give me hours of endless amusement when you publish instructions on how to use it. ## If those illos are Joy's first attempts, then what a heck of a lot of time she's been wasting. I've seen people before who say they can't draw..they never tried, so it's a pleasure to see someone (who probably said the same) finding out how wrong she was. Keep her at it." (Focal points..come to think of it, I really haven't thought about uses for them...like, I mean, you just have it! Of course, if they are made bigger then some fans could find them suitable for wearing on the head.. There's a map of 90 Beresford in this issue, and we are looking forward to seeing you, Terry...)

Letter from Walt Willis, who is (or was) still at 170 due to arrangements for selling and moving having broken down, but who still wants the 27 Clonlee adress used for correspondence because he will be moving soon (or some



time). "I ran off a little fanzine about the virtues of Oblique House... feeling somehow that I was forcing the old duper into treachery...and we put an ad in the paper. We got fifteen replies but so far only one bothered even to go and see the house after reading the fanzine. I must be losing my grip. It was such a nice garden in the house we were going to, with three trees. I worked out they were costing me about £100 each, but they were worth it. I keep thinking about this queer world we entered into there of the estate business, full of worried people offering and refusing and buying and selling and applying for loans and generally worrying themselves sick in the offices of jovial agents. Imagine, it's going on all the time! I should have explained that 27 Clonlee Drive is not our new house. It's my mother's house which we're using as an accommodation address until we find a new place to live. \*\*\* Bob Shaw and I have sold a story to IF. It's just a lousy joke of mine written up by Bob and hacked about by me, but we're getting a cent a word; which I guess finally disposes of my amateur status. I used to say that the stuff I had in Nebula was just fan stuff I happened to be paid for but I suppose I must admit a story is different, even if it's only a couple of thousand words. By the way, do you realise that the disappearance of Panorama leaves fandom without a single foothold in the prozines? (Yes..and with the present printing strike I guess Nebula will probably go now instead of after No 42..Peter would do well to cut his losses...\*) \*\*\* I've had the last two issues of Apé lying about the living room on my conscience, gathering dust which I think I'll only scrape aside for the places where I'd scribbled in the margins. I think you're dead right about subs and since I happen to have some of those Post Office quotecards hanging about which I'll never have time to sign I think I'll pass them on to you. Your blank back cover shocks me. Is this, sir, in accordance with the traditions of British fmz publishing. (Shocks you? It breaks poor old Vinç's heart. Every now and then his eyes gleam and he comes up with another scheme to utilise the space. I've managed to foil him so far tho', except once...\*) \*\*\* That was a fine letter from Chick Derry in #10. I made an almighty vow that I would never engage in political arguments in fmz, otherwise I would open my mouth and jump in with both feet. However I would like to congratulate Chick on his phrase 'almost wasted a couple of stencils on vindictive', which was so powerful a piece of word-coining that I almost lost two words from my vocabulary. It was only with a supreme effort that I remembered there was no portmanteau word hitherto for 'vindictive invective'. Now if Chick can only think of a noun for 'despise' as well as for 'vindictive' we shall all be in a better position vis a vis GMCarr. // That was funny about Andy Young's man who painted the telescope. Now I shall know to reserve judgment when Mount Wilson announces that the atmosphere of Venus consists largely of linseed oil and turpentine. // Clever letter from Donald Malcolm. Part of it reminds me a lot of Rotsler's deathless definition of the Catholic 'rhythm' method of birth control. "Vatican Roulette". // Well, thanks! for that notification that I have 9999 more issues due to me. According to my calculations, when you retire from fandom and refund subscriptions, I'll be able to retire from work. // Arthur was funny about the LC and the spaceship. About the first, it would make an interesting divorce case if both parties were to apply for custody of the LC committee membership. Atom is wonderful. // I agree wholeheartedly but despairingly with your views on TAFF. I wonder though are we being fair to Americans when we assume that the attitude we disagree with is a national one. I doubt very much for in-



stance that American soldiers write to the President and apply for the Congressional Medal of Honour, or that office workers about to retire go around suggesting they'd be fit subject for a presentation. It seems to me just an unfortunate accident that the spirit of TAFF was perverted by a few people with the wrong idea before its traditions had got properly established. // Sorry to hear that Mal has never got a fmz from Christ. I draw his attention to my article in Oopsla, The Bible Designed To Be Read As A Fanzine".

Letter from Archie Mercer, who suggests Rosencrantz and Guildenstern should be marked with their initials to distinguish them. Personally I always consider G to be the smaller of the two. (It came as a shock to Atom that there was one smaller than the other). Archie has discovered a use for the blank bacover...he uses it for notes...from which the following items are quoted. "I observe that Apé ll has nothing in it at all except (artwork aside) for rambling columns. Which consist mainly of the Fan Diary, but give place for the last few pages to several equally rambling columns under bylines. The result is probably the best Apé yet - for this, you could even put the price up. After all, I pay two bob a month for New Worlds, which is a chore to read. (Ta. Ditto for info on BSFA members and Vector...see letter from Eric Bentcliffe. I don't think PF meant anything unfair to Doc Weir by using him as a starting point for the school v pub piece. It was just that although any schoolteacher would have done, Doc had the advantage of being new and in the news, whereas Bennett and Jeeves are 'old boys'...) ## Strangely enough, Harry Warner's probably the Person I'd Most Like To Have On My Side In An Argument, so I tend to be tickled to death as the saying says. Turning to Danner, his letter needs going through with the traditional fine tooth comb. On the face of it he sounds very definite in his statements, until one notices the reservations - "as others have remarked" - "according to at least one authority" - etc. Then I don't think I've actually claimed to HAVE heard the 'actual sound' of an orchestra. I've heard many other combos without benefit of microphones. ## First Fandom - I'm not sure how you are interpreting the phrase "engaged in some type of fan activity prior to Jan 1st, 1938". (Literally, bwah. Fanac is defined as any one of a number of things including collecting. Elsewhere in the leaflet fantasy is classed along with sf. At the tender age of seven I had an extensive collection of fantasy, including Alice, Wind in the Willows, Arabian Nights and every Mee fairy story book that existed. Point is, I feel this First Fandom thing is a great idea, but the 'rules have been so distorted to fit the 'right' people in that they are now meaningless. As a fanzine fan I wouldn't claim to date back before 1952...)

