



非暴力不合作



12

1960
Jan - Feb

APORRHETA - 15

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This fanzine is brought to you by kind permission of Nicola Belle Clarke.....	HPS 54

The number in this space is the

9999

last issue you are due to get
unless you respond in some way!

EDITORIAL

APÉ

Well, we finally obtained a micro-elite typer - so those of you who have been demanding longer editorials can now have them! We got this in exchange for my old typer after the Diary had been cut, so the rest of the issue was done on Joy's machine...she now has an electric model at the office and has brought her portable home.

About the only thing that this fanzine has not been in the last few months is static - a fact that I can assure you will be equally true in the future. On hand for the next issue are articles by Harry Warner and Ken Potter, both of which were left out of this issue because they needed more time to be given a proper display. In addition there are articles by Bob Tucker and Sid Birchby, but whether or not they are published in 16 or 17 will depend entirely on the space available. John Campbell often complained about the inelasticity of type...and I have discovered that stencils are equally as difficult to stretch.

Aporrheta gobbles up material and a constant supply of good quality items is a necessity. How about trying your hand? Of course by 'improving' the layout - more illos, bigger margins, etc - I could present you with a fifty page Apé using only two-thirds of the material I currently use! However, I feel that as long as the presentation is adequate - i.e. not too crowded, it is my responsibility to see that as much as possible goes into each issue on the basis of providing something for everybody.

Which brings me to the current issue. The contents list is on the left so I'll say no more except - well, here's the Mad Chemist's report....

We sought a cure for mogosex
Brought on by drinking gin.
But mekitin, like palifex
Still let the mogins in;
While lakubex, as one expects,
Leaves blisters on the chin.

We tried co-polymers of rope
With femeral of tin --
Then found an analogue of soap,
And called it rifasin!
As mogin dope it has no hope
But it much improves the gin.

Alice in Wonderland? Not exactly, but for explanation see Dean Grennell's column and the footnote thereto.....

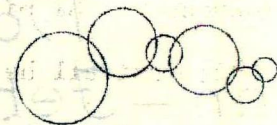
Incidentally, No 16 will be started as soon as this stencil is finished, so if you're going to write a letter of comment, do it now hmm? A number of subjects get only brief mentions in the current Diary - mainly because the main comment was that they were being overdone. They'll be back later.....

TAFF

Since I am one of the three fans standing for TAFF this year, you will find that adverts in Apé (see page 27) are designed to push the institution and not a candidate. I don't feel it is a part of my 'charter' as editor of this fanzine to use it to say (or have other people say for me) 'Sanderson for TAFF' on every fourth or fifth page. I feel sure that the voters can reach their decisions - whatever they are - without such prompting. And having said that I shall act accordingly and not in some other way. Voting forms are to be included with the next issue, but there is no need for you to use them straight away. As long as you subscribe to TAFF now - and you will do, won't you? - so that Ron Bennett and Bob Madle will know that a trip is going to be financially possible, you can vote at your leisure between now and June 15th, without feeling that you're being pushed into it! Yes, SANDY

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THE PATRIARCHS



GEORGE
SPENCER

"Take it easy now, Dean", said the attendant. "There are some steps here so we'll just take them slow and easy." He smiled the simpleton smile reserved for indulging the aged and feeble.

"Take your hands off me," the old man croaked. He stopped halfway out of the car door and surveyed the situation. Ahead were some twenty or thirty steps leading up the grounds, where they were probably all waiting for him. He didn't want to see them, for he detested the sight of other old people, especially other old fans. He could see them now, standing around in a semi-circle waiting to greet him, their parchment-paper faces working grotesquely, their skinny limbs moving in awkward, macabre movements, all waiting for the standard ritual that said welcome to the living dead. No, he couldn't go up.

"Come on, Dean," gushed the nurse. "Don't be a bad boy." They both grabbed his arms.

Bitch is stronger than I am, he thought as he was helped up the steps. They released him, at the top, and went back after his things. The old ones were there, just as he'd expected, standing out on the lawn in front of Fan House. He looked around. The forest began at the edge of the lawn and stretched off up the mountains on either side. He glanced up the side of the mountain to his right, following the lush, green growth until it stopped abruptly at the timber line, as though the rest had been cut off with a razor. Decay set in the midst of life, he thought bitterly.

"Welcome to Fan House, Dean. We've been waiting for you." She held out a wavering hand. "We need some more BNFs, you know."

He shook the hand gently, and considered saying what he really thought of the place. He sighed, concluding that it wasn't worth it. Nothing was worth it any more. He tried to place her name. So long ago ... Lee something. He thought the last name started with an H, but nothing came to mind. It was so hard to remember.

She took his hand and led him around, introducing him to all of them. The names stirred old, half-forgotten memories: Ellington, Pavlat, Raeburn ... Raeburn he could remember. They were sure to have back copies of his Fanzine (What was it? Some French name...) carefully preserved up at the house. Dean's copies of the classics had long ago been read to tatters. He promised himself to re-read them to remind himself of the spirit that had prevailed so long ago. When was it? Back in the 70s? 60s? Surely not that long ago. Or was it? He couldn't remember.

When he had shaken hands with them all he turned to Lee "Is Tucker...uh I mean, is he still...?"

"Alive? Oh yes. Must be nearly 170 now. He just sits up on the veranda in his rocking chair and looks down the valley and rocks back and forth." Dean felt a

hollowness in the pit of his stomach. Was that what he'd be doing in a few years?

"Is that all he does? Just ... sit?"

"Yes. Once every few months he gives us a funny lino and we write it down and send it to someone to print." She looked up at him quickly, with the cautious air of someone who has practiced avoiding painful conversation.

"I ... guess I'll go take a look at my room now."

"Certainly. Let me show..."

"No, no. I can find it myself." He disliked this faintly patronizing attitude from one who'd been at Fan House longer than he had. And in spite of himself, he was a little envious of her still-agile mind.

"Very well. It's number 23."

He walked slowly up to the house, pausing only to straighten a croquet wicket with his foot. Fan House was big - monstrous, in fact. Built some thirty years before, it had started off as a lodge, but somehow never paid off. The owner sold it to a group of enterprising fans who had become concerned about the welfare of older fans like Tucker, who just never seemed to die off. The scientists' discovery of the vitalizing pill and the sudden extension of life expectancy to around 180 had resulted in more and more elder fans, and Fan House slowly filled up. Dean paused at the foot of the front steps (damn steps, anyway) and glanced down one side of the long veranda. At the far end was Tucker, sitting and rocking gently to and fro.

Dean became aware of an old man sitting on the steps in front of him. "Remember me, Dean?" He didn't.

"Walter Willis, Dean. Remember?" His smile dimmed as Dean made no response. "Hyphen?"

"Hyphen - it sounds familiar. I..." He faltered. "Ireland?"

"That's right. Belfast. I knew you'd remember me." Dean felt uncomfortable. The vague memories failed to resolve. Willis spoke again..."Do you mind if I ask you a question, Dean?" He sighed. "Go ahead."

"Who...who took over your membership in WAPA?"

Dean felt as though a knife had slipped between his ribs. Of the many things he could remember, that was one thing he wanted to forget. The expulsion had been automatic, of course, when he came to Fan House. But he didn't want to quit, didn't want to come. He'd been put out to pasture. No one had forseen way back when the apa constitutions had been drawn up that the future would bring so many new fans. The more fans that came in, the longer the waiting lists became. Mailing associat- which provided for only fifty or sixty members began to have waiting lists in the hundreds - then the tens of hundreds. A membership in one of the apas came to be a priceless possession, and members stopped dropping out. Membership lists froze. The constitutions might have been changed to allow more members, but there was too much apathy - no one voted on the proposals.

(Continued on page 8)

The li'l pitcher...

Some editors have a bad habit of interrupting their contributors just as they get into full flow -- you know who I mean - you saw what happened last time. One measly little page and not even a micro-elite typer to bless myself with. But I'll show him this time...I'll go on and on and on... (~~¢~~ Cut!...~~¢~~)

And if I were Hemingway.

Ah yes. If I were Hemingway what a lovely price I'd get for it, too. Did you see that Hemingway was paid 10,000 guineas for a 2,000 worder on bull-fighting? A mere 5 guineas a word. Whew! Which gives one to imagine just what his typer looks like.

