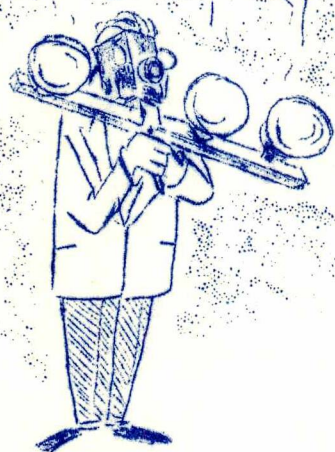


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1959

September,
October, November

APORRHETA-13

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EDITORIAL NOTES

It appears that my ambition to produce 52 pages each month has coincided with the most fantastic summer we've ever had. The holiday atmosphere has stretched from May to the middle of October, and if it hadn't been for Joy Clarke (who cut most of the stencils in this issue) you'd still be waiting for Ap~~o~~13. Events have almost been enough to make me superstitious.

Not that they have been distasteful - far from it - they just haven't been conducive to the production of this fanzine. For long stretches at a time the weather was too hot to work. We had Bennett for about six weeks and went to Manchester for a fortnight. We were visited off and on by fans from all over England and Europe, and right at the end we were pleased to play host to Belle and Frank Dietz who caught the last fortnight of sun before winter set in. (The current cover will not be esoteric to anyone who has seen Frank in action at a convention!) Unfortunately there just isn't time now to cover their holiday in detail in the Diary. I also picked this time to add photography as a third hobby (to fandom and hi-fi). There was the London Symposium, almost, and the LC reverted to its more usual disorganised state. We assisted in the formation of London's third SF group, about which more on page 51, and of course there was Nicki.

Apologies are due to our contributors for making them wait to see their work published. Contributions are still needed.....SANDY.

The number here is
the last copy due to
you

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HPS50

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SHADOW of ANT IMAGE BOB LEMAN

"Now, Mr. Prill," said the psychiatrist, "let's see what we can do about this curious delusion of yours."

The man on the couch felt his face twitch. "I tell you it's not a delusion, it's -- oh, what's the use? All right, Dr. Vooth. Shrink my head. Let's get to the basis of my 'delusion'."

"Fine, fine," said the doctor briskly. "Now suppose you just tell me the whole story, in your own words."

Vortex Prill sighed. He was by now himself more than half convinced that he'd gone mad, and retelling the story aggravated his fears. But there appeared to be no choice.

"Well, you see, doctor, I'm a fan," he said, "and a pretty active one, too. Now --"

"One moment, please, Mr. Prill. You say you are a fan. A movie fan, do you mean?"

Prill was scornful. "Of course not. A science fiction fan. We correspond with each other and publish fanzines and go to conventions and some of the serious types read science fiction. There are usually a few feuds going on. Some cities have local clubs, although there's not one here. Great institution, fandom."

"And how does one join -- ah -- fandom, Mr. Prill?"

"Why, I'd say most neofen begin by letterhacking in the prozines, and make contact with other fen through that. Somebody tells them about fanzines, and they do some hacking there, and first thing you know, there they are at a dufer handle."

"Ah -- yes," said the doctor. He wrote in his notebook, "Coins words."

"As I was saying, I'm a fan," Prill went on. "I'm in FAPA and SAPS and OMPA and The Cult, and my quarterly genzine, FENDETTA, was in the top ten last year. It may sound immodest, but I think it's safe to say that I'm a BNF." He looked at the

doctor expectantly. The doctor said, "Ah, quite so." Looking disappointed, Prill continued.

"I've been hitting the fanac pretty hard, no question about that. My correspondence is really heavy, and I try to send a little something to everyone who requests a contribution. Sometimes I've thought I might burn myself out, but so far I've stayed as keen as ever. Too keen, the way things are now.

"The -- trouble began about two months ago. I stopped getting mail. Oh, not altogether. The usual bills and magazines came. But no fannish mail. The first time the box was empty I was pretty surprised, because it had been at least a year since anything like that had happened. And then there was a second blank day, and a third. It gave me a mighty funny feeling. I guess I'd become more dependent on fanac than I'd realised.

"When a whole week had gone by without a fanzine or a letter -- or even so much as a postcard -- I became a bit frantic. The only possible explanation that occurred to me was that one of my correspondents had got himself into trouble with the law through selling classified information or peddling dope or something -- there are some pretty strange types in fandom -- and that the post-office was holding and examining the mail of everybody on the culprit's mailing list. The more I thought about it, the more convinced I became that that was what had happened. On the tenth day I went to the post-office and asked about it.

"I said that I was expecting an important letter, and that I'd been advised by telephone that it had been mailed some days before, but that I still hadn't received it. Could it be that it was being held for any reason by the post-office?

"The man at the information window looked shocked at the suggestion, but directed me to the office of an assistant postmaster. That worthy convinced me that my suspicions were all wrong, but gave me a rather difficult time because he wanted to put a tracer on my fictitious missing 'very important letter'. I finally wriggled out of it.

"And went home and waited for a few more days for some fannish mail. Nothing.

"By this time I had persuaded myself that there was a plot against me -- that fandom had united to ostracise and reject me. Don't look so knowing, doctor; I recognise that as a paranoid symptom, too. Anyhow, I wrote to five or six fans I'd known for a very long time, urgently requesting an immediate answer.

"I didn't get a single reply.

"Next thing I tried was to get a couple of hundred of those double postcards -- the kind that have a return card that can be torn off. I mimeo'd 'I do Do Not want the next issue of FENDETTA. (Check one)' on the return half. I sent the things to everybody on my list. I figured that marking an 'X' and dropping an already addressed card into a mailbox was so simple that somebody would respond.

"And somebody did! Six people, to be exact. When those cards came, I wept for joy -- and I'm not ordinarily an emotional man.

"I lost no time in writing to the six fans who responded. I wrote rather incoherent letters, I suppose, asking if they'd experienced the same hiatus in their receipt of fannish mail, and, if so, what they thought the explanation was.

"There were two answers. I've got the letters here."

Prill dug into the bulging briefcase which he had placed beside the couch, and handed two letters to the doctor. The first letter read:

"Dear Mr. Prill:

You have evidently confused me with someone else. I am a furnace salesman, and have nothing to do with the publishing business. I returned your card because I was curious to know what something called 'Fendetta' might be. I have

not previously seen the publication, as you assume.
As for the magazine "Grue", of which you speak,
please be advised that I have never heard of it.

Yours very truly,
/s/ Dean A. Grennell"

The second letter went like this:

"Dear Sir:

A writer receives some curious mail, but your letter is the strangest that has yet crossed my desk. I presume that you have been reading some of my old Weird Tales stories, and hoped to find in me a kindred soul. Be assured that I am (thank God) not.

/s/ Robert Bloch"

The doctor finished reading, and said, "And were you surprised at these letters, Mr. Prill?"

"Surprised? I was thunderstruck! Understand, doctor, I had corresponded with these fellows for years, and had read their fanzines for longer than that. Both of them had written me letters of comment on every issue of FENDETTA. And here they were saying in effect that they'd never heard of me -- nor of fandom, for that matter.

"I was beginning to think that the whole world had gone mad. I took two weeks off work, and spent them writing long letters to every fan I knew of, in a desperate effort to find out what was going on. There were twenty-three replies.

"And they were all the same! They had never heard of me, never heard of fandom, didn't know what a fanzine was. Willis thought I was trying to sell him a subscription to a magazine called HYPHEN, and declined. Terry Carr thought my letter was a practical joke being perpetrated by Ron Ellick. Berry apparently turned my letter over to his superiors, and I had a coldly official reply from Belfast police headquarters. Buz Busby and Boyd Raeburn and a few others wrote letters which were clearly intended to sooth and humor a poor nut. In essence, they were all the same.

"And that was when I really got scared. Something had wiped all knowledge of fandom out of the minds of the fans of the world. I had somehow unaccountably been missed. But how do I know how long I'll be spared? Whatever is doing this wants fandom destroyed, so it can't permit me to retain my knowledge. Doctor, it's after me! And you sit there and prate about a delusion! I've got to hide somewhere!"

The doctor's voice was deliberately soothing. "The 'thing' that is after you isn't the delusion I was speaking of, Mr. Prill. I believe that when we've removed the real delusion, you will realise that you are not in any way in jeopardy."

"Real delusion?" cried Prill. "Real delusion? Then you must mean that this thing that's after me isn't imaginary! My God, what am I going to do?"

"Mr. Prill, given your postulates, it was perfectly logical to deduce a 'thing' which has been wiping out knowledge of fandom. But your facts were wrong."

"My facts were wrong? What facts? Are you trying to say that fandom is operating as usual?"

"In a sense, it is. Tell me, Mr. Prill, did you by any chance sustain a severe blow on the head at about the time that -- uh -- 'fanac' ceased?"

Prill thought. "Why, yes, I slipped in the bathtub about then, and hit my head. No harm done, except a bad headache. I hope you're not implying that I knocked myself silly."

— "On the contrary, on the contrary. Now, Mr. Prill, you will remember that I

asked you to bring along documents which might throw some light on the problem. So far you have showed me only letters you received after your difficulties began. I wonder if you would show me some of the earlier papers -- some letters, and perhaps some 'fanzines'."

"Glad to, doctor," Prill said. "Now this --" he dug into the briefcase -- is a copy of SKYHOOK, the most erudite of the fanzines. This is APORRHETA, which will give you some idea of how H.M. fans do it. OOPSLA, one of the outstanding zines, and CRY and YANDRO, which are monthlies. I've got lots more. And here are some letters. This one --"

The doctor interrupted. "Mr. Prill, please look at these 'fanzines' you have handed me."

"Yes, I see them, doctor. Now this letter is --"

"Look at them closely and carefully, Mr. Prill. Look at them!" It was a sharp command.

Prill's eyes, which had been shiftily avoiding the stack of fanzines, involuntarily focussed upon them. He stared with a sort of horrified fascination.

The doctor's voice was still sharp: "You've known it all the time, really, haven't you, Mr. Prill? You've just been unwilling to give up the delusion you enjoyed so much. Now tell me, what do you see?"

Prill was sweating profusely. "Fanzines," he croaked.

"Mr. Prill!" snapped the doctor.

"It's -- it's just blank paper."

The doctor sighed. "Quite so. Just blank paper. Do you understand it all now, Mr. Prill?"

"I -- no, I don't think I do."

"I think you do -- or you will after you've thought a bit. There is not, of course, such a thing as fandom. The whole thing is simply a systematic delusion under which you have labored for some years -- a most ingenious delusion, I must admit. That crack on the head apparently snapped you back to reality -- a reality you didn't want to face. So you've been trying frantically to hold on to your belief in fandom. You knew perfectly well that those 'fanzines' were only bundles of blank paper -- you made that obvious when you refused to look directly at them. Your dream-world is gone, Mr. Prill. You may as well face up to the fact.

"You're wrong!" Prill shouted.

"How could fandom be a delusion? All the fanzines, the correspondence, the conventions, the columns in the pro-zines -- do you mean that none of that is real?"

"Its only reality was in your mind, Mr. Prill, and now it no longer exists even there -- does it?"

Prill look wretchedly unhappy.

"I don't know, doctor," he said. "I



just don't know." He wrung his hands. Suddenly his face brightened. "Wait a minute! Those letters from Bloch and Grennell are real, aren't they? That proves there are such people. They're not delusions!"

The doctor was patient. "Oh, they're real people, all right. In fact, I should think that every name in your list of 'fans' is a real name, which you picked up in one place or another. But the real people whose names you used have no connection with the fannish characters you have invented under those names. The letters you received should make that amply clear."

"I suppose you're right, doctor. But it hardly seems possible that -- let's see that fanzine again."

The doctor passed it over. Prill said, "Just blank paper. But before I recovered from my delusion it was GRUE # 29. Fifty-five pages of fascinating reading. I wish I hadn't taken that knock on the head, doctor. I was happier before."

"You are a remarkably inventive man, Mr. Prill, to have created in such vivid detail so great a cast of characters and such a multiplicity of imaginary magazines. I would suggest that you might turn your aberration to good advantage, if you can remember the various writings which you imagined to make up these fanzines of yours. If the quality of the best of them was as good as you say, you might be able to sell professionally. After all, every item was a product of your own imagination."

Prill spoke excitedly: "Doctor, you've given me an idea! Oh, not to write professionally; but why shouldn't there be a real fandom? I worked the whole thing out in detail while I was crazy -- in fact, it still seems pretty real to me. I could start the ball rolling by getting out a fanzine, and I'll bet that in a few years there'll be a real fandom as good as the one I imagined. By God, I'll do it! I'll found First Fandom!"

Dr. Vooth was pleased to see his patient in such good spirits. "By all means, Mr. Prill. So long as you concentrate your life upon things that are real, I very much doubt whether your trouble will recur. But now I fear it is time for my next appointment. I'll see you next week at the same time. There's no reason why -- why, what's the matter, Mr. Prill?"

Prill's face had gone white, and his eyes were not focussing. He sat rigidly motionless.

"Mr. Prill! What is it?"

Prill suddenly relaxed, and shook his head as though to clear it. "Well, doctor," he said, "I think you've done me a lot of good. I'll be back for next week's appointment, but I'm sure I'm cured right now. I think I could walk right up to a cat and stroke it without feeling a twinge."

The doctor stared. "Mr. Prill, what do you think I have been treating you for?"

It was Prill's turn to stare. "Why, for my neurotic fear of cats," he said. "And you've done a fine job, too."

The doctor was silent and thoughtful for a long moment. "And what about your fanzine, Mr. Prill?"

"Fanzine? What's that?"

Again there was a moment of silence. Then the psychiatrist said, "Nothing that need concern you, Mr. Prill. I'll see you next week. Good day."

After Prill had gone the doctor sat for a long time in a brown study. Then he picked up the stapled sheaf of papers which Prill had called "GRUE". He stared at the top sheet with grim concentration. Now, let's see. . .

Prill had suddenly forgotten everything about fandom -- even the word "fanzine" -- even though he was by then convinced that the whole thing was a mere delusion. He had, before his cure, feared a thing that would cleanse his memory of any knowledge of fandom. It was possible, it was just possible. . .

(Continued on Page 12)

And Nicki Just STARED

by

JIM LINWOOD



The date was August 8th. 1959, the place 90, Beresford Road, Manchester. The occasion was Inchmery's "Fan-Party" at their summer quarters. Alan Rispin

and myself had just arrived after hitch-hiking from Nottingham, we had met Sandy and Joy in a nearby dairy, where Joy accused me of having shaved off my moustache - as I'd never had one, this sounded distinctly odd to me. We made our entrance with our arms full of bottles of milk. Joy introduced us to her daughter Nicki; she lay in Joy's arms and stared at me with those large blue eyes of hers.

It had been around 2 p.m. when we arrived and Vin made us some tea. This we drank while reading and poking fun at the newspapers.

From upstairs we heard a series of unearthly groans, I was relieved to hear they came not from Nicki, but from a notorious gambler named Bennett, who, for some unstated reason had just left London, and previously, Herrogate, in somewhat of a hurry. Nicki and Ron joined us for dinner, or breakfast, from the Bennett point of view.

So this is where it all began, that fateful weekend in Manchester, with Nicki staring at me, and Ron introducing himself to the budgerigar as a GDA operative.

Sandy and Vine told us of their experiences coming from London: Due to careful planning they had missed the early train and arrived in Manchester at 4 a.m. I wasn't surprised to learn that Ron had been teaching Nicki to play bag on the train, even so, he owed everybody one penny, even me!

After a brief shopping expedition I returned to find Brian Jordan had arrived, so we sat and talked Jazz. We both felt blue over the loss of Lady Day, but then, she will never sit all alone in her solitude and see those strange fruit, hanging low from the trees, ever again. As we talked, a tall blond youth came in and introduced himself as Klaus Eylmann from Hamburg, editor of the German fmz "NOVA". Klaus had just arrived in England and had many interesting things to say about Gerfandom. He told us of two fan-clubs in a state of continual feud, who were holding two separate cons - so Gerfandom isn't all that different from Anglofandom after all.

I went out to buy some cigarettes and found a Forry Ackerman fmz on sale at the newsagents: No. 2 of Famous Monsters of Filmland. Back at the house we all dug the puns therein like: "Do you think you can outstare me? Even Fred couldn't, and he's as good Astaire'r as anybody." Ron raised an objection to the bacover blurb: "The only magazine banned in Transylvania!", and turned to read his beloved "Blackboard Jungle".

I should explain that after dinner we had all moved to the more fannish surroundings of Sandy's library.

Towards 8 O/C we were beginning to feel like the dame who gave a party: She sent out the invitations and nobody turned up. The food and drink stood proud and lonely as we bit our fingernails; even Nicki sensed something was wrong. To kill boredom Alan and I took a little walk. We phoned Sid Birchby, but all he could or would say was: "Burp, burp, burp." Ignoring this fannish co-incidence, we bought some chips and chanted "Britain is a Police State!" outside a police station. Feeling blue, we returned to No. 90, and behold! Here were over 20 fen enjoying themselves.

The bunch from L'pool: Norman and Ina Shorrocks, John Roles, Eddie Jones, Stan Nuttal, Nancy Pooley, Jeff (whose surname I don't know), and two really beautiful newcomers: Joan and Kitty. They had arrived in two cars - it would be interesting to know how many fen own cars. The locals were there, too. Dave Cohen and his wife, Eric the Bent and Terry Jeeves with their girl friends, and, of course, Sid Birchby. I threw myself onto a cushion and just sat, watching it all.