Letter from Ron Bennett, in which he mentions having had official letters saying Harrogate is out of the 1960 consite race in favour of London. Sorry Ron, but Harrogate's loss is London's gain. Looking forward to seeing you.

June 11th Letter from Sid Birchby..."I spent a very entertaining evening with Apé. Production as usual impeccable. The Li'l Pitcher was notable for its illos, for which I see credit goes to new fan artist Joy. Good work!. PF was provocative; in fact, in writing a reply I found myself writing an article, no less, so I decided to send it to you as such." (And it appears in this issue. It helped to push out some other stuff because of its topicality, but don't worry...main reason material has not been used in this issue as forecast is because of the length of the Diary, and the need to get so much in because of heatwave delays...)



Sandy again. This turned out to be one of those 'fanzine' days...brief mentions follow. FANAC 39...Terry Carr and Ron Ellik...Disclave Report by Dick Eney, and lots of information on various publishing projects. VOID 16½...Greg Benford and Ted White...The Fanzine of Letters & Letters & Still More...is, as the subtitle implies, mainly a letter substitute until #17 appears. HI, LIVING WORLD...is a one-pager from Sylvia White saying that Flafan is not dead - and in fact should be out in a couple of months. And here is VOID 17...The Fanzine of Sweetness, Light and Euphoria...complete with cover photo of Rickhardt smoking an invisible cigarette in his Chinese Water Pipe ---symbolising the be-all and end-all of existence---Fanac. Like, I mean, that's what the man says - in caps, yet. Contents include Larry Starke on the Morris (Ted's art-critter), Franklin Ford on criticism (sparked by fanzine reviews by Carter Little) and Ted White on fanzines. There are also pages of letters in that micro-elite that is readable.

Next is a one-pager from Gregg Calkins, explaining why OOPSLA has been held up. This came with issues 26 and 27 - they turn out to be well worth the wait. #26 contains a 4page editorial, Pt IV of Bennett's Colonial Excursion, a Berry story, 7 pages of Walt Willis's column, and 4 pages of excellent - even if dated - fanzine reviews by Harry Warner. The dating is due to the delay in publication, naturally, but Harry writes so well and entertainingly that you hardly notice. The best reviewing style I have seen for a long time. If Ford/Little/White imitated this method there would be fewer complaints. #27 has Bob Tucker, Pt VIII of Bennett's magnum opus, Dean Grennell and 7 pages of letters and editorial nattering. Harry Warner this time covers five pages with fanzine reviews, and maintains his very high standard. YANDRO 76 - Buck & Juanita Coulson - New address ..RR #3, Wabash, Indiana. (There might be more to it, but I threw away the wrapper and only picked this up from a note on the back page.) This is the best issue I've seen for a long time...it contains a special Monster Mag take-off supplement that is bigger than the rest of the zine. Well worth getting. Quixotic #2½ is a single-sheeter from Don Durward to fill up the gap while we wait for No 3, for which material is needed. PSI-PHI 3 - Bob Lichtman and Arv Underman...the other two sides of the Terrible Triangle based on Los Angeles 56..... sports a fine coloured cover by Bjo leading into a six page comic strip by same further on in the issue, and the shiniest and heaviest paper I have yet seen in a fanzine. Must push the postage rates up terribly. Two editorials, fanzine reviews, Berry, Warner, pages of letters, the strip already mentioned, and various other odds and ends make up an entertaining issue. These fans really are coming on well. Finally, AMRA - Dan Adkins and Elisabeth Wilson...is mainly devoted to material concerning Conan. It is particularly notable for an excellent centre two-page illo by G Barr.

June  
12th

Card from Ken and Pamela Bulmer on holiday..."Fandom? Prodom? Bell' Italia!" Sort of like, wish we were there...

Letter from Mal Ashworth..."Was interested to see that Joy likes Canaletto and I hope she sent off for those DAZ prints because they are a first-class buy for 3/6 a set. The only fault I have found with them is a tendency for the ink to crack away from the linen paper they are printed on (She sent for them just before the printing strike...we've had a post card to say demand was heavier than expected and we'll have copies as soon as arrangements can be made for them to be printed...#) ## Enjoyed PT's quiz;



more particularly since we started to compile one of these at Lancaster when we visited the Potters over Whit, inspired I believe, by the WOMANS SUNDAY MIRROR...it may see publication in Brennschluss if it's ever completed. As I remember it the first question was - 1) Isn't it nice now the war's over?"

SICK ELEPHANT - 8 - George Wells - This suffers from poor lay-out and lack of material worth reading, but I guess the lad is trying at that! At least he has got up to #8 without being discouraged so perhaps the future will bring improvements.

June  
13th

Went to see Richard III at the local cinema...love the tongue-in-cheek acting from Olivier. I have a three-disc set of soundtrack records...not played because I wanted to see the film first. In the evening Vine made something of a momentous decision - he resigned from OMPA for very much the same reason as I dropped out of FAPA - lack of time. The difference is that I was only a member of FAPA...Vine (with Ken Bulmer) started OMPA. Joy and I tried to persuade him to hang on a little longer to see if things evened out, but he was quite adamant. Again in the same way as myself and FAPA, he pointed out that he hadn't even read the last three mailings, and it would be unethical for him to hang on and keep out some waiting lister. And that was that. Vine has a habit of making his own mind up and he won't be influenced. Joy will continue her membership, as will I.