I suppose that he has a little calculator working on the side of the platen just like a mileometer and every time he taps the space bar, up clicks another 5 guineas. Mental process working as follows (a la Ted Tubb):

He lit a cigarette (hmm only 20 gns)...a black cheroot that smelled evil and bitter (that's better - 40 more - now what can I add?)...The smoke curled lazily upwards and he watched it through slitted eyes (ha - let's make that a bit longer..) through the slits of his almost closed cold agate eyes (wowieeee!!!)

Oh, I wish I were Hemingway.

Thanks folks.

A long time back I wanted to say thank you to all the nice people who sent Arizona Highways and other similar magazines. They have had me drooling for a long long time but that Sandersod...cut me off before I could lay finger to typer. So here now, please accept my grateful thanks - Buck Coulson, Elinor Busby, John Trimble, Les Gerber, Bob Pavlat, Jim Caughran and everyone else who were so kind. We really do appreciate it, and if there are any English books you want, please let us know.

The other things I was pleased to receive were the comments on various of my columns. It delights me no end to know that I spark off, occasionally, a long letter to Sandy about something - the bomb was a real cracker that way.

You is, as the saying says, nice pipples!

Live and learn.

Up until today I have had a sublime belief that web-footed birds could never roost in a tree. Why, even in a competition over here, a seagull was shown perching in a branch as an intentional mistake.

Now my world slips from under me, for I have just looked at a copy of LIFE containing part VII of the series on Darwin. And what do I see? A red-footed booby with distinctly-webbed feet perching happily on a tree, sneering at me from the pages. It even has a note saying that this bird cannot take off from the ground, but has to climb a bush to do so!!!

BY JOY CLARKE

Just who's pulling whose web-footed leg?

Our-science-is-wonderful department.

We science-fiction fans, avid for new inventions and eager to discuss them amongst ourselves, never seem to mention these new inventions in fanzines. I remember nobody seemed to comment on Cinerama when that first came out - who ever bothered with the similarity between the flying discs shown on the cover of an old Imagination and the Army's flying disc (one-man type)? Now nobody has bothered about ECHO or SONORAMA. What's the matter with us...let's get back to science-fiction...there's too much fannishness in fanzi....oops, I've picked up the wrong mind.

But, seriously, there's a striking lack of comment on these things. SONORAMA is a new French development in the field of sound. It is a (bi-monthly, I believe) magazine which has six pages consisting of records, printed on plastic and the rest is text. A hole through the centre of the zine enables you to put the whole thing on to a turntable and play the records.

The American version, ECHO, sells for a dollar. Has anyone tried it? What effect, for instance, does a diamond stylus have on them? How good is the repro? How hi, one maybe shouldn't say, the fi? What sort of thing gets on to the records? Anyone know?

Social Engineering.

Remember the ever-prevalent comment that our science has far outstripped our social development? That we are not fit to own satellites and spaceships and go touring off to the Galaxy at large? And how we all agreed?

But I wonder, thinking it over. Look at your current newspaper. How many items report instances of injustice to the poor, the weak and the defenceless? How many appeals are there in one day's paper for the sick, the maim, and the innocent? They are increasing daily. Ten years ago, who would have bothered about the crowded starving Chinese children, the milling Arab hordes in Israel, the hunted stag, the spastic, the deaf, the road casualties?

A shrug and a twinge of conscience and a blind forgetting was all they received. But daily now the papers report instance after instance of injustice, or cruelty, or simply idiotic senselessness that results in a death or an injury that need not have happened.

Surely these things show that the social conscience, far from lying dormant, is now fully alive and kicking. If so many of us feel guilt at the unnecessary hurt, or the dumb and blind justice of the civil service as it metes out its hurtful decisions, it is a sign that the social conscience is beginning to be built, to grow in its strength until not only will justice be done but mercy will be allied with it -- until the unthinking and the foolish are educated into realising how seriously their actions hurt the innocent. Soon I think we will be living in the age when the ruling law will be "Do what you will, provided you hurt no one else" and then, indeed, social conscience will be fully alive - and another science-fiction plot gone for a burton.

True or false?

Ever since the discovery that the Piltdown skull was a hoax, I have been extremely cagey about believing in such finds. I should probably have been niffy about the cave-paintings that turned up in the Dordogne area. Though I must admit that now I've read more about them I believe them to be genuine.

Same like applies with these new Dead Sea Scrolls. How many more hoards can be discovered? Are these latest ones a 'set-up' or genuine? We do not currently know enough to believe in them without knowing more about the basic facts. Who found them and how did he/they actually do so? Does their story tally with the known

facts about their movements? and so on.

The same sort of thing applies to the Soviet theories now being advanced regarding Lot's wife, and the great Siberian Meteor explosion. For those who haven't already heard, two Soviet scientists have each, separately, come out with the theory that these two happenings were not, as previously believed, just what they seem. In each case the scientists (M. Agrest in the case of Lot's wife, and Dr. Plekhanov in the case of the meteor), have put forward theories that the cause was an explosion of nuclear variety by people in spaceships who visited this world. Lot's wife (unnamed, like the wife who told the story of 'Rebecca') looked back to see "God's" destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. Agrest suggests that she was killed by the violence of the nuclear explosion as the cities were destroyed. Plekhanov gives his opinion that the trees in Siberia were blown down by the explosion of a nuclear powered spaceship. Both of them base their beliefs on findings of radioactive particles in the areas concerned, and the lack of meteoric fragments in the case of Siberia.

I rather like these theories...they tie in with Chad Oliver's story "The Ancestors". I hope they can be proved to be true.

Incidentally, in today's 'Daily Mail' (February 12th), in the second of a new column called 'Second Opinion' by a writer calling himself John Jelley (true or false?) there is a mention of these new theories. This is noteworthy - because Jelley gives the first reasonable assessment of sf that I have seen in a popular newspaper. After saying how delighted he is at the Russian discovery that most of the mysterious events in world history can now be explained by the intervention of space travellers into our past, he goes on:- "Science fiction has always seemed to me to be a much underrated form of entertainment. It is not, as most readers think, entirely about bloodthirsty cabbages chewing up Westminster Abbey, or giant baboons running down Broadway with a naked starlet under each arm. The best SF (as we mad atom-splitters call it) includes every branch of knowledge there is. It is about sociology - what kind of a society will work best when everything is provided for us on a plate by robots? It is about physiology, psychology, semantics, etymology, economics. It requires more thought than any other branch of popular fiction."

John Jelley is obviously One of Us.....

Ulp!

