

# APORRHEIA



Nº 14



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# APORRHETA - 14

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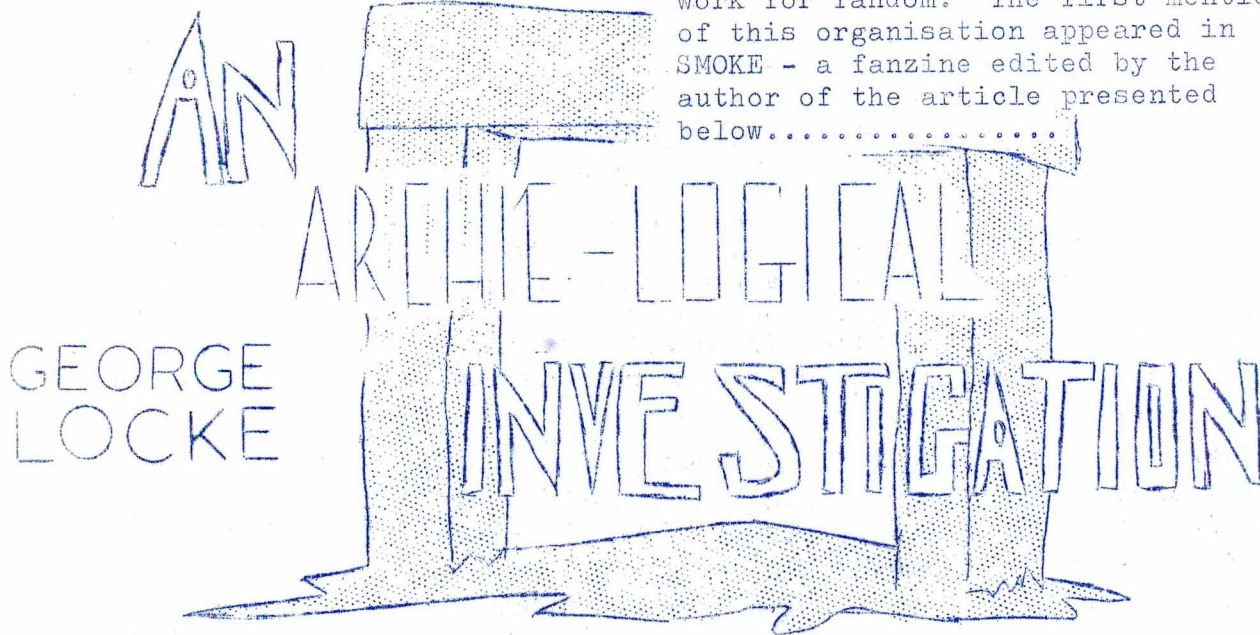
## NOTES FOR AN EDITORIAL

...must mention there's no page 18 or 19 - should have been Atom A to Z but due to mistake between us he missed deadline...point out that weight is made up by inclusion of other items...FANAC POLL SHEETS ARE INCLUDED FOR YOU TO USE - YOU DON'T HAVE TO VOTE FOR APÉ OR ANYTHING IN IT - JUST VOTE...George Locke's story in this issue is about the best thing he's done to date - at least, I think so...lead item in the next issue will be another long piece, this time by Harry Warner - not another 'Payette' piece but a considerably re-written and expanded version of a piece he did in FAFA some time ago called 'And Pare Her Nails' - new version will be well worth reading even if you saw the earlier item, and not a great number of Apé readers did...will have to remember to substitute for 'piece' when typing this on stencil...mustn't forget to say that material is still needed ...on hand at the moment is a serious item by Andy Young concerning sf - and a harrowing tale by Ken Potter regarding his experiences as a vacuum salesman...also story by George Spencer and other things ...'Flabbergaste' was USA fan who thought his ideas might not be taken seriously if his identity was known - promises to reveal himself shortly... 'Why APAs' brought in considerable comment, most of which I agree with (sorry Cantaloupe) - see next Diary, WHICH WILL BE BIG!!! (I think)...as a matter of interest I've just discovered that Ellik is pronounced Eellik, and FIJAGH must be short for Fandom Ees Just A 'oddamned 'obby...this is more reason for improving Anglo-American relations...must express gratitude to Alan E Nourse and the LASFAS for the loan of their films shown at the recent London Symposium - they went down very well...wonder if various examples of nit-picking by established fans is due to element of guilt-feeling because Apé is a fanzine with a social conscience...previous opinion makers might be dismayed when Apé vocalises something that they have tried to ignore...is a thought, I guess...oh, MERRY XMAS..

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SoFa - the Society For Fannish Research - is doing much valuable work for fandom. The first mention of this organisation appeared in SMOKE - a fanzine edited by the author of the article presented below.....



Chapter One: "Things do not change; we change." THOREAU, Walden

Naturally I did not ask Inchmery where they had obtained the original drawing for the cover of Apé 12. It had obviously been copied from the wall of an old fannish cave. The great danger in scientific research lies in allowing oneself to be side-tracked by the more romantic aspects of discovery. A fact is a fact - and it should be allowed to remain as such.

This drawing, then, was the first proof of the existence of a Stone Age Fandom, long suspected by the Society For Fannish Research. The 'First Fan' unfortunately edited by a merciless Sanderson to resemble the traditional Apé Bem - was pictured standing beside a dinosaur, clad in a single rough skin. In the light of this evidence, it appeared futile for Bob Madle's group to call themselves First Fandom. However this thought is pure politics, and no scientist should involve himself in such matters.

Work at the hospital is always slack on Thursday afternoons, and on this particular occasion there were even fewer out-patients to serve than usual. However, just as I was about to visit the Fannish Research Laboratories for a discussion on the Apé cover, a patient of scientific interest came to the serving hatch of the dispensary. He laid his prescription card down. I would have judged him as being almost any age over a hundred, but the most remarkable feature about him was his beanie.

As most of you know, it is a rare sight for English fans to be seen wearing beanies, although they are inevitably depicted in drawings as possessing them. This fellow's was the first I had seen. Composed of marble, it appeared to grow out of the top of his head. I felt I had to make certain, and made use of the Verbal Technique.

"Old fellow," I said. "How did you acquire this - headgear?"

He looked at me for the first time. His cheeks were twitching, his



mouth sagging over his chin. I could see that he was very ill. But in his eyes there was still something of the brightness and strength of the fan.

"I was born with it," he mumbled. He pushed the prescription towards me, and I could see that he had only one arm. Gently, I took the card from him. I read: "Tabs. Calc. Lact. gr 10 tds on alt. days.

"Oleum Crotonis m l. Arachis Oil, Acacia qs. at  
1/2oz. tds on alt. days."

I counted the tablets out. As I handed them to him, I accidentally touched the beanie. I drew my hand back as though it had been slapped. The beanie felt limp - floppy - like rubber. This, I knew, was not one of the normal properties of marble. SoFa would welcome the opportunity for research so I said, slyly, "I'm afraid we don't have any of the mixture on these premises, sir. If you will come with me, however, I will see what can be done."

The old fan, swallowing his first tablet, hobbled after me. As we made our way along the corridors of the great London Hospital to the secret Laboratories, hidden in an old air-raid shelter, I wondered what he would say when he discovered that we were fans.

We arrived at the rusty iron door. I knocked twice, then once, then twice again. There was a pause, and then the door disappeared. We had developed this branch of atomic technology so that the money otherwise spent on hinge-oil, could be used for original research. I stepped aside to let the old man in first, then followed. The long, narrow laboratory was brightly illuminated by the starry light emanating from the eyes of three neo-fen strapped to the ceiling. A kettle was boiling over the hot gas given off by duplicate copies of G M Carr and Sandy Sanderson hissing at each other. At a bench, several fans were making stylii and wheel pens from surgical appliances purloined from the hospital stores.

The director, Dr I Avemoff, came forward. "Who is this?"

"He is a fan," I explained.

At the mention of the holy word, the old man straightened his back and stood to attention. "Are you fans? The fans I have been searching for these many years?"

"We are indeed fans," I murmured

He maintained his pose for a long minute, then with ghastly abruptness his strength faded away. He collapsed into my arms, clawing feebly at me with his single hand. I helped him to a chair and seated him. As I did, I motioned Doc Barrett, who had been asleep, over to him. Whispering urgently I told him about the limp beanie

The doctor took off the fan's jacket - listened to his heart for a moment. Presently, he beamed. "Tom Lehrer!"

"His beanie," I reminded him.

Doc continued the examination, stripping the old fan right. "He is well and truly past it," he commented. Presently, he stood up. "He appears to be in need of a mild purgative," he diagnosed.

I felt that if I informed the doctor about the prescribed croton oil I would never get him to look at the beanie, so I said: "If you would now take a look at this very interesting example of a limp calciferous fannish growth..."

Doc prodded it nonchalantly with his stethoscope. "My," he exclaimed with sudden interest. "He's not past it after all."

"No Trufan is ever past it," I murmured.

"But this beanie - it seems hard enough to me."

"What do you mean, hard?" I demanded. "It's as soft as rice pudding."

"Feel it."

I felt it. It was as hard as steel.

Chapter Two: "They wrote in the old days that it is sweet and fitting to die for one's country. But in modern fandom there is nothing sweet nor fitting in your dying. You will die like a dog for no good reason." ERNEST HEMINGWAY, Notes on the Next War.

There was silence, broken only by my weeping. "It was soft five minutes ago. It was soft..." And I had thought my powers of scientific observation were faultless.

Doc put his arm around my shoulder. "After all," he whispered kindly. "A pharmacist has not been fully trained in diagnosis."

This made me feel better. I said to the old fan, who was trying to speak: "What is it you want to tell us?"

"True fans at last." The words came barely above a whisper. "I've been searching...searching..."

"And now you have found us. Have you been searching very long?"

"Ever since our club broke up." Suddenly he clenched his fists in hatred. "Ever since - the killings."

"You were a member of New York Fandom?" I suggested.

He shook his head. "No, it was in France."

"Tell us about it."

We gave him a drink of blog (Formula 427a) which brightened him considerably. "Ah, the glorious Calca. It was many years ago - fifty or more. We were a thriving international club, with more than a hundred members, and we had a clubroom near Finsbury Park. We used to meet every Thursday, and quite often several members would show up on other days of the week."

"How long had the club been established?" asked Avemoff.

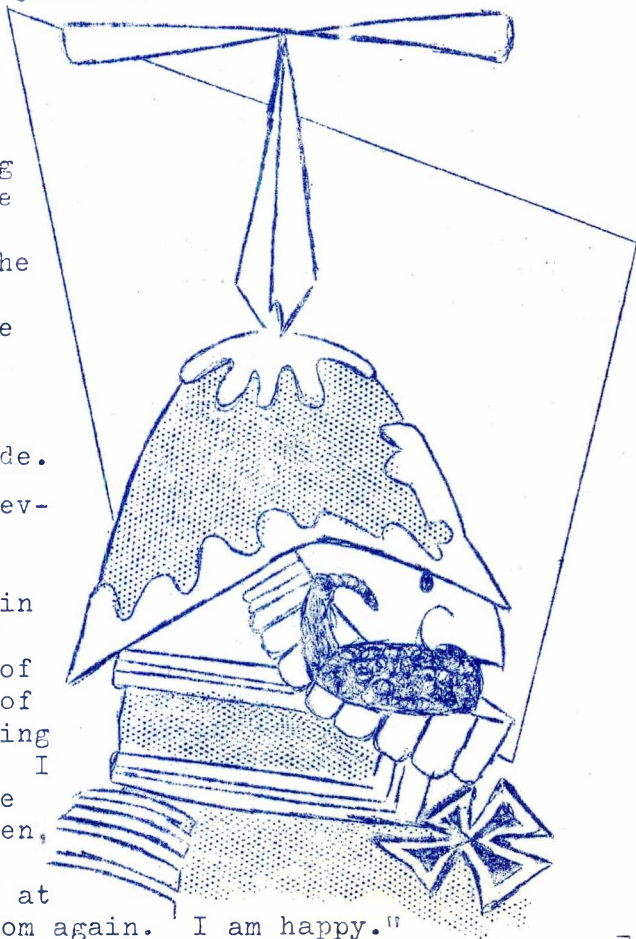
"No one knew. It was rumoured that the London Horde, as we called ourselves, had been in existence since the beginning of time. Our earliest records describe the departure of a splinter group in the 'Mayflower', and at that time we had a history of great length. The legend was that one day our wayward brothers would return - but they never did."

"Then, one day, during a discussion on the feasibility of Vaux and Yexall's England-Germany war prophecy - a brilliant masterpiece called When The Eagle Flies Seaward - one of our members mentioned how small the group had become. We all ignored him, however. A pessimist. It was rather a rainy day, we said. However, the attendance during the following weeks was also bad, becoming progressively worse. This was strange, since many fascinating books were being published:- Le Queux's War Of 1910, Wood's The Enemy In Our Midst, Well's The War In The Air, and others. You'll probably know them. But the hucksters weren't coming any longer. And one by one the BNFs were deserting us. We knew they were still interested in fandom - some were even writing more of the future war stories - but they weren't coming to the meetings.

"At length it became so bad that only a mere half dozen regulars were attending. Schmidt and Arnheim, Pierre Louer, Michel le Grin, Johnny Stevens and myself. Then came the Christmas meeting, many months after the initial, unbelievably decline. And, as we half expected, there was a capacity crowd. We were all well stocked up on Calca; our beanies were well and truly taut. And more Calca than ever before did we drink that evening - our attitude was 'to hell with tomorrow'. After all, Crota was easy enough to obtain at that time of the year. When the meeting was at its peak, one of the best known pro-fans, a fellow named Kaiser, called loud above the noise for everyone to put down their glasses and listen to him. And we listened, while he outlined plans to stop the rot and get organised.

"All went well. A committee was elected. Kaiser was chosen Chairman. After coasting along peacefully for a short time, however, it gradually became apparent that Stevens was growing unsatisfied with the way the committee - and Kaiser - was handling matters. Almost before you could say 'war in the air' the club had split up, for the first time since the 'Mayflower'. The Frenchmen and English banded together against the dominating German clique, and for very good reasons. Dictatorship was not wanted in the London Horde.

"One or two of us, seeing the inevitable outcome, fought against the schism, explaining how futile it all was, but it didn't do any good. And in 1914 - I remember the year too well - the war commenced on the battlefield of France. It even dragged in the rest of Mundania, due to inadvertent advertising on the part of our publicity officer. I saw the last of my comrades die in the trenches of the Marne. Ever since then, I have been searching - searching for survivors. English, German - any fan at all. Now, at last, I have found fandom again. I am happy."





The old man's eyes closed. I frowned. He didn't look too good. The doctor examined him.

"He seems to be in need of an exceptionally strong purgative."

Somehow, I felt dissatisfied with this diagnosis. I held a bottle of blog under his nose. It did not disappear, and I gently drew a sheet over him. He was dead.

"It is better this way," I said. "His dying memory was of his old comrades - he'll never know that we are not real descendants but rather a new race of fans."

Chapter Three: "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." NEW TESTAMENT, Matthew, VII, 7.

There was a sudden commotion round the door. Archie Mercer, the archaeological expert, hadn't given the door enough time to disappear. While he was getting his breath back, we picked splinters and pieces of rust from his ample frame, chiding him gently. At length, he was able to speak. "I've - just come from the Globe," he gasped.

I glanced at my watch. It was eight o'clock. I hadn't realised we'd been so long, listening to the old fan.

"I've found the underground chamber," Archie went on.

"What a relief," Avemoff commented.

"No, no!" screamed Archie, holding his hands over his head as though expecting something to fall on him. "No puns, please. If I hope to survive I must never pun again. I was telling Wansborough my latest in the Gent's powder room at the Globe - it was the only way to stop him rambling on about the mysterious voices he heard round Stonehenge when rounding up his pigs.. fannish voices..he's crazy.. There I was, standing flushed with pride as the golden words dribbled from my lips, when Lou's ingenious equipment suddenly flushed. And how! Lou must have attuned the mechanism to respond to puns. Gallons of water poured over Norman and myself. Enough to fill Salt Lake and drown Calkins. Anybody would have thought that pun was unclean!"