June  
15th

ORION 22 - Ella Parker - This came in two halves..the mag proper and a 12 page letter supplement..a total of 52 pages. Ella is really turning into one of the most active 'new' fans there is. This issue is duplicated by Bobbie Wild and is a great improvement on #21. Atom handles the illos but they show signs of having been rushed...not that I'm surprised seeing the number of zines he draws for. Contents include reports on the Birmingham convention by Brian Jordan and Ivor Mayne, both of which read extremely well...a Berry 'Sargeant' story-still the best series to come from his pen...Ken Bulmer's second TAFF Tale...Ken again on the LC - two appearances in one zine makes one wonder if the lad has gone mad...and fanzine reviews by Bobbie Wild. Unfortunately these last two items must be looked at more closely. Talking about LC meetings Ken says the appeal for attendance brought in about half a dozen bods. The fact is that the March 19th meeting consisted of 21 people out of a membership of 35. The April 2nd meeting consisted of 48 fans, 45 of whom became LC members. I understand from Ken that he spotted the error of this himself and wrote to Ella on it straight away. I guess the rest of the piece is mainly a question of interpretation and opinion. For instance, Ken mentions the formation of OMPA as an example





of getting things moving more or less by having someone stand up and say - 'Now we are going to do this..' He omits to mention that OMPA came into existence with a tailor-made constitution - an item missing from the new LC set up. Ken also quotes the "dictatorial" attitude taken by Inchmery on the question of the proposed clubroom - tho' he says he considers this was justified. What we actually said when proposing the move to a clubroom was this -- "Inchmery..will constitute a Committee..on the understanding that for the first six months..we have the right to dictate policy when necessary. That is to say, we'll reserve the right to show the door to drunks, noisy skiff-ers..or to any of the beat generation who think that paying an entrance fee will automatically entitle them to free lodging over a period. So I'd like your opinions on the merits of the above; installing the Circle in new quarters, the conditions thereof, and the use by Inchmery of cash, collected in the name of the Circle, for these purposes if and when necessary." You will agree, I think, that it is a strange 'dictatorship' that gives notice of its ideas to everyone who could be considered a member of the LC, and then asks for opinions and comments before going ahead with them. There is a certain element of gloss in Ken's writing, and a number of other, minor items, tend to leave one with an undefinable taste in the mouth.

Bobbie Wild gives a good review of Apé but allows herself to be emotionally overruled in places. Apparently she became incensed with my description of the LC March 19th meeting and my use of the expression 'played a trump card' or whatever it was. This was perhaps poor phraseology on my part and if it gave offense to anyone I apologise. The intention was to show that I was reluctant to question the validity of the meeting on a technical point (the non-notification of a specific member) because I had thought the members present would have seen the correctness of my point when it was made. Unfortunately a lot of them didn't and the matter had to be pushed on the technical point. A trump, of course, is in the nature of a last resort. It is very much to the credit of the members that once the point had been made and verified, they were almost unanimous in agreeing that notice should be sent to as many LC members as could be reached, before a vote could be carried regarding the LC money. Bobbie also takes a peak into my mind and tells Orion's readers what I said at the meeting - i.e. 'You can't have the money I'm holding.' Unfortunately she omits to say that this was said to 21 people who told me they were the LC. I would have said the same to any minority group. The joker is that nobody seems to realise I didn't want the money in the first place, but was landed with it by Ted Carnell because the LC didn't have a treasurer at the time. Sure, Inchmery had ideas on how the money should be used - we notified them to 70-80 fans and asked for opinions. In these days of inflation perhaps £27 does not appear to have much responsibility attached to it, but I had £27 that didn't belong to me, and it was my conscience that had to be satisfied. I like to live with the LC. I had to live with myself. I couldn't hand that money over to a minority - any minority. No, I never thought that anyone would run off with it - I just had to feel happy that everyone concerned had been given a chance to have a say. And I don't think there was anything wrong in not giving the old LC members notice of a meeting on the matter - just a certain amount of thoughtlessness. I don't see the sense in saying, as Bobbie does, that the responsibility was not mine because I hadn't been a LC member for as long as some other people. At the age of 21 I was given a vote and told to go out and think for myself. Nobody said anything about needing a grey beard. On April



2nd, more than double the number attending the previous meeting voted themselves in as the LC and I was quite happy to accept that as a majority and hand over the cash to the elected Treasurer. It gives me no real pleasure to have to go over these points, but neither am I prepared to accept criticism on something that I am convinced is right. Lets hope the subject is now closed.

Orion's letter supplement, with it's own cover, is full of interest. In particular I was amused by the guesses at PF's identity, and the reasons for them. Harry Warner favoured Inchmery because PF's Apé columns always fill a complete number of pages, whereas in other zines they tend to run to an odd length. (Come, now, Harry. I edit the column for Apé). On the other hand Ted Tubb favours Inchmery because of the amount of fannish background knowledge. This is very complimentary to us, but I'm afraid it just isn't valid -- as a number of fans will no doubt point out. There are plenty of people around today with sufficient background knowledge to handle the PF column. At the moment I would prefer to take the readers mind away from the question of PF's identity, and concentrate it on the actual material that is currently appearing. But before I do...please...Inchmery is NOT PF. For myself, I have already said a number of 'unpopular' things - under my own name. I can see nothing in the PF columns that would cause me to use a pen-name.

Ho-hum. Orion is a very up-and-coming fanzine, and should be supported.

JD-ARGASSY 44 & 45 - Lynn Hickman - These are quite an improvement on recent issues, in all respects. #44 has an Adkins cover, editorial, Jim Harmon on Harlan Ellison, Bloch on TV, Adkins on fanzines, Gerber on books, letters, fillers, and the latest installment in Bob Madle's '57Worldoon report, in which he describes his stay with Inchmery. This made pleasant reading, but is hardly the sort of thing I can comment on. #45 is basically a letter column.

June  
18th

Letter from Bill Temple..."Seems a long way to hark back to Apé 9 and Andy Young's remark that "you'd think scientists didn't have one brain cell to rub against another." On the contrary, I think they're very clever people. Who else, for instance, could suspend the law of gravity just for my benefit, and prevent dust falling from the stratosphere to the troposphere? I feel flattered. I remember they recently told our Prime Minister that the increase in radio-active fall-out was due to the increase in rain. Fool that I was to imagine the opposite! Trust me to put the horse before the cart. The atomic bomb scientists are really our modern heroes. I still recall with admiration the resource of Dr William Penney (as he was then) in measuring atom-bomb blast. The Americans used expensive shock-recording instruments. Penney-wise Penney used hundreds of discarded empty petrol cans, placed at varying distances from the explosion point. Apparently a petrol can is equal in resistance to the average chest wall. By measuring the dents, he was able to count how many chests would cave in within a certain area. Each can represented a human being. Presumably he used smaller cans to represent children. For this he received the accolade and became a parfit, gentil knight. Who would begrudge him this honour? Perhaps some of the crabby old Japs dying of cancer in astonishing quantities around Hiroshima these days, but some people just seem incapable of appreciating the March of Science. Like the Rev. J. Tunstall, who said in the OB-SERVER a couple of weeks back: "I could wish that in the next era of 'civil-