Well there was a lot more to talk about - books (Sandy's cut them out for ages) - the US Information Service and so on - but here comes that blue pencil again. Bye.

~~~~~

THE PATRIARCHS (George Spencer) Continued from page 5

The members were only interested in doing the minimum amount of work - so many pages, so much in dues, then they would retain their memberships. During the early 70's no new members were taken into any of the six major apas for a period of nearly three years. Slowly the waiting listers, tired of waiting, began to scrape money together to entice relatives of old apa-members to have them committed to Fan House. It worked only too well.

Dean looked down at his hands, at the enlarged veins that looked as though they were full of ditto ink. He shook his head. "I don't know who it is. I don't want to know."

He walked slowly up the steps and into the house, carefully avoiding looking at the figure at the end of the veranda that sat rocking gently to and fro.





# JOHN BERRY

## "A WING & A PRAYER"

So much happened to me during my tour of America and obviously, since the tour was organised, controlled and made possible by fandom as a whole, most of the happy incidents were concerned with fans and fandom. However I found many things that, although perfectly normal to Americans, appeared strange, uncanny, bewildering, fascinating and incredible to me. I'm not concerning myself with fandom now, but more mundane things. I could give lots of examples - having to pay quite heavy tolls to use the speedy highways - paying tax on food - dropping your coins in a strange cup-like contraption by the side of the driver in New York buses, and..get this..the buses had no conductors - getting manifold service at petrol stations, attendants appearing like locusts all over your car, polishing and cleaning like mad - literally, every house I visited had a refrigerator - discovering the strange fact that the only state I passed through which considered a silver dollar legal tender was Montana - I could go on for pages, but no doubt you get the idea!

But one incident above all brought a tear to my eye. This is not going to be a humorous article so that is quite a serious statement. I'm being very serious and nostalgic in this essay, in fact. Nostalgic because one aspect of my life in the countryside in County Down from 1949 to 1953, when I was a village policeman, came to fruition in Seattle in 1959. I am sure that when fans have read this, if they are able to stagger to the end of it, they'll think I'm trying out a new type of subtle hoax, and they'll scratch their heads for a hidden gimmick and say that I'm slipping. There isn't a climax to this story - at least, to me there is, but in this one particular sphere I suppose I'm a fanatic.

You see, I love ducks. I feel I have an affinity with them.

In fact, I would go so far as to say that if a widely held theory is correct and we were all on earth before in a different guise, the chances are that I was a duck. Or, to be precise, a mallard drake!

And the interesting thing is that ducks like me. But you want the facts, and as my psychiatrist has hinted he'd like to know all about this duck mania too, what better way to settle the matter by putting down the whole story here and now....

My love for ducks is a fine and noble thing. I've been connected with them all my life! When I was very young some kind relation gave me a yellow fluffy duck. I used to take it to bed with me but I'm happy to say that I got out of the habit in a short time and by the age of nine I could go to sleep quite contented even if it was off the bed.

I can recall little of my duck mania in my adolescent years, and I attribute this unhappy state to the fact that one day when I was fourteen I suddenly began to think that girls were more interesting. Instead of spending all my leisure hours painting ducks with my water colours, I concentrated on girls. Not painting them, but trying to find out why I was attracted to them. This study took the better



part of my formative years, and I'm happy to say the study is still incomplete but the urge for the Final Truth is not dominant in my scheme of things!

When I joined the army, ducks as a Way of Life left me altogether, except (and there is something strange in this incident) on my last day of service! I was in Wuppertal (Germany) at the time, and transport picked me up at 5 am to drive me to Essen to get the train. Shivering outside the mess at this horrible hour, I dumped my last suitcase in the back of the lorry, when another car drew up alongside. Out stepped two senior officers, laughing and chatting away to each other. When they saw me one of them (the Adjutant, actually) remembered that I was going away for good and he came over and shook my hand. Then he put his double-barrelled shotgun against the rear of the lorry, dived into a brown canvas bag and dropped into my trembling hands the inert body of a little mallard drake.

"This'll last until you get home", he said, and picked up his shotgun and followed his friend into the mess.

I was appalled by this utter tragedy. Not only did the cads shoot ducks, but they got up before dawn to do so. I can recall now that two large tears dropped down my cheeks as I lifted up the head and looked at the glassy eyes. I was struck dumb with horror at the thought of grubby fingers pulling the exquisite plumage from the little critter who, with nothing more deadly in his mind than diving down for a little sip of water, had met his Waterloo in the shape of a salvo of buckshot fired by the Devil Incarnate up to his elbows in muddy water at 4.30 am on a cold and frosty morning.

I asked myself, in all humility, what was the world coming to?

Why couldn't folks leave ducks alone?

The driver coughed and asked me if I was alright. I told him I would be in ten minutes. I made up my mind to carry the drake to a lake nearby and drape its body on a bunch of twigs and send it floating out to the middle of the lake, chanting a hymn of remembrance, but the driver offered me forty fags for it, and after all, a deal's a deal!

A few months went by and I found myself in the heart of County Down as a member of the constabulary. I obtained a house a couple of miles away from the police station and, by some happy twist of fate, it had half an acre of ground at the side of it. My Life's Work lay before me, on a platter.

I started a Home for Ducks.

Soon I had all sorts of different breeds of ducks waddling about on my land. Big ones, small ones, brown ones, white ones, pure breds, mongrels, cross-eyed ones, indignant ones, happy ones, sad ones, good ones, bad ones, clever ones, stupid ones, wise ones, frivolous ones. They all knew me, too. They were so affectionate towards me that when I staggered out with their choice food in a big bucket they would hurtle towards me at supersonic speed, and I would be flung prostrate on the floor, covered in brown meal mixed with boiled potatoes, and they would waddle all over me, gently easing lumps of food from my ear holes and dusting me down when they'd finished. I felt a dedicated man, and more than that, I knew I was.

I gained a reputation as being a duck expert, and folks came from far and wide seeking my advice. Once, I carried out an emergency operation without anesthetic on a particularly pretty duck which had inadvertently swallowed three large frogs in rapid succession without having first of all swallowed a horny toad. The owner, a Miss Pringle, was so delighted with the deft way I plunged my fingers down the duck's throat, that in appreciation of my delicate technique she appeared one day with five duck eggs which she assured me would produce wild ducks. I was so thrilled that if I'd have had the time I'd have hatched them out myself, but I gave the enviable task to an old duck with a reputation for being a kind mother.



The five ducks duly appeared and they fell for me immediately. I used to race home off duty (and even called by when on duty) to see them and feed them with worms I'd picked up on patrol. One day I came home and the wild ducks were not there. Sick at heart I rushed inside the house and my wife, grim faced, gave me the grim news. They had flown away due south. The other loyal ducks knew how I felt and went out of their way to show that they weren't going to fly away, but...

I made a sizeable sum from the sale of the hundreds of duck eggs I collected, but I can truthfully state that when a duck grew old I made its last days happy ones. When a duck flew away to the Great Watering Place, I felt a part of me went with it.

In 1953 I had the opportunity of going to Belfast and getting into a plain clothes job, and it was only the insistence of my wife that I went. She said it would eventually stop me from saying 'quack' every time she asked me a question! The years passed and ducks became only a memory. Sometimes I made a pilgrimage to the zoo, but the ducks there seemed dejected in captivity and eventually I stopped...