Nobody said a word. Archie looked disappointed but went on with his story. "Poor Norman was drowned. I found myself being washed away, into a dark pit which yawned below me when the deluge came. It was bored with the pun, I suppose. I had taken rather a long time over it. Anyway, after the water had drained away I began to explore the pit. There was nothing in it! I performed the appropriate analysis which confirmed this. It was so important I had to inform SoFa, so here I am."

Avemoff leant forward. The gleam in his heavy black eyes at the thought of Further Knowledge, was dulled by anger. "Where is your reasoning? How dare you present a fact without giving us the details of the process whereby you obtained it." Savagely he tore Archie's B.Merc. degree from his lapel. The poor scientist wept so bitterly the floor was quickly flooded. Avemoff glared at him for a minute, then his face softened..."Pun by pun you're losing weight." Archie smiled faintly.

"Now, how did you reach your conclusion?"

Archie looked at the director in annoyance. "I'm not qualified to say."

"But - you are a highly trained scientist."

"You took my degree away..."

"Bosh! It was only one of many."

"The Ph.D., yes, the Nobel Peace Prize, yes. But not the B.Merc. How can I carry out Mercatorial Techniques without it?"

Avemoff sewed the letters back on. Archie grinned. "The main difficulty," he began, "was in finding the correct method of analysis. Limitations had been imposed by the absence of light, of course. I finally decided on the Mercatorial Projection Technique, which requires only very simple apparatus. I had with me a ball point pen which was ideally suited to my purpose. I mentally selected - as a random sample of all possible objects - a list of objects including a carp's left eyeball, a beer-bottle, a dog's head, Vinç Clarke's inner tube and a lady's slipper. I passed the biro over the ground jabbing sharply downwards at quarter-inch intervals. At no time did my arm record the striking of any one of the objects which formed my random sample, so I performed the requisite statistical analysis, and found that it was certain that there could be no other objects present in the pit either. My first statement - 'there is nothing in it' - was thus confirmed."

The SoFa technicians applauded Mercer. "Well done," said Avemoff.

"Now we have time to go along and investigate the pit," Archie claimed.

"Why? Your investigation was carried out in a most masterly fashion. There is nothing in it - there is nothing to investigate further."

There was silence. Then, suddenly, I cried out: "But there is! Remember Apé 12? The cover? I suspect the cover to be proof of the existence of Stone Age Fandom. The dinosaurs...the crudely dressed fan. I was coming here to discuss it with you when the old fan sidetracked us. I remember Archie writing a letter to Apé regarding that cover, which had raised some rather dubious comments, especially from members of the newly formed First Fandom group. They were taking the thing absolutely seriously - but completely missing the point of it being an actual drawing made by a stone age First Fan - Archie, in a masterful essay dealing with the various semantic implications of the exchange, had come to exactly the same conclusion with regard to the cover as he did with the pit. I remember his exact words - 'There is nothing in it.' This is indeed proof that the pit and the cover are connected intricately, and since the cover is indicative of the existence of First Fandom in the Stone Age, then the pit must be another clue. By all means we must investigate further."

Doc Barrett looked unhappy. "But - it's already been proved that there is nothing in the pit."

"Doc," said the Director. "There are many sciences, and SoFa has experts in them all. The science of Mercatorial Projection, for instance, has nothing to do with Archaeology. Therefore, how can you say that the use of Archaeological Techniques will produce the same results as Mercatorial ones when they aren't even looking for the same thing? Ready, Archie?"

Archie picked up a spade and made for the door. As we followed, I had a passing look at the shrouded figure of the old fan. Here was yet another proof that 'First Fandom' was not the first.



Chapter Four: "Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans upon his  
spade...the emptiness of ages in his face." EDWIN  
MARKHAM, The Fan with the Spade.

The pit was still there when we arrived. Dark, awesome, mysterious. We had to suspend four neo-fen over it before there was sufficient light for us to see anything. We ascertained, by Visual Technique Mk IV (Rotating the eye-balls slowly anti-clockwise), that as Archie had said, there was nothing in the pit. Only rubble and a pool of water. It was a perfect site for Archaeological Research. Giving Archie carte blanche to use any method of operating the spade, we fenced the pit off from Mundania and awaited the discovery of relics of Stone Age Fandom.

For days and weeks and months Archie dug. He began to change, subtly. His face became marked with criss-cross lines. He howled, occasionally, at the rising sun. He made few puns - this was probably due to the toilet flushing everytime he so much as opened his mouth; blessed are the saviours of fandom!

Then, one day, there was that old look about his face, that quirk of the mouth. He held something in his hand...

"Don't Archie! All your work will be ruined," we cried.

But it was too late. There was a gushing of water from the tank and poor Archie disappeared. Frantically we threw in a lifebelt. It swirled round for a moment, then was pulled under. "He's caught it." We heaved, and dragged a limp, almost drowned but supremely happy body ashore. He held in his hand...

Avemoff took it feverishly. "An early piece of fannish writing," he breathed reverently.

"What does it say?" "Is New Worlds mentioned?"

"It is a mere sentence, yet full of sly innuendo. Ghod, the feuds that must have raged in those days. It says: NOW WASH YOUR HANDS PLEASE."

We all rejoiced, and when the waters subsided we held a party in the pit to celebrate. Only Archie was not quite happy. After his initial joy a frown had spread across his face. I asked him why.

"The paper - it was soft and tissuey when I found it. Yet when the water flowed over it, it hardened. Became as solid as rock."

"Nonsense, Archie," I laughed. "Here, help me down with the duper. We're putting out a oneshot."

His face lit up again. "A oneshot is built on puns..."

We had to tie him out of ear-shot. It didn't quite save us though. Although the rest of us were not nearly the punsters that Archie is, we have our moments. Several times the water flushed down on us as we cut the stencils, but fortunately it did not reach a very great level and we were able to continue the party.

At last the first stencil was ready to be run off. "Paper." The paper was brought. Some clot had left it in the water when the deluge had come, and it was wet through and through. It was all we had, too. We warm-



ed it by a fire to dry it, then I placed some on the feed platform. I was the first to notice the texture of it. It was hard - like marble.

"How the hell are we going to get it through the rollers?" I asked. I was a little drunk at the time, which accounts for the unscientific phrasing of the problem. Nobody answered.

I remember falling asleep (unconscious) a short time after. I woke up at about three in the morning. Many of the less resilient fans had gone home; there were only a few SoFa members and a couple of hopeful neo-fen trying to discover something about science fiction. One of the SoFa BNFs rose unsteadily from the rock he was sitting on and swayed across the floor of the pit. A neo ran rapidly before him, smoothing his path. Suddenly he ran his hand against a stone of unusual regularity of form. Dazed by the thought of further archaeological finds the neo immediately thought that here was a monument to some trufan, long dead and martyred in the cause of St. Fantony. Feverish visions swam before his eyes - he would be a BNF on the strength of the discovery. Rapidly he cleared the rubble. He found no monument, but a slab of stone about an inch thick and ten feet by eight in other dimensions. On it were certain inscriptions, chiselled and coloured blue. The neo-fan read some of these. They didn't mean a thing. "Esoteric," he exclaimed. He concluded, with true scientific logic, that it was part of a fanzine. A single page of a prehistoric fanzine.

He dug further and unearthed a whole pile of the slabs. Then he rose, crying out: "A Stone Age fanzine. The first London Circle Official Organ!"

The fen clustered round. "A fanzine! On stone!" "In blue! Inchmery's ancestors?" "Can't be the Official Organ in that case." "The lettering - it isn't English."

"No, you're right." John Roles, this, expert in the Oriental. "It's a little out of my field, but it appears to be Egyptian."

"How can that be? The Egyptians would have used papyrus."

"It is obvious from this evidence," said John, blinking at the gathered scientists, "that the Egyptian language, contrary to present day thinking, originated early in the Stone Age. It was probably first spoken by fans."

"Nobly said," said Avemoff. "We must find out how they managed to get these slabs of marble to pass through the rollers of their duplicator."

"We must find the duper, said Archie, who had been released by this time. "When we find that, then the answer will be in our hands." There was a certain look in his eyes.

I asked him: "You have a clue, Archie?"

"Yes, I'm almost certain. Since it is probable that the present-day Egyptians are gafians from the first fandom, the duper is most likely to be found in Egypt. And there are only a small number of archaeological relics remaining whose purpose remains unknown."

"You mean - the pyramids?"

"I mean the Sphinx. I can, in fact, give proof that the Sphinx is the duper. You have all heard the slightly bawdy song describing the private life of the camel - it ends 'Which accounts for the hump of the camel, and

the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.' - well, that smile is the smile of a trufan when the last copy of his magazine has been run off successfully - immortalised by a great artist into the case of the duper. A further clue is given by our old friend, the cover of App. It is obvious that to move such rigid internal components as the rollers and the other moving parts of that duplicator would be, enormous power would be necessary. In fact, nothing short of atomic power. And we find the illo bears the word Atom. I am hoping that we shall find the necessary atomic equipment installed in the Sphinx. Otherwise we shall have to resort to rather unscientific tactics to obtain the information we..."

The outcome was that Mercer caught the next plane to Alexandria and, after spending a few days gallivanting along the water-front...

"Hey! I was not gallivanting along the water-front. I was finding out most important facts..."

"Sorry, Archie. Maybe you'd better tell the next part of the story..."

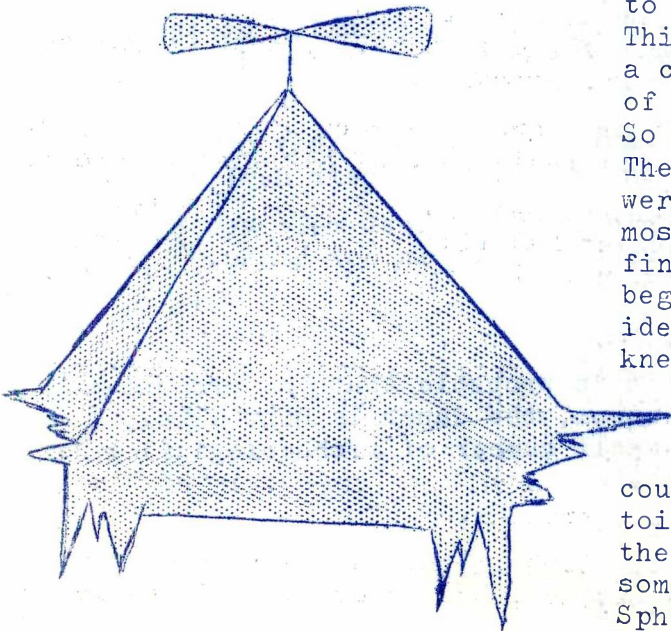
Chapter Five: "They change their clime, not their disposition, who run beyond the sea." HORACE, Epistles, I.

Alexandria is a dump. When I arrived, I found it was a matter of days before I could organise a safari to the Sphinx. After leaving the hotel I wandered round for a while, inhaling the unrefreshing odours against my natural inclination. They did contain some oxygen, though, and the fannish body needs that to keep alive. I eventually found myself on the water-front where numerous ships were being loaded and unloaded. One boat, I noticed, with a slight interest, came from a district in India known as the Malabar Coast. It bore a certain phonetic connection with the Malleable Iron Works which rather appealed to me.

Suddenly it occurred to me that the stone tablets must have been malleable to pass through the rollers of the duper. This was too much of a coincidence. As a certified Goon, I would be thrown out of the GDA if I let this one slip past. So I investigated the ship more closely. The crew - fiendish creatures no doubt - were ashore, making with the local women most likely, since I had been unable to find any. I nipped quietly aboard and began to explore. I hadn't the faintest idea what I was supposed to find, but I knew there would be something.

Then, suddenly, I heard voices.

I ducked into the first doorway I could see. It was, unfortunately, the toilet. As I waited, not daring to pun, the voices came nearer. One was saying something about a long journey to the Sphinx, the other was being adamant about how much he wanted to lug four





hundred and fifty tons of some bloody stupid (quote) vegetable oil that far. They finally came to an arrangement and departed.

I breathed again. I made a pun. I dunno, even the toilets aboard sleazy Oriental ships seem to be acquiring an anti-Mercer attitude. I was soaked. "I better get a telephone," I snarled at the contraption. "To ring myself out to dry." I got another twenty gallons, which drained more rapidly than at the Globe. "Very well drained, at any rate," I sneered. "And away to the sewage canal."

Such is the foolishness of the human being after passing through a moment of great danger. After quite a pleasant swim I climbed on board again and continued my search. Feeling curious about the cargo, I went down into the hold. Around me were dozens and dozens of drums of something labelled Croton Oil, from the Malabar Coast. Again that word!

Well, there was nothing more I could do, so I took up a position on shore to watch for the safari to the Sphinx to commence

I had not long to wait - three days altogether. The crew came back and I examined them with astonishment. Although they were dressed as Egyptians - funny pointy busbys and all - they had the features of Englishmen or Americans, and they spoke American. The safari was a long time starting, but eventually it moved off, bearing the drums of Croton Oil and some sacks containing a white powder similar to chalk. I followed a safe distance behind.

Several days passed, about which I'd rather not say anything, because nothing happened save for sand getting into my sandals. At last the first of the pyramids hove in sight, and then the Sphinx. The Americans made camp a few hundred yards away and hung around dissolutely the rest of the day. Tomorrow they would start their nefarious activities, I reckoned, so tonight I would explore the Sphinx.

With nothing else to do I went to sleep, waking when it was dark. I sneaked past the American camp - they were all asleep, for I heard no sound - and approached the mighty duplicator itself. I scrabbled at the surface of the stone, trying to find a way in, when, all at once, I heard a sound. It seemed to be coming from the interior of the machine. I bent my ear to the stone. Distinctively, I could hear moving parts.

I ran for my life. They were in there, and they were using the duper. And - I was frightened of atomic power, of radiation, of becoming - normal.

I never returned, but when it was light made my way back to civilisation. My Ghod! No wonder the ship's toilet had flushed. There were still descendants of those Stone Age Fen among us. It was a terrifying thought.

Chapter Six: "Knowledge is the only instrument of production that that is not subject to diminishing returns." J M CLARKE, Journal of Political Economy, Oct.1927

That was the end of Archie's story, although he added that before he caught a plane out of Alexandria, he saw the stone age fen return to their ship and steam westward, across the Mediterranean.

We, of course, discussed the implications of this amongst ourselves, at a special meeting. During Archie's absence, the superbly equipped labor-



atory had received several new installations, and everyone was busily experimenting with them, gaining experience and discussing how they would advance scientific knowledge.

Avemoff spoke first, reviewing the information so far gathered. "We now have definite proof of the existence of Stone Age Fandom - and from what Archie says, it seems there are survivors amongst us. We must, at a later date, try to contact these survivors. The tablets are the pages of one of their fanzines. The main problem left is to discover how they were made to pass through the rollers of the duplicator, and to explain the mystery of the solidification of our duplicator paper. We have already learnt that the power used can be none other than atomic power, but atomic power as we know it will not render stone malleable. What made the stones soft?"

"Might I suggest," said a semanticist by the name of Gosseigne, "that we turn the lights out. I have a little research to carry out towards the solution of the problem, and the lack of light will facilitate this."

Somebody filled a zap-gun and shot the three neo-fen, drowning the light. From the sighs punctuating the silence it was apparant that certain members were still gaining experience with the new equipment and that it also responded better in the dark. Interesting thought...

Avemoff went on: "It seems logical that there was a connection between the stone tablets and the solidification of our paper."