isation' the monkeys may get on top and begin shooting scientists into space." This irrationality was enlarged on by John Wain in the same issue: "The recent outcry about space-monkeys arose not merely from normal pro-animal sentiments but from something deeper: the subconscious awareness of modern man that he, too, is a primitive creature captured by the technocrats, bundled into the nose of a rocket and fired out into space. At the moment we keep up the illusion that whereas the monkeys cannot talk back to the scientists, we can - but everyone feels in his bones that this is untrue." Such a defeatist view is tiresome. The monkeys have more spirit - they just love helping the scientists. Why, recently one of a pair who returned alive from space obligingly gave up the ghost after a minor operation, offering its body for dissection and comparison with the living tissue of its mate. Greater love hath no monkey. Again, I read in the DAILY MAIL: United States scientists believe that close-up radio waves may possibly be used as a 'death-ray.' They have killed at least ten monkeys in experiments with the rays at the National Institute of Health(sic). (1984!) In each case the monkeys died after the 'rays' - electro-magnetic waves of unrevealed frequency - charged into their brains from a radio antenna." When Science is so continually enriching our lives by offering us the opportunities to experience death rays, radio-active fall-out, leukaemia, and what have you, it's downright churlish to be ungrateful. Incidentally, soon after my Apé letter appeared re TV meteorologists and their forecasts, these gentlemen were dropped both by BBC and ITV - I would not claim cause and effect. The BBC now gives you only a glimpse of a map, scrawled across by a child learning to print, and whips it away before you have a chance to decipher it. So no-one can tell whether the forecast was a hit or miss. ITV now has a glamour-girl who says vaguely: "It'll be fine your way if you're lucky, and it'll rain if you're unlucky." Dazzled by the glamour-puss, you hardly note what she's saying, anyway. So, on the whole, it's difficult to assess the percentage of hits. But I think it's risen. It could hardly do anything else." (Comment on the above would be superfluous...)

June  
19th

London Circle Business Meeting at the White Horse. Vinç and I pushed straight off leaving Joy and Nicki to wait for Arthur Thomson. Atom's wife, Olive, had said she'd look after Nicki for us, and after taking them to his house, Atom brought Joy up to the WH on his motor-bike. While we were waiting we nattered to various people including George Locke. George will be coming over to give Vinç a hand in turning out Apé in future - he is keen on learning the trade from the beginning, so to speak, and we are keen to encourage him in the production of his own fanzine Smoke. He figured that experience would be the best way to learn how to handle a duplicator. Ivor Mayne, we understand, is still working on his fanzine...there'll be a number of people with dated material if he doesn't get a move on. Ella Parker, with two issues of Orion behind her, is an established faned. by now, but she had a question or two on paper. For anyone else in the London area who is interested, I can supply the type of paper used in Apé for 7/6 a ream. This is through bulk orders to Chapman. For anyone outside London it would be easier and cheaper to order direct. The cost of the paper would be slightly over 7/6 (unless more than 10 reams are ordered) but this would balance out against the postage I'd have to charge to send it on from here. Coloured paper now costs approx. 9/6 a ream.

The meeting itself was conducted in a welcome atmosphere of correct pro-



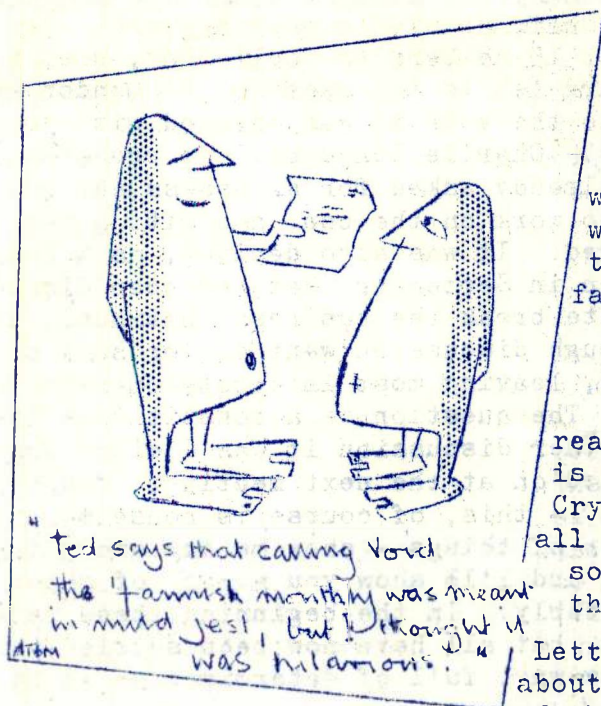
cedure, but was never dull. Pamela Bulmer had thought up a nice light touch to begin matters - and presented the Chairman with a wooden gavel. Ken Bulmer reported on the trip made by 14 or 15 members to Cheltenham, when a very good time was had by all. This in turn led to the question of London and the 1960 con, and when this was put to the vote it was carried with no abstentions and only one voting against - Charlie Duncombe. He probably did not really mean to do it. Vinç had already asked for an assessment of the number of fans who would be willing to work on the con, and with a few special exceptions everyone volunteered. It was also decided, as a body, to go ahead officially on the one-day con in September that had been discussed for some weeks. After a fifteen minute break the business continued, this time on more internal matters. Although discussion went on for some time, I doubt that much was really achieved, leaving most interested parties holding the same opinions as previously. The question of a constitution for the LC was then touched on, and after further discussion it was decided that the committee would prepare one to be voted on at the next meeting. There had been some talk about a split in the LC - this, of course is nonsense. There are differences of opinion on a number of things - show me any group that holds the same opinions on everything and I'll show you a pack of sheep - but nothing that can't be handled amicably. In the beginning these matters were connected to pretty basic points, but all have now been settled, and the LC is moving forward in an orderly way, full of determination to build the group into something worthwhile.

June  
22nd

Two fanzines...SIRIUS 1 - Erwin Scudla - ISFS clubzine in English, German and French - mainly news relating to German groups etc. Of interest to completists. SECURITY SENTINEL - Ron Alexander - OO of The Stardusters, a non-profit organisation dedicated to assist in the acquisition and maintenance of adequate aerospace power, and like that. Unfortunately they are not joking. The general idea is that America should get on the ball and build even more and bigger rockets and bombs in order to secure freedom. What happens to freedom while this programme is being pushed through, is not stated.