On Friday the 11th of September 1959 I was in the good ship SIGHTSEER cruising off Puget Sound, to the west of Seattle, in the State of Washington, in the United States of America. Buz Busby and his charming wife Elinor were with me, and I darted here and there over the ship, looking skywards at the deep blue ceiling with a hot, hot sun in the middle of it, east at the coastline, and west at the sea. I was so happy, and my two fannish friends made my trip even happier by the delight of their wonderful company. The ship turned right, through the Government Locks. We passed by many ships and I was filled with awe at the scenery - the lock gates - the bridges - the mass of houseboats tied to the banks (Elinor lived in one once) - the speedboats - and then - THE GREAT DISCOVERY.

Wild ducks were everywhere. They were swimming in the water, close to the boats - sometimes as many as twenty of them in a huddle. I looked at Buz and Elinor with shining eyes. They couldn't see anything strange in wild ducks being everywhere - they were used to it. I closed my eyes and thought how wonderful it would be if Belfast Lough or Liverpool Docks could sport such a wonderful sight.

Wild ducks swooped over the boat and no one else seemed to pay the slightest attention - but I did. More and more ducks appeared and cruised over the ship, and I knew that the excitement in their swooping and quacking was undoubtedly caused by their uncanny knowledge that of the humans on board there was one who knew. I closed my eyes to the fact that someone else was throwing bread at them. **THOSE DUCKS RECOGNISED A KINDRED SPIRIT.** One particular shrewd looking duck came quite close to me and I tried to snap it as it flew over. All I can see on the picture now is a little blur by the funnel - but I know it is a duck, even if no one else believes me.

I said there was no climax - save a personal sense of happiness in my own soul. It is wonderful to think that in Seattle anyway, folks don't go round blasting buckshot at ducks. The ducks are quite tame, and there must be hundreds - probably thousands - having a gay old time snuffling about round the ships and the houseboats - and making their nests in Lake Washington.

In Northern Ireland, and I know it's the same in England, wild ducks are rare and spend their entire lives trying to avoid being blasted into a dinner for the gentry. Even their breeding grounds are haunted by beady-eyed sharpshooters whose one delight is watching feathers drifting down after a little technicolour gem of nature has been stopped in full flight. Seattle is the only place I've been to in my travels in a dozen countries where wild ducks are on such intimate terms with their human brothers. Nothing would please me better than to know that when I'm old and gnarled - maybe - maybe I can end my days in a little houseboat just off the Government Docks in Seattle, watching my friends swimming past.....

JOHN BERRY.



# WHAT'S WRONG WITH SF?

Andy Young, Boy Sinust

Figuring out what's Wrong With SF is like solving a scientific problem. In fact, it is solving a scientific problem, if you count the social sciences. You have to gather the necessary information, sit there with it in front of you, let it brew around in your brain for a while, and then suddenly WHAMO! - you see the inevitable explanation.

There are three pieces of information that go into this solution. I got the first piece five months ago, but the second and third arrived only in the last few days. Tonight as I was walking home from the Observatory - which I find is an excellent time for brewing things in the brain - The Answer hit me.

To put it in logical order, perhaps I should put the third item of information first. It slid into my mind with scarcely a ripple two days ago as I was reading the issue of QABAL which was delayed by Ted White's foulup on the FAPA mailing. Being the new OE, I was able to be the first to read: "Dean has...a great mass of old ASFs. I have found on looking into them that these issues (late forties) are still as interesting to me as when I first saw them. But today I have become so disinterested in ASF that I no longer buy it. I thought that maybe I had changed in my tastes, but this delving into past issues shows that it is not I but ASF which has changed". (-- Boyd Raeburn).

This is, I believe, the clearest and most explicit statement of this idea I have seen: that the prozines today are actually publishing poorer material than they were ten years ago. Now that I think it over, this same idea was voiced a great deal at the Detention, but in conversation it tends to look like unsupported opinion. It is often argued that a fan considers the things he first read to be "the best sf ever written" simply because he read it before his tastes became jaded - or more sophisticated, if you prefer. There's truth in this, but it isn't universally true. Raeburn's rereading of the old pmz furnishes direct, unambiguous evidence on the point. But the cruddy quality of current sf was brought up at the Detention in both the replies from the faneditors' panel to Ed Wood (who objected to the trend of fanzine fandom away from sf) and the replies to Randy Garrett (who complained that there were too many "fans" who don't read sf).

I accept this as a fact: that the sf being published today is inferior to what was published in the past - say ten years ago. So much, momentarily, for that item.

The second important piece of information first appeared five months ago, but I failed to recognise it. It came up when I was on a panel interview of Asimov on a local university radio station. During the idle conversation after the show, Asimov remarked that he hadn't written any sf in about a year. He was writing, and doing very well at it, but he was writing science fact articles (such as the current series in F&SF), not science fiction.

But Asimov is not, by himself, Science Fiction. I ignored this clue because I thought it was not a significant one. However, I now realise that it's been a long time since "J J Coupling" was active in the sf magazines; but on the other hand J R Pierce has been writing a lot of science-for-the-masses in books and magazines lately. I haven't seen any new fiction by L Sprague de Camp lately, but I'll bet he's had articles published in a variety of places.



In short, the scientifically-inclined writers are writing science articles instead of sf. Store this away for later reference.

The third item slipped up on me when I was at Ted White's, doing my Blitzkrieg act. I was so concerned with getting the FAPazines back to Cambridge that I paid scant heed to Ted's enthusiastic remarks about becoming a Writer. After all, nearly every fan has had the urge to turn pro; with a hundred-dollar sale behind him, who could resist the temptation to seriously try writing for fun and (mostly) profit? But the curious thing is that Ted's hundred-dollar sale was not the classical first sale of a 10,000-word short story to one of the lower-paying sf mags; it was a couple of paragraphs - a few hundred words at most - to Playboy. It seems that Playboy pays a minimum of one thousand dollars for regular-length stories. And one can scarcely think that the Playboy imitations, such as the Ellison-edited Rogue, pay a great deal less.

Who do you see writing for such magazines? Ellison, Silverberg, Bloch, Charles Beaumont - people who were once the established writers in the sf world. How much of these people have you seen lately in the sf prozines? Not much.

So that's the third item: the writers who used to write for the prozines for a couple of cents a word are now selling to the men's magazines for ten times as much.

Here's how I reconstruct the sad story of science fiction: A few years ago Playboy appeared on the market. More recently a flock of imitators have appeared, all paying more than the sf magazines. And they run to the sort of off-beat story that sf writers are capable of writing. Result: the best fiction writers in sf turned to this better-paying market, leaving the sf mags low on writing talent.

Two years ago Sputnik I was launched; a vast public appeared overnight for science writing on a popular level. The sf writers who had been long on science went into science writing, because it, too, paid more than the prozines.

The result of this double diversion of talent was a loss of quality in the sf magazines. But that's not all there is to the problem. Not only the writers, but the readers too, were lured from sf to these other fields.

The reader who read sf primarily for the fantasy element found it in the fantasies written by ex-science-fiction writers in Playboy et al.

The reader who read sf primarily for the popular-science angle found what he wanted in the newspapers, in big magazines like LIFE, and in the science articles and books of ex-science-fiction writers.

The loss of sf readers caused financial problems for the prozines, some of which folded. Is it not likely that the others had to reduce their word-rate, thereby falling still further behind the non-sf markets which were draining off the talent? This in turn would make them lose more readers; the process is self-propagating.

So what's left? A few dedicated sf writers and readers, who will produce and consume the stuff as long as it's humanly possible. They are not enough, however; there are not enough good writers to maintain the field in a healthy state, and there are not enough readers to support them.