A most cogent point. I stretched my arms, feeling rather annoyed that I had arrived too late to use any of our new equipment. I leant further and further to one side. I touched something soft and grinned. Here was a piece unclaimed. I immediately started a little research into non-illuminated responses, passing my technician's hands over the object to familiarise myself with the controls. The voice of the director faded away as my mind concentrated. Suddenly my hand came up against something hard. The beanie the old fan - still well-preserved in the fannish atmosphere - had been wearing. A cry of disappointment was extinguished by my sudden realisation.

"He's got a marble beanie!"

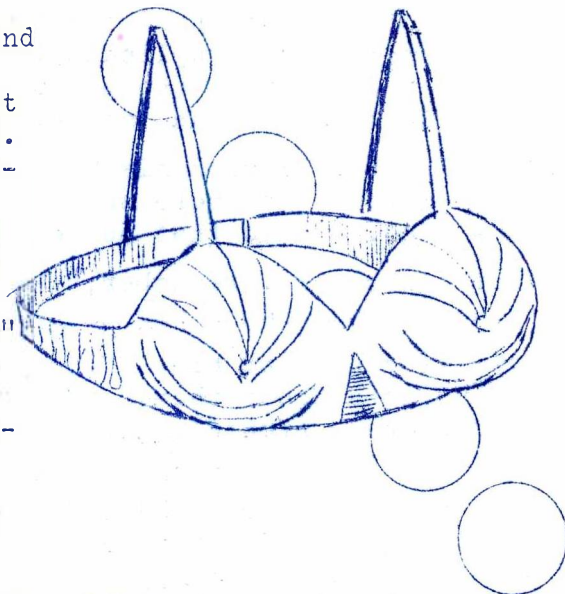
The director made some sarcastic remark which, in the fullness of my wisdom, I ignored. "His beanie was at times hard, and at other times soft. Obviously the stone tablets of our fanzine must have been at sometime soft, or they would never have passed through the rollers. Therefore, whatever caused the hardening of the beanie must have caused the hardening of the tablets. And I think I know what caused it - calcium lactate."

"I cannot agree. Calcium lactate is used for hardening people's bones in case of calcium deficiency. What connection is there between a man's health and a marble fanzine?"

"Our pharmaceutical friend is absolutely correct, although his reasoning is not of the fullest." This was the semanticist, Gosseigne. "Calcium lactate tablets are, as our director told us, used for bone building, and are, therefore, bone tablets. The fanzine was produced on stone tablets. Perfect connection."

"I don't see it," said the director, stupidly. He got out his scissors. Gosseigne blinked slightly, but did not run away. "Do I always have to

go through the exact thought processes?" he complained. "I have recently been experimenting on brassieres. I have found that a certain amount of stress is obtained with a one inch increase in breast measurement. Hence, breast and stressed. to go further into the semantic implications of this, if the initial sounds of those two words are transposed, we would get bressed and streast. Can any of you hear the slightest difference in pronunciation before and after the change?"



Somebody obligingly said no.

Then we can now apply the same transposition to bone and stone. A common agent connects each pair of words - for the first it is 'brassiere', and for the second it is 'oalorium'."

I smiled. "So as calcium hardened the old fan's beanie, it must also have hardened the stone pages. And it must have been some of the calcium compound used by the First Fans for hardening their soft stone blocks, which dissolved in the flood produced by the mercaturial puns and seeped into our duplicating paper. That leaves just one more fact unexplained - the agent causing the hard marble to soften."

Doc Barrett spoke up. "I think I can answer that. As you know I examined the old fan shortly before his death and as time progressed he became in need of a stronger and stronger purgative. This condition obviously increased as the amount of calcium lactate was absorbed into his body - he had taken a single dose when our pharmacist found him. Also, from the old fan's story, it is certain that the First Fans had to take alternating doses of calcium - they called it Calca - and a purgative which appears to have been Croton Oil judging by his prescription sheet. The old fan's whole existence hinged around trying to keep the effect of the two drugs in balance. How did the old-timers get into this condition? By operating their duplicator. See here, the stone - marble - had to be softened before passing through the rollers of the duplicator. When Archie heard the Sphinx machinery moving he came to the wrong conclusion and he ran away to avoid radiation burns. The atom clue misled you -- the process is not atomic."

"Then what could possibly move the great slabs of stone that that duper must have been made of?"

"Well now, gunpowder is used in a certain distressing condition - which the old fan was in the throes of when he died. Gunpowder itself can cause an explosion and atomic power an even greater explosion. Reverting to medical science again, whilst gunpowder is reasonably effective, croton oil is the most effective purgative known to man. To misuse a well-known phrase, it would move the bowels of the Sphinx - which are the operating parts of the duper. All that is required to work the machine is a generous libation of croton oil."

"But that didn't soften the rest of the stone machine..."



"The effect of any purgative is to soften the er - faeces, if I may use such an indelicate word. Only the tablets were softened, and after the impression had been made on them by the rollers they were hardened again by the application of a solution of calcium salts. The poor fans, living so long in the presence of the duplicator, became stricken and had to go through the same cycle of changes as the pages of their fanzine. Calcium, then croton oil then calcium again, and so on."

The director clasped his hands over his stomach. "It seems the case is nearly completed. And here we have the last of the descendants of the Stone Age Fen - dead. Would that he were alive."

"But others are, remember," Mercer said. "The people who were dupering out at the Sphinx when I was in Egypt."

Avemoff glared at him. "And you, disloyal scientist, ran away without finding out more about them." He took the scissors and stripped Archie of all his degrees. Archie wept. "We will have to return to the Sphinx and try to catch them at work."

"But they've already left," I said. "And it may be years before they become active again. If only we knew where they had been going." I reached over and took Archie's GDA certificate away from him.

Archie snatched it back triumphantly. "But I do know where they went. Remember I mentioned that Wansborough had heard strange doings around Stonehenge....."

We caught the next train to Salisbury Plain.

Chapter Seven: "Every body perseveres in its state of rest or of uniform motion in a straight line, except in so far as it compelled to change that state by impressed forces". ISAAC NEWTON, Principia (First Law of Motion).

The black of the night. The moon wasn't due to rise for another fifteen minutes. The mighty stones of Stonehenge made a vast ring around us as we shivered in the dew-sprinkled grass. What could the Stone Age Fen have used these for?

Archie moved over to me, quietly. He seemed to have read my mind. "I cannot think of any reason for being here. The fanzine is complete - what else?"

"A secret rite, I wonder?"

Minutes passed in silence. A faint glow was appearing above the horizon. The moon was approaching. I glanced at my watch - soon it would be midnight when strange things waken. I calculated the moon show itself at exactly midnight....

A dog howled, somewhere afar. I shivered and comforted myself with a letter from G M Carr.

The glow brightened; the watch hand neared midnight.

I heard a rustling as of many feet close by. My heart leapt in my mouth. I suddenly remembered - "That toilet that flushed in the ship at



Alexandria, Archie. They must have been modern fans. Old-time Egyptian puns would have no effect on a modern toilet." There was no reply so I began to compose a letter to Madle in my mind.

Suddenly the moon came over the horizon, flooding the scene with a silvery light. And on the instant, the place of the stones was a milling mass of fans.

As a group, we of SoFa rose to our feet.

The Stone Age Fans had lit mighty torches and were busily unloading piles of stone slabs from vehicles. Among them we saw one or two fan faces we recognised from the World Con. There was Moskowitz and Ackerman, and Madle....

Madle saw us and gathered a group of his cohorts and advanced upon us. As he did so, the last piece of the puzzle fitted together. "The 'May-flower' ... they have returned as they promised." The old fan would have been happy had he lived to see this.

We had been discovered. What would these First Fen do now?

The group came nearer. I saw in the flickering light of the torches that there was a fannish look on their faces. Their beanies were taut in the cold, crisp air. No wonder US fandom wore beanies more often than us - they were born with them.

Madle came to a halt before our director. He was carrying several pages of the First Fandom Bulletin No 1.

Avemoff stared round at the mighty table-like stones of the Druid ring. "Don't sacrifice us," he said.

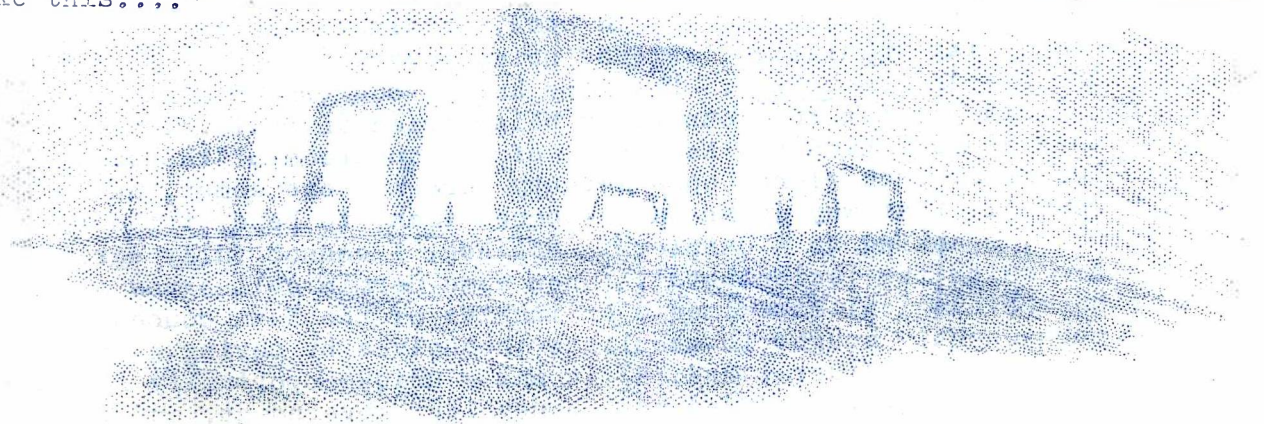
"Stand, fellow fan." Madle boomed. He must have borrowed Moskowitz's voice.

Avemoff stood.

"Hold out your hands."

Avemoff did, expecting, I think, to get them chopped off.

Madle dumped the stone pages in Avemoff's hands. "And the rest of you. There are the tables". He pointed to the Stonehenge ring. "How about giving us a hand with the collating? It's been a long time since we did anything like this...."



A letter from

DR. PAUL HAMMET, M.D.

I should be obliged to you for the hospitality of your pages, as I feel impelled to take issue with your correspondent, Mr G Calkins, whose letter in Apr 13 seems to me to show a state of mind which I can only consider to be appalling, and all the more dangerous because it is so prevalent among us in the 'West'

Mr Calkins talks of "a multitude of Suez-type squabbles in the ensuing decades" as being inevitable, then adds that "some international accident of monumental proportions" is unlikely. What makes him so certain of the latter? Is he aware that when DEW (Distant Early Warning system) a year ago mistook a flight of polar geese in Vee formation for a plot of Russian bombers, owing to the similarity of the radar blips on the screen, SAC (American Strategic Air Command) sent H-Bombers towards Russia with orders to bomb. Fortunately for you, me, Mr Calkins, and everybody else, the planes were recalled in time. Shortly, it may be that it will be American or Russian rockets that might have to be recalled in mid-air (or space)...how does Mr Calkins propose that this should be done?

"And now that Russia knows that we won't attack first"... This is certainly more than I know. On September 6th of this year, at Brierly Hill, Mr Duncan Sandys, then Minister of Defence, informed me, as well as some friends of mine, that, in effect, he reserved the 'right', in the event of 'conventional' fighting taking place in, say Germany, to attack the Soviet Union with Hydrogen bombs, if necessary. Clearly, the intention is that the Russians should not know that we might not be prepared to use nuclear weapons on them, even over some minor local incident.

"An atomic war on China would probably do the Chinese a lot of good"... "couldn't hurt" nonexistent "industry much"... "population reduction might turn out to be a substantial boon"... "too many damn people"... About the above raving, I shall be charitable, and attribute it not to malice, but crass ignorance. In fact it verges on the certifiable. Why, would Mr Calkins care for me to insert a bullet in his head, simply to benefit the surviving English-speaking population? Please note, I have carefully refrained from saying 'bullet in the brain'. How many human toddlers in China does Mr Calkins think would benefit the country by being fried in radioactive fire? Is he aware that in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, of the hundreds of thousands dead within the first week alone, some seventy percent were women, and children under three? Is that why Japan was A-bombed then, to benefit the 'Japs'?

Furthermore, speaking as a dabbler in science, I cannot fully agree with his whitewashing the 'scientists'. When some German colleagues of mine indulged in bacteriological experiments on inmates of the Nazi concentration camps, they subsequently sought to exculpate themselves by saying A) that they were only following orders, and, B) it was a unique opportunity for pure research on human subjects, provided by a benevolent government, and that it was no part of their business to enquire too closely into moral (and there-



fore non-scientific) issues. Now it is my contention, and I trust that common decency will compel Mr Calkins to agree, that a physician or a physicist or anyone else indeed, is a citizen first and foremost, and a student of science afterwards. No man may lend his talents to misuse, either by himself or others. As Swift said, "A man may keep poisons in his closet, but not vend them about for cordials." Let me assure Mr Calkins that I do not let my children play with my poison bag. No, I cannot completely exonerate 'the scientists', any more than I can ignore the ultimate responsibility for the present state of nuclear affairs on the part of the general public, including myself. Hence all these protest marches, so necessary to draw general attention to the unsatisfactory, indeed insane, nuclear situation. Those of us who are of, or sympathise with, the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, will be unable to rest until nuclear weapons are no longer ready for instant use: as Mr Macmillan himself said in Moscow last February, the danger is of catastrophic war by miscalculation or accident; we also, by the way, object to keeping these weapons because they are inherently evil: a 'conventional' weapon could be restricted in use solely among armed combatants, a nuclear weapon, never, and not so much because of its disparately enormous power compared to other weapons, but because of the fallout.

Mr Calkins will no doubt be aware that the 206 nuclear tests to date, of which the U.S. detonated 132, Britain 21, and the U.S.S.R. 53, these tests, yielding a total of some 91 megatons of fission, have resulted in a minimum of 6 Strontium units being forcibly dosed into every man, woman and child on this planet. What he may not know is that the annual death-rate from leukaemia has trebled since 1945, the increase being proportional to the mean Strontium 90 intake in food obtaining in any given region. Thus, this incurably fatal disease has a highest incidence in the rainy uplands of Wales, which collect twice as much fallout as anywhere else in Britain: the leukaemia rate is also double that in the rest of Britain. In the irradiated areas round Hiroshima, the increase in leukaemia was enormous. The figures would have been higher, if so many potential leukaemics had not died of burns, shock, aplastic anaemia, etc., before they could develop the blood sarcoma, which may not show up for as long as ten years or more. The risk from the accretion of fallout is highest to the very young: their actively growing tissue absorbs more calcium and strontium (including Sr90 & Sr89) than fully grown persons. Anyone born since 1945 is correspondingly at greater risk. As for us adults, our chances of rearing healthy families are lessened, and God knows what the position is for our grandchildren even in the absence of resumed tests.

Just before the last General Election, some cleverly reassuring statements were made by some 'experts' working on Radium and Thorium in food (Ratio of Alpha to Beta emission rate, respectively, 8:1 and 4:1). They 'proved' that 4/5ths of ingested Ra & Th was excreted (in 1958 the British Medical Journal published in a paper that a quarter of all ingested strontium isotopes was retained in bone), they made much of the fact that nuts (quite unfairly they picked on the Brazil nut), which concentrate mineral salt, contained much more Ra & Th than other foods. They measured the Ra & Th intake of a boy for a month, after an ordinary diet, and because he was still alive at the end of that time, they concluded that food with fallout was good for you. Good old 'scientists'. In view of the random nature of marrow poisoning from radioactivity, their 'findings' are about as reassuring as the statement that since I have not crashed my car this month, you

are likelier to die of a traffic accident in bed than while 'dicing' on the Watford Bypass. The significance of the Alpha/Beta particle ratio, incidentally, is that Alpha particles being more massive than Beta, are more likely to expend their force against calcium phosphate in bone (penetration, 1 millimetre), whereas Beta particles will traverse a centimetre plus of bone and are likelier to injure haemopoietic (blood-forming) marrow. Strontium-90 produces quite a bit of Beta radiation.