Here were fen putting aside feuds and personal arguments to knock back drinks together at a party which became a ceremony in which everybody participated. There was Norman appearing from the kitchen with the latest Pimms 90 (blood-red, this), somebody asking Klaus if he was hungry and Bentcliffe punning "Don't be silly, he's a Hamburger!" Brian Jordan and I operated the radio, and cried "Yeah, get hot," when any Jazz appeared. We all dug Stan Kenton, who the announcer claimed to be 'the man who discovered jazz'. Eric danced with the girls, but Dave Cohen just stood, because he claimed: "I have to grow." As he tops the 6 foot mark, I don't see the need for any hurry. Ina spilled some of her husband's brew down her frock and had to change. This she did, into the shortest pair of pants commensurate with decency, thus enabling all present to regain their

Sense of Wonder.

Assuming it to be about the right time for the honoured tradition of Brag, John, Ron and myself left the party for the seclusion of a quieter room (NO! Not that one!). Playing Brag with Ron was the one fannish experience I had so far escaped. In this game Ron introduced a new - to me - innovation. Swapping cards before play commenced. A person holding a bad hand could swap a worthless card to somebody else who maybe wanted it. As no player could see the cards, swapping occurred at a fantastic rate with cards flying through the air like something out of Alice's nightmares.

Sid Birchby drifted in as a spectator complaining that the bread Joy was serving seemed to be coloured - red and green - but the butter was yellow. Thinking he was drunk, we continued playing, but later, on going out for something to eat we found he had told us no more than the truth. Green bread!

Like something out of Runyon, an odd assortment of fen drifted into the game: Eric with his lush moll, Norman the stamp-dealer (only right now he was dealing flushes) and Jeff. I soon left the game when Jeff began staking 10/-'s!

Finding the party still going, I took Brian and Alan for a walk. Outside we met a solitary drunk, I gave him a sip of sherry and directed him to the lighted house which, I assured him, was a Quaker's Friendship House, waiting to greet his lost soul. When we got back a cushion flung by Eric greeted me. Not to be outdone, I supplied everyone with cushions on condition they pelted Eric with them. They did. He retaliated, though. One missile of his took the skin off my nose and winded John Roles.

Bennett had left the card-school, and was now suggesting a game of Rugby. I being the only member of his team, we called the game OMPA v. The Rest - the rest being Ina and Alan (who had to be dragged from the femmes.). Like in true jazz, everything was improvised. The ball was a plastic colinder, the touchline was the edge of the carpet, and the goalposts a pair of candlesticks. If Sandy's parents had returned home then! The highlight of the game was Ina and Alan's tackle of myself. I would have been proud of the way I hung on to the ball, that is, if I'd had it in the first place. Bennett had it all along!

The game ended with Bennett congratulating my broken and bleeding body.

Soon the party broke up; upstairs, that is. Outside, a wellknown fan was discussing s-f (or so he said) in a highly original manner with his girl. Dave and I argued about politics in fandom: I dissented by saying a fan's politics will find some form of expression in fandom even though it be taboo. Then, as in other circumstances when a large number of fans are gathered together, we discussed sex. We argued whether companionship or 'otherwise' was important in marriage. That 'otherwise' bit attracted quite a number of spectators including Ina, who thought my age had something to do with my beliefs. One result though was the promise of an article from Dave Cohen.

Came the dawn, and John Roles and I ventured to drag Ron from the brag game - solo-brag - for a taste of morning air (John swore he could actually taste it!) Bennett cunningly dodged us seeking asylum in the toilet. After pushing combs, napkins, etc., under the door, we went outside to pelt the toilet window with

earth. This brought Ron's face to the window - this was too much. Going upstairs once more, I blundered into a bedroom full of sleeping femmes to whom I apologetically said "I'm - er - looking for Ron Bennett." We later found him asleep over the card table!

In the kitchen I found Sandy, who rejected my idea of photographing the deserted party room, thereby getting that 'lived-in' effect.

Joy prepared a breakfast of eggs and sausages; they looked and smelled so delicious I broke my vegetarian habits just for once and tucked into them. The rest of the morning is a collection of vague memories...I presented Ina with a copy of "Lady Chatterly's Lover" with the comment 'Ina Shorrook - This Is Your Life!' She hit me over the head with the book. Klaus, Brian, Alan and I lay spread-eagled on the lawn - I wore a tea-caddy beanie - drinking whisky and barked at the neighbour's dog. The neighbours watched us and knowingly nodded their heads to and fro, to and fro. Bennett, who had been threatening to leave for Harrogate, was reluctantly led to the bus by Joy.

Time now for good-byes, and I began the long hitch home by thumbing one of the departing L'pool fancars. But Jeff wouldn't take me, despite my offer to show him a short cut to L'pool via Nottingham.

The party was a great fannish and social success, despite people like Linwood being there. From it I learned many things like: Sid Birchby resembles (in an abstract way) Burgess. Never play Brag with more than 3 people. And never, never expect Ron Bennett to take the morning air at 6 a.m. (or any other time before 1 p.m.)

.....And Nicki still stered.....

— FIN —

(Continued from page 8)

The doctor blinked his eyes. The sheet before him was no longer blank. Red letters said, "GRUE" and there was a picture in blue of a man in a space suit. He hastily flipped through the papers. There was printing on every formerly blank page. He knew suddenly that this was real, that the blankness had been the delusion.

Oley Vooth, M.D., Ph.D., the last person on earth with any knowledge of fandom, settled back in his chair to read the last copy of GRUE. He hoped he'd have time to finish it before the thing came to tamper with his brain.

— The End —

ONE AUTHOR - FIVE NAMES

"Pseudonyms unravelled: Humorist-novelist Hilary Ford (Felix Running) is also adventure-novelist John Christopher (Scent of White Poppies), crime-writer Peter Graaf (The Sapphire Conference), and "straight" novelist William Godfrey (The Friendly Game). His real name? Samuel Youd."

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN, SEPT. 1959.

WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOM

by George Locke

The fan body, even where it differs from the human, is quite able to take care of itself. But when the pavement began to draw away, as though Tom weren't using Amplex, he refused to believe it. He had reached Charing Cross Road in his search and, frantically, he clutched at a bookshelf. Unfastened, it soared with him. Howling: "Fanzines! I need fanzines!" he hauled himself into the shop and, resisting stubbornly the urge of his body to sail Westwards, hunted for them.

It had been a horrible month, during which no fanzines had appeared, let alone the one-shot issued by HIM. At last, his body racked with pain, he had braved the mundane world to search for fanzines containing THE GREAT MAN's material.

"Ghod," he muttered. "One fanzine. On fanzine with HIM in is all I ask to sustain me until the one-shot. One fanzine..."

He flung the books aside, tore the bookseller's lapels in two, but found none. Then, covered in white dust from the plaster ceiling, and weeping, he floated into the open again. His eyes closed, his mind withdrew itself into his frontal lobes. He began to move westward at a height of 500 feet. Oblivious of this, he passed over Surrey, Hampshire and, in the fullness of time, came to Wiltshire. He spiraled lower, and the change in motion snapped him awake again. "Trowbridge", he breathed, and grinned.

Below he could see a farm, and close by, the fabulous Norman G. Wansborough meditating upon a pig's trotters, pig attached, near a hedge.

"At last. At last." He landed and, his weightlessness conveniently gone, approached Him.

"Norman?" he asked, trembling. Norman the Mighty, the genius, was near him.

"Arrgh," replied the Mighty.

Tom sank to the ground and began to transfer the soiled polish on NGW's boots to his tongue. "Oh, Magnificent Norman, I beg thee recite to me a poem."

Norman looked at him, a dedicated light glinting in his eyes. "Well, OI don't roightly know..."

"Please, Norman, please, or I'll die. I'll go mad. Mad..."

"Well, arrgh..." Norman began to recite 'Ode to a Pig's Trotters' and Tom listened in ecstasy.

At last, as evening drew near, and the poem was in its hundred and forty-fifth stanza, Tom suddenly went limp and flopped off the pile of hay on which he had been sitting. He rolled a few yards and lay still. Norman watched him for a few hours but, as Tom did not move at the end of that time, he mumbled: "He soims dead." He milked the cows, then ran panic-stricken to the house and, lifting the phone, dialed the number of GAFIA, the fan disposal agency.

A man replied.

"Can Oi speak to Ted Carnell, or Ray Bradbury?" Norman asked.

"We're all professionals here," the man said. "Which fan is leaving the ranks now?"

"Oi be Norman G. Wansborough, and Oi have a body here... A fan."

"...Hang on, we'll be right with you," said the Gafia man, and came through Norman's French windows as he was composing the reply to end all replies. "Where is he?" the Gafia agents - there was more than one - asked.

Norman stood as though thinking. "Gunlaw", he yelped abruptly, taking all but the Television set by surprise. He turned it on, and his jaw drooped to allow his teeth a clearer view. During the commercial break, he took the Gafia men to view the body. One of them clad in a white coat and a stethoscope, shivered in the evening chill, and diagnosed: "He's suffering from what resembles an overdose of a dangerous drug such as morphine. We must get him to hospital." He peered closer, then shook his head. "His eyes, though, are unaffected, so it can't be morphine. What can it be, then?"

The Gafia men held an editorial conference, but rejected everything. In the end, one of them was sufficiently misguided to ask Norman what happened. "Oi was reading him poetry."

The doctor murmured: "Poetine-NGW. It should have been included on the DDA list years ago." The others stared at him blankly. One said: "Hadn't we better get him to the hospital?"

"The best hospital is right here. If you look in the Summer 1947 issue of the British Fan-Medical Journal, you will find a reference to a very rare group of mental reagents, the poetines. They resemble morphine in some respects, and addiction occurs very easily. Almost any of the different types of fan-poetry can cause this. The most dangerous is Poetine-NGW. Tom was apparently brought here by the onset of withdrawal symptoms arising from the lack of fanzines recently." The pros chuckled evilly for a moment, then became serious once more.

"With the present large dose Tom has received, the addiction will be so severe that only a lengthy treatment will effect a cure."

"And that treatment is?"

"I shall use the same method as that used to cure morphine and cocaine addicts. We must submit the patient to gradually decreasing doses of the drug - in this case, Poetine-NGW, over a long period. Norman - start composing poetry."

"What is the reason for Tom's present condition?" asked a pro, prodding the recumbent figure with a blue pencil. Tom snored.

"He is in the ecstatic state of bliss brought on by the poetine."

"Asleep?"

Seven years later, the day of days came when Tom's daily dose of Poetine-NGW was reduced to zero. He rested in bed, reading a prozine, waiting for the Doctor and Norman to enter. Time passed, neither came in. Eventually, evening arrived and there was still no sign of either. He became worried then, as a thought occurred to him, he smiled again. He felt no craving for Poetine-NGW now. He held his arms high, and proclaimed: "I'm cured." Finally, the Doctor and Norman arrived, Norman flushed with a strange excitement. "Did you see the Telly?" Tom shook his head.

"Oh, you missed something." Norman was as pleased as a fan with two drinks. The Doctor winked at Tom. "His poetry's become so good with all the practice he's had that he appeared on Western ITV a couple of hours ago to give a recitation."

"I'm glad for you, Norman." Norman said: "Would you like to hear the recording?"

Something snapped inside Tom's head. "No. No. You mustn't. It'll drive me mad. I'll die...."

(Continued on Page 18)

THE BADGER THAT NOW AND THEN

DEAN

/A

GRENNELL

If you are puzzled by the derivation of the title, it is inspired by Walt Willis' column "THE HARP THAT ONCE OR TWICE" which appears in that most august and worthy publication, OOPSLA! The badger is the mascot, or official animal, of the state of Wisconsin and I borrowed

the last three words from the Messrs. Needham and Turner. Of Course, being a Kansan born, I could have made it the Jayhawk, but on the rare occasions since 1926 that I have returned to my native state I have been profoundly grateful to my parents - not only for moving to Wisconsin at that time, but for taking me with them. Anyway, now you know.

I said last time that almost anything is apt to turn up here although last installment, being largely concerned with book reviews of stefantasy books, was a very model of sercon trufannishness. I have a feeling that this column will be one of those which try the mettle of publishers of Grennell columns because Sandy wants something right now and all I can think of for subject matter is some stuff that might be loosely tied up and titled:

CONFESSIONS OF A CANDID WEDDING PHOTOGRAPHER.

I don't know how universal the custom has become, but around these parts in the last 15 years or so there has sprung up quite a vogue for having "candid pictures" taken at weddings. In the early days of photography, it was customary to confine the coverage to a cabinet portrait of the bride and groom, which was hung up in the parlor to gather flyspecks till the grandchildren threw it out. In these works of art, the groom was invariably shown seated, a bowler resting delicately on his outstretched right forearm, with the bride standing behind him with her left hand daintily placed upon his right shoulder. History does not give us the name of the daring pioneer who first worked out this pose but generations of succeeding photoggers followed it scrupulously until the pose became one of the first of the great cliches of the artform (bona fide brush-and-colour painters are given full permission to inscribe quote-marks around "artform" in their copies.)

These days the thing is to have a wedding given an intensive coverage-in-depth suitable for coronations and the trials of celebrated felons. There are numerous "stock" shots which are on their way to being, if they have not already become, as trite and hackneyed as the standing-bride shot of yore.

There are shots at the bride's home before the wedding, of female relatives helping her adjust her veil, of the bridesmaids watching her adjust her garter, of her father wagging his finger at her and "giving her advice", and of the bride giv-

ing her presents to the bridesmaids. The alert and enterprising photographer may also bag cute shots of the bride tying Grandpa's tie for him or installing a flower in her kid brother's lapel.

At about this point the lensman heaves his gear into the car and hies off to the church to catch pix of the blushing groom sweating it out with his attendants. Shots here can range from a sober and deadpan pose of the others lined up to shake him by the hand on up to hilarious gag shots of them holding him up all weak-kneed, or preventing him from escaping by hanging onto his coat-tails. You have to size up the individuals involved and make a snap judgment as to what sort they are.

And then you scuttle back to the front of the church with your nine pounds of camera and twenty pounds of gadget bag giving you the approximate gait of a pregnant cow. Normally I don't wear a full suit and tie in hot weather so I don't own a light weight summer suit and on a hot muggy day I wear the same suit I wear to work at 20° below in the winter (though I don't carry it to the extreme of wearing a top-coat and scarf as well, of course). Wearing a suit is something the photographer absolutely doesn't have to do but if you showed up in swimming trunks or dungarees it would be an effective way of gaining free time for other things.

A shot of the bride getting out of the car is another must. Care must be taken to get this at a time when the pose is reasonably graceful and flattering since they only buy the shots they like from proofs later. To make a stately exit from the rear seat of an auto while encumbered by a wide flouncy, full-length skirt (white satin, mind you, which mustn't drag in the mudpuddles), with veil and bridal bouquet is a darned good trick, especially if the car is a small two-doored job. If the bride manages it without looking awkward, you can fairly well figure you can shoot away the rest of the time and she'll come out looking good on everything. If she turns out all knees and elbows, you are going to have to select your one-hundredth-seconds most judiciously or wind up with a stack of orphan proofs.

I nearly missed this shot once because the bride's dress looked to be a very pronounced pastel lavender and I thought she was one of the bridesmaids (who are customarily turned out in assorted pink, pale green or blue, etc.) but the dress really was white. It only looked lavender because it was a very dark, cloudy day in late December and the light threw me off. I was waiting at the top of the steps and called "When is the bride coming?" and she identified herself, meantime advancing a-gallop to the point at which I'd focused the camera. I punched the button and that particular shot came out with her pointing at her chest with an index finger and with her mouth hanging open on the word "me". Needless to say, that wound up as an orphan proof.

A few quick shots now of the bride's group phalanxing up for the grand entry. Meantime you will have wanted to find out if the presiding clergyman will allow flash pictures to be taken during the ceremony. Most Catholic churches don't mind; most Protestant churches won't hear of it. Some leave it up to the couple. What louses up the deal is the occasional brash amateur who charges about like a water-buffalo in rut, elbowing people aside, cutting across taboo areas, balancing atop rails, stepping on the bride's train and generally making a conspicuous schlook of himself. One creep like this may sour a priest or pastor on all photographers for a long time or even for life.

In a no-flash ceremony, the last flash shot you get to take is of the bride's father turning her over to the groom at the altar. From then on, you go onto available light, thanking your lucky stars for the new hyper-sensitive emulsions and energetic developers which, with a fast lens, permit natural light shots of reasonably quiescent subjects in any light of visible intensity.