Letter from Bruce Pelz... "If Jeeves wants to call Atom's cover critters a fannish version of Gog and Magog, how about Gawd (or Ghod) and Migawd. I should like to have some elucidation from Harry Warner on that crack about '...the superiority that the Negro possesses over the whites in many respects in the South, which leads to economic considerations for the whites.' As a transplanted Damyankee, I'm fully willing to admit the South is blinded with prejudice, but some of the reasons for this prejudice suggested by critical Northerners strike me as being inane. The sexual attraction of the Negroes for the whites may fall into this category too. It's not the greater attraction, but the greater availability, as a general rule. (And in the specific case of the four white boys who recently dragged a negress out of a car to rape her in turn...?). There's a Southern joke to the effect: 'The Southern Gentleman must still exist; or else where are all the mulattos coming from?' Dick Eney to the contrary, I consider Fanac's printing 'Spectrum' a goof, and not just a typo. At the time I was trying to line up the zines with Bennett's trip report, and there were two I was unfamiliar with: SD and Spectrum. One letter put me on to the former, but several letters failed to turn up the other zine's editor. I figured the nuisance value of this justified the nitpicking - though I claim exaggeration-for-effect on the phrase





'crusade against goofs in Fanac'. I am happy to hear you are not conducting a campaign against Berkeley. Will you now state the same thing in regard to Ted White?" (Of course! I assure you the focal point business was taken up purely for the gag. It was a silly thing to say, and we got together with Atom to underline that fact, but there was no 'Campaign'.)

June  
23rd

CRY 128...the usual crew, from Atom on the cover right the way through the zine. I really enjoy reading this - and Toskey is back handling the letter comments. Cry will not be going bi-monthly after all - too many people objected. I feel sorry for the editorial staff, but at the same time I'm glad at the decision.

Letter from Buz and Elinore Busby..."We about bust a gut re your & Atom's rendition of this Focal Point routine. I have a sneaking suspicion that not only has fandom outgrown the need for One Big Fat Focal Point, but that the group wouldn't be able to hold still for just one such deal, even if it were available. Seems futile, somehow. I'd be less than human if I weren't grotched at PF's statements regarding the Columns Section of the Fanac Poll ("excluding ties", indeed). I realize that the paragraph is a summary of the well-deserved plaudits accumulated by UK fen in the poll, but it's a distortion of fact to "exclude" a first-place tie and still talk about "the top 3 places". Right? (Right.). Note that Bob Madle's comments on individuals by name are in much different tone from that of his "sneers at trufans". I wish he'd knock it off at this late date too, but do take a second look and notice his genuine appreciation for quite a number of folk, by name. (Agreed, and the other stuff was missing from the last installment I read...). I agree with your ideals on TAFF-nominations, but can see how Bjo, just coming into active fannish life, could figure "What's with this TAFF kick? I think I'll run for it; sounds good. How do I go about it?" and all. But remember Kent Corey??? You show Good Judgment in chopping the argument with GMC when it drops to the "Oh, I am, too, R\*I\*G\*H\*T!" level. Couple of years ago in Cry she had her say and I had mine - once each. But she didn't like it when we didn't use her re-rebuttal."

Letter from Betty Kujawa, followed by a tape we are saving for Bennett to hear - we'll try to send a reply before our holidays. Unfortunately it's almost impossible to select quotes from the letter, and there isn't space to put it in full - but thanks, Betty, we love you even if you do side with the opposition on the H-Bomb.

Letter from Diok Eney..."I would like to add a comment to those already made on Nuclear War and Nuclear Disarmament, if I may... I think a number of the debaters are missing an important point, insofar as they assume that Nuclear Disarmament means (depending on their viewpoint) either that we'll be con-



quered or that it'll be a step toward peace. I suggest that they're both wrong in their common assumption that such a move would resolve the conflict one way or the other. I suspect that a good deal of mental effort would have been saved for higher things if somebody had recalled at the first HL Mencken's recommendation that the concept of the insoluble should always be kept in mind. In this case, we ought to have stopped to think that the problem of disarmament involves keeping two cultures from cutting each other's throats even though they are clashing not only through opposed aims but by reason of active, conscious antagonism. Given such a situation, the best that could be hoped for would be to shunt the conflict into some level on which innocent bystanders wouldn't get too badly hurt - an accomplishment that's damned unlikely while A has available any chance of doing mortal injury to B. (But stopping H-Tests would be a start to protecting the innocent bystander...) To be a little more specific, whether disarmament did or didn't lead to the collapse of the West (or the Communist Empire, for that matter) abdication of public defense should lead to development of private resistance to political penetration - ie organized guerilla and Underground movements - on the part of the large paragovernmental interests that are thriving in both areas. (Fact is, the Communist Part members in Russia actually did function that way during WWII, and you probably know better than I how much the European Resistance groups crystallized around political-party and other special-interest groups rather'n military notions.) And given that neither the Communist Empire nor the West can endure the other as a permanent feature of the world - if only because of the unbearable strain the opposition places on each - the problem of dealing with massive irregular resistance that thus arises is one that's likely to find a far crueller solution than the scattering of hydrogen warheads across the landscape. What happened to Hiroshima in the Second World War was bad, all right, but so was what happened to Germany in the Thirty Years War. But don't think I'm supporting either side: this is the sort of dilemma in which both alternatives are so horrifyingly bad that the question which is worse becomes a meaningless noise. I fear our only consolation, if consolation we must have, will be Maximov's Law of Peak Relative Gravity: "Once things get so bad you could cry, you don't notice it when they get worse." Isn't it infuriating to have to conclude that we're stuck with a situation from which we'll have to work our way out by years and years of steady plugging, rather than by the application of some convenient panacea that'll clear everything up by Christmas? One would think this was the world of reality..."

June  
24th

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES 43 - 00 of the LASFS. Mixture very much as before, and just as readable. Special points of interest are an open letter to JWCampbell Jr (by Rick Sneary) and a longish piece by Fritz Leiber. All the usual columns.

June  
25th

Letter from Bob Lichtman..."Seems that it's reaching the point that it takes about 20 pages to report on one month. That would seem about right for keeping Apé monthly with 52 pages..about a dozen for the regular columns and 18 for whathaveyou. Perhaps you'll find yourself publishing more than monthly if enough material comes in, which would be nice. You could even publish more frequently than FANAC...I'd like the idea of a 52-page fanzine coming out every other week, even if it would not last long; I mean, there's a limit to how many pages one can stencil in a given time. Perhaps you should look into a voice-writer? (Madman!!!!!!)