The picture is now beginning to clarify. An increase in random radiation, whether natural or artificial, inevitably increases the chances of genetic or somatic mutation, irrespective of whether the dose is immediately lethal or not. Genetic mutation may result in the birth of teratoids (monsters), or, if not viable, in abortion; somatic mutation gives rise to anything from naevi to leukaemia, sarcoma, etcetera.

Still want to save 'civilization' with nuclear tests, anyone?

*Paul Hammet*

Paul Hammet (M.D.)

And a letter from

WILLIAM F TEMPLE

So Walt Willis compares me to Swift. Oddly, next thing I read was a Sunday Observer review of In Search Of Swift, by Denis Johnston, revealing that Swift was - literally - a bastard. Thanks, Walt. Oddlier, the review went on: "After careful investigation, Denis Johnston decides that Swift's father was Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls for Ireland and father of Sir William Temple." I'm now looking back in anger along my family tree... and already regretting I started to look.

So sorry to have made Gregg Calkins sick to his stomach. In turn, he's made me sick at heart. "An atomic war in China would probably do the Chinese a lot of good..." says he. I happen to be just a sentimental old humanist and think there are kinder methods of population reduction. With no nasty after-effects.

His bit about the "inferiority" of the USSR reads a mite ironically in the light of recent history. I haven't the heart to rub it in about luniks. But possibly Gregg is thinking of superiority in terms of TV sets per capita. Currently, though, this seems a doubtful blessing in the States. Don Iddon, in the Daily Mail last week, writing of the revealed graft, fixing, and rottenness of the American TV set-up, said: "It makes me sick. It makes millions of Americans sick." To their stomachs, presumably.



Or maybe he means not material but moral superiority? Please refer to your drug article: "There are currently more dope addicts in New York than in the whole of Europe." It would be no more rewarding to examine the crime statistics. I saw some shocking murder-rate statistics recently...but comparisons are odious

May I make it clear that I'm not a Red but an English Liberal. (I make the nationalistic distinction simply because I've never been able to make out what an American Liberal is supposed to be.) I'm not anti-American, but anti-authoritarian, pro the individual against the State. I'm all for people being free to choose their own road, even if regrettably they choose the road to hell.

Re scientists (Gregg's italics). No, I've no trouble in deciding who are scientists and who are not. Being semantically a little more educated than Gregg (who refers to Russia as 'she') I don't identify 'em by their white lab. smocks. It's the heart which beats, or doesn't, under the smock.

Jim Caughran says: "A scientist is...a seeker after truth." To this should be added: "with compassion." The Nazi researchers who made human guinea pigs of thousands of concentration camp victims were seekers after truth. They weren't scientists by my definition.

The futile animal-tormentors still putting rats, cats, monkeys and birds through painful hoops, to prove a point already proved a thousand times, aren't scientists. They're piddling exhibitionists. They belong in a circus. In fact, any animal trainer in Barnum and Bailey's last century knew more than they'll ever learn. So a monkey can be given a nervous breakdown. Okay, why keep demonstrating it? I lambasted this type in a yarn buried somewhere in the pages of defunct Authentic. I'm ashamed and angry that the BBC still gives them screen-room, in 'science' programmes.

Incidentally, I was equally angry about the fate of the Russian bitch in the Sputnik - and the hypocrisy of the Russian 'scientists' who pretended they would attempt to bring her back alive (a manifest impossibility in the circumstances).

Closely allied are the germ warfare experts at the governmental Chemical Defence Experimental Establishment, at Porton, Wilts. Our government is generous with our money in purchasing hundreds of animals for premature, agonising deaths. Prices range from 15/- for a kitten to £2 for a dog.

#### Scientists?

Then there's the textbook 'scientists'. Cherwell was one. He knew the textbooks by heart, could quote 'em at the drop of a hat. Somehow, therefore, he was recognised as an 'authority' - instead of a parrot. He was appointed scientific advisor to the government during the war. After the BIS warned the govt. that the Nazis were building long-range war-rockets, Cherwell was consulted. He pooh-poohed the idea. Rockets couldn't be built powerful enough to cross the Channel. It was obvious: there was nothing in the textbooks about them.

After the war (which somehow the Allies won despite him and his Army equivalents, the red-tabbed textbook soldiers who tried to win World War I with cavalry and World War II with trench warfare) Cherwell announced: "Atomic energy will make no appreciable difference to Britain's power supply before at least 2000 A.D." This, when breeder reactors were already in full blast.

For such guidance, a grateful government made him a peer of the realm. Even his admiring biographer had to admit that Cherwell lacked imagination.

But didn't lack arrogance.

The true scientist, like Newton (I'd have included Einstein if he had not blotted his copybook with his share of the atom bomb) is imaginative and creative - and humble. Also very scarce.

Then there's the Penney type, like Barnes Wallis, who designed the bomb to smash the Moehe Dam and only incidentally to drown children in their beds. That 'only' sticks in my gullet. When I get angry about war, I don't think of soldiers, although I was one and saw plenty of war. I think of the living child trapped under the masonry with its mother's blood drenching it, its pet dog squirming legless nearby...and the flames coming nearer.

Dostoevsky says it all in the magnificent passages in The Brothers Karamazov about the cruelty to the children. He indicts God. I indict the "God Who Failed", the scientist who turned out to be a phoney. Yes, I used to be a starry-eyed Wellsian, believing in "Wings Over The World." Calkins indicts the politicians, which is like blaming Mongolian idiots for being such. Who, knowing better - or at least having had the opportunity to know better - provides the button for the idiot to press?

Wells once said: "There are things I'd do, and things I'd be damned if I'd do."

A true scientist, i.e., with heart and conscience besides brain, will react: "I'll be damned if I touch an atomic bomb." Damned literally. For he knows a few simple philosophic truths which the fake scientists in their grand search for truth overlook. "He who touches pitch shall be defiled." And "Bad means lead inevitably to bad ends."

Despatch from Washington, November 7th, 1959 - Sunday Observer - "The pressures on President Eisenhower to change the present American policy of seeking a total ban on nuclear tests have now been reinforced by a new argument of economy." (??!!)

It seems some (quote) "eminent scientists" have found a way to make cheaper atomic bombs ("Hiya, Cousin Penny-wise Penney!") and want to test them. By some reasoning known only to politicians and fake scientists, this will be cheaper than not having any tests at all.

Peter West says: "To say the bomb will never be used - does anyone really believe that Hitler wouldn't have used it when his 'empire' was falling about his ears?" True. But most people seem to overlook the fact that the atom bomb already has been used in warfare, and that by a power whose 'empire' wasn't falling about anybody's ears.

Dear me, how this has run on. I meant to say a few kindly words about the harmless, eccentric scientist, like Geoffrey Pyke. However, Pyke committed suicide. Consciously. The others are committing suicide, too, but more slowly - and unconsciously. And taking us with them, Calkins and all.

*J. Bill.*

Crinkle crankle turn the handle, Egg-head told a lie.  
Another notch and see him grotch ---He's a dirty spy!

BIRCHBY



# CurseY Rhymes for Blown UPS

SID

BIRCHBY

NOTE: The researches of Iona and Peter Opie into children's customs, rhymes and sayings have demonstrated the survival, in this quite unlikely medium, of fragments of bygone history and social habits. For example, see text, as they say. What concerns us here is the recent discovery of a collection of rhymes current among the children of the next century. The sort of world they live in, and the events that shaped it, may be guessed at by analogy with the Opie's work. There is one consolation. These rhymes hint at events so gruesome that they surely can't refer to this time-track at all. With all our faults I have faith that our old planet will still be spinning round its double suns in much the same way, a century from now.

The rhymes are presented without comment. Readers may care to amuse themselves by putting their own event-tags on them.

1. Bald as a badger, thin as a bean,  
Here come the little men, dancing on the green.  
Some go to your house, some go to mine,  
And some to the soldier-boys who live down the lane.



2. Run along, Mary, the mushrooms have gone,  
Bake me a cake as fast as you can.  
Cake for the master, bread for the slave,  
And none for the old man who digs up the grave.

3. Eany, meeny, geiger, go,  
Catch a monster by the toe.  
If he's hollow, let him go,  
Eeny, meeny, geiger, go.



4. Ring-a-ring o' rashes, pocket full of ashes,  
Curfew, curfew, all fall-out!

5. I have a golden wrist-watch,  
I took it from the store.  
The soldiers started shooting  
and so I have no more.

6. There's a ring around the moon, little lad,  
Where the rocket-ships are fighting, little lad.  
When your Dad is turned to vapour  
You will see it in the paper,  
And you'll get his medal-ribbon, little lad.

7. 'B.Pogson loves Magroom' - they chalked it on my  
fence.  
'B.Pogson loves Magroom' - the little innocents!  
Love makes the world go round,  
Ho! for the Brave New Sound!  
'B.Pogson loves Magroom' - eight feet above the  
ground.

8. I had one grunch but the egg-plant over there  
Caught me by the ankle as I went upon the stair.  
Bitten by the cabbages, eaten by the weeds,  
What a pack of trouble from irradiated seeds!

9. Butcher Baker is the Boss,  
Riding on a stolen hoss.  
Raise your hand and join the band,  
Butcher Baker is the Boss.



10. Lord, Thou knowest I am Thine;  
Hear my prayer from down the mine:  
Thank you for the daily bread,  
And what about a sheet of lead?

11. Harh, hark, the lark at ground-level sings;  
Daddy remembers it when it had wings.

12. Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?  
'I've been to London to barter for gin.'  
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?  
'Sat in the cellar and tested the air.'

13. Who is it wanders the woods at night?  
Our little laughing boy.  
Who is it shines with a blue-green light?  
Our little laughing boy.  
Deep in the forest that nobody owns,  
No one goes near him except to throw stones,  
And so in the daytime he grindles and groans,  
Our little laughing boy.



THE CITY *by* LAURENCE SELLISH

IT'S INCHMERY AGAIN.....

TAKE-OVER BID FOR  
CLACTON SF GROUP

Rumours in the City indicate that the Inchmery Syndicate have made a take-over bid for the recently defunct Clacton SF Group. When questioned on this, an Inchmery spokesman is reported to have said "Da-da-da-gooble". Later in the

day, contact was made with the secretary of the Syndicate who stated that the Chairman had authorized the following statement:-

"It is quite correct that a bid has been made for Clacton. This Group has not been acting efficiently for some time now and there is room for improvement. I propose to add Clacton to the Inchmery Syndicate and thus add to the strength of the whole. All of Fandom will eventually be taken over so that I will have something of real value to hand on to my daughter in later years." It should be noted that the secretary of the syndicate is the wife of the Chairman - this seems suspicious to say the least.

When questions were asked about the share value, it was stated that the Treasurer was not available for interview. This, also, is a cause for suspicion.

## FANZINE EMPIRE REVEALED

Following his own unsuccessful take-over bids for ORION and VECTOR (when he was overbid in shares of 'talent' and 'ability') Laurence Sandfield has now protested against the take-over system and has revealed the existence of a secret fanzine empire controlled by Inchmery Fandom. It appears that they operate thru' a group of 'sycophantic yes-men'. When questioned on this two of the members, Ethel Lindsay and Ella Parker, are reported to have snapped "Biological impossibility." Nonetheless we can reveal that Inchmery is planning to take control of Fandom through their monopoly of such fanzines as Scottishe, Femizine, Orion, Smoke, Brennschluss, Fix, Esprit, and numerous others.

It is even possible that of all the fanzines in existence, only Northlight (which features Sandfield) is not controlled by Inchmery.

## At a glance-

Statement

Sanderson, Murray & Elder (Wool Pullers etc and combers) - Fin. 3pc making 6pc (same). Pft before taxation £98,521. (£89,999).

Not doing so well

It has been reported that holders of London Circle 5/- Preferential Shares can expect no dividend to be paid-out this year.

Take-overs in the news

There is no truth in the rumour that Inchmery Fandom has made a take-over bid for Laurence Sandfield.

'READ IT IN THIS PAPER'



the

By

HARRY  
WARNER  
JNR

payette

papers

A panicky feeling overtook me, midway through the article about George Napoleon Payette III which you recently read. I realized two urgent facts: that I couldn't hope to represent the gentleman's excellences in a single article, and that it was impious to attempt to use my own words to tell about Payette, when a bulging manila envelope of his letters remained unpublished.

I hope to rectify that situation, at least in part, with this supplementary material on the man who, you will recall, would have made a fabulous fan if he'd been a fan, which he wasn't. This time, I shall allow Skip to solidify before your eyes through his own utterances, adding just enough of my own remarks in brackets at the close of each letter to explain things that might be unfathomable without help. I shall not add dates to these letters, which are timeless and undated in the first place, nor do I feel that places of origin are needed. Just remember that Payette was a young man who worked in the same newspaper office with me parttime while going to college, then spent four years in the United States Air Force, and remained expatriated upon the completion of that enlistment to work on The Stars & Stripes, the American serviceman's publication, first in Japan, later in Germany. I have done some judicious cutting of these letters and have not used any symbols to indicate where it was done; I think ...'s are distracting and unnecessary as long as the reader is forewarned of the abridgement. To proceed:

There is a town, Shirakibaru, just outside the gate which is composed mostly of bar-brothels. The two enterprises are hyphenated because they are one and the same here. Each bar has a policy of supplying a hostess with the drinks. There is no extra charge and the hostess does not drink (Japanese people have no affinity for alcohol). If you care for her services you pay the proprietor 500 yen, about \$1.35, and she's yours for one copulation. If you wish all night, it's about \$4.50. The main city, however, is Fukuoka. Fukuoka, while containing a full share of bar-brothels, plus a number of deviate establishments and dope shops, does have a bit of culture. Within the past year there have appeared at Denki Hall Isaac Stern, Yehudi Menuhin, and even Josephine Baker. Japanese native music is often maddening, however. The older music has a reedy orchestration and requires such vocal acrobatics as screeching, falsetto and the like - extremely similar to the music of the American Indian, toneless, thin undulating melody. The modern music of the Japanese is similar to American music, but with the reedy Japanese undertones. The number one song is "Shina No Yuro", which



the GI's have vulgarized. The sad point is that sung by a Japanese it does sound exactly like "She ain't got no yoyo." The Japanese are very matter of fact about sex. This tendency makes their burlesque quite ridiculous. The girls come out with breasts and genitals exposed. Whatever they have left to take off, nobody gives a damn about. At the moment I have entered an abnormal psych class. I should have studied this before going to work on the Herald.

I am sitting in my office on a bright, nippy Sunday afternoon, listening to Smetana and nibbling chocolate snaps. I am wearing blue woolen trousers, a blue shirt, a sweater which Betsy's mother knitted for me. I found the poisoned needle in time. Accept my complete agreement on the matter of funerals. I believe in a short service of commendation and committance to what lies beyond, but further than that I cannot see. My uncle's departure included a wake which strikes me as the most barbaric of all ceremonies, although when Peter Samios died the relatives kissed the corpse goodbye. There is, in our midst here, a young man, an Amos or Joshua, who feels it his task in life to save me. His name is Azrael, but I cannot see how that might add to the point. He is a member of a Bible Church, the Edgemont Bible Church, which began its life as a Baptist outfit and has since degraded into an evangelical society. It is dedicated to saving people and particularly sets its eyes upon stray Catholics. The fight to Save George Payette began with sly remarks in the offing. The remarks included, "What are you doing about the Lord in your life?" and "God is watching you." I found gay little tracts on my desk. The attack to presage a fall of Acre occurred last week when Azrael the Lion-Hearted invited me to a church supper. I seated myself and was immediately swallowed up into a cacaphony of hymns. It seems there is no hymn scheduling. Suddenly the minister bursts into song and the others try to catch up with him before the end. Then came the sermon, a report on how many Roman Catholics had been saved and why efforts should be increased to rescue these poor misbegotten kine. I sat quietly with a crimson grin on my face and prayed for a conclusion to this premature purgatory. When the service concluded, the saved piled down the stairs and swarmed about the tables to eat. I sat down, said the longest Catholic grace, in Latin, that I could recall and made a most ostentatious sign of the cross. I am not a grace-saying man, but this one made up for two years. When we returned to the base, Charles asked me what I thought of the service. I told him it was inspiring. He asked in what way it inspired me. I said, "To start going to mass again." I think for the first time in his life, Azrael has doubts about Armageddon. (Betsy was Skip's girl friend at the time of this letter, later his wife. Betsy's parents don't like Skip. When they visited the old home town recently, her parents wouldn't let her sleep with him.)