Along about this stage is where somebody earns a few dollars by getting up, usually in the choir loft, and rendering a song. So far as I know, this is always a dirge-like ditty apparently called "Because". I am always astonished to find that,

with each fresh hearing, I manage to loathe it just a bit more heartily than the time before. Phonetically, it goes something like:

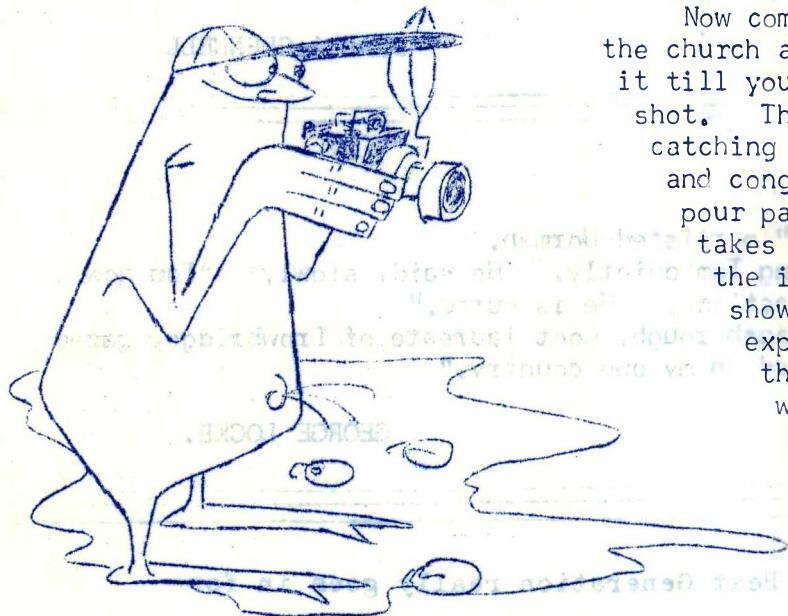
Beee-CAWWZZZZ yook ummm toom eeee wiz nawwwt sayyyv LUHHVVvv

Andt aikk my nhand dan lif t'miinn nize--a buUUvvv...

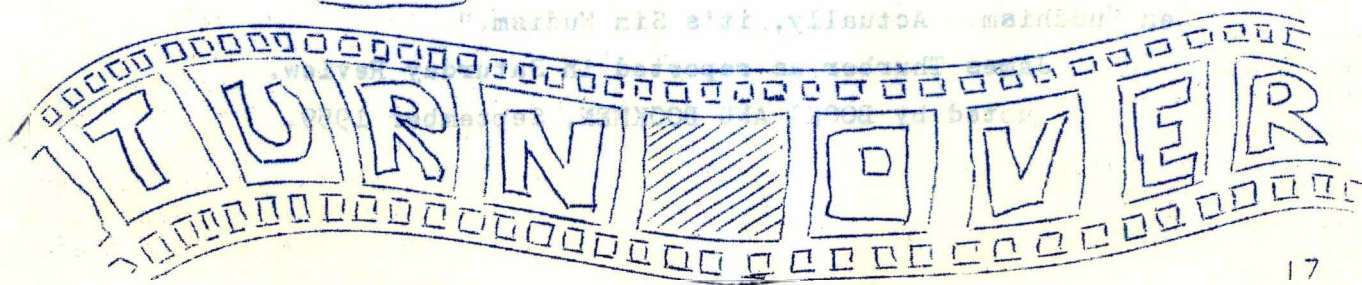
(Translation: Because you come to me with naught save Love, / And take mine hand and lift mine eyes above...) There is more, but around this point the organism's in-built defenses snap into action and pain impulses traveling along the auditory nerves are bypassed away from the brain. The photographer, since no one is doing anything shootworthy at this point, may amuse himself by composing ribald verses suitable for singing to the same tune. Or, if desired, he can just stand there. The important thing is to look pokerfaced and dignified.

The ceremonial shots vary with the denomination. At RC weddings you get pix of giving the rings; one time I ran into some sort of mechanical difficulty with my battered old Speed Graphic and as I stood there in the wings (or whatever the little room beside the altar is called) barking my knuckles and blaspheming under my breath, I heard the priest clearing his throat significantly. The malfunction cleared just then and I looked up to find that the entire affair was being help up so that I could get a shot of the bride receiving her ring; priest, wedding party and half the spectators were watching me with great interest. With such aplomb as I could muster I raised the camera, flashed and the affair moved on without a hitch.

One of the toughest shots is to get a good pic of the couple coming back up the aisle after it's all over. Somehow they always wind things up and suddenly start back when I am least prepared for it. Then I stand there frantically trying to change holders, insert bulb, cock shutter, focus, aim and shoot in such a manner as to get a good pose. Often the shot turns out with expressions of glazed stupor or stunned relief but they usually buy this one anyway.



Now comes the clinch at the back of the church and if you're lucky they'll hold it till you reload from the up-the-aisle shot. Then the photog's nightmare of catching one of the people filing past and congratulating the newlyweds. They pour past in a steady stream and it takes superhuman timing to catch all the important people with their face showing and in a reasonably good expression. If you wait too long, the enthusiastic female relatives will get the faces of both the bride and groom so smurched up with lipstick that they look more like Piutes on the war-path than what they're supposed to be.



At one time it was the big thing to get a shot next of the couple coming out of the church and getting pelted with rice but either this is getting old hat or I have had a long string of riceless weddings because this one hasn't turned up in a long time. I, for one, miss it not, because some kid cousin would usually deliver a handful of rice, sticky from being long held in a sweaty palm, accurately down the back of the neck of the photographer, and when you're bushed and sweaty and distraught yourself, any number of things go better than sticky rice down your collar.

Follows now the reception with shots of the couple cutting the cake and feeding a bite of it to each other. If all the pix I've made of couples sawing at cakes were laid end to end it would be a dreary vista, but I remember one in particular. They seemed like an especially fun-loving pair and I remembered that I had a machete - a heavy, long-bladed knife like a small cutlass - in the car that I'd been using to clear brush with. I suggested gagging a pose with that and they were quite taken with the idea. I fetched it in, decorated it with a white satin bow borrowed from the bride's bouquet and snapped them holding it poised in a heroic back-swing as though about to split the cake from truck to keelson. As a variation on a tired theme it was satisfying, though I can't hold out much hope that it will start a new trend. It will never be as popular, for example, as the standing-bride pose of the 19th century, but it opens whole new fields to explore... cutting cakes with chain-saws, air-hammers, cross-cut saws, axes or mayhap the propellor of an airplane. The true artist is never content to follow when he may lead.

This is not to say that I am now engaged as a fulltime photographer. Far from it. In these hectic latter years I only cover an occasional wedding for one of the local studios when they have overlapping ceremonies they couldn't cover otherwise. But it's interesting and fun once in a while.

Next instalment: "Refining Sugar From Non-Domesticated Cane," or "Wild Granules I Have Known." Don't miss it if you can!

DEAN A GRENELL

(Continued from Page 14.)

"It's very uplifting, Tom," persisted Norman.

The doctor had been studying Tom quietly. He said, slowly: "Tom now possesses the Normal Fannish Reactions. He is cured."

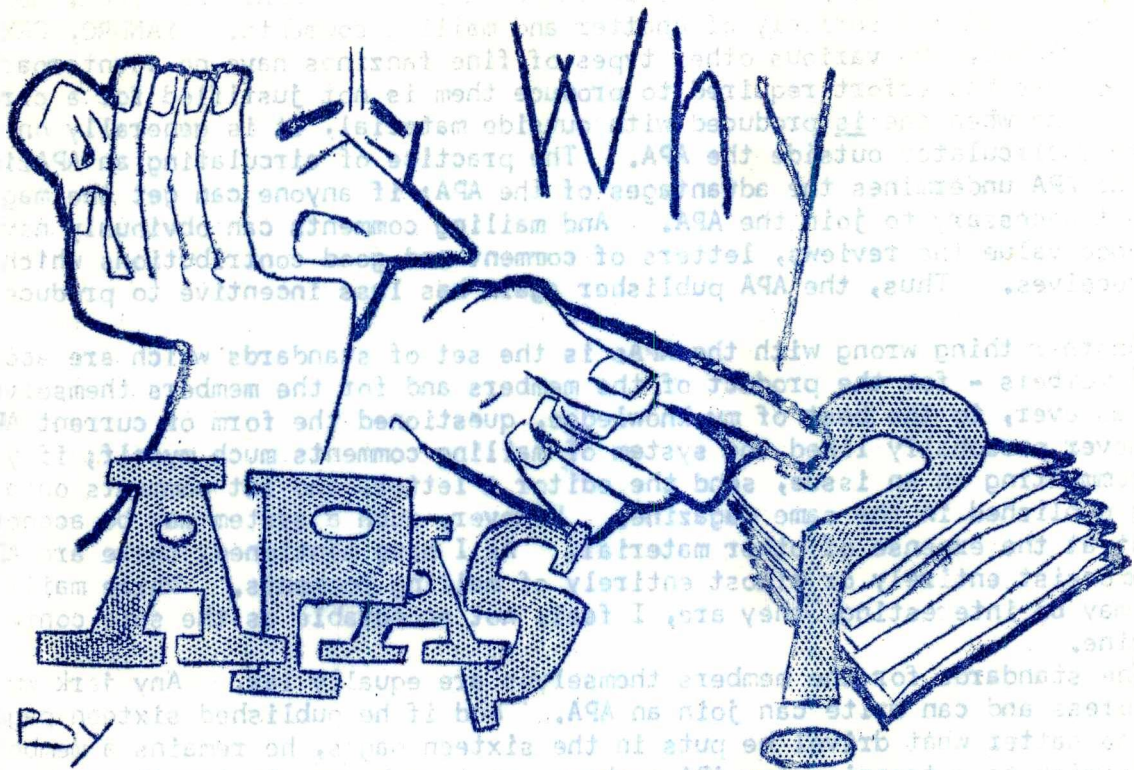
And the Mighty Norman G. Wansborough, poet laureate of Trowbridge, gazed sadly at the floor. "Unhonoured in my own country."

GEORGE LOCKE.

"I don't think the Beat Generation really goes in for Zen Buddhism. Actually, it's Sin Nudism."

James Thurber as reported in Saturday Review.

Quoted by BOOKS AND BOOKMEN, September 1959.



By
Cantaloupe
Flabbergast

Just about the only organisations in fandom which have not been severely criticised recently are the APAs. There seems nothing to criticise; the APA is just an organisation among a group of people who exchange fanzines through a central officer.

And there are decided advantages to the set-up: a great saving of postage and distribution problems, stimulation of publishing, the surety of receiving several hundred pages of fanzines every three months, the feeling of belonging to a group of which you are just as important a member as anyone else, and a number of minor advantages. Besides, nobody has felt the need to criticise APAs, since they do not interfere in outside affairs, and what they do is really nobody else's business.

Suddenly, I feel a need to criticise APAs.

There are a number of things which I think are wrong with the APA system.

The greatest of these is the size of the organisations. If membership is limited to fifty people, this means that people who want to get into the group must wait for long periods of time, ranging from a year up. This is a serious deterrent to many people, who feel that they would just be wasting their time by asking to be put on the waiting list. This leads to a decided loss by the APAs, and often a feeling of resentment by the would-be member. In addition, in order for someone to get into an APA, someone else must leave. This may stimulate the turnover, which is not always a good thing. A member who finds his interest waning slightly, although he may still be capable of contributing a great deal to the APA, will leave anyway to make room for someone else.

In addition to this, the limited circulation makes for another problem. It is simply not worth the time, effort and money to produce a top-notch fanzine for a circulation of 50. In FANAC's 1958 poll, only one APAzine was listed among the

favorite twenty fanzines, and that was a one-man effort, deriving its appeal solely from the writing abilities of its publisher. There are few large APAzines, and most of those which are large are circulated outside the APA. In fact, many APAzines consist almost entirely of chatter and mailing comments. YANDRO, CRY OF THE NAMELESS, FANAC, and various other types of fine fanzines have no counterpart in the APAs, because the effort required to produce them is not justified for a circulation of 50. And when one is produced with outside material, it is generally one which is widely circulated outside the APA. The practice of circulating an APAzine outside the APA undermines the advantages of the APA; if anyone can get the magazine, it's not necessary to join the APA. And mailing comments can obviously never equal in egoboo value the reviews, letters of comment and good contributions which a genzine receives. Thus, the APA publisher again has less incentive to produce a good zine.

Another thing wrong with the APAs is the set of standards which are accepted by APA members - for the product of the members and for the members themselves. Nobody has ever, to the best of my knowledge, questioned the form of current APAzines. I've never personally liked the system of mailing comments much myself; if you feel like commenting on an issue, send the editor a letter, and let comments on a magazine be published in the same magazine. However, such a system may be acceptable, but not at the expense of other material. As I have mentioned, there are APAzines which consist entirely or almost entirely of mailing comments. While mailing comments may be interesting, they are, I feel, not acceptable as the sole contents of a fanzine.

The standards for the members themselves are equally lax. Any jerk who knows the address and can write can join an APA. And if he published sixteen pages a year, no matter what drivel he puts in the sixteen pages, he remains a member. I have no wish to antagonise any APA members, or to make any insinuations about current or past members, but this is nevertheless a possible situation and one which should be guarded against.

I've made my accusations, now I must make recommendations. My first will be greeted by howls. I recommend that the APA s double their present size. The best way to do this, as I see it, would be to have the two U.S. APAs, FAPA and SAPS, combine; if this is impossible, they should hold open membership to 50 more members. I think that if an APA consisted of 100 members, the mailings would not double in size but treble, and the range of material in the 'zines would increase tremendously. It is certainly worth the trouble to produce a fine fanzine for an audience of 100 fellow-publishers.

My second recommendation should have been put into effect a long time ago. The APAs should screen new members. A would-be APA member should be judged by a panel of experts by the quality of his previous work. This would cause extra work and some embarrassment, but it would certainly be worth it. Imagine receiving 100 good fanzines, or even 50 good ones, in one APA mailing! And this should be carried a step further. The same committee which passes judgment on prospective new members should go out and invite producers of good fanzines to join their APA. The current APA "government" is lethargic; there is no competition. There should be. Competition brings out the best from all the competitors.

I will state further that the doubling in size of an APA would not ruin the cliquish atmosphere which is a primary reason for the APA's existence. You can easily have a clique of 100 people, even in fandom, under these conditions.

As they stand now, the APAs are fine old organisations, serving a purpose and definitely contributing to fandom. But their contribution is not as great as it was once, and the present APA organisation is an outdated one. A thorough revamping of the entire system will lead to increased benefits for both the APA members and fandom at large.

First of a dull, serious series.

REMEMBER NAPOLEON

HARRY
WARNER
JNR

A small whim of fate has prevented me from becoming the paragon of fan writers that Charles Burbee represents. Just as the existence of Samuel Johnson brought fame to Boswell, so has the creation of Al Ashley insured fannish immortality for Burb. And I might have been in their company, if George Napoleon Payette III had been a science fiction fan. Unfortunately, George Napoleon Payette III did not read much science fiction, did not enjoy it particularly, never heard of fandom, and through this blindness to our subworld, he has not been the person on to whose coat-tails I could cling while ascending to fame as a writer, simply by chronicling the things that he did. I am reduced to this memoir-type article, simply to prove what might have been.

There are a few fortunate people in this world to whom things always seem to be happening. A much smaller number of persons are constantly happening to things. This was the case with George Napoleon Payette III. His nickname was Skip, and I'm going to refer to him by that name from now on, because I'm growing tired of writing out that full name. He was the son of a local theater manager, and worked for the same newspaper that employs me part-time while attending college.

There isn't a whole lot that can be told about the things that Skip did for the newspaper in those four years. He wrote only one really good, interesting story, the very first that he ever turned out for the newspaper. The editor sent him out to do a feature on what life was like in the trailer camp that had sprung up on the edge of Hagerstown. (Trailer, I should point out, is the American translation of caravan). Skip was gone a long time, but he turned in a dandy story. After that, there was nothing but trouble. He was dispatched to the county fair to collect the list of prizewinners in the poultry and pigeon show. He fainted dead away in the poultry building. Sympathetic people carried him outside; he revived after an interminable time, began weakly to explain that he never could stand farm-type smells,

looked about him, and lapsed again into unconsciousness. They'd laid him in an empty stall in the row of cattle sheds. We sent him to a retired man's home to do a feature on this gentleman's hobby, orchid raising. Three or four days later, Skip was afraid to venture outdoors, because the internal revenue department had read his story and paid a visit to the retired man, asking questions about the failure of this man to report his sales of orchids to other fanciers, and the retired man had displayed unexpected youthful vigor in the things that he said to Skip. After a few of these mishaps, I asked Skip why he couldn't do as good a job as he'd done on the trailer camp feature. He confessed to me that he had walked out to the trailer camp, had been unable to work up enough courage to accost any of the strange preoccupied persons he saw in the trailers, and had gone to the movies instead. He had simply used his imagination when he wrote the story.

Physically, Skip bore certain resemblances to his more celebrated namesake. He was taller than the Corsican, but he had something of the same swarthy skin and piercing eye that you see in portraits of the original Napoleon. On the other hand, Skip had one personal habit that the great general lacked. Skip stammered, in highly unnerving fashion. Most persons tried to ignore it, at least until they grew to know him well enough to suggest this book or that psychiatrist who might be able to rid him of the affliction. Skip always had a stock reply for such efforts to be helpful: he claimed that he didn't really need to stammer like this, that he could stop doing it any time he wished, but he didn't object to the stammering and so he kept on doing it.

We all thought that this was a pitiful attempt at self-justification for a hopeless trouble, until the evening Skip announced that he was enlisting in the United States Air Force. Entrance requirements had grown quite high since the end of the war, and we knew that that stutter would prevent him even from undergoing a physical examination. But the next week, he had been sworn in. "I just didn't stutter when I was talking to them," he said in tones as firm and unhesitating as anyone else's. "I won't start to stammer again until I'm finished basic training." He resumed the habit on schedule and still has it, to the best of my knowledge.