Vic Ryan was right; those illos by Rotsler have appeared somewhere else before...in RET 10. I must mention the impressive series of hilarious cartoons by Atom in this issue - the 'Focal Point' ones being the most amusing." (Thanks for your many other comments, Bob. Reason I'm saying nothing about PF is that when the identity becomes widely known, the column folds. At this stage I would prefer people to ignore the matter of identity and concentrate on the material.)

Letter from Lynn Hickman... "Bjo is wrong about my being under the impression that LA was ignoring Don Ford. It actually

started with some correspondence that I printed between Ron Ellik and myself about myself ignoring Carr and Bjo as thoroughly as they were ignoring Ford. It was all in fun, in a joking manner, but some fans read it otherwise. Since then Bjo and I have corresponded quite a bit and she knows we were kidding. Re First Fandom: the main purpose is to get some of the Old-timers that have not been active of late, back into fandom. It is true that there are people who would be eligible that did not become 'active' as you term it until after the deadline. But if they were active collectors etc we feel they were fans and are eligible. ## Greatly enjoyed your 'Focal Point' ad."

June  
26th

Letter from Jim Caughran, with comments on Nos 8, 9 and 10. We liked them, but you might consider them dated by now. Also a very nice letter from Chick Derry who has been short of time for ages, even to the extent of not acknowledging fanzines - except by occasional hasty notes that he considers insufficient. Like, if you've been sending stuff to Chick, then don't drop him from the mailing list - he's a Good Man. On the question of the H-Bomb business Chick says "I will rest my case on the repetition of the statement that I NEVER said cease all weapon testing - obviously that would be stupid. But, WE DO NOT NEED BETTER NUCLEAR WEAPONS. We can kill splendidly now, thank you."

Had a visit from Ivor Mayne who wanted some advice on the fanzine he's still planning to put out. He brought a card from Archie Mercer (Good Mornings begin with A.M.) on which is the following conversation "Remind Ivor to give you my regards & like that." "How much is like that?" "Well, you know, like - sort of Eney-meeny-type talk. Much, like. (I teenk, like)." "I don't like much, no, like, I teenk" Jim Linwood was the other speaker, apparently. Like.

June  
27th

Sub from Dick Schultz, who picked up the reference to Apé in Oops, and is after all parts of the Bennett Report. Sorry, Dick, I have no back issues at all. Perhaps somebody else can fix you up?

Went to see Fantasia -- again! Unfortunately the sound system was pretty poor. Second feature was Disneyland, which we had wanted to see for some time, so the trip out wasn't exactly a dead loss. Such effort! Such money!!

June  
28th

Quite out of the blue we had a visit from Ella ("My name isn't Parker for nothing - nose as hell") Parker. She kept us amused for hours with stories of her days as a bus conductor, and also



with general fan talk. She also turned out to be one of the few people we know who can match (and cope with) Nicki's energy. They got along like a house on fire...

June  
29th

Letter from Ken Cheslin - fairly new fan - who is planning a fanzine with other members of the Stourbridge & District SF Circle. The BSFA has certainly been of value to British fandom....

Letter from Vic Ryan, who asks if there have been any replies to his offer of a 37 star flag. Alas, no. You were right about the Rotsler illos, Vic. See previous page. Quote "Herewith answers to the fanquiz for your approval 1)EFR is a pseudonym used by..Robert Bloch. 2)The initials BSFA stand for.. Better Shoot Torry Ackerman. 3)Fanac is..Indigestible. 4)The London Circle is moving towards..annihilation, and the next round's on me. 5)TAFF was founded by..The American-British Travel Agency. 6)Peter Hamilton is the editor of...ONE. 7)To join OMPA one must produce..an OFF-TRAIL magazine. 8) The Grapes of Wrath was written by..Ted White. 9)Detention is..punishment for misbehaving in school. 10)This column is written by..Frank Costello, J. Fred Muggs and Unca Winkent. How did I do?" Very well!

Letter from Bob Tucker..."Are you sure? Are you very, very sure of the number with which my subscription expires? I'm known, of course, throughout all fandom as a very generous fellow and more than one proud fan-editor has my rubber check framed on the wall of his printroom, but the expiration number emblazoned on the last issue of Apé rather startled me. Very well, I accept; and I'll stick around to see it fulfilled, if you'll promise to publish them all. In fact, I'll arrange for Bloch to see you through, as well. Well fortified with blog and embalming fluid, we'll await the glorious day! (Yes, you, Bloch and Willis - I can just see those beards) And speaking of the master, my wife and I (along with other assorted fans) spent a week-end with him in Chicago recently. The occasion was a dinner-meeting of The Mystery Writers of America guild; Bloch has a new suspense novel out, PSYCHO, and his editor - being a member of the guild and being in Chicago that week - invited him in for the dinner. The rest of us rode along on his glorious coattails. We had a gay time, too, Fixing The Master. The chairwoman in charge of the dinner didn't know Bloch from Adam..or from Harlan Ellison for that matter..and as she was taking notes for later publication, we Fixed His Wagon. We told her that he was a distinguished hermit-writer from the Wisconsin wilds (which was true), that he had sold so many yarns he had lost count of the number (which was true), and that he was the author of a brand new mystery which had just been sold to the movies (which was true), and that the purchaser was our friend Alfred Hitchcock who had paid \$50,000 for the rights and who was thinking of putting Doris Day in the lead femme role (which was so far from the truth that Bloch sputtered with indignation, before he guffawed.) The end result, of course, was that we had to rescue the Poor Man from the trap we set. The chairwoman descended on him, gushing, and insisted he make a speech, telling us how it felt to sell a mystery to Alfie Hitchcock for fifty grand, in which Doris Day was to have the stellar role. Bloch began sputtering again, so we were forced to fabricate still another story to rescue him. Whispering to the woman, I explained that Bloch really was a hermit and very seldom ventured into civilization; I said that he was painfully shy, spoke with a nervous stutter, and was utterly incapable of making a public speech of any kind. I begged her to spare him, for I was responsible for getting him back to his lonely room



that night, and I wanted him to walk there - not be carried by a cab driver and myself. She finally consented to spare him, and Bloch didn't have to make a speech. He thanked me with a wicked gleam in his eye. Also at the meeting was Frank Robinson, Earl and Nancy Kemp, and some dear lady from England. I forget the county she mentioned, but I remember shocking her with the toast introduced to me by H J Campbell in Philadelphia many years ago: "Down the bloody hatch!" And oh yes, the chairwoman circulated among all these fannish names, recruiting members for the guild. I introduced Earl Kemp to her as a bigshot Chicago publisher. At once, she asked him what he published. Without batting an eye, Earl said "pornography". She's still trying to get him interested in membership. We have fun here." "PS New Neo-fans Guide will be distributed in FAPA, OMPA & SAPS. Members of these need not write in for copies..."