I'm sitting here listening to a selection of the day's best popular music and wondering if a depression wouldn't be a desirable thing after all. My newspaper continues its merry way, to use a trite expression. I'd place it on the level of a Woodland Way version of the H.W.N.W. From a makeup standpoint we are not bad, but the quality of writing is sub-Mrs Tilghmanton -- my own as well. I cannot acclimate myself to this seemingly unlimited photographic coverage. I'm learning the works of the Fairchild engraver -- what with photographic abilities and typesetting skill I should draw four salaries when I return to the Herald's hollowed halls. Actually I have no



desire to re-enter the photography field. I cannot tolerate the smell of hypo, and darkness makes me trend toward vulgar thoughts which play hell with my prints. Betsy writes that all is well, which means a great deal more to me at the moment than it would to you, and I must confess a bit of anxiety toward legalizing the arrangement. Betsy says it is my heart speaking, but I'm afraid the voice is nearer the center of gravity. The chances are good I will be out at the end of three years - and possibly two if the Russians don't fould things up. I'm thinking of writing to the Communist Central Committee and asking them to postpone things until after my separation from the Air Force. I'd sell them Air Force Secrets, but the only one I know is that my printer doesn't use enough zinc in his stereotype metal. A new song has blurted out of my radio, the chorus of which indicates that if it wasn't for your father, your mother wouldn't be your mother. I wish October would get here. The girl on my September calendar no longer interests me, and October is a pip. I've been writing so many articles about the WAFs here recently I feel like a pimp. They're always crying for more publicity, in order to influence more young ladies to sign on. Why any girl would join something like that is more than I can understand. If they are tramps when they go in, they're tramped on when they get out. (The H.W.N.W. is the Hoo-Wair-n-Wat, the fabulously bad monthly of the local high school, and Woodland Way is the junior high school which feeds it staff members. Mrs Tilghmanton was an 80-year-old hawker of small town news who plagued the Hagerstown newspaper. The WAFs are the ladies' aid to the USAir Force.)

I received a commendation Friday. The base commander, a fool by the name of Col. Ferris, called me into his office and after I had made the proper obeisances, pumped my hand ninety times and told me I had finally made a newspaper out of the Broadcaster, that it was the finest base paper he had ever seen. Then he plied me with numerous questions and let me go with a pat on the back which fractured my clavicle. Now, just before I went in to see the colonel, the major who is in charge of the office of information services, which includes the paper, told me he didn't care for the way the paper was being handled. He asked me what the colonel had said, and I told him the colonel had said how much he liked the paper. "See," said the major, "I told you how to make the paper a good one." I stalked out of the office after that and found an inspection team going over my office looking for fire hazards. I have a number of extension cords and they informed me that having such cords on the floor was illegal and that I would have to suspend them from the ceiling on string. On top of that, I received news that Mr Sullivan, my immortal cat, had been done in like Cyrano, by a "lackey with a load of wood." Thus it was a mixed day, and on Saturday your letter came, plus the paper announcing Anna's demise, plus a simple letter from Betsy, plus fireguard duty, plus gas and the return from leave of this three-dollar bill of a roommate of mine. I haven't spoken to anyone since Friday noon. The music has restored most of my good humor, plus the news of the apoplectic reception of a suggestion I sent in writing to the major, when he requested each member of his staff write a paper on what improvements could be made in the Broadcaster. I suggested that since the papers are read considerably in bathrooms, why not leave the last two pages blank and perforate them into small squares.

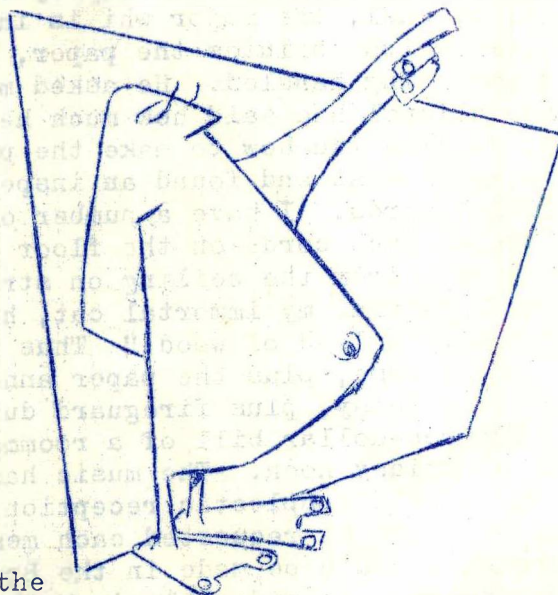
The young man in our office who desires nothing more than an archangelship is becoming more and more obnoxious with his love affair. He told me



that he asked her not to wear a certain blouse because it gapped and he could see her brassiere straps and that caused an unpleasant physiological reaction. I looked at him as one would look at a two foot pile of dead elephants. I said, "I used to ask Betsy to wear a certain blouse because when she bent over I could see clear down to navel." He said something about lust of the flesh and I assured him I found no lint. The other day he brought in a book he was giving her about sex. It seems (she's 25) her parents haven't told her yet. I offered to serve as guest lecturer but he declined, although he wanted me to explain the use of contraceptives. I can't blame him though. He's still getting over something which happened the other day. He waltzed in, said he did something wonderful with Ruth. My friend Bailey asked him in a loud voice, "What did you do, f--- her?" An expression like that of a man who has just swallowed a pregnant snail ensued and he turned and stalked out of the room. Love among the religious must be obnoxious.

I have always looked upon Elaine as a tragic figure...almost doomed... with a mind and personality beyond her means...I was not happy to hear of her coming marriage. I had always hoped she would be able to escape. Now, as you pointed out, she shan't. And husband, children, home will not bring happiness to her as it did to Sally. Elaine's mentality is too acute to accept gracefully the place which will be delegated to her, a place which, I fear, will eventually erase her. As for Maud, I fear the accident, if injuries prove as serious as thought, will put a serious crimp in her ambitions. Maud needs to move. Odd, isn't it, Harry, that both these girls, Maud and Elaine, are far superior to Tiger, and yet I'd bet on Tiger to come through Elaine's and Maud's difficulties much better than either of them will. She is eternal, the others remain ephemeral. (This was gossip about newspaper people. It turned out to be fiendishly accurate. Tiger was a woman, who had many nicknames. Tiger was used when people were around. It meant manhunter. Happybottom was generally used when people weren't around.)

I shouldn't talk the way I do about these evangelistic churches - they have a great amount of zeal - but I cannot help regard them as being composed of stupid people, who are unable to think about religion, but adopt the Bible word for word as fact. I was told quite sincerely that evolution, geology, paleontology are false sciences. Why, I ask. They claim the world is millions of years old, they answered, when it says right here in the Bible that the world is only four thousand years old. As for evolution, the world began with Adam and Eve, and was created in six days. I tried to argue with these people, that the six days don't mean our days (after all the sun wasn't even visible until the fourth day) but unspecified periods of time, but it is like talking to Dansberger. I've given up. (Dansberger is makeup man for the Herald. If he puts in a news item upside down, he can't be argued out of it.) \*\*\*\*\*FIN\*\*\*\*\*HARRY WARNER\*\*\*\*\*





# BERTH CONTROL AT 23,000 FEET

John  
Berry

I'm rather pleased with that title of mine, although, sad to say, it isn't strictly accurate. Hey you, that neofan sniggering in the corner, it isn't a typo, either. No, the fact is that I now consider myself a most experienced night flyer. I have flown over 9,000 miles during the hours of darkness on a Scandinavian, an American and a British airline, and I can safely say, without fear of contradiction, that I know all there is to know about trying to kip down for the night at about 23,000 feet. And as I said, it wasn't precisely a matter of berth control, more a frenzied attempt to try and organise a suitable arrangement whereby I could rest and then, finally, when I'd got tired of looking at the hostess, actually sleep.

My body bears the scars of the terrible tribulations I experienced at that high altitude. People lose control of themselves at that height, you know. The cultured aplomb shown at ground level, when passengers say good-bye to their friends, is speedily flung aside, like an old raincoat, once the 'plane has sorted itself out and is on its fifteen hour journey. Snarls replace simpering grins, a vicious fight for self-determination rides over-all. Man becomes a sadistic creature of the jungle, and woman...she was Chinese of course, and those long fingernails and big almond-shaped eyes...wow, I can see them now as she sneered over my prostrate body.

But I'm bewildering you. I must be accurate and record my experiences in the order they occurred. You never know - maybe someone will organise a fund for you, and you might get the chance to fly - you'll probably fly at night, and you'll be glad you read this.....

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I have flown many times before - mostly military aircraft - although I recall I went on my honeymoon a dozen years ago on a Dakota. (There is a moral there, surely, all I can remember about my honeymoon is the type of plane I flew in to the Isle of Man!)

So, on this night in late August (1959) I was quite a newcomer to trans-Atlantic flight on a civilian airliner. The 'plane was a Douglas DC-6B of Scandinavian Airlines, and the seats were arranged with two on the left of the aisle, and three on the right. I was on the extreme right, about five rows from the front. I must describe the seats. Very comfortable, nice hand rests with funny knobs on the ends of the arms. One must realise that to make it worth while, to make trans-Atlantic flights pay, the airlines consider it ethical to cram as many people as they can on each flight. I wasn't complaining. My seat was exactly right. My knees just scraped the back of the seat in front. I wriggled my bottom, juggled my vertebrae, and felt comfortable. I knew I had a long flight in front of me, and to test the comfort of the seat I rested my head on the back of it, closed my eyes, and felt that I could go to sleep anytime.

A gorgeous Swedish air hostess swayed along with rich Scandinavian food, cream, cheese, roast beef, salad and such-like. It was delightful. I smacked my lips, peered out of the window at the clouds which were illuminated by the moonlight, and yawned. I pondered on my good fortune. Flying, which I love...visiting America for three weeks...meeting new fans...going to my first convention...hmmmm...I yawned again and half closed my eyes...the back of the seat in front of me became blurred as my eyes gradually crept out of focus...my head nodded, and the seat seemed to come nearer...ahhh...hmmmm...

#### SUFFERING CATFISH.

The seat in front of me had shot backwards...it wasn't a dream...and before, as I told you, my knees scraped the back in its upright position. You can imagine how I felt. I HAD BECOME A LIVING SANDWICH!!!

I could not move. I was in an enforced foetal position. The quickness and smoothness and utter slashing mechanical dexterity of the inner workings of the seat, which I presume had impelled it, had forced my knees upwards until they touched my chin. AND I COULDN'T MOVE.

The passenger next to me, a young All-American boy, grinned when he saw my posture. "You'll never last fifteen hours like that," he observed, "tho' I grant you, it's original."

I looked at him. I could move my eyes, fortunately. "Look, son," I said - blinking as the sweat dripped off my forehead. "Admittedly I am desirous of retiring for the night, and I am prone to adopt unusual positions in my quest for slumber, but I ask you, a rolled up copy of Life shoved up my left nostril?"

"But you should have got out of the way when the seat in front of you extended backwards," he informed me.

"Son," I said. "Son, whilst I confess here and now that I do possess quite a number of unique physical and mental properties, as is evinced by my self-control at the moment, ESP is not one of them. I was sitting here, blissfully happy with my lot, and I became emeshed between two seats without any warning whatsoever."

"Ah," he said shrewdly, "but you haven't travelled by airliner at Economy Class before."

"No," I seethed. "NO, I HAVE NOT."

I was annoyed, you see. I was in a most embarrassing position, which was caused not only because I was on the verge of removing my ears with my rampant knee caps, but was accentuated by the fact that not only had the rest of the passengers and the air hostess come to view my plight, but the pilot had come too!

I was desperate. I gripped the arm rests of my seat and pulled and strained as hard as I could. Suddenly I was seven feet tall!

My seat, with dramatic suddenness, had assumed a horizontal stance. More than that, however. A horrified scream, a pain-racked bellow, exploded from the seat behind me. Two hairy hands reached from the back and sought for my epiglottis. A long series of expletives demonstrated the fact that the occupier of the seat behind, beside having lost all self-control, viewed my forebears with blatant distaste.

"Tool," yelled a blonde hostess in broken English. "You nearly killed that man behind. You should have given him some warning that you were reclining your seat."

"I didn't recline my seat," I yelled.

"Yes you did," said the American next to me. "I saw you push the knob on the arm of your seat."



I grunted, twiddled the knob, and lifted my seat off the man behind. I knew how he felt.

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I wonder what particular dietary plans our fate? Lots of beautiful girls travel by air...willowly orientals, blonde Swedes, personality-slanted Americans, chic French girls... What annoys me is that during my trip I didn't once sit by one beautiful girl. Take my flight from Seattle to New York...

The plane wasn't by any means crowded, but because the seating was organised to balance the aircraft during take-off, it was impossible to change places. I sat next to a German woman, about 65 years old, who had emigrated to Canada 10 years previously and... She told me her story many times. In front of me, was a Chinese girl - lovely slim figure, everything properly situated, soft eyes. AND SHE WAS SITTING BY HERSELF.

I couldn't take my eyes off Miss Wong (so help me that was her name.).

We'd been flying for an hour with supper over and the main lights off. The German lady was talking about her mother and I threw in 'yes' or 'no' while I watched Miss Wong prepare for slumber. She took her jewelry off and loosened something and curled a blanket round her. She got out a mirror and fiddled with her eyebrows, and I winked at her reflection.

"Would you get me a glass of water plis?" said the old woman next to me. Damn. I got up and staggered to a charming hostess and asked for the water. I took it back to the old woman. Miss Wong fascinated me. To get a better view I gradually reclined my seat and peered round the side...

"Would you get me an aspirin, plis?" I staggered down the aisle and asked for an aspirin. When I got back Miss Wong had her mirror out again and I could see she was looking at me. I like to think it was my natural manly charm but as I smiled the ends of my moustache rose vertically and her large eyes got even bigger. I looked at the empty seat beside her...

"Would you tell the hostess I am going to be sick plis?" The old woman was in a bad way so I gripped the arm controls and moved my seat forward at speed. Miss Wong chose that precise second to recline hers. Bingo! I opened my eyes and saw the hostess, Miss Wong, the old woman and several curious passengers peering at me. Miss Wong put her mouth close to my ear. "I think you should change your seat, yes?" she purred. I smiled happily and returned the ice-cap to the hostess. I got up, bowed to the old woman and moved to the seat in front. "I'm so glad you moved," said Miss Wong. "That old woman needs another woman to look after her."

AND SHE GOT UP AND SAT IN THE SEAT I'D JUST LEFT.

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I returned to Scotland from Idlewild in New York, in a Douglas DC-7C of BOAC. I decided that this was my last chance to play Romeo. And I was in luck. The clerk at the BOAC desk in New York said that very few passengers were travelling on the flight - there was plenty of room - and I could sit where I liked after the plane had taken off.

I sat next to a window on the right, the only person on my row. About an hour after take-off I decided upon a reconnaissance to view the talent. I went up to the toilet at the front of the plane, washed my hands, combed my hair, and returned to my seat with slow measured tread. THERE WAS NOT ONE FEMALE ON THE PLANE! After another hour a clergyman sat next to me and said he was lonely on the flight and wanted someone to talk to.

We discussed ethics, etiquette, philosophy and theology for the next seven and a half hours!!!