On slow nights at the office, we frequently play a little game: each person who has been with the staff long enough to remember Skip tells a fresh anecdote about him until someone is unable to think of a new one. Usually the chatter goes on for hours before someone gets stuck. There was the awful period when Scrooge was given a temporary desk in our office. She is the head book-keeper and probably has a name of her own, but nobody ever asks what it is. Normally she is buried in the bowels of the first floor of the newspaper building, but remodeling was going on, so she brought her books and forms and machines into the news room for a few days.

Skip and I worked nights, and she was gone for the day almost as soon as we reported for work. So one night we got interested in her little adding machine, a neat and quite compact little gadget, and attempted to determine if it was possible to use it for multiplication. I maintained that multiplication could be done only semi-automatically, in a process of operating the machine once for each figure in the multiplier. Skip, on the other hand, was confident that there was some secret formula that would permit you to punch out the multiplier and the multiplicand, do something else, and get your answer instantly. By trial and error, we fretted over the problem for a half-hour or more. Finally Skip's face brightened. "I see it now!" he cried. "Here's the way!" His hands flashed over the keyboard faster than my eye could follow, so I don't know what he did, but the machine obediently began multiplying. I looked on in chagrin as the correct answer totalled up on the visible figures at the bottom - we'd worked it out in pencil beforehand - and extended my hand to shake Skip's hand in congratulations.

He ignored my hand and his face went gray. "Look!" he breathed.

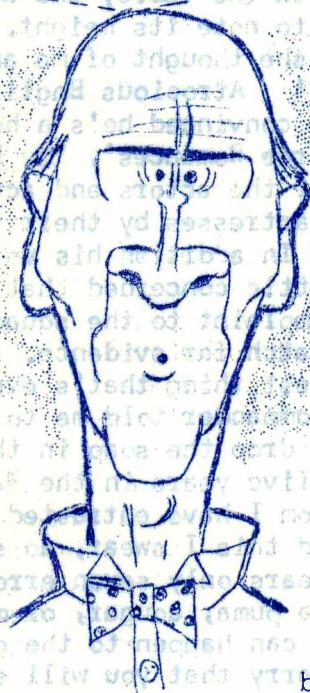
I glanced back at the machine. It was continuing to operate, producing new products on its little dials every three or four seconds, and it was now making an odd whirring sound. Skip pressed buttons, trying to shut it off. It only kept calculating more rapidly.

"What'll we do?" he asked me in a wailing whisper, knowing Scrooge's temper if anyone touched her stuff.

I fought the machine for a few minutes, then noticed that the figures were approaching the maximum - 9,999,999 - and told him it would have to stop at that point. It didn't. Everything went back to zero with a screech and a thump and the keys continued to hop up and down. The heat that the thing was generating was now noticeable from a distance of five feet. One of the other reporters sauntered over, took one look at what was happening, leaped in a mighty bound to the electrical socket in the floor, and pulled the machine's plug. Something inside kept rattling for a while after the current was shut off. The next day, Scrooge moved over to the advertising department and we never did see that machine again.

Skip was the only fellow I've know who was a godmother. He converted his best friend to Catholicism on the very eve of the fellow's drafting. Only Skip and one other man were available for the hurry-up baptismal job that a local priest did, in case Skip's pal should be run down by a motorist on his way to the selective service office the next morning. They needed both a godmother and a godfather: Skip drew straws for the latter job and lost.

BOING!



One evening, Skip reported for work a half-hour late. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I shot the dean today. In the head. I thought I was going to get expelled, and that's what held me up." He was so excited that it wasn't until the next day that he corrected his statement: it wasn't the dean of Shepherd College whom he'd shot, but the college president. The president had been having various troubles with Skip, thought that a friendly man-to-youth talk might help him to understand this student better, and the two had gone out together to shoot mark. Skip's aim was none too good, he'd missed the target, and his bullet ricocheted

from a rock and creased the president's skull. The scar went away after

a while and Skip remained enrolled in the college. This must have been either just

before or just after Skip's sole attempt to do

a sensational feature for the Shepherd College mag-

azine on the water pollution at Shepherdstown, where

the college is located. He had been told that the town

discharged all its raw sewage into the Potomac River. Skip found an old rowboat tied up along the shore, got in, and

shoved off, to try to locate the pipe and examine this health menace. He'd been afloat only two or three minutes before he realized

two things: there was a hole in the bottom of the boat and he was al-

ready at exactly the point where the wastes were emerging into the river. He wrinkled up his nose telling us about it, the next day. He had dried off and thoroughly washed himself by then. I learned only in second-hand fashion of his first payday in the service. He marched up to the paymaster, proud to draw his first compensation for serving his nation. The paymaster said something unthinkable and shoved back the slip of paper that Payette had signed. Skip looked and blushed: he'd signed the receipt "Pvt. Skip Payette." He took a new blank, poised his pen, and his face grew white instead of red. He couldn't remember his first name. It was several days before his money came through, after the United States Air Force had been forced to set several precedents for action in the case of an enlisted man who is unable to write a complete signature.

Unfortunately, I did not possess a tape recorder in the years that I worked with Skip. The full flavor of his conversation could be reproduced only through transcription from such a recording. The best that I can do is to quote from some letters and notes which I piously preserved from Skip's years in the service. Some were written from his current Air Force station, others were left for me when he'd visited the office on furlough and hadn't found me at my desk:

"I didn't shine so well at the dinner table of the church, however. I went to the serving table and saw an interesting meat dish labeled KRAUSE. Having once been tricked by Betsy into eating tongue - on the pretense that it was roast beef - I though I'd check first. 'What is Krause?' I asked the woman who was serving. 'Krause is the name of the woman who prepared it,' she answered. 'Me'. I said, 'Oh.' I walked back to my seat, put my plate on the table, and walked into the vestibule to hang up my coat without bothering to note its height. I still have the bump. Brazeal asked his girl friend what she thought of me and her answer was that 'You don't meet people like him every day.' Atrocious English."

"You should meet my roommate. I'm firmly convinced he's a homosexual. He reads magazines such as 'Personal Romances,' 'True Romances', 'My Love', and all of the screen journals which writhe in adulation of the actors and actresses (if they may be so termed) of Hollywood. He calls the actresses by their first names and speaks in awe of the huskier male performers. In addition his voice is soprano. He goes to the movies every night. Being a little concerned that if any scandal should evolve, I would be smuttied, I made a complaint to the squadron commander. I was told not to say anything about it, but to watch for evidence. It would be better, they thought, to keep a normal person (nicest thing that's ever been said about me) around to watch him. Before I left, the commander told me to be careful, to keep my bedcovers tucked in tightly, and not to drop the soap in the shower. On top of the above evidence, this guy also spent five years in the Navy."

"Far be it from me to criticize you, to whom I have entrusted my greatest possessions (my Pogo collection), but there is, and this I swear, no such thing as a panther. When I see you, who has made in 28 years only seven errors, make an eighth from such a ridiculous thing as calling a puma, cougar, or mountain lion a panther I shudder from fear - fear that if such can happen to the great, what can happen to the small such as I. Promise me O Harry that you will smite this word, strike it from your vocabulary.... Let me see, Puma Eats Hancock Man, not Panther. With feeling of a polite sort, Payette."

"This was a rough week as far as the paper was concerned. The Broadcaster was sadly crammed with errors. Two stories were proven to be contrary to base policy, a boxing team cutline found itself under the picture of the speaker at commissioning ceremonies, and a final proved to be false. Only four people noticed the errors, two generals, one colonel, one major. I was rather raked over the coals during it, being described as resentful and possessing of a hostile attitude. That may spike my promotion.... I received a card from Anne, indicating an unhappy feeling toward higher education. What she needs is a bossy man and an occupied uterus. My old

girl friend wrote me an announcement of her engagement, so it looks as if I'm stuck with Betsy. I could never get up enough nerve to approach another woman with such an outrageous idea."

"Your news of the impending breakup of the staff as I knew it does not surprise me, although it does pain me. At best it was a polyglot unhappy creature, full of vague seethings, jealousies, harsh, albeit unspoken, words.. Yet, I can with some nostalgia recall pleasant evenings, pleasant words, sincere smiles. It occurred to me that I should like to hear, once more, then burn it on an altar to Mammon, the recording we gave to Joe on the night of his birthday so many years ago. You read a poem in which you wanted to be Roland and Oliver, Simon Bolivar, and Gloria said 'No child that I begat, would act like that,' and we sang a remarkably cacophonous 'Happy Birthday'..... and Joe Harp returned our compliment with a hesitant thank you speech, paying tribute to the immortal Herald-Mail Christmas tree. Oddly, as I sit here away from so much of what I enjoyed, the pleasant things I've known gather in my mind in some weird sabbata, almost torturing me were it not that a dram or so of Scotch has dulled my sensitivities. I recall with infinite tingling the parties we held, the furtive bottles of wine concealed and cooled in the coke machine, the radio under my desk and our frowned-upon chess games. I remember the cherry pie I hurled at Gloria, and the sadly unprophetic broken bit of fruit that remained on her chair when she hurried to the wash room to remove the mess. There'll always be a place for Tiger's bending over to show her mammary glands as Frank Ridenour presented her with his wife's obituary. And there was the note in which Mac wanted to move me somewhere else in the office."

Now, I hope that I didn't give the wrong impression at the start of this thing. I am upset with Skip because of his failure to be a science fiction fan, thus preventing me from writing articles about him in fan magazines. However, that is the only real fault that I can find with him. Samuel Johnson died and Al Ashley became respectable, but Skip has avoided both of those fates.

He was in Tokio when his enlistment ran out, stayed there to take a civilian job on the Stars and Stripes, married Betsy, and later transferred to Germany to work on the Deutsch edition of the same publication. I haven't heard from him since last Christmas. His greeting card bore his name, that of Betsy, and a little sketched figure between the two names. We spent two whole evenings at the office, trying to determine if this was the announcement of the birth of their first child or a delicate artistic evocation of a foetus to symbolize the approach of a happy event.

Later we learned, upon inquiring into the matter, that the Payettes had a pet cat of whom they are very fond.

HARRY WARNER, JR.

BANNED BOOKS

"The US Post Office has failed in an attempt to prevent the unexpurgated edition of D H Lawrence's 'Lady Chatterley's Lover' being sent through the mails... Mark Twain's 'Adventures of Huckleberry Finn' is banned from New York City's elementary and junior high schools at the request of the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured Peoples... In Florida, Mr David Hawthorne is leading a campaign for the suppression of 'The Three Little Pigs'. In recent versions the sole survivor is a black pig. It is obviously, says Hawthorne, the work of segregationists."

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN SEPTEMBER 1959.

A to Z

O

Outpost -
usually where
they send young
heroes and
beautiful blonde
scientists

Outworlder -
like a visitor from
one of the outworlds

Orbit -
something the Russians
keep putting absolutely
massive great chunks
of machinery into.

P

Planets

such as ~
Mars or Venus or Mercury



a very dry
Mars!



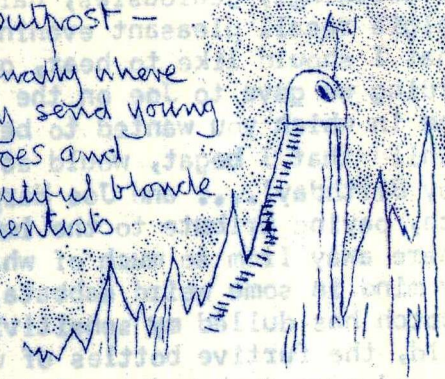
a very wet
one (it's the
rain y'know)



a very hot
Mars



Except on the other
side, which is very
cold. (any good text book
will explain why)





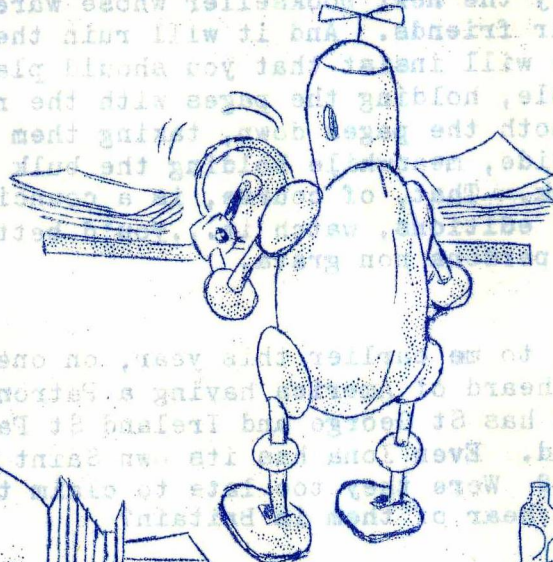
Seems
to be covered
by ~
QWERTYUIOP
PRESS

which practically
covers most everything
Else in tandem publishing

and Motto:
You name it
I'll put it!



calls for Robot, Rayguns and Rappot



Robot for running
off my allowing
Handworking tanned
to establish closer
gestalt

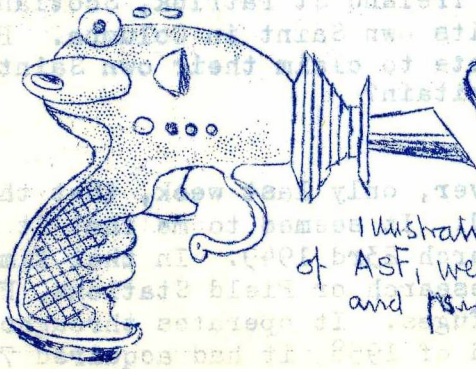
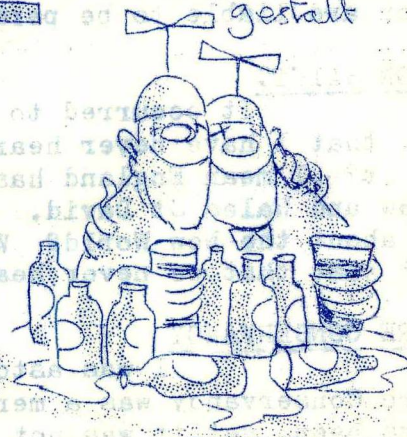


Illustration courtesy
of ASF, weapon, Downing
and person's Archives



THE WILL PITKER

JOY K.
CLARKE

I suppose I shall shock most of my readers if I say that many fans do not know how to treat books, but I think I'm right. Have you ever seen any one take hold of each cover of a book and then bend it backwards to open it out? And as they've done it, heard the crack as the spine broke? Alas, too many people do this. But those who know will treat a book tenderly.

They will take a page at a time, gently smoothing it down - then the next one or two, until the book lies flat or nearly so. To do anything else is liable to horrify the next bookseller whose wares you handle. It will make enemies of your friends. And it will ruin the books.

Really fussy people will insist that you should place the book with the covers open on a table, holding the pages with the right hand, and that only then should you smooth the pages down, taking them alternately from the left and the right side, meanwhile holding the bulk of the pages upright from the rest of the book. That, of course, is a council of perfection, but if you're handling first editions, watch it...you'd better use this system or you are liable to be persona non grata.

PATRON SAINTS

It occurred to me earlier this year, on one of the Saint's Days, that I have never heard of America having a Patron Saint of its own. Does it? I mean England has St George and Ireland St Patrick, Scotland St Andrew and Wales St David. Even Iona has its own Saint in Columba. But what about the New World? Were they too late to claim their own Saints or is it just that we never hear of them in Britain?

NATURE CONSERVANCY

I was astounded to discover, only last week, that the Nature Conservancy was a mere ten years old. It seemed to me that it had always been, yet it was not formed until March 23rd 1949. In that time they have built up a series of Reserves, Research or Field Stations, National Parks, Bird Sanctuaries and Wildfowl Refuges. It operates throughout Scotland, England and Wales and, at the end of 1958, it had acquired 70 reserves in Britain. Scotland benefits in acreage with a total of 9 re-

serves covering nearly 100,000 acres. England's 42 reserves only total 25,000 acres while Wales, with 9 reserves has approximately 5,000 acres protected.

The work of the Conservancy covers many things - advice on scientific problems: the fixing of drifting dunes: the tracing of the causes of coastal erosion or build-up: the circumstances in which eagles will attack lambs: the protection of rare animals and birds and specially beautiful or geologically-interesting areas.

Between 1958-59 the Government granted the Conservancy a fantastically generous sum to enable them to carry out this work - all of £300,000!! Of this, nearly half goes on scientific work, mainly research. One-fifth is farmed out to aid research and training in Universities and investigations in Independent Centres. This one-fifth also pays the cost of the scientific staff (excepting those looking after certain Nature Reserves) and since there are nearly 200 workers, you can see they don't get much.

A quotation from their report on the first ten years gives their ideals succinctly: referring to the land they say:- "No part of the inheritance which we must pass on to our children is more vital to their health and happiness. None is in more danger of being passed on to them badly damaged. Only the fullest understanding of its nature and its needs can enable us all to look after it wisely for the future. That is what conservation means."

The tragedy is that so much of our land, which should be protected, is being stolen by the Government for the 'beauty' of atomic reactors - Dungeness is a case in point. This spit of land, unique in the whole world for its formation, is to be the foundation for an atomic station, one which will alter the factors that permitted the current formation to be built up. No longer will scientists come from every country to study at Dungeness because it will be a fouled and despoilt area. The Government, being their own judge and jury, turned down the protests of scientists, laymen and lovers of the wild: the reasons for protection were good and valid - the Government was greedy and uncaring (we need it, uniqueness doesn't matter). So once more, part of our land will be badly damaged, altered beyond repair or redress. Never has there been a time when the true reason for Nature Conservancy should be more widely known.