June  
30th

Letter from Peter West... "Thanks mainly to the fnz review column in Orion, I have decided that the time has come when I must find time to read a few more fnz. On Bobby's "recomendation" I should like a sub to Apé and enclose a cheque for 15/-..." (Peter wants back ishsh)

July  
1st

Letter from Don Allen, saying he'll be travelling a lot in August, and will see us in Manchester or London or somewhere. Is good.

STUPEFYING STORIES 42 - Dick Eney - a welcome revival of a letter-substitute. Apart from some fanzine reviews and odd items, this issue is given over to comments on the forthcoming FancyII. I've had a follow-up letter to this, accepting my offer to British-agent the thing. Orders?

July  
2nd

Skyrack 4 - Ron Bennett - Usual mixture of fanzine reviews, news items and fannish events. This should be supported by sending Ron any item of news that you have on the British fan scene.

Also received the latest copy of Ken Slater's book list, which contains a number of fanzine reviews. Ken's idea is that by bringing fanzines to the eyes of new enthusiasts, he is indirectly helping sf. A worthy aim.

July  
4th

Ah, the Glorious Fourth. We'd had an invitation from the Buckmasters...reading in part..."On the glorious Fourth of July England at last got rid of those furschlugginer Colonists. To celebrate the anniversary of this delightful event you are invited...This will be no Tea Party..." Naturally we went, and in addition to a bottle we took along a couple of boxes of fireworks. It was a wonderful party, with just about the right number of people present - tho' this was accidental because more invitations had been issued than were accepted. Atom, for instance, wasn't able to make it because of a prior arrangement to take his family to the Isle of Sheppey (he tooted his horn on Friday night when he passed Inchmery on his way there). Those present were Ron and Daphne (natch), we three and-a-half (Nicki laid on the charm - she was a doll), John and Marjorie Brunner, John and Joan Newman, and Ella Parker. The weather was heatwave-type, and the house cool. Ron made a perfect host with the drinks - mixed up a lovely punch and then went onto whiskey-sours, and as Master-of-Ceremonies with the fireworks he was in his element. Daphne handled the feeding of the hungry horde extremely well. We didn't do very much - it was too hot - but the conversation covered the H-Bomb and the Beat Generation and a thousand and one other topics. The Newmans had to leave first to get back to the children, and then about 3.30am we left Ella to stay overnight, and



left with the Brunners. John had offered to drive us home, and I think I will always remember that ride. The car was an old open Allard, and with 5½ of us crowded in it went racing up Shooters Hill at 45mph. From where I was on the high back seat it was possible to see everything, and the rush of air was most cooling. A wonderful end to an enjoyable party. We arrived home at about 4.30am on

July  
5th

Sunday, and went straight to bed. Woke up about 1.00 pm (I did.. don't know about Joy, Vinz and Nicki...). At 3pm the Buckmasters brought Ella over in the car, dropped her, and pushed on into town. Peter Mantell turned up and then left again, and the Buckmasters returned and left for home and then Peter came back and finally left to drive Ella part-way home on his bike. Then, before we could get to bed, Atom called on his way back from the Isle of Sheppey. Like, man, what a crazy weekend. I like!

July  
6th

Letter from Rainer Eisfeld, saying that the SF CLUB EUROPA will sponsor the first European convention at Zurich, Switzerland, Hotel "Weisser Wind", Oberdorfstrasse, on August 22/23, 1959.

Letter from Dick Eney, saying he'd much prefer to have somebody in England acting as exchange centre for Fancy II but hesitated to let me in for a lot of work. Okay, so make me work hard you lot. Order Fancy II...

July  
7th

New subs from Alan Rispin and J P Patrizio (via Orion...thank you) and renewals from J B Hill and a letter from I R McAulay congratulating the London Circle for knowing their business when it comes to recommending fanzines. Take bows, all you nice people. Ian expects to be in London in mid-August, by the way. Ah, yes, also a letter from Don Durward in (temporarily) London, Canada. He says "The Queen, herself, came over to meet me. It was a dull meeting. She wasn't very fannish." Now, if it had been Phillip.... In the evening George Locke came over to start on Smoke -- we'll make him slave over the duper....

July  
8th

VOID 18 - June - The Fanzine of Slogans and Facetiousness - Greg Benford and Ted White. There is an extremely good cover on this issue..by Harness. Greg's editorial covers the 'science' portion of 'science-fiction', and Ted's deals with the fact that he has not yet moved to New York. Walt Willis comes up with a brilliant idea in 'Interfanna', and Ron Bennett contributes part 9 of Colonial Excursion. These two items, tho' short, make the zine a 'must'. Other space is taken up by Ted White on Galaxy, Bill Evans on Rail Fandom, pages of letters, and fanzine reviews scattered around. The mag has the perfect repro one expects.