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JOHN BERRY.

# THE BADGER THAT NOW AND THEN

DAG  
E | R  
A | E  
N | N  
E | L  
L | L

The latest copy of Lynn Hickman's fanzine, "JD/Argassy", carried, as fanzines sometimes do, a questionnaire. I filled it in as best I was able and returned it to Lynn, but one question continues to plague me. I can't quote verbatim since the original is gone but the gist was:

What reason, in your opinion, has kept the other fields of fiction, such as detective, western, romance, sports, etc., from producing an active fandom such as SF has.

I've often wondered about that myself. I've sometimes thought that some ambitious fan-type might speculate on what it would be like in some divergent wheel-of-if world where the fandom we are familiar with had sprouted from one of the other main branches of fictional interest.

A detective-oriented fandom is not only logically feasible - it is even a little strange that one has never appeared. We, sf fandom, are by no means unique. There have been amateur publishing organisations since way back into the 19th Century. The phenomenon of the unaffiliated hanger-on to professional groups is common enough. There are, for example, fireman-buffs and policeman-buffs...the term "Buff" as roughly synonymous with fan isn't given in my dictionary but one sometimes encounters it...there are the dedicated students of various historical epochs - the American Civil War has a large group of enthusiastic buffs at the present. Several scientific groups have their "gentleman amateurs" - particularly astronomy. The list could go on for paragraphs.

There would seem to be three alternatives, at least! There are such groups and we don't know about them: there are no comparable groups: there are such groups but they are still in their formative stages - where sf fandom was in the early thirties, for example.

I suspect that the world of the amateur radio operator - 'hamdom?' - has as much resemblance to sf fandom as almost anything else is apt to have. I've never dipped into the inner world of ham radio beyond the extent of a bit of eavesdropping back around 1951 when a friend tried to talk me into it and succeeded as far as getting me to buy a second-hand #3-38 Hallicrafters receiver. I used to listen to hams yakking back and forth over mikes on the 80-meter band, and they spoke a clipped patois almost as esoteric as the fannish argot...a jumble of terms like folded dipole and fixed-rotor and



grounded shield -- or was it shielded ground? - quite incomprehensible to the casual entrant.

Curtis Janke tells me the in-group of model aircraft fandom is greatly like 'sf' fandom. They have conventions - flying meets that is - where there is mad carousing about the hotel and bottles flung from windows and pounding irately upon doors by house detectives and all the traditional trappings of our own little microcosm.

Amusing vista of a detective-story fandom: at a convention the house dicks would move about followed by an adoring retinue?... Fascinating subject for speculation: the convention reports appearing afterwards in the fanzines of a love-story fandom... Frightening visualisation to contemplate: the gunplay of a convention of western fans (sf fandom is bad enough but instead of squirt-guns and plonkers, they'd doubtless insist on .45 Colts with blanks.)

I know the gun-collectors have frequent conventions. I've never been to one but I hear they have booths and do a lot of swapping and huckstering. There is even a sort of semi-pro fanzine called 'The Shotgun News' published out of someplace in Nebraska.

There would appear to be various requirements for the formation of a fan-such as ours. First, you have got to have a powerful motive; second, a means whereby the potential members can contact each other and third, a supply of participants sufficiently restless to want to do something beyond simple and passive reading or whatever the primary activity of the hobby consists of.

I suppose some people would say the primary motive of the sf fan is an urge to gratify his ego. I'm not at all sure I'd agree to that but take it as a possible hypothesis. Maybe the romance-fan's primary need is for vicarious gratification of the libido in which case publishing a fanzine wouldn't help much. There is a "Mystery Writers of America" but it's primarily of and for the people who are already successfully selling. I know of no organization that is dedicated to giving fledgling corpse-opera hacks a helping hand. The exact benefit of sf fandom as a medium wherein a would-be sf pro can be nurtured into maturity is perhaps over-rated too. True, many of today's pros have come up from the fan-fringe but maybe some might have come sooner and gone farther had they never got mixed up in it in the first place. Again, maybe not.

The traditional birthplace of fandom was the readers' letter-column. Today there aren't many branches of the publishing business that bother to print readers' letters and most of these omit the addresses. A point of contact was a vital must for sf fandom. After all, sfans today represent a concentration of not much over one part per million in the world's population (a bit over 2000 fans, a bit over 2 billion people - and I should mention that I'm using the USA concept of million and billion here: a thousand-thousand for million and a thousand-thousand-thousand for billion - maybe I should have stuck to numerals) and that is a fairly dilute solution.

There's no good having a motive and a mailing list unless the group in question is going to do something about it. Supposing a person decided to found a fandom based upon the Playboy type of magazine. They have letters from readers although in most cases addresses aren't given - at least not the street addresses - and often as not only the initials are signed to the letters. But supposing a person had 200 names or so, with full addresses to match, and suppose he made up a magazine designed to interest such a readership (supposedly, Playboy readers are interested in hi-fi sound and lo-fi women). And then he mailed out his brainchild and sat back to await developments. The chances are he'd have a long wait. My bet is that a return of

2% on such a mailing would be as much as could be hoped for. And nobody is going to keep producing a magazine for the sake of four letters of comment an issue. Maybe I'm wrong but I think it is a lack of interest that keeps other fandoms from springing up all over the place like the ubiquitous mushroom.

Back around 1936 or '38 there could have been an air-war fandom. Maybe there was and I didn't know it. I fondly remember the "Hot Air Club" in the old Dare-Devil Aces magazine. And there were similar clubs in Flying Aces and in G-8 and His Battle Aces. The Hot Air Club was more than average fan-nish by our own definition of the term. I have the Dec '37 issue of D-DA and I am struck by the fact that the old Hot Air Club, as conducted by Nosedive Ginsburg, seems straight out of one of the more bumptious fanzines of today.

There were no membership dues to the HAC, one had but to fill out a coupon and send it in, saying which stories in the current issue you liked best. There was a cash payment of a dollar for contributions used although there were no contribs in the issue at hand: "This month there shall be no cash awards for poetry that would stain the tin of the foulest ashcan. But next month? Yes, dammit, Ginsburg shall be back again!"

Ginsburg was rather similar to Sgt. Saturn and there were even, so help us all, BNFs of air-war fandom. Through the cobwebs of two decades and more, I read through this and spot a familiar name: Dirty Dusty Dowst...a perpetual whipping-boy of Ginsberg's (I seem to recall there was someone called Snarly Seibel in the Standard Mags letter-col who filled the same function).

But, so far as I know, air-war fandom never produced a fringe-growth of mimeo/hekto publications. Seems a pity, sort of.

I know there was a brisk interchange of letters among readers of the character-continuity pulps in those days. I used to write back and forth to a few of them. It was before the era of specialisation and we were more omnivorous than the fans of today. Richard L Bridges (whose address, I think, was 2760 Clearwater Street, Los Angeles) introduced me to Ed Kelly of Charlotte, North Carolina. I'd met Bridges through a letter of his in Doc Savage and he, Kelly and I swapped magazines we'd read for magazines we wanted to read. Bridges' main interest was in electrical engineering (Long Tom was his special favourite of the Doc Savage group) and I still have a snapshot here, somewhere, of him - a smiling, sun-bronzed chap in a white shirt with some sort of electrical transformer in the background.

I never saw a photo of Kelly but, like myself, he read anything he could get his hands on. He was quite fond of sf - liked Amazing quite a bit, especially the Adam Link stories.

I think the reason I didn't get particularly active in fandom in those days - in any of the numerous fandoms available - was that I grossly overestimated the competition, both as to quantity and quality. I assumed that letters to the editor were culled out of tens of thousands that rolled in every month and I (from that viewpoint) sensibly refrained from wasting my efforts. If I ever had sent in a letter and had it printed, I know I'd have been lost for all time.

But I had no typer, no duper and practically no spare coins. Every cent I could spare went for magazines, to be swapped and traded among our little group in high school till they (the magazines) fell apart. Maybe a lot of the other potential fans were in the same spot those days and maybe that's why the other para-fandoms died still-born.

What do you think?

DEAN A GRENELL



When drugs have to be taken, medical supervision should be essential. Further, this zine cannot condone anything that might even remotely increase the number of drug addicts in the world today.

GEORGE  
LOCKE

## → INSANITY, ANYONE ?

Apart from the fact that it is just plain stupid to ever take any drug except in case of illness, there doesn't appear to be a lot wrong with experimenting with mescaline (which is the active constituent of peyote). In fact there have been cases of mescaline producing beneficial results in the treatment of psychotic conditions. Taken at its face value, this and similar statements can be taken to mean that if you feel in the slightest bit neurotic, or your mind feels as though it's going to split in two, you can pop into your chemist, buy a couple of tablets, swallow them, and be cured. Treatment for any disease or condition other than a cold should be in charge of a doctor or, in the case of schizophrenia etc, a psychiatrist. It's extremely dangerous to take a drug merely on reading a few articles describing some of the subjective effects of the thing.

Why did I specifically mention schizophrenia? Koelle<sup>(1)</sup> states:- "It has long been known that the ingestion of Mescaline and a large number of other drugs produce a temporary state resembling insanity. Similar endogenous (originating within the body) might be of significance in the development of spontaneous psychoses." Other sources quote schizophrenia as the condition most resembling mescaline action. Then we come to Donaho<sup>(2)</sup> "If one has any tendency to (natural) schizophrenia, it (mescaline) may push him over." What person 'with a tendency to schizophrenia', and only a tendency, will know he's got it? Much of the research on Mescaline is devoted towards this schizophrenia-producing action, using the drug and the similar but more potent D-Lysergic Acid Diethylamide (LSD) to produce artificial psychoses, with a view to finding the cause and subsequent cure for schizophrenia. The trend of the results so far is to suggest that schizophrenia occurs in certain people with a metabolic disfunction resulting in the production of a substance in the body which produces the symptoms. It follows that such a substance might be related to Mescaline. Max Rinkel<sup>(3)</sup> states that mescaline combines in the liver with a protein (at the same time possibly damaging the liver), the resulting compound producing the mescaline effects. This is born out by the fact that several hours elapse following taking the drug before any effect is felt, such a period being necessary for the protein compound to be formed. Mescaline's chemical structure bears a close resemblance to the structure of adrenaline, suggesting that a quirk in the normal adrenaline metabolism of the body produces a similar substance to the mescaline protein compound, thus causing schizophrenia. Interest has recently centred upon an adrenaline derivative, adrenochrome, which possesses a mescaline-like action.

Incidentally, chlorpromazine counteracts to some extent both mescaline effects and schizophrenia.

To summarise, a mescaline taker is merely making himself a temporary schizophreniac.

One thing - mescaline is in no way related to morphine, heroin and other morphine derivatives. But here there is an insidious danger.

Take young Willy Fan. He reads about mescaline, and having the opportunity to get hold of some, decides to try it out - for kicks. (By the way, it's very difficult to get in England - I know of no pharmaceutical product on the market as yet). After the suitable time lag has elapsed, he gets a kick of a sort. It may not particularly satisfy him, so he has another try, and a third. Accepted mescaline dosing. He gets further kicks and really likes the stuff. It sends him. After a while, though, he decides that it is time to stop and he applies the Fullness of his Powerful Mind and, lo and behold, he stops.

Superfan! He can stop when he wants to. His will-power is stronger than Frankie Machine's...

So one day he says "You the dope peddler? I'll have a trial shot. Heroin? Naw, too expensive. Morphine'll do fine. I get this one free? Okay, heroin it is... Ouch - you want to sharpen that needle!"

And a bit later: "Cor, isn't it wonderful! This is a lot better than that mescaline."

And he goes on - second shot - third - fifth - tenth... Then he realises, as he realised with mescaline way back, that it is time to stop. He tries to go without it. He finds he can't. The minute - almost - he stops taking it, his body becomes racked with pain, convulsions, etc. Willy finds that he can't stop. His will-power runs a poor second to the needs of his body. For the basic difference between mescaline and morphine is this: Morphine, once it has been taken a few times, becomes a substance essential to the body - as vitamins are - and removal of the source of morphine gives rise to withdrawal symptoms of extreme ferocity. Your will-power has to be something pretty extra-ordinary to combat that, and then it won't win. The only cure is a very long and arduous hospital treatment.

Willy Fan?

Nope. No more fanning for him for a long, long time.

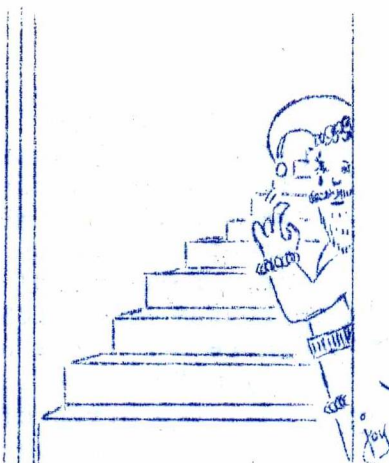
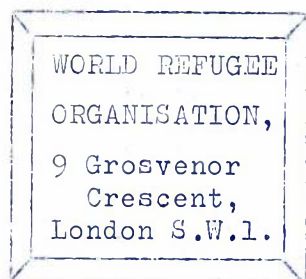
GEORGE LOCKE

- References
- 1) Koelle (George B) "Pharmacology of Mescaline and D-Lysergic Acid Diethylamide." New England Journal of Medicine. Jan 2nd 1958 258 25
  - 2) Donaho (B) "Peyote at the Nunnery." FIJAGH 3/1959. (Post mailing OMPA 21) P.6
  - 3) Max Rinkel (and others) "LSD and Mescaline in Experimental Psychiatry." (Symposium ed. by Louis Cholden M.D.) Grune & Stratton, N.Y. 1956. Pages 14 and 61.

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Mary, call the cattle home, across the sands of Dee:  
Never mind your aching feet...use telepathy.

BIRCHBY





# THE LIL PITCHER

JOY K. CLARKE

Many years ago I read an sf yarn which you will probably be able to remember while not recalling the title. It relates how pale humanoids suddenly started to issue from a cave in some mountain (I believe in Central Europe) by the thousand. There was nowhere for them to go, nothing for them to do. Herded into refugee camps, they were depressed, desperate, desolate. The story was told by a newspaper man who flew out and wrote despatches to his paper. The terrible build up to the end of the story was so utterly vivid that now, whenever I think of refugees, a pang of guilt twists my stomach.

This story (was it "D.P."?) was so similar to the life under which thousands of refugees from WWII, Hungary, Korea and so many other countries are living, that I am appalled that it has taken so long for an all-out effort - such as the World Refugee Year - to get started. Until I remember my reaction. I read the pleas for help and have been appalled: yet I haven't contributed. I have resolved to help: yet I haven't contributed. Procrastination has fed my guilt and by heck I'm going to do something about it now. If I have behaved like this, how many million others will have done the same thing? While gradually, behind their ragged blankets, one by one the refugees die of t.b. and hunger and despair.

Normally I'd exchange Christmas gifts with a number of people. This year however, they will receive nothing. Instead the money that would normally go on such presents will be sent, with any more that I can spare, to the organisers of the World Refugee Year. I am asking them, if they are willing, to do the same. So little can do so much. 2/6d could give a Korean orphan one good meal a day for a whole week. 10/- would give a cup of hot milk each to 250 children in Hong Kong. 30/- would keep a teenager for a week while he learns a trade. And £5 pays for diet and special drugs for a T.B. victim for a whole month.

You and I have talked, as fans do, about the great things the inhabitants of this world could achieve. Fanlike, we have all procrastinated. We didn't have much to spare - perhaps just a shilling - so we put off sending it because... well, it's only a shilling and what good's that? And that shilling was finally wasted along with the spare shilling the next week. If each fan we know, or know of, were to send a shilling to the World Refugee Year, they would have received about £25. Won't you join me in trying to assuage my conscience or shall we all, eventually, be like the types in the downbeat stories that sink lower into our slime because we didn't bother? Will the last refugee die with a whimper while we look guiltily at each other, and, inside, feel the words thundering: "He could have been saved - if I'd sent that shilling." Join me, won't you...please?