"This precious stone set in a silver sea" will all too soon be but "This rotting land in a polluted sea."

US v UK

Isn't it odd how things which seem normal to the British appear strange to the Americans. At least, according to what one of the women's magazines has to say. You are supposed to be astounded at our 'clean bright paintwork on houses, trim well-kept gardens, mouth-watering displays of cakes and pastries.' You are supposed to have a much smaller variety of sweets and toffies (candies, damn you!) and chocolate eclairs and Sally Lunns are supposed to be virtually unknown to you.

Now I ask you, how can I believe this sort of thing? In every photo I've seen (except those advertising a Tennessee Williams deep south film) in American magazines the paint on the houses is clean and bright. If you don't have displays of cakes it's probably because you're a damn sight more hygienic than we are. Who wants to buy cakes covered with dust?

So? What is there to be astounded at?

JOY K CLARKE

THE OLD MILL STREAM

A COUNTRY COLUMN OF CITY LIFE BY PENELOPE FANDERGASTE

It appears to be APORRHETA time once again and whereas Sandy used to be on my heels constantly for columns on this subject or that it's nowadays usually the case of my asking "what about my next column?" and Sandy's consistent replies "Well, what with more work at the office," or "What with Nicki teething". That child is going to make some dental surgeon happy, reckoning on numbers alone.

Not an awful lot has happened in fandom since the last issue. Nothing that is which is really startling. Outside of fandom we've seen Ike visit Europe which was a worthwhile gesture in view of his suspect health even if he later didn't allow Khrushchev to visit Disneyland, and we've also seen the announcement of a general election. Surrey didn't win the county championship, which is news in itself, and Millwall, whose home ground is virtually within a stone's throw from Inchmery, are heading their particular league. But in fandom, what have we had....? Pittsburgh gained the 1960 convention, John Berry got over to the Detention and....and the secretaryship of the British Science Fiction Association once again changed hands.

This event is in itself noteworthy, for it is evident that many overseas fans are tending to think of the B.S.F.A. as virtually running British fandom. Will the change in secretary mean a change in policy, I've been asked. Well, will it?

Doctor Arthur Weir, a gentleman in the true sense of the word, has suffered unfortunate ill health and has resigned as BSFA Secretary. He has passed on the post to Sandra Hall, who holds a similar post in the London Circle. It's as simple as that. There's no ulterior motive and there should be no slight upon Sandra for "seizing" this key position. It is most certainly a case of letting those willing do the work. I can't see that this means a change in policy, that of trying to bring new blood into fandom. Of course, we have recently heard that the BSFA is defeating its own objects. Someone pointed out that the newcomers to the science fiction world who have been introduced by the BSFA and who have infiltrated into the inner wheels of fandom no longer need the BSFA and accordingly are not renewing their memberships. This is true in a limited number of cases and should not be regarded as a failing of the Association but rather as an achievement. The cases where new fans have come into fandom through the auspices of the BSFA are so far few, primarily no doubt because the BSFA is still young. If those new fans have "matured" away from the parent body, no one is more pleased, I should imagine, than the BSFA itself. And of course the BSFA's search for new blood is a continual faction and members are being drawn from the limbo of general readership week by week. The BSFA is not cutting its own throat. The organisation is now no longer in a position where it must count every penny and must plead for support from every fan, as it did in its very infancy. It might, however, be to the advantage of the BSFA to take heed of the mutterings heard in more than one quarter and reduce the pound subscription. I believe that originally it was stated that this high figure was fixed so that fans could dig deep in the worthwhile cause of putting the BSFA

on its feet. If it was not actually stated in black and white it was most certainly implied that later this figure would be reduced. And now seems as good a time as any.

It must be admitted that the British Science Fiction Association has had a marked effect on the composition and outlook of British fandom, an effect that is not perhaps noticeable at first sight. Before the coming of the BSFA, fandom in Britain was becoming more and more unconscious of its debt to science fiction. Whilst there were groups of fans who concentrated on the social aspect of fandom, it was obvious that those who ruled the roost were the fanzine fans. Now, I'm not really in favour of sticking labels on people and pigeon holing them. It may be that after reading the articles of Humphrey Lyttelton in a Sunday newspaper I've carried his argument of it being a bad thing to classify the different types of jazz (he tells us that there is only good jazz and bad jazz, which is a laugh for a start) over to different types of fans in fandom. Since the coming of the BSFA, however, we've seen the hallowed ranks overswarmed by fans who read science fiction and who know nothing of the spirit of fandom (though admittedly they seem willing to learn) and fans who are with us solely for fannish parties and who know nothing of the spirit of fandom (though admittedly they too seem willing to learn). The fanzine fans are now in a minority and it is perhaps time that they realised it. A case in point, to my mind, is the change over in London from sheer anarchy to an organised club with due paying members. Certainly, in the London Circle fanzine fans are finding themselves surrounded by more and more faces whose handles - or labels, if you like - are unknown in the fanzine world. I don't know that this is a bad thing, especially if it gets more of us back on to the hard road of reading science fiction but there is the valid argument in favour of fanzine fans that they are the people who try to communicate with fans in other countries. Of course, in these modern days of cheaper (?) and more speedy travel, this recommendation is not as unique to fanzine fans as it was say ten years ago. Fans are travelling around more. Many fans move about the country from time to time with the express purpose of visiting others and we keep seeing the odd and welcome face from abroad, too, which is a sign of the times.

It may be that fans really are moving closer together, in a kind of utopian unity throughout the world, and isn't that a dream we've all lived for? In view of this wouldn't it also be a grand thing if the different types of fans stopped throwing mud at other types? Dammit, we're all fans. We may prefer some special aspect of fandom over the others but that doesn't mean to say that we shouldn't realise that these are only aspects, phases of the fannish whole, as it were. You know Humphrey Lyttelton may have something with that "don't pigeon-hole jazz" idea of his after all.

-----oooOooo-----

I was talking to a chap recently who is the gamekeeper on the estate of one of these fine old Stately Homes and over a pint of well watered wallop we discussed the set up of his employment. Until then, I must confess that I'd considered this death duty racket something of a laugh, one of those perennial topics for cartoonists in the national dailies, but now I'm not too sure. I had thought that the Stately Home owners could well afford to pay death duties but the gamekeeper seemed to think it unjust that a man should scrape together a fortune and not be able to see his descendants well cared for at his death (and subsequent deaths of course) and he did tell me that death duties could be crippling. He pointed to the Duke of Bedford's home, Woburn Abbey, as an example but couldn't quote actual figures.

I've since looked them up. The Abbey, it seems, has been the home of one Duke of Bedford after another for close on three hundred years, since the late seventeenth century and the time of the 1st Duke, William. Before that it housed a mere five Earls, dating back to 1555. The Abbey first came into the family when

John, the first Earl received it as an executor of Henry VIII's will, the Abbot having been hanged in front of his Abbey for having spoken some harsh words or other against the principle behind the King's marriage to Anne Boleyn. The house as it exists today is only about half of the size of the Abbey at the turn of the century for much of the house was demolished after the war when dry rot was round. The twelfth Duke died as a result of a shooting accident six years ago and left five million pounds to be paid as death duties. No wonder the thirteenth Duke is such a showman! He uses the Doris Day version of the family motto, "Che Sara Sara" as a signature tune on Radio Luxemburg broadcasts.

This Duke has opened the Abbey to the public and in the grounds can now be found a flower shop, a maze, a specially laid out picnic area, a pet's corner and zoo, a Chinese dairy, a children's playground and a boating lake. The house itself contains ten principal bedrooms one of which was used by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in 1841. In the China Room can be seen a dinner service which cost over eighteen thousand pounds almost two hundred years ago. Rare pottery, portraits and landscapes, carpets and tapestries, books and manuscripts abound in The Book Room, the Paternoster Row of the original Abbey, The Duke's Corridor, The Chinese Room, The Yellow Drawing Room, Prince Albert's Dressing Room, The Blue Drawing Room, The State Saloon, The State Dining Room, The Long Gallery, The Silver Room and The Flying Duchess's Room. (The Flying Duchess was the grandmother of the present Duke. She made a record flight to India in 1929 but in 1937 was lost on a solo flight.) In a recent broadcast the Duke mentioned that he has paid three and a half million pounds in death duties. And jolly good luck to him.

-----oooOooo-----

Department of how to write fanzine material.

Sandy and I were in town looking over the latest range of Gestetner lettering guides. As we were crossing Kingsway I turned to him and said, "Sandy, isn't that Reggie Hambleton over there?"

Sandy turned right round to peer into the sun. "I do believe it is," he said.

-----oooOooo-----

A recent Reuter report ran as follows:

"In an age of miracle drugs, increased longevity and high living standards, the infant mortality rate in the United States is on the rise.

"Since 1953 infant deaths have been steadily increasing and statistics for 1959 indicate no reversal in the trend. Last year the rate in New York was 26.4 and in Baltimore City it was 35.2. According to the National Office of Vital Statistics, the national rate was 26 in 1956.

"Infant mortality rates in urban centres across the United States are all up and when statistics become available for 1957 and 1958 a nation-wide increase should be apparent, it was stated."

Strontium 90, anyone?

-----oooOooo-----

Vin~~z~~ was filing down the feed tray on the new Gestetner and Joy and Sandy were bouncing Nicki around. I sat in a corner and picked up a book. For once it wasn't part of Vin~~z~~'s extensive collection but an item Inchmery had borrowed from some passing fan. All the same, I took it home and finished the same night. I trust the fan to whom it belongs has it back by now (this is just like the old umbrella game) for it is a book worth having around.

This is the Ace double publication, Shooting Star and Terror in the Night, printed back to back and each upside down on the other. Both ends are by Robert Bloch who is described as being complete and unabridged.

"Shooting Star" concerns a once-big-time-now-small-time literary agent who tries to make up his wages by taking on private investigating. A television series

star Dick Ryan has been murdered and the resultant scandal has brought out into the open a narcotics ring. The pre-recorded series has therefore been shelved and a hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars are tied up in the shelving. The owner of the series would like the literary agent, Mark Clayburn, to scratch around. Which Mark does, but not without banging his head on the wall at every turn. No-one wants to get himself labelled with a narcotics smear, and more personal loyalties and jealousies also take a hand. The first two chief suspects get rubbed out as they gain in prominence and Clayburn himself is soon in line for the electric chair. We know he didn't do it, though, as there is an attempt to eliminate him also.

It all sorts itself out very nicely and while Shooting Star is by no means a literary epic (Which Ace Doubles are?), it's worth an evening's light reading.

The other half of the double, Terror in the Night, is listed on the cover both as a novel and an anthology, and finally turns out to be a collection reprinted from such magazines as Manhunt, Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine, The Saint, Michael Shayne's Mystery Magazine and Suspect. There are seven stories, each with the twist ending we have come to expect from Bloch. The only fault is that some of the themes and the twists themselves are a little worn and anyone who has ready any mysteries by say Stanley Ellin or Fredric Brown will perhaps be disappointed. The fantasy element comes into play in A String of Pearls and Luck is No Lady, and there is a psychological slant evident in The Real Bad Friend. My own favourite is Water's Edge, which I've seen on an occasion or two previously.

This is the story of an ex-convict who searches for his cell mate's hidden loot but, while he goes to some lengths to recover it, he meets up with someone who is willing to go further. The ending is neat, and possesses a degree of horror which is realised to the full by not being overplayed. Just the thing to read before going to bed.

Now we'll have to watch for Psycho.

PENELOPE FANDERGASTE.

(Stencil-cutter's note: As a stfan, I'm surprised that PF hasn't mentioned the point about Woburn Abbey which would be of most interest to other fans. Those who have read Willy Ley's "Dragons in Amber" and other similar books will recall that he mentioned the almost extinct Pere David's Deer. Apart from a few single specimens in zoos, the only surviving members of that race exist in the herd at Woburn Abbey and, if you're lucky, you will sometimes catch a glimpse of the herd, JKC)

DAMN THOSE TYPE-SETTERS

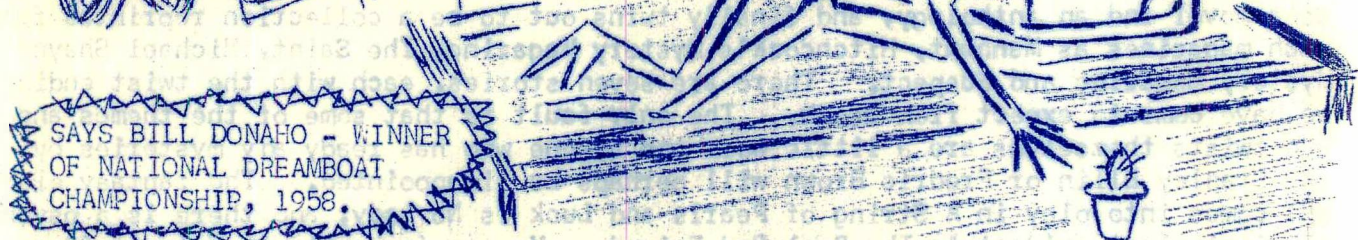
We recently noted, with considerable amusement, that the name Inchmery was almost immortalised in real print, like. Terry Jeeves, who is doing a cartoon series for the other tape magazine, had a picture showing one of his Soggies standing in front of an archery target, holding a portable tape recorder. He had been punctured by three arrows and he was saying (into a microphone) "The next sound you hear will be the swish of the arrows of the Inchmery Toxophilite Society."

Unfortunately somebody couldn't read, and the name came out as Inchinery.

Tho' come to think of it, perhaps that even made the thing more esoteric.

"A major break through on the degradation front" - PUSHER'S GAZETTE.

I WAS A TE# WEAKLING



SAYS BILL DONAHO - WINNER
OF NATIONAL DREAMBOAT
CHAMPIONSHIP, 1958.

"I used to be afraid of cockroaches stomping on me, but now I just couldn't care less! Do you feel inferior? This is even better (even more adult) than just getting drunk! This is the poor people's pepped-up paradise...puking peyote!"

READ FIJAGH FOR THE REAL INSIDE DOPE ON THE NEW NON-HABIT FORMING HABIT! IT OPENS ONE UP SO COMPLETELY! THE REAL GONE APPROACH TO YOUR PROBLEMS - DREAM THEM AWAY. BE A MAAN!

Bill Donaho, who knows what it is to be a human being - gives the lowdown on getting high...and you can't get much lower. Think logically with peyote! "It is unlikely that the basic nature of one's taste is going to change - one discards or ignores the bad, even if it is something one has loved for years. It's also a good idea to have someone ready to sit on you when you're in the company of people you dislike!"

DONAHO'S DOPE IS DELIGHTFUL

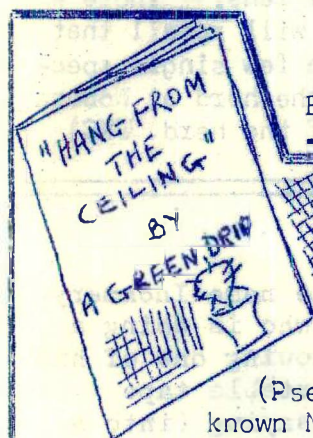
End your sentences with commas! Sharpen your sense of perception - no need to be a dull and stupid clod any longer - except when not taking dope. Surprise your neighbours - bring the Bowery into your own home!

READ THESE ENTIRELY UNSOLICITED BLURBS!

"Since taking your dope I have become a focal point" TEW

"Peyote is the cats! Now where can I get some marijuana?" DNQ

"Sick, man, sick." AVC



SEND
FOR
FREE
BOOKLET

A Green Drip,

(Pseudonym of a well known New York Fan) tells of his experiences with Lophophora Williamsii; one of the few books written on a hospital bed.

TO Ellington-in-Wonderland Publishing Co. Send me ... copies of your book.
NAME I enclose..... in payment.
ADDRESS..... My mental age is less than
twelve

PLEASE NOTE

Our feelings about peyote and mescaline are such that humour, in itself, is not sufficient to counteract the 'favourable' publicity given to them. We have accordingly consulted the Library Research Service of the Encyclopaedia Britannica and have been somewhat dismayed by certain sections of their reply. The references given by the EB covered two and a half pages, and a report is being prepared by a pharmacist for inclusion in the next issue of Apé.

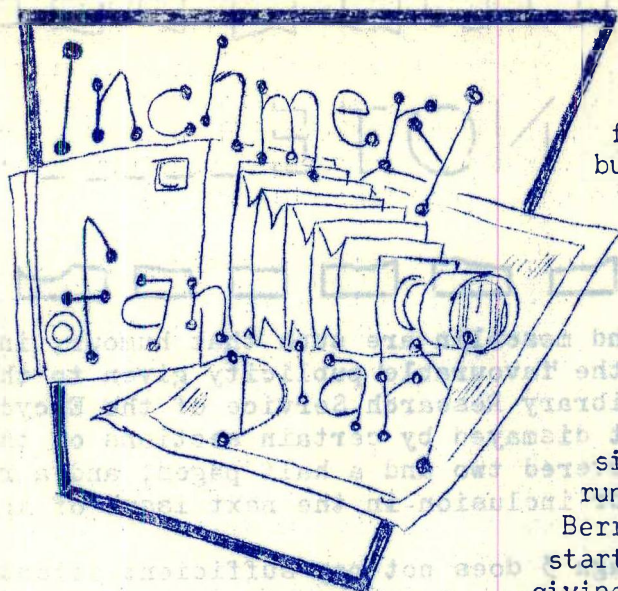
The report on peyote in Fijagh 3 does not pay sufficient attention to the possible dangers of taking the drug. On the contrary, the 'good' aspects are stressed along with explanations of how to get the stuff easily. We consider that, amongst other things, there is a distinct possibility of some people going on to experiment with something stronger...fandom is not made up entirely of strong minded characters. There are currently more dope addicts in New York than in the whole of Europe (Daily Express, Oct 20, 1959) We cannot favour anything that has the slightest chance of increasing the number anywhere.