Is there a way out? Campbell has found one for ASF, and it's the old time-tested Palmer formula: damn the fans and go for the lunatic fringe. Palmer knew, as I think Campbell knows, that for every sf reader who throws his hands up in horror and disgust, there are two eager flying-saucer addicts or dowsing-rod fans who will fight over the copy of the magazine thus made available. Fantastic Universe seems to have discovered this lately, too. (¶Tho' without dropping the fans¶)

Suppose we reject this solution. Is there an honorable way out? If by this we mean a return to good, pure science-fiction magazine, I'm afraid the answer is no, for some time to come.

(¶ Continued at foot of page 15...¶)



# THE PLIGHT OF THE BRITISH NEOFAN CANTALOUPE FLABBERGASTE

Ghod bless the BSFA! It's an organization with a purpose which is unique, worthwhile and possibly even necessary. And it is trying its best, in an intelligent fashion, to achieve its purpose - to bring new fans into fandom. But, if you will pardon the Americanism, it's starting out with two strikes against it.

The British neofan and the American neofan are in radically different positions. Let us take, for example, the experiences of a more or less typical American neofan. He is introduced to fandom in one of several ways; he receives or sends for a fanzine, attends a convention, begins to correspond with fans through a prozine letter column, etc. However it happens, he will probably be interested enough to write a letter of comment or send a contribution to a fanzine, or he

may join a club. His letter may or may not be published, but he will receive the next issue and try again. His contribution will probably be a mediocre science-fiction story and will probably be rejected, but the editor who rejects the story will probably have the good sense to advise him to stick around a while and keep trying. Eventually, he will write something acceptable and the egoboo he receives will be enough to keep him going.

At this point in his career, or perhaps even before it, he will probably publish his first fanzine. Since there's a lot more to publishing a decent fanzine than to write an acceptable letter or story, it will generally be a pretty poor fanzine. At best, it may show promise. But a couple of understanding recipients of the fanzine will tell the poor neo what he's done wrong and what he can do better, and he will improve. Maybe it won't be with his next issue, but if he has any talent, he will. An outstanding example of this development is Bob Lichtman, who published a mediocre first issue of his fanzine which showed some promise, a second issue which was above average, and an outstanding third issue. Bob, of course, is in contact with a large number of experienced fans in Los Angeles who doubtless helped him, but if he had lived in Los Angeles, Texas (population 118) he would have eventually received the same advice by mail.

The British neo is in a somewhat different situation. He almost always lives in a city where there is a fan club, and he will join it - and sink into obscurity for years. Take for example George Locke, who published one of the best first issues fandom has ever seen. He was a non-publishing member of the London Circle for three years, totally unknown to outside fandom. He didn't bring out a fanzine until he was able to turn out a first rate one. And this is definitely Not Good.

What worries me about it is that there are different standards for American and British fanzines. True, they contain substantially the same type of material (although there are differences) but an American fanzine is merely good or bad or indifferent. A British fanzine is good or bad for a British fanzine, or it may be bad. And just plain 'bad' is definitely a lower rating, because 'bad for a British fanzine' does not mean illegible reproduction or cruddy material. It just means that the fanzine is below the usual standards for a British fanzine. The usual standards are quite high; I can't think of a single British crudzine.

Now it's fine for British fanzines to enjoy this good reputation. Heaven only



knows they deserve it! But there are poor American fanzines and good American fanzines -- and only good British fanzines. The British neo who put out a crudzine would be a disgrace to British fandom. He'd be doing something unheard of, something to be ashamed of.

But there's nothing to be ashamed of about publishing a neozine. It can happen to the best when they're first starting out. Indeed, the biggest of the Big Name Fans may well have once been the rankest neofan. A neo needs encouragement and advice to improve, in most cases. The poor British neo is usually frightened and afraid of what would happen if he put out a bad fanzine, so he delays any publishing until he's sure he can do a good job. And this, I think, despite the raising of the quality of the average zine, is a bad thing.

It's bad because it can scare neos off. It's bad because it makes fandom seem like a very formal group where you must do everything well and by the rules or not at all. This is not a very encouraging picture. I'm sure it would have scared me off when I was starting out in fandom. Of course, there are those with more persistence than I had, and others who discover fandom at later ages (which is a fine idea; thirteen is too young to discover fandom), and they usually manage to get in contact with some experienced fans who help them get started - but they'd get started faster if they weren't afraid to make mistakes.

So the BSFA has a problem. Once the neo becomes interested in fandom, if he gets the urge to publish, he should do so, even if he publishes a real crudzine. It is experience and practice - and fun - and it's the best and fastest way to learn, in most cases. It certainly wouldn't have taken George Locke three years to learn to publish a good fanzine this way, even if he had published some crudzines first! It only took Bob Lichtman about six months.

What should the BSFA do? I think its American counterpart, the NFFF, has found a very good method - forming an APA: If twenty neofans and twenty experienced fans work together in N'APA for a year, there will be twenty new experienced fans at the end of the year. This would certainly be a record to be proud of.

Another method would be to set up a board of fanzine publishing advisors. They could give BSFA members advice on how to publish a fanzine; how to get good reproduction; how to get good material; how to edit well. They could supply material to those who need it. This would call for work on the part of many people, but I think there would be people to do this work; there are enough people doing enough work for the BSFA already.

I am not being specific about any recommendations - those involved should consider the problem and work out their own solutions. The floor is open for debate...

Canny Flabby - Second of a lengthy, boring series

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH S F ? (Andy Young)...Cont. from page 13.

The public interest in science fact, and in space travel in particular, is likely to be permanent. This is certainly true as long as the Russians stay ahead in rocketry. Likewise, it seems that the Playboy-type magazines will be around for quite a while yet, although they may eventually go stale and sink somewhat into the background, leaving more readers and writers for science fiction.

But there is a compromise approach which may work. F&SF has been trying it and it is noteworthy that it got the prozine Hugo at the last two conventions. The idea is to publish as much good sf as possible at reasonable rates, while running science fact, sex, borderline-mainstream or whatever, to get enough readers to support the mag. A foldout section of girlie pictures would probably guarantee F&SF's continued existence for years to come. I dunno...maybe they should Bring Back Bergey or something..... ANDY YOUNG.

PENELOPE FANDERGASTE THE OLD MILL STREAM — A COUNTRY COLUMN — — OF CITY LIFE —

I read somewhere that it is shortly the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society. In this microcosm of ours it is surprising to find that not only has a single science fiction club lasted so long but that it has continued throughout its many years of existence to attract a wealth of talent which perhaps has momentarily faded away, only to be replaced by another W.O.T. Many a club magazine has folded when the members of the club who have supported it have left fandom. How the Los Angeles club has managed to rise phoenix-like out of the ashes of the prewar club is beyond me. We're a pretty closely knit group in Britain but few of the outstanding personalities of today go back to sixth fandom, whilst clubs which existed before those days are extinct.

Los Angeles, on the other hand, has gathered around its club magazine staunch leaders of fandom from Bruce Yerke to Bjo Wells. As one who is said to possess an outstanding personality, Bjo is well known to British fans as Shaggy's most attractive artist. But we do know other Los Angeles fans too. I believe it was Archie Mercer who first pointed out that Shaggy - or Shangri L'Affairs to give the magazine its full title - owes much of its success as a club magazine to the ability of the contributors to present themselves as living people, so that its readers become part of Los Angeles fandom for the duration of reading the magazine. Other clubs have had their group magazines, of course, but Shaggy has been the leading periodical among clubzines for as long a duration as that of the club itself.