JOY K. CLARKE.

# THE OLD MILL STREAM BY PENELOPE FANDERGASTE

I was very interested to note the "stencil cutter's note" that Joy added to my last column, Joy pointed out that Woburn Abbey, the home of the Duke of Bedford, about which I wrote, is of interest to fans because of the almost extinct Pere David's Deer which roam the grounds and which were mentioned (in genre - not the Woburn deer) in Willy Ley's "Dragons in Amber". Actually, only two herds of the species are known to exist, the second, somewhat smaller herd being in captivity in Berlin.

There are no records of the deer existing in a wild state. Indeed the species was first brought to western eyes by their discovery at the Imperial Hunting Park at Peiping which was visited by the French missionary, the Abbe Armand David from whom they take their name, being originally known under the name of Milu or Mi-lu. Between 1865 and 1900 attempts were made to transport the deer to zoos in the west, but only the two herds mentioned above have survived. Even the original Imperial herd perished in the Boxer rising of Autumn 1900 and these slight animals which have the curious habit of shedding their antlers more than once every year were killed by rioting crowds when they escaped from the Park.

Now, before you begin to allow your eyes to widen with the wonder of this writer's obvious scholarship and universal knowledge, let me point out that Joy was quite right. I haven't read 'Dragons...' but I do possess a good reference work, "Animal Life of the World", which was published by Odhams in 1934. I also have to confess, to destroy the myth completely, to never having heard of the Ley work. Before Joy waved almost living proof in front of my eyes during a recent visit to Inchmery I didn't even know that 'Dragons in Amber' wasn't some outre sf novel, which just shows that when things are boiled down to the fur in the kettle, we fanzine columnists are not only just plain ornery critturs, but just damn ignorant into the bargain.

Or are we? I'm not too sure that where reading is concerned we all have our blind spots because of the necessary extensive coverage of today's printed word. Why, it's hard enough keeping up with what is written today about "Lolita" without plowing through everything on other subjects. Even with sf it is hard to keep up with all stories, magazines, novels and what have you. So I think that I might possibly be forgiven my ignorance on the subject of 'Dragons in Amber'. I can even go so far as to challenge Joy and the readers of Apé to identify the following passages from well known novels and shorts.

1. "Oh my God," Ruth said, "We can't get out. It's the whole block."
2. She was still futilely scrabbling away at her tin. "You'd better throw that away. It's coffee," I told her. I put the opener into her hand and gave her a tin of beans.
3. The mental state of Tommy, as he dived through the hull of the ship and into the nearest radial corridor, would be difficult to describe fully to any human being. He was the equivalent of a very small boy - that approximation still holds good - and he had the obvious reactions to novelty and adventure.
4. Overhead, without any fuss, the stars were going out.
5. On board were two thousand people divisible into three distinct types. The tall, lean, crinkly-eyed ones were the crew. The crop-haired, heavy



- jowled ones were the troops. Finally, the expressionless, balding and myopic ones were the cargo of bureaucrats.
6. The blow that struck him in the chest knocked him over a coffee table. The gun fell out of his hand. Gasping, half-conscious, he watched her take careful aim for the coup de grace.
  7. And see it he did, that flash of light on the dark of the moon that marked the landing of the first successful missile ever launched through space by man.
  8. Upon her ankles were countless marks, red viscious little marks of rat's teeth. Altogether she was an ugly, distasteful creature.
  9. Let me breathe unrationed air again
  10. The lesser gravity of Earth gave the two creatures a free, bounding stride as they walked down the slope towards the pens.

No prizes are offered for solution of this quiz, but think of the prestige value of being able to call yourself a Science Fiction Reader First Class.  
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 ,,,,  
 .....

Of course it may be that you're one of these people who just can't get by without reading something. I'm like that. Most of the time I'm in the middle of some novel but there are 'between times' when the time available does not allow for the getting of one's teeth into a novel, and either short stories or snippets from whatever is about are more convenient. People who have lunch with me are constantly complaining that I'm reading the menu intently, and there have been times when I have become engrossed with sauce bottle labels, whilst breakfast cereal packets are an everlasting source of amusement, entertainment, etc. This, mind you, isn't to say that conversation dies when I'm taken out to lunch. I'd hate it to be thought that I can't converse, but at the same time I wouldn't presume to the impertinence once shown by a fan who announced that he enjoyed 'good conversation'. To start with, what is good conversation? Is it conversation which discusses the things important in life at a level that only Demosthenes or John Campbell Jr can enjoy, or is it conversation that anyone can enjoy? And who is going to be conceited enough to profess to such aptitude? Of course, anyone can enjoy someone else's conversation - and not only in the eavesdropping sense of Walt Willis's admittance that he enjoys reading other people's letters.

But to get back to the reading habit. Over the past month I've found two publications of great interest. The first was Dick Eney's excellent Fancyclopedia II, after the style of Jack Speer who has, after all, fallen below such things nowadays. The only way to describe this giant amongst fanzines is as being a mine of fannish information, lore and legend presented in a well formulated but extremely readable fashion. I'd unhesitatingly recommend anyone worthy of being called a fan to treat himself to a copy for Christmas.

The second publication is by one who used to write sf of the high standard of "Wine of the Dreamers". "A Man of Affairs" is the latest offering from John D MacDonald (Robert Hale 10/6). Regular readers, if I may presume the plural, of this column will have realised by now that I am quite a MacDonald fan. "A Man of Affairs" discusses a high powered take-over bid by an American tycoon. The principle shareholders of the firm about to be taken over are invited to a Bahama house party - there are mentions of the Butlin holiday camp - to be softened up by the tycoon. The first sixty pages do little more than set the scene but the pace quickens considerably. Characters are well drawn, particularly that of the hero, who is initially something of a louse. I'd recommend this MacDonald book as light entertainment which does not make too many demands of the reader.

...Penelope Fandergaste...



# INCHMERY FAN DIARY

H P SANDERSON

Right, here we go again. Once more the following pages will be more of a letter column than a proper Diary - this is due to the fact that I still have to catch up on the stuff received prior to the publication of the last issue. Next issue will see the return of the Diary in its more complete form.

Harry Warner, 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown Md, USA. "The name for fan fiction and its definition have been puzzling better heads than mine for a long time. When I brought it up in FAPA perhaps ten years ago, Speer said that fan fiction should be confined to stories about fans.

That would be logical, but usage has been otherwise for so many years that it is hard to believe people will ever get out of careless habits. Bob Leman's suggested faaan fiction is a good one, and if an effort is made to get that adopted, it might be wise to try to refer to the other type - sf stories in fanzines - as fanzine fiction. In rapid conversation it's not always possible to distinguish between fan fiction and faaan fiction.

"The superiority of the Negro over the white that I mentioned consists of his better physical condition and ability to work more efficiently than the white man, wherever the Negro population gets enough to eat and is able to live in housing conditions that permit good health and is offered enough money for his work to give incentive for doing a good job. His physical superiority is certainly evident enough in any sport in which he is able to compete on equal terms with the whites. I don't mean necessarily professional sports alone, but right down to the small-town school level. Hagerstown has about 40,000 whites and 2,500 Negroes; but out of the starting ten players on the two high school basketball teams here last winter, six were Negro boys. It's harder to judge mental capabilities. I've seen those figures that purport to prove that the Negro has a lower IQ than the white man. If they haven't been juggled into their present form, I'd suspect that the difference is there for about the same reason that white boys who take vocational agriculture in high school normally get much poorer grades in academic subjects than those who take the commercial or academic course: no particular desire to put the mind to work, because the future holds nothing that will require much mental exertion. Equal job opportunities for Negroes would probably bring their IQs up to the normal level as quickly as my short-sightedness would improve if I stopped reading so much." (Among other things, Harry goes on to say Dean Grennell's column is a fine example of his unrivaled ability to make you want to see the thing he's recommending, and suggests that DAGs fortune would be made on Madison Avenue if he could turn this ability to professional advertising purposes...?)

George Spencer, 8302 Donnybrook Lane, Chevy Chase 15, Md, USA. "I'm afraid that despite Speer's intelligent letter, I still agree with Harry Warner's inclination to trace the fears of whites re miscegenation to (at least partly) their own subconscious desires in this direction. Whites, I fear, tend to associate negroes' dark skin with evil (the fear of 'dark' forces which has been so happily bequeathed us by theology), dirt, and all manner of primitive



desires. I know at least one man who theorizes that white men fear that if white women were to be given free, unprejudiced choice between pale, flabby, largely white-collar-working white men and muscled, aggressive largely manual-labor-working negro men, the white women would choose the negroes. Whites commonly think that negroes are not only more lustful than whites, but have more sex appeal, in a sinister sort of way. The fact that, as Speer states, the miscegenation question is usually thought of as between negro men and white women, is probably due to the fact that it is not uncommon for negro rapists to pick white women as victims, possibly to vent their emotions not only upon women, but also upon whites." (George also asks about my remark concerning Olivier's tongue-in-cheek acting in Richard III - I think he portrayed the 'accepted' idea of Richard while all the time saying "Of course I don't really think the mm was this evil at all..." - and about tubes of duper ink - as far as I know all duper ink over here comes in tubes..the can appears to be peculiar to America...)

John Trimble, 5201 E Carson, Long Beach 8, California, USA. "Interjecting in Bruce Pelz's letter (June 22, IFanDiary), you mention four white boys raping a negress in turn. Just the other day, the tables were turned, as four negro boys raped a white girl in turn. So both sides have a lot to grieve about if they want to. I just wish they'd quit thinking about that (by treating those cases as equal wrongs deserving equal punishments, and leave the question of race out of it), and try looking for a way to work together to solve the problems facing both races. This is beginning slowly, and will gather momentum, again slowly, but one can't help but wish it could move a little faster."

Bruce Pelz, 4010 Leona St, Tampa 9, Florida, USA. "In regard to your specific case of the four white rapists, I could counter with other cases of negro rapists, but to what avail? I still maintain that any inter-racial promiscuity is due to greater availability rather than a greater attraction, and unless you live in an area I fail to see how you can judge it objectively. Contrary to some opinions, everything does not get into the newspapers. (Agreed, and that just about finishes the possible permutations on this discussion I think...). Beg pardon, Jack Speer - tho you're right about the inequalities in population in Florida's Congressional Districts, you're wrong on the discrimination bit. At the last census, when the state was re-districted, the 1st District, which includes the Tampa area, had nine counties, and the largest population of any district. It split down to 4 counties by allocating one of the two new representatives to the area. There will be two more representatives gained by the state when the 1960 Census is taken, and the Tampa area will probably get one (and Miami the other, thus taking care of both the over-populated districts.) And I still maintain that the Florida districts are not gerrymandered, though there is a good chance that this fact accounts for the inproportionate representation."

Terry Carr, 70 Liberty St, #5, San Francisco 10, California, USA. "That quote from Mr Justice Salmon on freedom of speech falls a little short of my own ideals, simply because he keeps qualifying his opinion by stating that freedom of speech is to be reserved to "any matter of general importance". Hell and damnation, why does it have to be of general importance? Can't a free man have the right to state an honest but pungent opinion about sauerkraut, bathroom rugs, or warts on people's noses? Limiting freedom of speech to matters of general importance brings in the idea of thought-control again - like who is to say what is of general importance and therefore what it is



permissible to discuss? I was reading this morning the July 30 issue of the BBC publication The Listener, which we get on a special deal along with a subscription to the local listener-sponsored FM station KPFA, and in it John Stuart Mill's essay on Liberty was quoted. I remembered having been impressed by that piece when I read it in Philosophy class, and I was impressed anew by this quote: "The only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community against his will is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear...because in the opinion of others to do so would be wise or even right." Amen, Mr. Mill.

Was interested in the material on the LondonO friction...From what I read here, and comparing it with what I've heard from the other side, Inchmery seems to be right...but I haven't nearly enough evidence on which to base a judgment, and won't do so. For all I know all three of you - Joy, Vinç, and you, Sandy - are all dastards and despotic pretenders or somesuch. Yes, and Nicki, too. Perhaps you're all trying to assure a throne in British fandom for her when she gets old enough (though of course she could assume the throne now with you three as regents, a nice blackhearted and dastardly arrangement). (Of course you realise you will now have to be destroyed...)

Well well, so Bloch and Willis and Tucker all have subs extending to issue 9999 of Apé - and now I see that we have the same sub. We're flattered and honoured. I hope you reach that number, but be forewarned that at the slightest sign of serious doubt as to how much longer Apé will continue we're going to start selling portions of our sub. As someone mentioned in this issue, no doubt soon you'll close subscriptions and refuse to expand your mailing list that way, so Apé's value will rise accordingly. Thus, when we decide to start selling portions of our sub, the value will be up, and we'll make a killing on the APORRHETA market. Thanks a lot, and for that I think I'll vote Apé as #1 fanzine on this year's FANAC poll. (Which wouldn't hurt my vested business interest any, either.) Now, no doubt, you'll cut this whole thing to one brief paragraph and say do write again old boy, and I'll sigh and go out and sell the whole remainder of our 9999 issue sub, thereby flooding the market so that Apé will fold within two months, particularly in view of the fact that it'll expand your mailing list to a fantastic point at which you'd need an electric press to print the entire run, or at the very least an indelible hekto." (Terry also says George Locke shows strong talent and he'll be looking forward to more of George's material in the future especially as he has proven himself with the first issue of Smoke...)

Ron Ellik, #6 1909 Francisco St, Berkeley 9, California. "I feel I have been dealt with unjustly. Here I am enjoying the latest Apé (#12, in case you keep track of such things) when I glance down at the lower left-hand corner of the TofC. By what right, sir, do you dast cut off my subscription with #9,999? I received your three fanzines, all of which were titled Clause, and I credited you with three more issues of Fanac on your sub (which expired then with issue 23), and then I got your fanzine titled Smoke, and figured you should get three more Fanacs for that, and then Apé 12 came, so I pushed it all the way up to 15. This means your sub to Fanac expires approximately 2 June 1958. Then I looked at Clause(s) carefully and noticed that they were all more or less one fanzine. Interesting, but brief, and sort of bogus-tripled, I thought. So for the cleverness involved, I took five off your sub. And then somebody wrote to me, or I heard at LASFS, or perhaps it came to me in a dream, that Smoke was not the British prototype of Void and that Sander-



son was not to Locke as White is to Benford. So, for confusing me with facts I knocked a couple dozen off your squatter's-rights claim for Fanac. Then the outrageous fact that there are two blank pages in my allegedly 52-page copy of Apé 12 came to my attention. You can imagine my mathematical reaction which brought you up to approximately Fanac #43. But the roof blew off Sanderson, when I saw that you insisted on chopping me off in just 9,987 more issues. At this point, in a frenzy of emotion, I decided on the only possible course of action: I am putting you out of your misery by removing your name from our rolls. This will be a permanent way of preventing me from ever assigning a definite number to the end of your sub, and when I send my monthly, bi-weekly or weekly bundle to Inchmery, I will have to put a copy in for you because I won't know whether your sub expires with that issue or not." (¶ I should perhaps state at this point that when I had to make Apé a subzine with issue 9, I didn't like the idea - it was forced on me with financial reasons. However, I couldn't ask very personal friends to subscribe, nor could I ask people like Bloch, Tucker and Willis who have given me so much enjoyment in fandom that no number of Apés could repay my debt to them. As each issue has appeared more people have been added to the 9999 list - each addition being an acknowledgment by me to the fan in question for 'services rendered' for a number of reasons. It is my own personal way of acknowledging a fan's status - and I don't think that new fans who have not yet established themselves will object to remaining on the sub list. The main criterion is activity, past and present -- I'm not trying to introduce a caste system into fandom.¶)

Mal Ashworth, 14 Westgate, Eccleshill, Bradford 2. "The cover is superb this issue - one of the best things Atom has done for ages and ages in my opinion. (#12). The Wisdom of the Yeast was a most excellent, highly entertaining and thoroughly competent piece and I enjoyed it enormously. Then came George Locke's piece which was well-done in a fine old tradition; there certainly seems to be an upsurge of new talent - and I really mean talent - in fandom these days, don't you think? And then, of course, there was Granpaw Bloch, and Tucker's lovely story about Bloch at the Mystery Writers Dinner. For some absurd reason that I can't pin down this reminds me of a story I heard the other day about a little boy of about three who horrified his school teacher by telling her confidentially that, at home, he often swore at his Grandad but it didn't matter because his Grandad was very old and very deaf and couldn't hear him anyway."