If you feel that you must experiment with these drugs (and God knows why that should be) then note the following.

"Experiments with mescaline..and similar chemical substances..produce excitation of the central nervous system and symptoms comparable to those in psychoses... The use of the drug was, and probably still is, a problem..its regular intake leads to increasing laziness and impairment of will power... Symptoms of mescaline intoxication have been compared to those of schizophrenia... More recent investigations by Jantz..seemed to point to capillary damage caused by the drug... Pathological studies revealed capillary damage in the liver, a picture described by Roessle under the term of 'serous hepatitis'." W. Mayer-Gross, "Experimental psychoses and other mental abnormalities produced by drugs." British Medical Journal 1951 Vol 2.

"..to anyone suffering from a disorder of the liver, or subject to chronic fits of depression, the drug could bring almost unendurable 'hell' instead of the peaceful, heavenly side of things attained by the majority of Mescaline takers. A friend of ours had taken Mescaline on three occasions..and every time had gone 'down into the basement', and..everyone he knew personally who had taken the drug had also 'gone down'. The degree of horror and depression experienced depends, of course, on the mental make-up of the individual, but can, it seems, be really bad." Mal Ashworth, ROT No 3.

"It may be necessary for someone to sit on you." Bill Donaho, Fijagh No 3.



Due to the fact that this issue is late (I was thinking of saying this is the only non-focal point faanish monthly appearing quarterly, but I haven't seen Void recently so perhaps I shouldn't be too rash) it is quite impossible to produce the normal type diary. This then is a letter substitute - with letters quoted according to subject and not writer.

There have been two major subjects since the last issue, and since we are running a Detention Report we'll take Berry's trip to Detroit first. It all started with a letter from John himself giving details of the flight plans and saying that although he would be serialis-

his trip account in CRY (Free Advert) he would also like to do something for Apr. Next came a letter from...

DICK ENEY "No word yet from the Goon when he'll be due in New York. We -- this bit is DNQ also -- plan a Complex Strategic Move of National Scope what with Andy Young going to an Astronomer's convention in Toronto on 30 Aug-Sept 3 weekend; Sept 4 he and Toronto Fandom will roar down from the North in their Sports Cars capitalized initials ta and simultaneously a Converging Column in the Ayrab Steed (my '54 Ford, if I never named it to you) consisting of Jean Young and Larry Stark, the Goon, Dick & Pat Ellington, and me will chug up from the South and all enter Fond du Lac at exact same moment business of synchronizing watches and descend on the unprotected household of Dean A Grennell who thinks that his finances indicate he won't attend a fan convention this year. Mad mad fool."

This was followed by another from the same source posted from the UN Building.

"Berry arrived OK today at Idlewild. Larry Shaw unfurled a banner saying "WELCOME GOON!" And the police chased us off. It turned out later that what they objected to was the life-size nude photo of Marilyn Monroe in the center of the banner, not the rest of the thing.

Fancyc II distribution has started. Larry Shaw says it's Fine...even Ted White approves, and you know what THAT means!"

Next item was a postcard "Greetings from the Ohio Turnpike". This carried the message "We are making good progress towards Grennell's - Going on for 900 miles since leaving New York with Berry. Only onebreakdown so far!-Eney" "On.. on..on..on..etc.-jeanY" "This is LIFE - John Berry". The face of the card (a map of the Turnpike) was covered in such esoteric quotes as "The Berry Expedition absentmindedly going the wrong way" and "Detroiters out to intercept the invading Furriners".

From the Con itself we had a postcard signed by Bob Tucker, Dick Ellington,

Nick Falasca, Jean Young, John Magnus, Ron Ellick, George Nims Raybin, Belle Dietz, Chris and Sam Moskowitz, Forry Ackerman, Fred Prophet, Bjo, Bob Pavlat, Bill Donaho, Noreen and Larry Shaw and Jim Caughran. It was nice of you all to think of us. The front of this card (a picture of the con hotel) were the following quotes. "Here we all wrote nasty notes to Gertie Carr". "Casting runes from the roof of the hotel." "Mike Hinge arriving at 6 pip emma Monday". "Here GNR bought Dick Ellington a drink." "Boyd Raeburn faunching backwards as Mary Young tempts him to ride in Detroit Iron". (Our postman must have had a good time this week!)

LYNN HICKMAN "The Detention was wonderful. John Berry is a grand man and fan. I'm very pleased that we were able to meet and have a chance to chat together. I'll remember it for a long time. We had quite a fanzine panel (lasted over 4 hours and was much fun). I won't have much of a write up on the con in JD-A as there will be many others written and published better than I would do it."

DICK ENEY "Well, the con is over, and Detroit did themselves proud. This is maybe the first con in years at which the program was trufannish. I remember dropping you a line from the UN Building so that I could use a Genuine UN Airletter-form; now I can add a few items to that.

John Berry arrived all right, and was met at the airport by about a dozen NYFans; they showed him around the town first thing (literally; there's a sightseeing boat that circumnavigates the island) and introduced him to Spanish food the first night - it was a mere 96° and 60% humidity, so they fed him a huge bowl of Spanish rice / boiled rice with green peppers and tomato sauce, Joy/ and seafood. Of course the poor man promptly came down with heat exhaustion...

Apparently, tho, he had an eventful stay, with several parties at Coney Island, the Nunnery, the Libertarian Center, etc, and one tour of the nightspots. Some remarkable features of his influence on New York neofandom showed up, to the Goon's dismay, but that's his story to tell.

After a short visit in Cambridge I came back down and we started off on our tour of the Northeastern States: down to Hagerstown where we didn't meet Harry Warner; to DC for a meet with the Washington group (only about half of whom could make it to the Con); Back to Hagerstown next day to track Warner to his lair -- after all, for Fandom's greatest detective to be Baffled in His Efforts is unthinkable! -- and off to Parma to see Nick Falasca & the Schultheises.

Nick had had his phone disconnected, fergawdsake, and John had lost the letter giving the phone numbers to call on arrival, so when we got there in the midst of a cloudburst-cum-thunderstorm we found no way of getting in touch with him; had to track Warwick Drive down on the map and locate the place by house-to-house search, John doing the searching. Eventually, after fangab and a snack, we dossed down on what Nick referred to as acceleration couches -- aluminum-tubing-and-nylon-strip things like steamer chairs which are calculated to give one a Dim View of the World on wakening.

Next day we found out...by driving it...that the distance from Cleveland to Fond du Lac was nearer 500 than 350 miles (my original guesstimate) and crawled in barely able to ESP a message to DAG. He, ghod bless each of his hearts, had a warm greeting, cold bheer, and nice squishy beds ready for us...

The day before the con was spent in activities around Fond du Lac, amazing Berry with the sight of a sporting goods store into which just anybody could walk and buy firearms and ammunition (in Northern Ireland, for reasons he explained with gory anecdota, no such establishments exist...) Yes, and John had his first chocolate malt /approved/ at a drive-in /the waitress wore long skirts, alas/ and his first martini /"all right, but..."/ before dinner, on this date. Jean Young, un-

fortunately, came into contact with her worst allergy, cat hair, and spent the whole night trying to breathe.

And the next morning we went to Detroit. Ran out of gas sixteen miles short of the city, a horrible event...fifty or a hundred miles would have been bearable, but sixteen!...and on getting there John was more or less absorbed into the maw of the con and we saw little of him thereafter.

Had a fine time at the con, only part of which was because I sold out all the copies of FANCYCLOPEDIA II I'd brought with me. For all the mud that's been slung at the Detroiters -- and this overinflated bit about your supposedly damning the Detention committee for Rickhardt's follies is not what I mean; Detroitfan-baiting is a Fine Old Tradition -- they did a superb job.

Except that Pittsburg won next year's con, dammit. Last-minute flash of energy while the other Washingtonians' efforts just missed the deadline. Now we're starting a campaign for DC in '63...

Hardly any space left to detail things like the Hugo Awards: Blish's Novel, A Case of Conscience; Simak's Novelet, "The Big Front Yard"; Bloch's Short Story, "The Hell Bound Train"; Best Artist, Kelly Freas; Best Magazine, F&SF (Campbell, by the way, says Psionics hasn't hurt him & aSF); Best Fanzine, FANAC, and...here was an award that brought everybody up cheering...for Best Movie, NO AWARD. Brian W. Aldiss got a slightly bend-sinister recognition: the majority of votes for "Best New Author" also went for no award, but a majority of the minority -- if you follow me -- went to Aldiss. So he didn't get a Hugo, but did get a plaque.

Couple of other memorable events: the Fan Editors' Panel, which started out dull, developed into an extremely good and intelligent debate, the longest program event ever -- over four hours, after which it adjourned into Smoke-Filled Rooms and was reported going on at 6 ack emma. And Philly fans finally achieved an often-planned project: a daily convention news-sheet that actually was published every day of the con. (Others always folded after the first day.)"

JOHN TRIMBLE "On the way back from the Detention, we (Bjo, Ronel, Jack Harness, Steve Tolliver, Bruce Pelz, Ted Johnstone, Jim Caughran, Ernie Wheatley, and I, in a Hillman Minx, and a Peugeot) dropped in on the Grennells. True, they had been expecting us, but in the afternoon, and so our midnight (or thereafter) arrival time must have been somewhat unexpected. But we were taken in, treated to fine fannish talk, coffee, and like that. Bunked out on couches, floors, and the like, and practically given the house the next day. It's wonderful, generous, good-natured people like the Grennells who make you feel good about fans and fandom.

And like JoAnn Calkins, too. We invaded Salt Lake City on our way home also, and while Gregg was away on some sort of trip, that didn't stop his wonderful wife from offering us the sort of hospitality that was offered the prodigal son. Heck, she even washed out some clothes for us, which is really going out of one's way to extend the welcome mat. This wonderful kindness on these people's parts, and the hospitality of Sam Martinez on the way to the con (when there were three cars of us), sure demonstrate the credit side of fandom, and make it (Laney be damned) a worthwhile thing, as far as I'm concerned."

JEAN YOUNG "I Have Met John Berry. Yea, I rode to the Convention with him. Never again will he be to me the Goon of the stories and ATOMillos -- just only John, with the broad braces and the "daring" American sport shirt (flaming tones of brown and grey) and the thick moustache...who actually said (when I'd waited long and quietly enough) "Sufferin' catfish", but said it so quietly and liltingly and under-his-breath like that I almost thought he'd said something else...

who taught the Sam to take his first steps alone and to say "tree" and bought him a beautiful Teddy-bear and held him so I could eat a meal in peace...who sat in the Grennell's dining room late at night and told us fascinating and occasionally hair-raising tales of the Belfast Constabulary...who was afraid to make a speech, and made two beautiful ones...and bless him, who left for me a gorgeous diploma from the G.D.A. correspondence school when he left Detroit and couldn't find us to say goodbye because we were foolishly stuffing our faces. John, man, there's a bunch of us here what misses you full sore."

The final word must go to JOHN BERRY, tho:-

"I'm ready to do a Con Report, although, to be frank, I'm bashing away at a 20,000 word Report for my memoirs, THE GOON GOES WEST, in CRY, and it's difficult to do two versions of the same thing. As I promised, I'll do it, anyways, but how about this for an idea. A several page (you name it) article on:-

AMERICAN VILE PROS I HAVE MET or
SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE or
ADVICE FOR TRAVELLERS TO WESTERN PARTS or
XXX XXXXXXXXXX XX XXX XXXXX XXXX XX, etc.

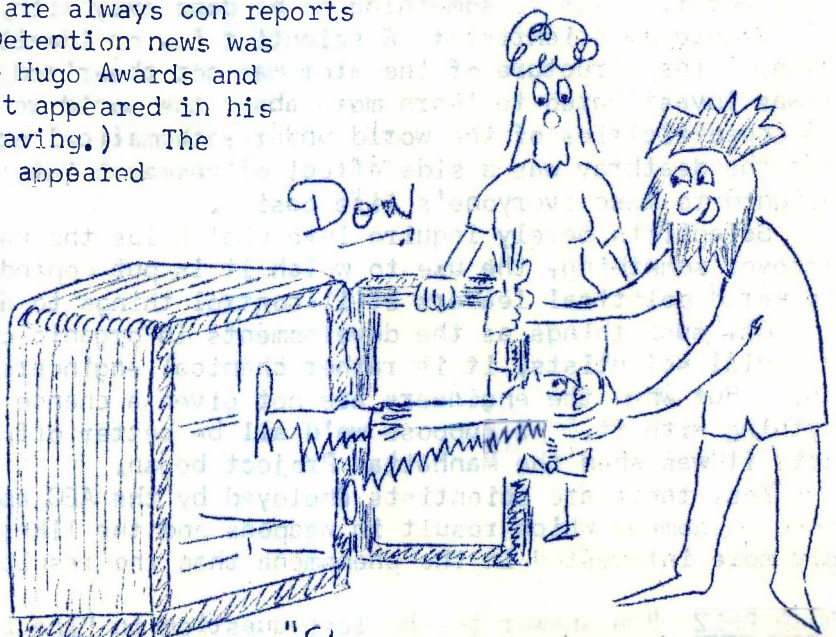
I fancy the latter, because I like the title, but I've told you I'm now ready, and can let you have material by return.

So.....?

Kindest regards, and remember me to Belle and Frank Dietz, wonderful fans, both of them,"

(That row of Xs represents the chosen title...see App 14.)

Come to think of it, nobody really has the last word on a convention. There are always con reports appearing in fanzines. The Detention news was scooped by Ron Bennett and the Hugo Awards and 1960 consite (Pittsburgh) first appeared in his SKYRACK (a news letter worth having.) The first con report in any detail appeared in SCIENCE FICTION TIMES and Belle Dietz did an excellent job as reporter. The same post brought a pre-con issue of Fanac explaining why Terry Carr couldn't attend the Detention. Belle's report in SF Times, together with various letters etc, told us that the Detention was a great success and was a very fannish convention. We appreciated all the news and views that we received and we'd like to thank all the American fans for giving John Berry a wonderful time. A special vote of



"She must have been looking for the little man who switches the light off..."

thanks should go to Leslie Gerber who had the idea of collecting for a portable typewriter for Berry among the CRY letter hacks. An illustration of a typewriter was presented to Berry at the Detention, to be redeemed against the real thing on his way back through New York.

I also owe a personal vote of thanks to the kind members of the New York Chapter of the Sandy Sanderson Appreciation Society who donated a full page advert in the Detention Program Booklet to me. This was all the more welcome since Inchmery was not represented this year. My thanks to the Futurians...I didn't know you felt that way. (And speaking of adverts I noticed that Dave Kyle's covered several cons symbolically. 1955 was represented with drinking items and four slips carrying the names 'Dave', 'Ruth', 'Ken' and 'Pam'. I guess nobody but Kyle would dream of appropriating TAFF winners all to himself, even in retrospect.)

The second major point for discussion is Joy Clarke's column, with particular reference to "No Place to Hide".

JOHN KONING "We had a debate in our school on radioactive fallout -- the affirmative was from Pitt State, the negative for Northwestern University. They were good. I sub to "FREEDOM", and read of the Aldermaston march, and California demonstrations (in the Libertarian League's "Views and Comments"). I have nothing against atomic research, good grief, I intend to work in a closely allied field myself. But the thought of leukemia taking me when I'm about 25 is horrifying.

JIM CAUGHRAN "Atomic weapons are to be condemned as a method of mass destruction, not because they're more destructive. The question is merely one of degree -- because the one is more capable of destruction than the other, it isn't worse. War is something to be done away with, in any form.

Temple on scientists: A scientist is, or ideally, should be, a seeker after truth. The structure of the atom was not theorized to blow people to smithereens; it was investigated to learn more about the world we live in, and to put some of the eccentricities of the world under mathematical prediction. Likewise, I suppose the deathray was a side effect of research into something which may have been designed to make everyone's life easier.

Scientists merely inquire into what holds the universe together; when they discover something, the use to which it is put depends on the social scientists. The world political leaders still control things to a great extent.

Oh, such things as the developments in organic chemistry are not controlled by social scientists, it is rather chemical engineers and the like who give us nylon. But when the engineers are not given a chance at something, they can't do anything with it. I suppose we'd all be better off, were the world not in the state it was when the Manhattan Project began.

Yes, there are scientists employed by the AEC and such investigating mainly those phenomena which result in weapons and the like; but the scientist is probably more interested in the phenomena than the results."

BRUCE PELZ "In answer to the last question in "The Li'l Pitcher", I Don't Care.

On the following grounds:

1. I'm not going to drop any H-Bombs on people
2. Neither is any other rational human.
3. Assuming irrational humans are in possession of such bombs, what good will my protest do?