Other Los Angeles fans are well known in Britain though, apart from the young lady with the freckles and the varying statistics. We know Al Lewis as the car driver whose Shaggy editorials always seem to lack a proper heading logo. We know Anne Chamberlain as the lady who makes rubber stamps for the N3F. We know Rick Sneary as the man whose dreams cum trew. We know Djinn Faine Dickson as the young lady who once upon a time got engaged every week. We know Ted Johnstone as George Washington Fields or somebody and we know George Fields as Ted Johnstone or somebody. We even know background figures like Rich Brown, Ernie Wheatley and Eustace Trimble. We know the bearded Bohemian who tattoos dragons and most certainly we know Mr. Science Fiction himself. We've even met him in London a couple of times and shudderingly look forward to the next time his wild puns lay them in the Isles.

This particular piece of Old Mill Stream dredging is therefore dedicated to some great people and the great club to which they belong, even to fringe members who we also know, people like Rom Ellick and his friend Warren Bradley Carlson. Ron Ellick is a Hugo winner who needs no introduction.

It may be necessary to mention that Brad Carlson is the fan who makes the practice of carrying with him such equipment as tents, knives and guns in case he is caught short by The Bomb. Most of his talk, we are told, hinges on the topic of post-bomb survival. Without doubt, Brad sees himself alone in a world like that

laid out in Wilson Tucker's Long Loud Silence. There's a fan in Britain exactly the same.

It wouldn't be cricket for me to mention his name, for I know that his mania for the survival theme is virtually DNQ, and anyway the chances are that he'll read this and be able to get in touch with Brad if he so wishes. I'd suggest that the pair of them could get together after the bomb, sorry The Bomb, does fall by means of the BBC's short wave overseas transmission every day at noon. Greenwich Mean Time of course.

The fan in question over here claims that he's read everything on the survival theme, from fiction right along the line to serious science fact like boiling eggs. He isn't satisfied with weapons and camping equipment however. The garage at his home in the provinces (he only travels into town when the winds aren't favourable for dropping nuclear bombs) has been converted into a workshop and store-room. He has stored away hundreds of bottles of distilled water in case the tides go out like in that book of Dave McIlwain's. And he has stored in isolated and very properly labelled cylinders different kinds of grain, as protection against the Chung-Li virus.

Naturally, to be forewarned is to be something or other and my friend -- he's a friend as well as being a fan and in Britain that's a rare thing these days -- says, so he keeps anti-Triffid guns handy, has a couple of pet snakes so that he can dish out the treatment Fredric Brown used in Knock and collects Bennett Cerf joke-books so that he can paralyse any alien who happens to walk in unannounced. He's already doing a Belafonte and preparing for a better world of the future by saving books like Lolita, tapes, wax and cine records and copies of Mad. His neighbours regard him as something of a crank as he's building an ark in the back yard, which is probably where Philip Dick got the idea. He hasn't read the story himself, tho' - and merely quotes passages from The Kraken Wakes for those who scorn.

The walls of his workshop are specially enforced to withstand the pressure of the glaciers which are sure to return, and they are lined with lead in the event of the Earth running through a cosmic cloud (a type of Shiel-d, I suppose). He has installed a refrigeration unit in case the sun goes nova and this can also work in reverse to produce immense heat should some nasty foreign power freeze us over. He is also building a snow car in case White August becomes a reality and he's learning a Braille sign language for when the Mole people from the centre of the earth decide it's time they brought themselves out into the sunlight. I still haven't learned whether he's going to tell them the Bennett Cerf jokes.

What a mind! What a man of vision!! He even has a knitting machine handy to take care of things should The Bomb disintegrate the world around him.

He's in hospital at the moment.....got run down by an auto-scooter.

Sorry Brad. Despite what Keith Freeman might say, I hope you'll take this lampooning in the spirit in which it is written.

And thank you, Los Angeles fandom, for "The Genie".

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In the previous issue I posed to the reader the problem of identifying ten

short quotes from well known science fiction short stories and novels, and I suppose I had better present the solutions or else fans will be just as down on me as they were with that fourteen shillings worth of silver and ten shillings change problem I set a year ago.

Number one quotation, with Ruth talking about the whole block, was from Richard Matheson's "Shipshape Home" in which a nice young couple find that their home apartment house is in reality a spaceship and that there are three eyed aliens all over the place. It originally appeared in Galaxy.

The second passage, about swapping the tin of coffee for a tin of beans, referred to the blindness experienced by society in John Wyndham's "Day of the Triffids"

The third passage, about the almost human Tommy, came from Damon Knight's "Cabin Boy" which also first appeared in Galaxy.

Number four, "Overhead, without any fuss, the stars were going out" was Arthur C. Clarke's punchline in "The Nine Billion Names of God" which originally appeared in the Ballantine collection edited by Frederick Pohl, "Star Science Fiction Stories".

Number five, with its myopic bureaucrats, was the second paragraph of Eric Frank Russell's "And Then There Were None."

Number six, which might have appeared on first sight to have been written by Mickey Spillane, was in actuality from Robert Sheckley's science fiction thriller "Seventh Victim" which also first appeared in Galaxy.

Paragraph seven was a catch, for it referred to a fictitious missile landing on the moon which was reported inside another story. At the beginning of Fredric Brown's novel "What Mad Universe" Keith Winton is writing his Rocketalk editorial from which the paragraph came.

Number eight was part of the description of the Wild Queen in Wilson Tucker's "Gentlemen - The Queen!" which first appeared in Science Fiction Quarterly.

Number nine was a giveaway without its final full stop, being a line of verse in Heinlein's "The Green Hills Of Earth".

The last paragraph was a hard one, referring to aliens who have invaded the earth successfully and have penned the remaining human beings. This was the first sentence of John D. MacDonald's "The Hunted".

How successful were you?

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I have recently been amazed and somewhat disturbed to find that there are two fans who regard the writing in this column as being hurtful. In the twenty-fourth issue of that sterling British fanzine, ORION, Corporal Keith Freeman puts forward the opinion that some of my work "has been pretty hurtful". Ella Parker, ORION's editor has asked Keith to quote chapter and verse, so that matter is obviously in good hands. For myself, I'll state that I'm sure I've not written anything deliberately hurtful and if I have unwittingly written anything which has given offence to any reader, then I apologise without reservation.

I'll even go so far as to apologies for the minor digs I've prodded at one or two fans if these have given offence, though I feel it only fair to mention that the fans concerned have themselves taken such banter in the spirit offered.

One thing that did hit me rather hard recently was a piece of writing by that sterling member of American fandom (as distinct from the first objection coming from Britain), Ted White, the co-editor of VOID who has recently circulated two issues of his fan sheet GAMBIT with the redoubtable FANAC. Ted has had quite a lot to say about my column in Apr 12, in which issue I wrote about Focal Point Fanzines. I have re-read my column on this topic since I received the issues of GAMBIT, and can find nothing there that is not presented as an opinion, and one which I do not see reason to change.

To condense the comments I made then, I mentioned that I had been reading an article by Ted Pauls in Shaggy. I mentioned fanzines which seem to me to have been focal points in the past and wrote that there is no Focal Point fanzine today, tho' there are some promising contenders. One of these contenders was VOID, jointly edited by Ted White and Greg Benford. I ended the argument I was presenting by mentioning that perhaps it might even be APORRHYZA that eventually fills the bill as a Focal Point fanzine today.