Gregg Calkins, 1484 E 17th S, Salt Lake City 5, Utah, USA. "Grennell does an excellent job on damon knight's The People Maker and I'm glad to see in print this evidence that the holes in the story are the fault of the editor and not the author. I intended to publish much the same thing in the next OOPS - and still may for that matter. When I first read the story earlier this year I was impressed with the tremendous possibilities of the plot but quite disappointed with the writing, and if you've read the story in question you'll know what I mean. It's very spotty and jerky, consisting of a number of quite excellent parts (the dueling scene, for example) tied together with very loose twine. After reading the story I sat down and dropped damon a card making much the same comment and got back the reply that the ms had been edited to the point of incomprehensibility. All I can say is that it certainly is fandom's loss, and I hope some more enlightened publisher than Zenith will someday bring it to us in its full-length form. It would be a tremendous story if its possibilities were fully exploited." (¶And amen to that...¶)



Jean Young, The Ivory Birdbath, 11 Buena Vista Park, Cambridge 40, Mass, USA. "It is, as you MUST know by now, very hard to read a fanzine with any degree of concentration when a small, bright-eyed bundle of fluff and energy is standing, all eager and drooling, at your bedside, waiting to be fed - fed anything at all, and in particular, the fanzine which you are trying to read. That's Sam. Susan, thank Foo, is in Pennsylvania with her grandparents, going to nursery school, probably being spoiled rotten but, I trust, learning to 'adjust to other children' - maybe even getting browbeaten once in a while.

That "Cover Story" by George Locke was right cute, albeit I couldn't quite follow all the logic and transitions involved, and got occasionally the uncomfortable feeling that I'd missed something that happened several months ago. In fact, I may very well have done just that.

Eric Frank Russell ALWAYS writes up a storm, don't he? God, I can just see that scene at the Opera...Haw! I think he'd like it up on top of Mount Monadnock not so far from here. There's people around, and they will chatter - but go ten, twenty feet away and the noise just vanishes. Man, it's quiet up there. Andy says it's the closest in Nature he's come to a 'dead' accoustic room in a lab." (Jean also mentions Phoenix in her letter - she and Andy are great fans of his and would appreciate having the word passed around that they'd be very pleased to receive some material from him for publication - you listening, Phoenix? Oh, and in reference to a point raised by Eric Bentcliffe she suggests 'a flutter of fanzines' - since that's how they fall to the floor at the Ivory Birdbath. Sounds a good collective word to me...)

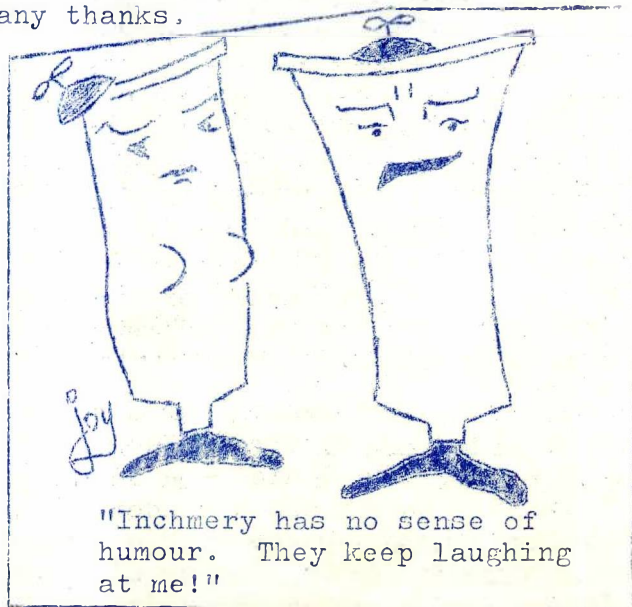
We also heard from (with apologies to CRY) HARRY TURNER who said that he had sent the stencils of the Homes & Gardens issue of N&T to Walt Willis and if they haven't aged too much they might yet see the light of day. He also suggests I should strike him off the Apé mailing list because it took the key word 'stereo' to provoke him to action. Guess I'll let that ride for a bit. JOHN KONING said the design in the seperations on the contents page looks a great deal as if someone had been impressing their fingerprints into the spaces. Actually it was done with a wheel pen. ARCHIE MERCER takes up a page or so agin my use of blue ink that causes him to wash his hands after reading each issue. Main reason I continue with it is that, apart from the tendency just mentioned, both Ving and Atom like it very much. They run the production and art sides of the zine. BOB LICHTMAN gives a great deal of information on the way spelling is taught these days, for which many thanks, and he goes on to mention that the think paper used in Psi-Phi does push the postage rates up but then they get it (the paper) free so... JOHNNY HAUTZ is a fairly new fan who says that as the Infernal Revenuers have just finished with him he can now afford to go looking for focal points in current fandom. The address of this interested (and interesting) newxomer is Mona Vanna, Galtrim Park, Bray, Co Wicklow, Eire. Try him. VIC RYAN wonders if 'Freedom of Speech' applies when one's opinions coincide with those of Inchmery. The answer, of course, is no. All I ask is that opinions are likely to be of interest to a large percentage of the readers and that they be phrased in such a way that if I have to start cutting letters for space reasons, then I pick on somebody else's. Vic also mentions that DAG didn't mention that Lynn Hickman featured in Bloch's PSYCHO. Apparently there's a bit about a Midwestern salesman who left his sf book in a hotel room... ALAN RISPIN says thanks for the loan of a settee at short notice, refers to Nicki as a Bugg-Eyed Baby (on account of she stared at him for at least five minutes without blinking -- but I'll have you know this BEB is actually a WEM - Wide-Eyed Monster) and



likes George Locke's story along with the other contents. TED FORSYTH is another very interesting newcomer who sends a sub - address is 139 Buccleuch St Edinburgh 8, Scotland. (Fan editors have a lot to thank Ella Parker for.) Ted wants to know how to sub to USAzines that don't have UK agents. Generally a copy will be sent if you write for one, and further copies will depend on the amount of interest you show -- in your case, lots, if your letter of comment on Apé is anything to judge by. Boyd Raeburn loved the cover of No 12, says "Bloch is. good." and touches briefly on the other contents. Jeff Wanshel (6 Beverly Pl, Larchmont, N.Y., USA) is another new fan who sounds interesting. Peter West sends a newspaper cutting that I hope to use in the next issue - sample quote: "Fall-out on Britain has doubled since May 1958." Mr Macmillan, on April 3rd, 1959... Norman Shorrocks sent a copy of a circular in which he asked for the 60Con to be put back to Easter instead of the proposed Whitsun date. Since then it has been decided that the London Circle will now hold the Con at all. It will now be held by the BSFA at Easter, and its only connection with London is the fact that it will be staged here. I understand that Sandra Hall will organise it with a committee of three. Dick Ellington writes to say he's up to his eyes in work and tells me to keep an eye out for an airmailed copy of the Detention Programme Booklet. I got one, Dick, but it wasn't by airmail. John Brunner (now back in UK) wrote c/o Harry Harrison in Denmark about the success of the Nuclear Disarmament exhibition. Said he hoped to get to the Swedish sf Convention. Ron Bennett sent us a postcard while we were in Manchester - sent from Inchmery, saying "Wish you were here" -- he couldn't find the stapler, staples or correctine... George Locke offered to come over and help with the duplication of Apé - which pleased Vine very much because he was pushed for time. Ken Slater asked if there were British agents for The BNF of Iz or The Best Of Fandom 1958 - he's had a few enquiries for copies. If any fans handling items of this nature will let Ken know he'll see the info is passed to interested customers. Dick Schultz sent a sixteen page letter (relax, it was handwritten) concerning fandom, juvenile delinquency, and the first time he saw our Queen and Prince Phillip. I don't think the subjects were connected... George Spencer asks is it true that Beatniks pray to Big Daddy? Laurence Sandfield sent a subscription. Oh, and there were a lot of other letters as well, for which many thanks.

Even Ted White wrote a letter. He talked about my proclivity for excerpting from letters, assumed I'd do the same with this one, and asked me to prove him wrong. I am doing. (I'm not the oldest faned in the business but I have been in it too long to be pushed into giving somebody two pages of publicity on the old 'I dare ya' gag.) Incidentally, the two pages were concerned with the fact that Ted wasn't serious about the Focal Point business - which doesn't add anything new to the discussion, unless it is the phrase 'Methinks he does protest too much'.

Talking about Ted reminds me that I might just as well start to cover the fanzines with SPECTRE 5 edited by Bill Meyers of 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chata-





coga 11, Tennessee. This is packed full of good things, but unfortunately it also includes a piece by White built up entirely on an excerpt from a letter - but then he has a proclivity for this sort of thing. I wrote a reply for the next issue and probably wouldn't have bothered any further if it hadn't been for the fact that I've just heard there won't be another issue (haven't heard from Meyers as yet) and also a couple of reviewers appear to have assumed White was right and have thus passed the story on. Briefly, White sets out to defend the Detroit Con Committee against accusations made by Inchmery. You won't find those accusations anywhere outside of White's writing. It started with that excerpt from a letter I mentioned up there. In fact, we questioned the Detention Committee concerning Rickhardt who was listed as Publications officer. We were perfectly happy about their reply and said so in Apr, at the same time reaffirming our belief in the Committee and wishing them well. Further, the Committee said that they wanted no publicity on the matter if it could be avoided, and we passed this on to White (who was in transition) via Benford. That probably explains why the article didn't appear in Void but I can only assume that White, not wishing to give up the chance of throwing some dirt our way, passed it on to Meyers. I hope the Detention Committee told White what they thought of his 'defence'.

Let us pass on to something more pleasant. Such as, for instance, CRY Nos 129 to 132. Now what can I say about these after falling so far behind? No 132 contains part of the first chapter of The Goon Goes West - the story of John Berry's visit to the States. This is a zine to get, but definitely. 25¢, 5/\$1, 12/\$2, from Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Washington, or 1/9, 5 for 7/-, 12 for 14/- from John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belfast, N. Ireland. Support this worthy cause.

Then there is another accumulation here from Terry & Miriam Carr, 70 Liberty St, #5, San Francisco, and Ron Ellik, 1909 Francisco St, #6, Berkeley 9, California. Fanac has been falling behind schedule just lately, but there are signs that it has made an excellent recovery. No 42 shows Ellik having a taste of how difficult it is to get anything out of Dave Kyle - that was what started the trouble, remember? No 43 has a cover showing the editors celebrating their Detention Hugo. 4 for 25¢ (or 2/- from Archie Mercer). Syzygy is the name of Miriam's Goojie Publication No 4, and the first I have seen. I've been missing something, obviously. Repro is a little uneven at the beginning, but the contents are worth the trouble. 15¢ (or 1/- from Eric Bentcliffe). This is dated June 1959 so I don't know if there are any copies left now, but if you haven't got it you should try. In any case, get your name down for No 10 (chances are it will contain the Carl Brandon Story.) It (the zine) is available for trade or letters of comment only but it's worth cash. And, from the same address as Ellik, Jim Caughran sent a FAPazine, for which many thanks. (NEVER COMPOSE ON STENCIL IN A HURRY!)

From the same general area comes another FAPazine from Ted Johnstone, and Shaggy Nos 44 & 45 (from 2548 W 12th St, Los Angeles 6, California). 44 has stills from 'The Genie' - a film that was very much enjoyed at the London Symposium. No 45 has a wonderful, even if Feifferish, running cartoon along the foot of most pages by Bjo Wells. 20¢ or 6 for \$1.00 Still in LA, here is Outworlds 1 (25¢, letter of comment, trade or contribution) from Bob Lichtman, 6137 South Croft Ave, L A 56, California. And also Psi-Phi 4 from Lichtman and Arv Underman, 5304 S Sherbourne Drive, L A 56, California - on the same terms except that the cash price is 15¢. Well worth getting.



Various APAzines will have to go unmentioned in this brief survey I'm afraid, but all were very welcome. Yandro Nos 77 to 80, 15¢ or 12 for \$1.50 from Robert & Juanita Coulson, RR #3, Wabash, Indiana - or 1/- per through Alan Dodd. There's nothing really special in these except for a far too brief Tucker column, a delightful two page fan story by Herber, and the letter column. The thing that does impress is the continuity and regularity. Quid 1 is a new fanzine from Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Rd/ Al Swettman, 2336 S. Pasfield/ Springfield, Illinois. Price is 15¢ or 1/- through Don Allen. The editors have made a reasonable start and should be encouraged. Another new fanzine is Phantasia from David McCarroll, 644 Avenue C, Boulder City, Nevada. I can't find a price quoted. Also new (what's got into fandom lately?) is DAFOE Pt 1, which was followed by 'Revolution' from the same editor, John Koning, 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio. Both items are very well done, and if you can manage it, send 20¢ for Dafoe Pt 2 - due about now.

Of the more established fanzines I have Profanity 6, for trades, contributions, or letters of comment, from Bruce Pelz, 4010 Leona St, Tampa 9, Florida. Opsla! 28-29 Combined Pt 1 & 2 (hmm?) 15¢, 2/25¢, 7/\$1 from Gregg Calkins, 1484 E 17th S, Salt Lake City 5, Utah - or in UK for similar amounts of money sent to TAFF in Gregg's name. Twig Illustrated, 20¢ or 6/\$1 from Guy Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St, Boise, Idaho (What happened to Vinç's copy of Best of Fandom?). Orion 23, from Ella Parker, 151 Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, London, N.W.6. (who had trouble with duplicating on her new machine). Triode 16, 1/6 or 4 for 5/- from Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St, Gt Moor, Stockport, (artwork to Terry Jeeves) or 20¢, 6/\$1 through Dale R Smith. The GDA Casebook 1959, contains a story by Dick Eney and two by the Goon - John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belfast, N. Ireland. No price given but if there are copies left you might try 2/6d. All of these zines deserve comments but none of them actually need them. Everybody knows they should subscribe.

Deserving of special mention is Skyrack, the newsletter put out by Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave, Harrogate, Yorkshire - and a lovely piece of parody called Skyhack put out by some person or persons unknown. Most of read so like Ron that he had a hard time denying that he had any part in it. Smoke No 1 is a new zine from George Locke, 85 Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Rd, London S.W.1. George did most of the duplicating over here with assistance from Vinç. The Boy is Learning Fast, like. A very promising fanzine which can be obtained for letter, trade, contribution, info on old books, or even cash...1/- or 15¢. Well worth it.

Copies of FANCYCLOPEDIA II are still available through me at 8/6d. You really can't call yourself a complete fan without one of these.....

We have also received a copy of Northlight 7 from Alan Burns in which Laurence Sandfield gives his version of recent events in the London Circle. Had this been in any other fanzine, or written by anyone other than Sandfield, then we might have become bothered about it, but really it just isn't worth the trouble. We have since had letters from Burns in which he gives the deadline for his next issue, under the impression we will pad it out for him with a reply article. We have better uses for our time. Sandfield's piece is riddled with mistakes - three in one sentence concerning hot-dogs (hamburgers) Vinç (Atom) and £2 (30/-) - but it is when he comes to talk of our 'naked drive for power' and 'using the LC Constitution to ruin the LC' and our 'sy-cophantic yes-men' that we must give him up as a hopeless case. We haven't published anything about the LC for a long time and don't intend to start now but anyone wanting to know the truth of this matter can always write us. HPS

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