4. I've always heard that racial survival should be thought of before personal survival; if this is true, why should I bother to try stopping a race that may have decided to go to hell?

5. "Glücklich ist, wer vergisst was doch nicht zu ändern ist" -- happy is he who forgets that which cannot be changed (Fledermaus)

On the other hand, I don't care if anyone wants to protest. Gripe and let gripe, say I. Were I convinced that my own protest might do some good - world-wide good, that is, such as adding to a growing international, both-sides-of-the-iron-curtain movement, then I'd re-evaluate."

GEORGE SPENCER "I liked Joy's comments re the anti-bomb exhibit. However, I'm inclined to be rather skeptical about the effects this will produce. But good luck to it anyway. The reason I'm skeptical is that I'm familiar with Teller-type rationalization of test-provoked mutations by such gimmicks as the use of statistics to show what a teeny percentage of births will be affected."

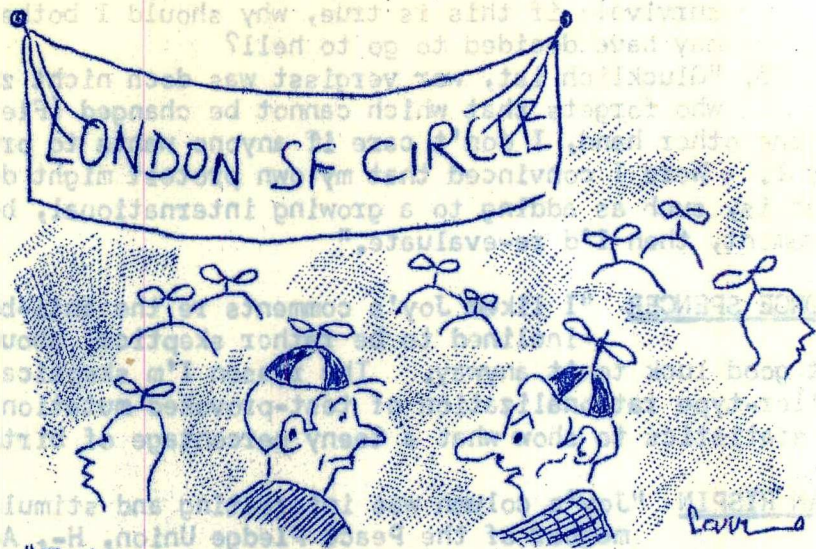
ALAN RISPIN "Joy's column was interesting and stimulating. Seeing as how I'm a member of the Peace Pledge Union, H-, A-, C-, Q-Bombs are all an object of despair at the mundane people's APATHY towards their terrible threat. Taking a leaf from Sid's book - tell them that there would be no more "Wagon Train" - "Bronco" etc. if atomic tests were continued, and there'd be a public demonstration of feeling the next morning...or more subtle, say atomic radiation interferes with reception and that the tests keep the likelihood of interference high.

Seriously, I'm with Joy all the way. Only wish I could have seen the exhibition myself."

VIC RYAN "Joy, the Americans and the British would be damned fools if they disarmed without being positive that the Russians would follow suit. You can keep your humanity for the time being. Me? Well, I'm for a deterrent to war. Maybe you disagree that it is, but....."

TERRY CARR "Speaking of columns, I must confess that I've often found Joy's column a bit dull and lifeless, but I certainly can't make that complaint this time. Her section on nuclear testing was superb -- as a matter of fact when I finished it my stomach was decidedly queasy, despite the fact that little of this information was new to me. It was simply the forceful way she put it across. The question comes to mind, though as to what sort of action she's advocating. Protest marches are impressive sometimes, I suppose, but they're really not nearly enough. Pete Graham, in the latest FAPA mailing, reports on a Youth March for Integration in which he took part a few months ago -- 30,000 young people converged on Washington D.C. from as far away as Chicago (where Pete is living now) and staged a march in D.C. Eisenhower refused to receive a delegate from the group, and Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, who was to accept a petition signed by 400,000 people, mysteriously wasn't available to do so. My, how effective protest marches are! Pete brought out an interesting point -- that one of the most important aims of such a march is to underline the importance of whatever cause it is to serve, to the people in the march itself. I hadn't thought of this and had previously agreed with the opinion of such as Dave Rike, who, commenting on a recent bomb-test protest march from San Jose to San Francisco (a distance of close to a hundred miles), said "Ahhh, the only good excuse for such a march is that it'll take all night and it'll provide a good chance for a sleeping-bag shackup en route". Now I'm not so sure."

GREGG CALKINS "In all of this comment about Bombs and Communism I think Terry Jeeves comes up with about the most sensible statement yet, and even then he doesn't express it as positively as I think it should be expressed... namely that the US and the UK will reach the 1984 stage long before Russia pushes us there, and we'll probably do it during the same period in which Russia rushes headlong into democracy!



"I dunno about this new set-up - we haven't had a single good discussion of rain on Venus since we disbanded."

Frankly, I don't really expect to see another World War (although there will no doubt be a multitude of Suez-type squabbles in ensuing decades) barring some international accident of monumental proportions. As matters stand now it is actually the democratic nations who would stand to gain from a global war and not the Soviet powers. I think all of the shouting and arms-waving up until recently has been largely due to a tremendous inferiority complex on the part of the USSR - and who can blame them for feeling inferior when they plainly are so inferior in many ways? - and the expectation of being pushed around by the older global powers of the US and UK. And now that Russia knows that we won't attack first, I doubt if she will either.

After all, how would she benefit from a war? Keeping in mind that Russia has a very real and dangerous problem in China, a nation with an exploding population but relatively few industrial centers for atomic attack, situated smack dab on her border to boot, she is hardly in a position to tackle the rest of the world in an atomic war. Win or lose she would be considerably weakened from the after-effects and a sitting duck for the Chinese. An atomic war in China would probably do the Chinese a lot of good, for that matter...it couldn't hurt their industry much because they haven't any, and at the same time the population reduction might turn out to be a substantial boon. China has too damn many people now for her reforms and industrial progress to work effectively and sheer weight of numbers is the largest single thing holding her back.

Moreover, getting back to the current social trends, why should she go to war to force communism on the US and UK when they are busy achieving what is both laughingly and seriously called 'galloping socialism' as swiftly as they can anyhow? The UK is avowedly socialistic in many ways; the US refuses to admit it but they are also well along the road themselves. And meanwhile Russia is a young industrial nation, just beginning to realise her own strength and future, offering more and more incentive to questing minds and ambitious people and looking more like a democracy every day.

I'm not sure whether I'm happy or unhappy about all of these trends, but I do know I'd rather see them continue peacefully than have some ultra-nervous soul press the button before mankind has a chance to reach full maturity.

Bill Temple's letter harks me back to the days of some rather old sf stories

whose plots I once thought absurd but now I'm not so sure. You know the ones I mean: H-Bomb or germ warfare or some-such wipes out most of world, people (survivors) retaliate by wiping out all scientists, etc. For some reason they never seem to have any trouble deciding which persons are scientists and which are not, presumably because the scientists go around wearing white lab smocks and muttering absent-mindedly to themselves. I don't know how Temple is going to identify the ones he wants to finish off after the Bomb falls, but I hope he manages to include on his list the non-scientists who are responsible for the actual button-pushing. Scientists, per se, aren't responsible for the troubles of the human race and probably never will be, but they do make a convenient whipping boy, don't they? If you have a problem, blame the government. If you fear the dangers of the world, blame science. Both are equally nebulous and apparently equally susceptible to attack without fear of retaliation...largely because it is almost impossible to pick out more than a half a dozen people from each group. It all makes me sort of sick to my stomach to realize that otherwise apparently sensible people can turn and attack something as intangible as 'science' in an effort to solve their problems and make them feel better. Maybe some of those old sf stories aren't as ridiculous as I had thought."

PETER WEST "I don't myself particularly care for politics in fnz, but since it's been started, I might as well give my viewpoint. First of all, I am wholeheartedly in favour of stopping all H-Bomb tests. However, on the rest I am a pessimist. While it sounds like a good idea to ban all atomic weapons I fear that it is not possible in practice. Even if the big powers agree, I doubt if all stocks would actually be destroyed. There would be a strong temptation to hide a few just in case... just in case the enemy does the same (and he probably would). An inspection system can't be that good that it would detect hidden caches perhaps several miles underground. And what is to stop some of the smaller countries (a dictator, say), from secretly manufacturing a few bombs, then holding the rest of the world to ransom? To say that it is a too horrible weapon to be used or that it won't be used for fear of retaliation is nonsense -- all war is horrible, and there is always the hope of knocking out the enemy completely before he can retaliate -- at least that seems a popular belief on the other side of the Big Pond.

The non-nuclear club idea seems good, and ought to be tried. The fewer countries possess the menace, the less chance of any disastrous "accidents". But the trouble with it is that it won't work if only one power sets its mind against it. And to say that the bomb would never be used -- does anyone really believe that Hitler wouldn't have used it when his "empire" was falling about his ears?

The only real answer would seem to be a complete re-education of man's thinking and possibly a World State -- in this day and age Patriotism seems more of a curse than a virtue -- but even then there may be revolutions."

JOE PATRIZIO "And now I feel I must say something about Nuclear Disarmament. A point that seems to be being suppressed is that if the U.K. disarms, they are morally obliged to ask the U.S. to remove all nuclear weapons from British soil (not so?). If all Europe did this I'm sure that the U.S. would pull all their forces home, as they would be strategically useless without H-bombs. In the event of a war, Europe would almost immediately become Communist, but perhaps they wouldn't use nuclear weapons. The whole thing seems to boil down to whether you would rather be dead or live under Communist rule. It's all right for 60 and 70 year old politicians to say that they would die rather than submit, but find out what people under 40 have to say on the subject. I'm sure most people would prefer to stay alive."

JOHNNY HAUTZ "Feeling here in Ireland is rather apathetic with regard to the H-Bomb - thank God that we have no Aldermaston - but it is at least encouraging to note that the Irish delegation to U.N.O. is taking a strong line on the formation of a non-nuclear club. The growth of a strong movement among the small nations to restrict these fatal arms races and experiments with fusion weapons may, at last, achieve something. But, of course, it is well nigh impossible that the loss of sovereignty involved by giving up the atomic bomb can be made palatable to the politicians. When one thinks how much of our future lies in the hands of a few politicians - this is surely far more horrible than any of the imagined monsters of second-rate Hollywood tripecoons."

MAL ASHWORTH "Well, like I suppose Nuclear Disarmament might be nice, man, but Feiffer says floating black specks will be good for us. Yes, it would be nice if everybody - but everybody - would disarm. The same applies to the stoppage of tests. After all, so long as anybody is going to go on poisoning the atmosphere anyway, it seems to me we should be a little silly to let ourselves be slowly poisoned by somebody else's mess and put ourselves at a military disadvantage at the same time. No, ding ding it, let's stand up like true Human Beans and poison ourselves: (Actually this accords rather well with the objects of a Society I have formed in recent months and of which I am at present President. This is the 'National Society for the Abolition of Life' and I understood that our manifesto and full details were to be published in BRENNSCHLUSS. However, its publishers, in the best traditions of the Society, are acting like dead already and it hasn't appeared yet. Anyway, it may interest you to know that we had a grand march to Lancaster Bus Station and found great public interest in our movement. Why, people even shouted encouraging slogans at us, such as 'Keep Moving', which just goes to demonstrate my point. I think this will grow into a Great Thing.)"

JIM GROVES "May I plant my big feet in The Nuclear Disarmament question? As an individual human being afraid of death and even more afraid of pain I'm all for disarmament. But it occurs to me that if one can ban such a big thing as nuclear weapons one could also ban war. In fact if it could be done it would have been done before now. The bomb itself is not a deterrent and it follows that fear of the bomb or its effects will not deter or even make people protest. There's an old saying to the effect that a burnt child fears the fire and it's a horrible thought that this is the only way we will learn. The Japanese certainly have."

I don't like the thought but I think we must consider the possibility that from the point of view of the race as a whole a nuclear war may be of use. It would cut our population drastically and also cut the subsequent birth rate with its biological effects and the fear of them in people's minds. It's a rather foul solution to the problem admittedly, and one with scant respect for individuals, but we must remember that the individual human being is considered important only in the western world and then only recently, and it's quite probable that it's only a chance fluctuation of ideas and nowhere near being a law of nature.

I hope none of the above ideas are true but frankly I doubt it."

HARRY WARNER, "I wish more people could read Joy's column, too. I haven't done much newspaper reading during this week of vacation, but I did run across one intriguing item in the local newspaper: a report on the concentration of Strontium-90 in the Potomac River, Hagerstown's source of water. There is some there, a Washington agency reported, but it's not up to the maximum permissible limit. Incidentally, you might be interested to know that in much of the United States, it is no longer legal to shoot off fireworks on the Fourth of July, although there are no restrictions on the dates when H-Bombs may be tested."

JEAN YOUNG "I feel that in this country, protest marches and campaigns against the Bomb are hopeless; such things get one lumped with idealists, do-gooders, empty-headed nodnicks, and you are therefore discounted as being of any importance. The only thing you can do at all is to be of some importance in some medium where you're seen or heard by a lot of people, and then do something very clever -- like Herblock's cartoons or Stan Freberg's parable of the El Sodom and the Rancho Gomorrah //Incident at Los Voraces - Best of the Freberg Shows// on radio. It's no good even being someone big and Making A Statement Denouncing The Bomb. Then people just think you've gone soft in the head, and forget about you. You've got to be subtle and clever and work behind scenes as much as possible. It is even true that most of the people who join protest marches here, f'rinstance, probably ARE fuzzy-headed idealists. I wouldn't join one. Andy and I disagree violently, almost to blows, about this -- but I don't notice him "DOING" anything...better, for instance, to get hold of a play with the point -- and it would have to be a damn, damn good play in its own right, and one that put across the point without slamming it in your face -- and then try to get it produced. Trouble is, people write so many bad, impassioned plays (and other things), that someone who is all-fired up and idealistic will produce, and the damn thing stinks, and people go away thinking that anti-Bomb types are soft-headed and nitwits. There was an Execrable Thing of that sort produced down at Poets' Theatre here in Cambridge just this past Spring, and it turned my stomach, it did...and got lousy reviews, too. I haven't much hope for it, anyway."

Apart from the H-Bomb, Joy's comments on F&SF caused a fair amount of comment...as did those on Canaletto...

ELINOR BUSBY "Pornography in F&SF (that's what we were talking about at Nameless Club meeting, by the way -- see Wally's minutes). Well, I partly agree and partly don't. Re Green Monkey -- I agree entirely -- I thought that a loathsome contemptible story -- it didn't use any vulgar words if I remember cor-

rectly, but the THINKING was vulgar-- the gimmick - locker-room stuff. Ugh. Boucher: wasn't he editor when -- I think it was the second -- of Poul Anderson's stories about witchcraft was pubbed? One was Operation Afreet and one was Operation Salamander, or something like that. Anyhow, the heroine sees the hero naked and says now she knows he will make a good husband. Locker-room attitude -- alla same like in Green Monkey. I was pretty disgusted, and wondered whether Karen didn't have any influence over her husband, or whether she didn't have good taste either. I suspect the latter. On the other hand, some stuff can be RIPE and I'll dig it no end. Virgin Planet, for example, was distinctly ribald and I enjoyed it immensely.



"Reckon we've enough empty dried milk tins here to give that lot in California some competition"

Loved the line - "Well if you're a man, fertilize the corporal!"

I looked at the June F&SF, and deduce that the two stories you found objectionable were the one about the two very incompatible types locked in telepathic rapport, and the Philip Jose Farmer story about the Neanderthal survival. I liked them both -- to a degree -- both were unsatisfactory, tho. The relationship between the New England-type and the untidy-minded girl would have made a much better story if it had been RESOLVED, in one way or another -- the flashy ending was sensational, but sort of cheap. I mean he threw away an exciting situation for an effect. Pretty improbable, tho -- I imagine telepathy is much more likely between similar type minds, or complementary minds -- well, perhaps those two opposites were complementary. Hmmm... The Farmer story was fascinating -- everything by him is -- but it didn't actually have any plot, it was 100% unbelievable, and it didn't actually say anything or go anywhere. I don't object to it's having been published, nor do I deplore the time I spent reading it, but I'll never re-read it. Farmer is sort of hung-up on sex -- a lot of his stuff has a pornographic feel to it. I don't object to sexy stf at all unless the attitude is vulgar. A sniggering attitude, or a locker-room attitude, bugs me unutterably; and an exhibitionistic my-aren't-we-modern-and-isn't-it-mad-fun attitude bugs me just as much. But I think that sexual relationships, customs, mores, are as legitimate a field for extrapolation as psionics, physics, sociology, medicine, psychiatry -- or any of the things extrapolated for stffish use. To sum it up: I do think that F&SF has become more Venturesome since VENTURE folded, but I loved VENTURE and do not find the new F&SF terribly objectionable. (Some of the stories in Venture I liked better than others, but Green Monkey was the only one that made me angry.) And I do not think that Boucher was all that Pure -- I think he was lewd, too, at time.

GMC has attacked Buz & I fiercely in Fapa - "social-climbers" - "boot-lickers" - oh man! we're really getting it!"