Ted White, in GAMBIT, has several points to make on this Focal Point business, most of which are directed against Sandy. Naturally, not being, and never having been Sandy, I can't comment on that part of the Ted White assertions, but I must certainly can and will comment on the points Ted raises in regard to the above mentioned column.

Ted writes, "It's a pity he/she [that's me.] has such a limited access to information while giving the impression of being a private FanCy. For instance, nearly anyone who had read the original Silverberg article in Q could tell you that the Focal Point bit was part of Fandom's theory he was expanding from Speer's original 1939 article on the subject." This I did not know. I had not read either Speer or Silverberg and I was quoting from Ted Pauls in Shaggy. This seems to prove Ted's suspicion, that I am most certainly not a private FanCy.

In my column, I wrote about VOID, "However, the Benford family moved back to the United States and to all intents and purposes the magazine has now been passed on to Ted White who formerly published Stellar, a magazine which was outstanding for its quality of duplication and layout, but in which the presentation of material was a little too formal and staid to encourage enthusiasm from its readers. Unfortunately for Void and the hopes its readers may have held for it, Ted is now producing issues which apparently differ from Stellar only in title." Ted White writes, "For you to single me out as the villain of the piece, who destroyed that Fine Atmosphere which Greg had had in VOID is slightly ridiculous. Greg likes VOID better now than ever before." My remarks were an opinion. I still think that VOID is more like the old Stellars than like the old VOIDS. As I think that the old Stellars suffered from being a little too precious, I feel that VOID also fails on that count. In short, I prefer VOID as it used to be. It's the property of Greg and Ted, and if they're happy with the zine the way it is, that's all that matters.

Ted points out that slogans used in VOID, such as "The Thinking Fan's Fanzine" result from humour directed by the editors at the magazine, which is of course a healthy sign. Similarly, the Focal Point cover VOID used was presented in the same

vein. As Ted points out, every fanzine editor would like his fanzine to be rated highly by its readers, and even become a Focal Point, but that his use of such a cover was not taken seriously, and that Greg and he were pulling their own legs. In my column, I wrote, "As Ted Pauls points out, too, White is trying to make Void into a focal point fanzine, which in itself might not be a bad thing, but he seems to be trying too hard." This is, again, an opinion and once again an opinion which I still hold. I see absolutely nothing wrong with a fanzine editor trying to make his fanzine the fanzine, but still think that Ted is deliberately trying towards this end, which tends to mar the zine in my opinion, because he tries too hard.

Ted writes, "To say, as some have, fandom needs no focal-point is ridiculous." This, to my mind, is no way to present an argument. In my opinion, fandom does not need a focal point. The operative word is need. A Focal Point is often a heck of a lot of fun to have around, but it is not absolutely necessary.

A minor sidetrack. Ted mentions SCHNERDLITES and NOW & THEN as two magazines which vanished or faded perceptibly when OMPA came on to the scene. These two fanzines were never anything, I believe, other than OMPazines.

Finally, Ted wrote, "His/Sandy's/official anonymous mouthpiece, "Penelope Fandergaste" in "her" column first stated that fandom had no need for a focal point, and then concluded that if any fanzine today is a focal point, it is APORRHETA. This is blatant self-contradictory nonsense. I explained why focal points are necessary..." But there you are. I don't agree with your explanation, and because you, Mr White, do think that focal points are necessary it does not follow that they are indeed necessary. This viewpoint is your opinion. I most definitely disagree with you. We'll obviously have to agree to differ. Even if you do think it ridiculous of me to disagree with you.

Also, I did not state that if any fanzine today is a focal point it is APORRHETA; I put that viewpoint forward as a possibility - again, in my opinion. Is this "blatant self-contradictory nonsense"? I don't see it. I said that in my opinion there is no focal point, but then went on to discuss various possibilities as contenders to the title in case I were wrong.

Oh, and needless to say, I am not an "official mouthpiece". Such a phrase rings of a bitterness unworthy of you, Mr White, and an apology might possibly be in order. For myself, I most certainly apologize for the article which has obviously caused you some distress, though I assure you that my remarks were presented with no such intention and that those remarks were, as I have previously stated, my opinion.

Y'know, you'll never have a focal point fanzine until you can learn to respect other people's opinions, mate.

PENELOPE FANDERGASTE.

Sandy here. My own first opinion of the six pages of micro-elite that comprised GAMBITS 33 & 34 was a sort of "Oh God, is he still on about that?" And of course he was. I only read the first paragraph fully and skipped over the rest of the nonsense. Ted is entitled to his own opinions but he shouldn't get so hysterical about them. In any case he is several months behind the times, most fans having discussed the subject to death and abandoned it. This feeling was put in cartoon form and passed to Terry Carr for him to circulate. Let us hope it means the end of Focal Points as a fanzine subject - at least for a little while. I think that White would discover that fans would respect him more if he put his time, energy - and money - into things other than GAMBIT. If he feels he has to dig at Inchmery surely he can find a topic on which he can be right for a change?

DEAN

THE BADGER THAT NOW & THEN

GRENNELL

NOTES ON WORDSMITHING I don't know, offhand, how many words there are in the English language. I've heard figures of around 100,000 but the figure is constantly changing - new words coming into use; old ones being dropped. And there are the words with two or more spellings and homonyms (such as bear and bear) and the entire picture gets so confusing that no precise figure is ever apt to be agreed upon by many authorities for very long.

Then, too, almost every sub-branch of human endeavour has its own lexicon of more-or-less esoteric terms known but to few outside its circle of interest. Take the word "frit". An interesting word, but it's been taken - and is even in the dictionary - by the ceramics people (means unfused bits and pieces of glass, etc.) and take "pood" for another example: a unit of weight used in Russia, equivalent to 36.113 pounds. In our own microcosm, we have various words - egoboo, gafia, fanac - which are sheerest gibberish to the outsider.

But it's a lot of fun to create entire new words from the primal stuff of the alphabet. If nothing else, the inveterate word-coiner need never suffer from boredom since, given a pencil and paper he may form countless new words through the mechanical process of letter arrangement or, lacking even the most rudimentary tools, he can slap them together inside his head and then stand back and admire them.

Once, in another fanzine, I listed the possible permutations of the 26 letters in clumps of 2, 3, 4 or maybe 5 letters. The calculation is quite simple. Given the 26 possible first letters, each may be followed with 26 others so that 26 times 26 gives the possible 2-letter words (376) and since each of these can be followed by 26 more letters, 376 times 26 gives the possible 3-letter words (9776) and so on.

There are slightly over a quarter-million possible 4-letter words (254,176 to be precise) which means that one could have a "language" containing 264,354 words without going over four letters in each. Why, then, does "bear" have to double as the synonym for hold and carry and as the common term for a ursiform animal?

It's doubtful the average person reading this will manage to get one of his or her creations into the dictionaries within his or her own lifetime although you'll admit it gives a person something to strive for.

New words are occasionally needed but it's unlikely that you'll be in the right place at the right time and in a position to be consulted. You might set up

an office somewhere and insert chaste ads in the trade papers to the effect that you are a wordsmith and will fashion words out of genuine letters while the customer waits. But it'd be a lean life at the start, doubtless.

Let's take one job of wordsmithing as a sort of lab assignment and follow it through from one end to the other as a demonstration.

First of all, you need a need. You need a tangible article for which there is no noun, or an act for which there is no precise verb or a sound without a commonly accepted onomatopoeic representation or something like that. There's little profit in coining synonyms for things that already have words of their own unless you do it for the sake of avoiding repetition (already in this article, I could use half a dozen synonyms for "coining").