Letter from Jack Speer..."Bruce Pelz says that some states don't have their congressional districts gerrymandered, implying that Florida is one, for he says its districts "follow county lines exactly, and are determined by population". I took the trouble to check up on Florida. I find that its largest district has 525,000 people, while its smallest district has 210,000. Is this "determined by population"? This disparity is not merely the result of inaction, such as led to your rotten boroughs in England until the great reform bill in 1832. Florida gained two representatives over the previous decade, and its districts were generally revised; but this is the result. The Tampa area is also discriminated against (436,000), partly because it is the only Republican district in the state. How's the parliamentary-apportionment situation in Great Britain? I recall that the Tories got control of



the Commons with less than a majority of the popular vote, but this may have been due to Labour wasting too many votes in safe Labour districts. ## Some may jump on Harry Warner's apparent slip into inverted racial-superiority doctrines, but i'd like to address myself to his Freudian interpretation of "How would you like to have your daughter marry a Negro?" One thing he may overlook is that this statement, usually heard from men, speaks of a white woman and a Negro man. On the face of it, at least, this doesn't look as if the speaker were fighting a secret sexual attraction to what Laney called "strange stuff." Harry should consider how different from intellectuals' attitude is the peasant feeling toward progeny. He should also, drawing on a great deal of observation he's doubtless made as a newsman, remember how large sex bulks in the thoughts of the common man. For example, the c.m. thinks of priests and nuns primarily in reference to their obligation of celibacy. In these attitudes, i think, is all the explanation one needs to account for the Southern preoccupation with the miscegenation facet of integration. ## Skipping over most of the fan-diary, which i only skimmed, i come across your reference to the contents of Apé being copyrighted. If you are relying on common-law copyright, i'd put a big query there. I haven't read Harry Warner's article and Ted White's footnote, but i've written a couple. (¢ In the UK..copyright protection is afforded as soon as the page of manuscript is written..the work does not need to be printed or published, no form of registration is needed, no 'copyright reserved' notice is required.. publishers are required to deliver certain copies of published books to libraries.. etc. Condensed from the Artists & Writers Year Book, 1959. The library that you have to give copies to is the British Museum, of course...¢) ## If Bob Leman is describing rather than prescribing usage, the term 'fan-fiction' has changed a lot in twenty years. As defined in Fancy I, it denotes fiction about fans, real and fictitious, fantastic or mundane. As a matter of fact, no fiction about real fans could be mundane, because it would fall outside the range of what we know has happened, just as would a story in which Stevenson beat Eisenhower. ## I question the statement that the West have not yet called for a cessation of tests on any grounds. We have asked for it as part of a package which includes enforceable disarmament. Without this, test-cessation seems scarcely worth the primary place that you give it. (¢But why? There's nothing to stop each side arming like hell with what they've got...there's no need to keep on testing what they've got...¢) No liberal is happy about the fact that our government has drawn the lines where it has, putting Fascists and dictators on our side, and neutralists in a class not far from fellow-travelers. On the other hand, i wonder if we have not attached too much importance to the support of Fascists and dictators, at least as a moral issue. (¢If no liberal is really happy about the situation, then I think it's pretty important...¢) ## Fandergaste's comments on 'foo' seem to lack data. This word was scattered through all of Bill Holman cartoons (single ones as well as comics), most often spoken by a cat with a bandaged tail. Later it was worked into many mottos, by Holman and by school children, such as "Many man smoke but Foo Manchu". It was probably coined out of thin air, like 'nank', but if it has any predecessor, that is probably 'fool' and not 'feu'. Similarly, i strongly question his derivation of 'Shmoo' from any word meaning to fawn upon. It was probably suggested by shmoe, which in turn was derived through sneering the 'S' in Smoe. I don't know Smoe's antecedents but it's one of the names that has been applied to your little man clinging to the fence, "Wot, no body?" etc."



Many thanks for your letter, Jack. Sorry I had to cut it so much. Ella Parker paid us a visit in the evening to baby-sit while we three went to see the H-Bomb exhibition covered by Joy in her column.

July  
10th

George Locke over to do more work on Smoke...letter from Gregg Calkins enclosing sub and saying that due to working through the summer he might not be doing much writing for a time. Hopes to get another Oops out before September, tho'.

July  
13th

PC from Ron Bennett - in Liverpool in search of news for S kyrack. Letter from Boyd Raeburn..."re Li'l Pitcher: admittedly many people in N.A. use 'jello' as a generic term for 'jelly', but that doesn't mean that jello is the generic term, no more than people using brand names of other products as generic terms for those products (eg Frigidaire for any make of refrigerator) makes them the 'official' generic terms. 'Duplex' is a vague sort of term. Can refer to two story house, with each floor a complete apartment, but can also mean an apartment occupying two floors (or portions thereof) in an apartment building. Never, NEVER get embroiled in any biscuit/cookie/scone/bun/cake/cracker translation discussion..you'll never get anywhere. What is/are Arizona Highways? I gather it is a magazine, but what about? I mean, is it just about highways in Arizona with photos of same? (Thanks to the generosity of Bruce Pelz, Elinor Busby, Leslie Gerber and Bob Pavlat, I can answer that question in more detail. The mag is published by the Arizona Highways Department - the subject is Arizona..all of it. The black-and-white photos are terrific, but what we really go gaga about are the colour plates. Curiously enough, highways are rarely featured...the country itself, Painted Desert..Petrified Forest..Canyon de Chelly, all of these are star attractions. If you enjoy beautifully reproduced colour photos of scenery running wild, then this is a must. We now have the following issues: 47 Feb Mar May Jun Sep. 51 Nov Dec. 52 Dec. 54 Feb. 55 May Sep Oct Dec. 56 Mar Nov. 57 Jun Jul. 58 Jul. 59 Jan Apr Jun. Stop Press - Buck Coulson has just sent the July 59 issue...many thanks...)

July  
14th

FANAC 40 - Carr and Ellik - note new address, 70 Liberty Street, San Francisco 10, California. Cover stories on two parties that sound as if they were fun. All the usual news and fanzine reviews and stuff. Along with this came FANACHRONISM 1 published by Dean Grennell and containing two pages of his so-easy-to-read chatter.

George Locke - who'd been round almost daily - finished Smoke and took the sheets home for collating. He has really done very well. He gave out copies on

July  
17th

at the London Circle business meeting. Review in the next issue. The meeting itself went well. Ted Tubb presented a constitution from the chair, and a discussion followed. Only two points were of major interest, and on these amendments were passed from the floor. Joy proposed that the amended constitution be passed, Dorothy Ratigan seconded it, and everyone voted in favour. Discussion then turned to the Symposium to be held on Oct 3rd - cost £1 per head - all in - all night. Do come.

And it's about time to wind up. Late, as usual. Have just discovered copies of ArizHigh. for Dec 45, and Mar & Oct 47. This issue duplicated by Vinç and George Locke - the bad pages are due to a lousy bunch of stencils that didn't cut properly (special apologies to Bob Bloch). Missing material is being held over for the annish due after our holidays. Is all, Sandy.