ARCHIE MERCER "To my mind, F&SF has survived the change of regime. I had indeed wondered if the lashings-of-sex-and-sadism policy of VENTURE would travel with Mills - but it hasn't. F&SF has sex, certainly - always did have, Boucher's no prude - but I can't say I've noticed any undue increase in same. And it's still publishing some splendid stories. The Alley Man for instance - yes, that has a certain sexiness, but it's exactly the sort of thing that Boucher'd have jumped at. The latest "People" story, which suffers only inasmuch as it's supposed to be the continuation of the series. "All you Zombies", which again is somewhat (or more than somewhat) sex-ridden, but whose gimmick is big enough to transcend such mundanities. I wish I had my recent ones on hand, I'd like to quote some more titles but I've got a lousy memory.

Then there's this Green Monkey from Venture that Joy objects to. She hasn't been the first to object to it, but as Venture stories go it was one of the few that I found worth reading. Sturgeon's written other sexy stories. The World Well Lost, the Wages of Synergy, I Libertine - even The Silken-Swift if you like. In general (not counting the Libertine maybe, which is in a class of its own) these stories seem to be praised up to the skies. Yet the poor little green monkey gets beaten to death. Compare it with the above-quoted World Well Lost. Both are, if you like, of the category that can be labelled "amplified sexy joke". But the point of the WWL is that it WAS homosexuality, whereas the point of the green monkey is that it WASN'T. On that count, the green monkey is considerably the less disgusting of the two.

Anybody care to join a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Green Monkeys?"

SID BIRCHBY "Speaking of Canaletto, whom Joy praises in 'The Li'l Picture', it may well be true that no matter which of his many pictures one considers, the same high standard of draughtsmanship and artistry prevails; a tribute to his talented team of assistants and to his skill in infusing his own personality into every picture he signed, even when his own actual contribution may have been limited to half an hour with the retouching brush.

Like Joy, I find him quite charming. He rarely resorts to that austere analytical candour, suggestive of the acid-stripped hull of a diatom, which even the most sensitive architectural draughtsman affects. How pleasant to gaze, in these modern, hag-ridden times, on the cool serenity of a Canaletto view, so distant and so long vanished from the world we know! I must get one for the office."

And then there was the postcard that Joy received from Liverpool - posted on the day the Russians hit the moon. It read "Time: 9 mins to 9. We have an hour and 14 mins to live. (You know the moon is CT of course). Goodbye. Sob" It was signed by most of the Liverpool Group (plus some others) who had, naturally, seized the chance to hold a party! #Hope it was a good one, too, folks - Joy#

Atom's cover on Apr 12 was generally praised as one of the finest things he's done...

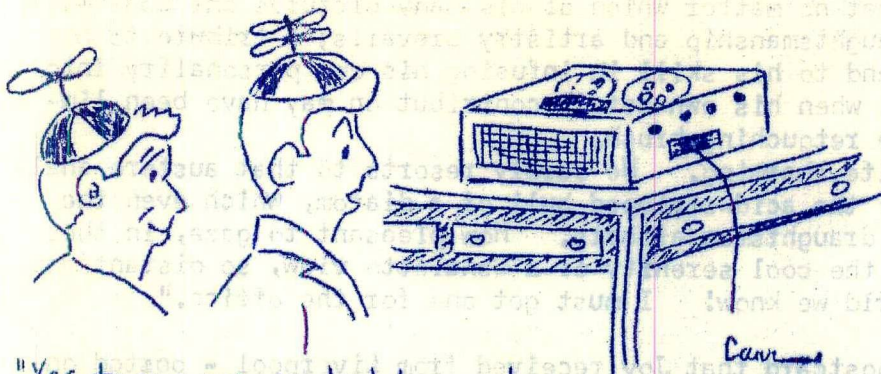
ARCHIE MERCER "APE 12 - and this time an outstanding cover. Usually they seem to be just lines on a white background, the close shading on this model makes all the difference. Makes me want to look at the cover, rather than just glance at it. I can even forgive the blueness of the thing."

SID BIRCHBY "Atom's cover neatly nips the bare backside of the First Fandom club. I suppose he means that when a fannish tradition reaches the point where it needs wiring together, it's ready for the embalmers. So hang down yore haid, First Fandom...pore boy, yo're gonna die!"

TERRY CARR "The first thing that comes to mind is that though Atom's cover had a delightful idea, somehow I don't especially like it. In fact, I've had this feeling about most all of Atom's Apr covers, and I think I've finally figured out what I have against them. It's those cover-critturs he does; I don't like their looks. Oh, not that they look sinister or anything -- it's simply that I think such stylized and simple critturs should look cute, and these just look homely. Hoffwoman's Li'l Peepul were cute, Wells' foofs were cute, ShelVy's puffins were cute, Vin's whatever-they're-called were cute -- it's a long-established tradition. Hell, Boob Stewart used to do a series of little critturs called boobs, and the way they were drawn they were so extremely limited -- no hands, no arms, no mouth, etc. -- that the variety of cartoon ideas in which they could be employed was extremely limited. Yet I and many others thought they were delightful, simply because they had great big innocent eyes that made them absolutely charming, if that's not too feminine an adjective for me to use. In fact, they came closer to the mythical fannish idea of sensitive fannish faces than any other crittur ever drawn, I think. These critturs of Atom's whether they be Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, Alpha and Beta, or just two out-of-work former members of the Goons, are not cute at all; in fact, they're rather repellant, to me at least."

JEAN YOUNG "I dig that cover the most. Man!"

HARRY WARNER "I joined First Fandom despite my general opposition to fan organizations that have only non-concrete objectives. I think that the lax



"Yes, tapers are wonderful - so far we've recorded Chuck Harris's lecherous laugh, Bent Campbell's beard rustling in a breeze, and Nicki's first word, which was 'Ghu!'"

membership qualifications are a good thing, no matter how much ridicule they've attracted in recent months; it takes something radical to correct the radical misconceptions that have sprung up about a lot of fans. People who never saw a prozine until three or four years ago have been sneering at the fannish qualifications of people like Don Ford, who were active two decades ago in such constructive ways as by subscribing to Spaceways. If collecting is not considered an evidence of fan activity, where does that leave Doc Barrett?

There is probably nobody in fandom who would be less comfortable than I would be, in a gathering of these convention fans who live principally for beer busts, but these are times when everyone agrees that it's getting more difficult to bring outsiders into fandom and I think it's important to try to patch up the splits that have been growing into hostility between fans with different types of interests. Non-sequitur. I was trying to imply that we don't want to split into small separate segments a fandom that is none too large at present and has small chance of finding lots of new blood.

Just enough space remains to tell you that I thought it was an exceptionally good issue, and the front cover is one of the most brilliant you've had so far, despite its relationship to the paragraph above."

DON FORD "Also received this week was APE #12. I liked the ATOM cover on FIRST FANDOM. It had humor & satire skillfully blended together. Lynn Hickman was telling me at Detroit what a good cover it was & when the mag finally arrived I burst out laughing. I've always thought ATOM's cover on HYPHEN, a few years back, with the punch line: "Church Anyone?" was the #1 classic of fanzine covers/cartoons or what have you. Let's place the FIRST FANDOM cover in the #2 spot"

LYNN HICKMAN "I enjoyed the #12 Ape immensely. Especially the cover. I would like to have reprint rights to use it on a First Fandom Bulletin. We would of course give credit to Aporrheta. Would that be ok with yourself & Atom?"

Reprint rights were gladly given, and in a more recent letter Lynn included a sample of the traced illo (excellently done) and said "I thought the cover hilarious. I never mind a spoof or a dig when it is evident it is being done in good fun. In fact I enjoy them then. It's when something is done in what to my mind is in a bitter way and is meant to hurt or to discredit that my ire is aroused." Inchmery endorses this statement wholeheartedly - and yes, Lynn - Plato Jones cartoons would be welcome.

Penelope Fandergaste and Focal Points should be the next subject, I think....

SID BIRCHBY "Penelope raises some smart questions about Focal Points. My feeling is that, supposing Fandom actually has enough shape to produce coherent

images at focal points, who is to interpret the images? Not Fandom itself, if the Uncertainty Principle has any meaning. It's not for any fan to say: 'Look at me! I'm a focal point.', because surely, as soon as he gives way to such fugg-headedness, he's no longer typical of Fandom. With all its faults, Fandom as a whole isn't fugg-headed, thank Ghu."

TERRY CARR "Penelope is interesting again, and I agree with her that fandom doesn't need a focalpoint fanzine. Fandom today is far too diversified to accommodate one, for that matter -- it seems to be made up of a semi-infinite (?) series of interlocking circles of fans and differing interests and attitudes. And, if I may take it a step further, I don't think fandom has ever had a focal point in the sense most fans today speak of one. That is, there's never to my knowledge been a fanzine which drew around it all or even most of the active fans and fan groupings. QUANDRY wasn't a focal point in that sense -- such other fanzines as PEON, UTOPIAN, SLANT, FANTASY ADVERTISER, OPERATION FANTAST, RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST, and yes, FANTASY TIMES went blithely along their way totally or at least largely outside Q's sphere of influence -- and these were all rather important fmz, with the exception of UTOPIAN of course. As a matter of fact, RHODO was apparently inalterably opposed to such fannishness as Q represented, and at one time an argument ran in its pages on the subject...I believe it was Gregg Calkins who championed the fannish side.

I think the focalpoint idea got started in Silverberg's historic "Last and First Fen" article, tho I'm not positive. Bob, in looking for distinct groupings of fans and fan-attitudes to delineate fannish eras, placed great importance on dominant fanzines such as SF DIGEST, VAMPIRE, SPACEWARP, and Q. Somewhere in the shuffle the idea achieved even greater prominence than Silverberg had given it, and the idea of a numbered fannish era and a single focalpoint fanzine got tangled up and associated with each other. Subsequent and lengthy discussions on the subject seem to have divorced the two ideas, but the idea of a single dominant fanzine has persisted. I think it's a myth, frankly. To support my claim: hell, look at CRY OF THE NAMELESS today...it has almost exactly the same air of lively interest that Q had, with fannish arguments of the day being aired immediately and at length in its pages -- yet CRY is by no means a focalpoint in the recent connotation of that term. It is a focalpoint -- not the focalpoint. Others, I think, are APORRHETA, JD/ARGASSY, FANAC, and maybe YANDRO and VOID -- I think the latter two are really just getting started on real focalpoint tendencies."

JEAN YOUNG "WHAT is happening to Penelope? She was positively mellow this time. And what is happening to me? I find I LIKE her mellow...my menfolk would say this just shows lack of mental integrity and spinal virtue on my part but my menfolk are a mite notorious for their slash-and-bluster....I love that li'l ATOM cartoon about the unsuitable clubroom..."

JIM CAUGHRAN "You're a little hard on Ted White in places; on the other hand, at times he deserves it. One can't know what to expect from White; sometimes he's completely rational, other times he's a prejudiced fool. But then, aren't we all? You occasionally say things which I think extremely irrational, but most of the time you're reasoning pretty good."

And later...

"Fandergaste/Bennett has some interesting things to say, but is outdated, I'm afraid -- Ape would be a good focal point if such were to exist, but I don't believe fandom is at the focal point stage any longer.

No, I'll amend that -- Cry is a focal point of sorts, a focal point of several

Saps members, mostly fans of only a couple of years standing, but it is not a focal point of all of fandom.

Other examples of focal points of partial fandoms can probably be cited, tho I'm too lazy to think of any at the moment. Fandom becomes too large -- The Cry lettercol, for instance, is one of the biggest things in the zine, every month, but it is being cut like mad, and overflows all the time. There are simply too many fans, with too much opinion on any given subject, to give a representative sample in any fanzine, which would be one of the things a focal point zine would have to do"

BRUCE PELZ "On this matter of Focal Points, it seems to be generally agreed, what with even Ted White admitting his "Focal-Point Fanzine" bit was a gag, that fandom can have no one Focal Point as it stands today. And I wonder, should some fan historian take the trouble to go through hiser 6th Fandom zine collection, whether even Q was considered a Focal Point in its own time? In retrospect, everybody says it was - but what about the on-the-spot fans? What did they say then on the subject - and what do they say now? Willis? LeeH?"

BOB LICHTMAN "All this talk of Focal Points, it bugs me. I don't really think that fandom needs a focal point, but I'm always willing to put in my 2¢ about the matter. Personally, I think there're a number of focal point fanzines right now, though no one zine that would be another Quandry in that respect. Apé is one of them, because of its timeliness (even though it does take close to a month to get here to the West Coast, it still has an air of immediacy, especially since FANAC has been so irregular); CRY is another, because of its large letter section, its monthly schedule; FANAC was a focal point of sorts, but it seems to have lost its immediacy due to problems during the summer, though by the time this sees print it may have picked up somewhat; Shangri-L'Affaires is another possible, held back only by the way it is cliquish, and that it still is a clubzine; Void might be one, too, because of its frequency and large letter section, though there hasn't been an issue in almost two months now. Oh, there's one or two others, too, but let's not get boring. I don't think any of them will become THE FOCAL POINT (exclamation point), because fandom doesn't seem to want a focal point, now. And no zine could cater to as many different tastes and interests as there are in fandom, not without being over 100 pages per issue."

My own feeling is that it is quite impossible for fandom to possess THE Focal Point Zine even if it wanted to. Now for some general comments:-

WALT WILLIS "I thought the best thing in this issue was Bill Temple's letter. Gosh, when ol' Bill gets worked up about something he can fairly scathe. I can understand when Chuck used to say he'd be afraid of him. Imagine Chuck being bested in invective, but true enough there is no one in fandom..or outside of it.. that I know of who could ascend to quite such a sustained pitch of savage indignation in the Swiftian manner. If I was Sir William Penney reading that about him and his petrol cans I'd just crawl into one and pull the stopper down after me. #We had a little tummy upset when we were away, but people always seem to get that sort of thing when they're far away from home, don't they? I think it's called distantry. (Hi Vinz)"

JOE PATRIZIO "Was George Locke's Underground scene autobiographical? It had a touch of reality that surely wasn't just a trick of syntax. I really felt for him."

BOB LICHTMAN "Locke's Cover Story was a masterful bit of work. Even better, as I recall, than his story a few Apés back, and that was excellent. This fellow really seems to have a talent for this sort of thing, one which I envy."

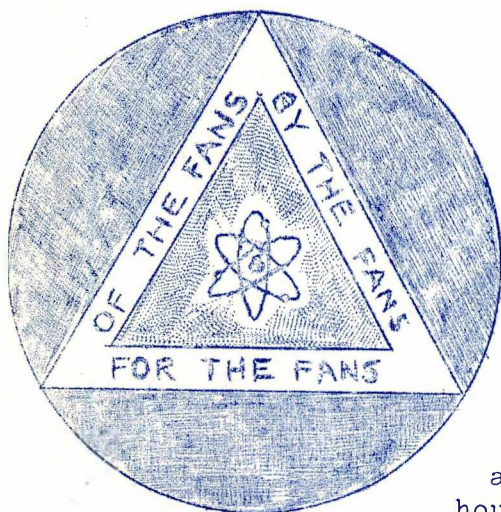
JIM CAUGHRAN "Locke seems to be a valuable man. I hope you have more of him. Was he one of the BSFA attractees?" ((No, he was a non-vocal, strictly collector-type member of the LC for 3-4 years. About the beginning of this year he suddenly blossomed out into a fanzine contributor. Though they didn't really quite conform to my requirements I used some of his items in Apr/ to give encouragement, and the story I have on hand for the next issue is ample reward! Aided by Inchmery and Ella Parker, George has now become a rabid fanzine fan, editor of SMOKE, and leading contender for the role of most promising "new" fan...))

PETER WEST ask what are ayjay pubs...amateur journals such as this - but usually used in the fan world to denote apazines (ie OMPA, FAPA, SAPS pubs, etc.) KARL DOLLNER (who he?) sends a cutting on Regency Space Travel, for which thanks. MAJOR-GENERAL SIR OWEN RODNEY, KBE, CB, Paymaster-in-Chief, The War Office, expresses his gratitude (on his retirement) for all the help and encouragement he has had. And that - in a hell of a rush - is all for this issue. The next issue will contain a large size Diary to fit in the letters that have not been used, and to make acknowledgments for the vast number of fanzines received here but not yet mentioned. Please accept my apologies.....

SANDY

NOTICES

John Newman has been in hospital 5-6 weeks with sinus trouble. Very messy, but it is beginning to clear up. Boyd Raeburn has been sick with viral meningitis and is just beginning to recover (i.e. he can get in to work for a few hours each day, but it leaves him pretty beat). He apologises to all fans for not acknowledging zines and letters, but it just isn't possible. NOTE from November 5th, Boyd's address will be 89 Maxome Ave, Willowdale, Ont. Can.



THE SCIENCE FICTION CLUB OF LONDON

Friday, October 23rd, saw the formation of the third fan group in this city when a number of London fans held a meeting in a room made available at Inchmery. The first business session lasted an hour and at the end of that time we had an agreed constitution and five officers including Ella Parker as Chairwoman and Jim Groves, 29 Lathom Road, East Ham, London E6 as Secretary. Future business sessions will be limited to the same length of time and will be combined with social sessions. Meetings are twice a month. The Friday meeting helped to dispel the theory that a clubroom would not be popular because of drinking restrictions. Tea, coffee, biscuits and cake were served and despite the proximity of a pub, nobody wanted anything stronger. This is an active club, and tho' most members are concerned with the production of fanzines, we expect to branch out in the near future. Present plans include the formation of the first 8mm cine film unit in the London area, and group participation in future conventions with both films and tapes.