So let's take a phenomenon which, as far as I know, doesn't have a noun of its own at this time. Perhaps you've noticed that sometimes when you turn off a television set there is a little spot of light left shining in the centre of the screen for several seconds after the switch has been snapped. Everybody knows what this is but nobody knows what to call it.

One way to handle this would be to take an adjective-noun combination that roughly describes the article, like "glowing spot", and combine them into a portmanteau word by moorging a chunk of one onto a piece of the other ("moorge" is a pogoism, not mine, though I'd be proud if it was). Such a process yields "glot" with hardly a bead of cerebral perspiration and, at first sight, it seems fairly promising.

But wait. We're violating a cardinal principle of wordsmithing here - violating it from croth to fribble as it were. Glot is, if not a legitimate word, then at least a recognised suffix and it comprises most of "glottis" (a word to make the confirmed wordsmith drool pensively that it should already exist!). And it seems something more than kosher but less than cricket to use a word that is spelled or sounds similar to any existing word or polygram (a word I just grimped up for the occasion, meaning a series of letters not necessarily a word but bearing associative connotations).

So "glot" won't quite do; it's a head of less-than-trophy dimensions (a yulk, as we say) so we, as true sportsmen, raise our guns and let it go cabollocking back into the umbotris from whence it came.

However, there's hope yet. It's the -ot in spot that's the rub; let's keep our first two letters, gl-, and try something else. Instead of "spot" we could say "glowing pip" since pip means a small spot (or a seed, or a rootlet, or a disease of fowls marked by a scaly tongue...tssk, what a way to run a language!). And "glowing pip" gives us...ahh...

"Glip."

Well, it looks fairly good. A fanatical purist may quibble that it is not too far, soundwise, from glib, but it will do for a start. "Glowing mark" would give us "glark", which isn't bad either but again it sounds a little like clarke (an obscure term meaning an inchmerian). Let's give it the book-check; let's webstrate it: nope, nothing between glioma and glisk (and a pity that those are taken, isn't it?).

So, you see, there are certain rules to follow. Some of these are:

1. A new word should be easily pronounceable by persons speaking the language to which it is to be added.
2. It should be clear in sound so that a person hearing it clearly enunciated for the first time shouldn't need to ask how it's spelled.
3. Ideally, it should have a look and sound of rich fullness when seen or heard. This is a difficult quality to define (and I'll leave it to you to suggest an adjective suitable to it) but it is an attribute somewhat analogous to what art connoisseurs call "paint quality" and the more there is, the nicer.
4. It should, as noted, be a unique word - or as close to unique as it lies within the capabilities of the wordsmith to make it. It shouldn't look, sound or evoke an impression like any other word in any other language, argot, dialect, cant, patois, idiom or vernacular.
5. There should be a definite empathy between the word and its meaning. Some words sound intrinsically pleasant or unpleasant to varying degrees. There should be a quality of fitness, of rightness.

I do not wish to leave you with the impression that the portmanteau process (by which the eminent practitioner, Damon Knight, arrived at "crot" in his book "Hell's Pavement") is the only means to use.

There is the plodding, methodical system of substitution and evaluation. This is mainly mechanical production and critical selection. You may, if you wish, try making up a wordformer. You could make a series of little discs, as many discs as you expect to use letters in your words, with the alphabet printed around the outer edge. Then you assemble these with a common axle through them and line up letters until the result pleases you.

The advantage of such a device is that as it forms one word on a given line, it also forms 25 other words around the rest of the perimeter and the shrewd operator will scan it in rotation to see if chance hath wrought anything worthwhile. Sometimes the dividends are better than the original product.

Keep an eye open for likely accidental arrangements, especially in typo's. Some of the most euphonic words were once typographical errors (for example, Nan Gerding's immortal adjective, "bovious".).

And, perhaps most challenging of all, there is the "intuitive grab" technique. If you use this, avoid over-exertion at the beginning since you are using mental muscles that probably haven't been accustomed to sustained effort. But try it in moderation, by all means.

Editorial Note: THE NEW SCIENTIST 22nd October 1959
(Britain's semi-popular science weekly) reported the use of the Mercury computer at the UK Atomic Energy Authority's Risley HQ in inventing new names for chemical substances based on scientist E C S Little's idea of "Donomens" - 7 letters alternate consonants & vowels, with certain modifications. The computer came up with "mogosex, lakubex, mekitin,

DEAN GRENNELL

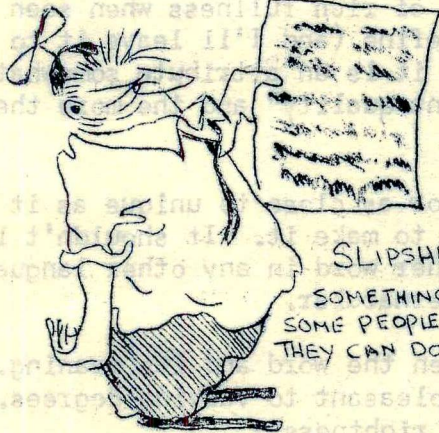
ropasal rifasin, femeral, palifex, rarukin, nakedal," etc. On five letter words it produced "kefin, riral, mogin, kamal..."there was one intruder from reality... moral". Optimists may like to speculate on the healing qualities of undiscovered 'ropasal' For the Mad Chemists Report see the Editorial. Sandy. 23

From A to Z

LIKE
SAN FRANCISCO
LAND OF THE
PUBLISHING
GIANTS

OR

SLIPSHEETING.
SOMETHING THAT
SOME PEOPLE THINK
THEY CAN DO WITHOUT



T

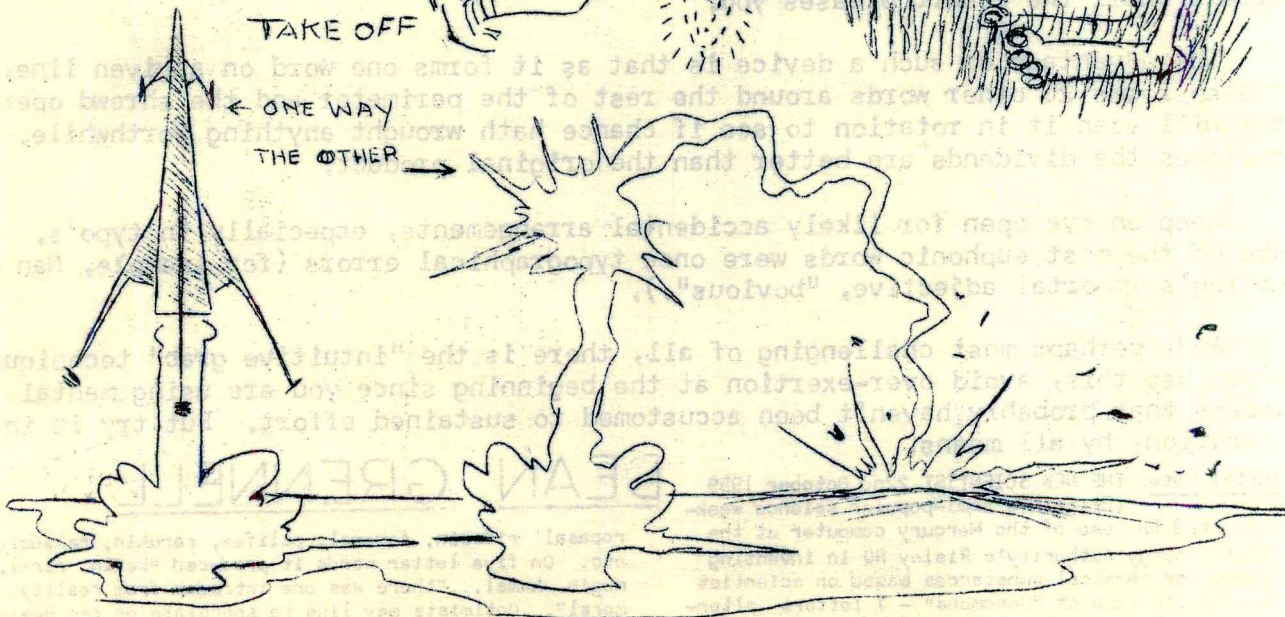
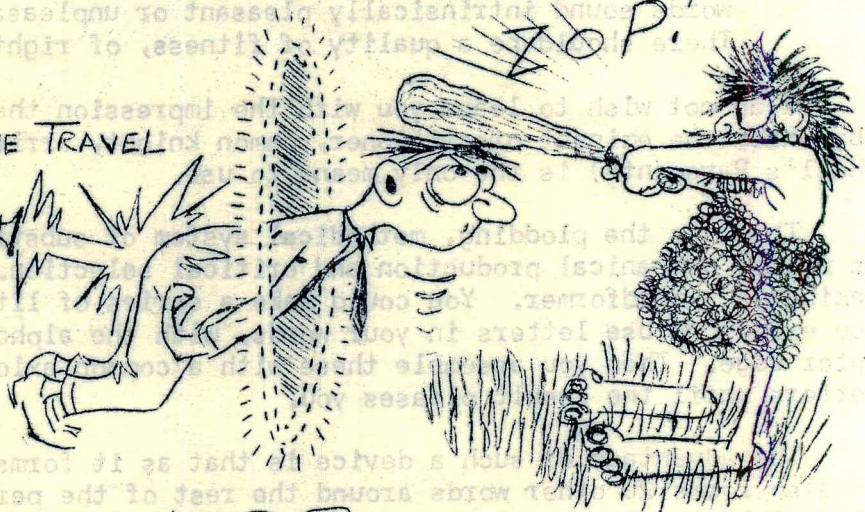
TIME TRAVEL

BACKWARDS OR FORWARD
TAKE YOUR PICK

OR

TAKE OFF

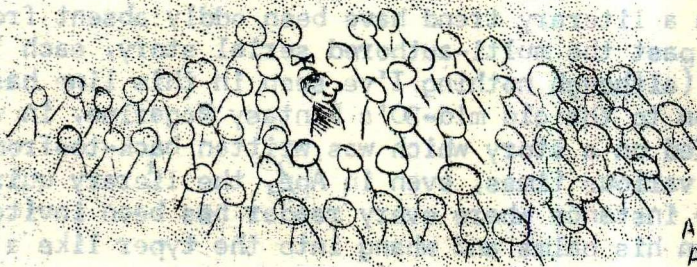
← ONE WAY
THE OTHER →





URANUS

CENSORED BY
CULTURAL DEPT



UTOPIA

FIRST YEAR NEO BEING
ACCLAIMED FAN OF THE YEAR
AT WORLDCON



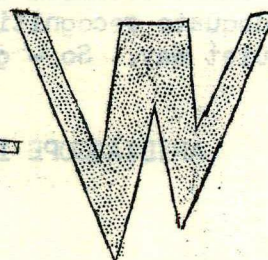
THE
VOID

WHICH IS
JUST ABOVE
'OUTER SPACE'
WHICH IS
JUST ABOVE
THE EARTH'S
ATMOSPHERE.

ACCORDING
TO FRONT PAGE NEWSPAPER REPORTERS

VENUS

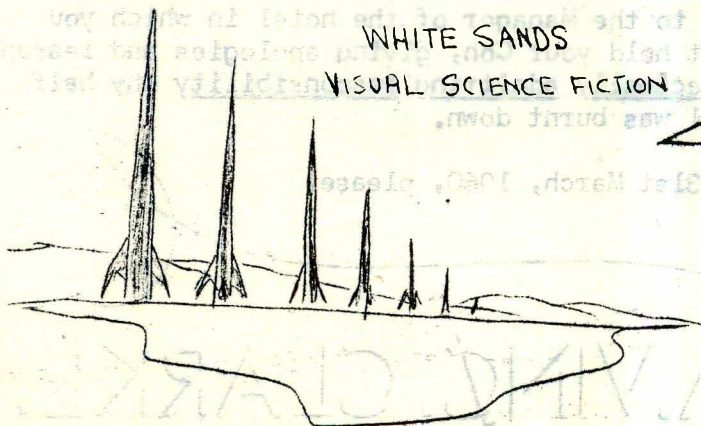
WHERE THE WEATHER IS WET.



WOO. LIKE MAN,
HE DID THE
DAMAGE TO
COURTNEY'S
BOAT

WHITE SANDS

VISUAL SCIENCE FICTION



I'm an old literary-weekly man myself. Every Friday - which has thoughtfully been fixed as the publishing day so that one can spend the weekend in perusing those cultured columns - there will appear amongst the pile of newspapers and correspondence in our hallway one or maybe two magazines devoted to the proposition that every home should have a book. That is, a (new) book (a week). They have a strange similarity to fanzines, these literary weeklies, their reviews and their feuds and their hot blooded letter columns. They also have, however, an item which is strangely neglected by their fannish brothers. They have Competitions.

Competitions with a literary trend have been oddly absent from fanzines. There has been in the past the multi-authored serial story, each instalment by a different author (although nothing I've seen in this line has ever equalled a contribution to the old mid-30's Fantasy Magazine, in which six pro-authors collaborated on a story which was written back-to-front), and there has appeared at various times, even in *Apé*, the literary quiz. But I don't know of a single instance where every reader has been invited to roll up his sleeves, spit on his palms and whang into the typer like a pro-author with a starving landlord.

We have therefore invented the 'Apidiastope', which anyone with a sufficiently twisted mind will tell you is the *Aporrheta* method of projecting images for other people to look at. In every issue a subject will be set, and you are invited to try your talents on it. The result, with examples, will be published in the second issue following, thus giving Stateside readers equal opportunity with the home-grown variety. The winner will receive, besides his egoboo, a material token of his success. We had thought of making this something in the science fiction or fantasy field, such as a complete set of UNKNOWN or a subscription to NEBULA, but eventually decided that, like the Wizard of Oz's gift to the Strawman, a Diploma would be most appropriate, with Certificates of Fannish Honourable Mention to runners-up. I won't describe these priceless documents except to say that they will be adequate recognition that you are a sort of literary genius in your own quiet way. So - go to!

APIDIASCOPE 1: In 400 words or less, write as Convention Chairman a letter to the Manager of the hotel in which you have just held your Con, giving apologies and reasons without actually admitting responsibility why half the hotel was burnt down.

Entries to be at Inchmery by 31st March, 1960, please.

A. VINCE CLARKE.

ABOUT T A F F

H P (Sandy) Sanderson: I was recently let on to the fact that Joy & Vin~~e~~ Clarke had gathered a group of like-minded fans and nominated me for TAFF. To say that I felt pleased and honoured by this information is putting it very mildly indeed. Sometime ago I said that there was a slight chance of a posting to Washington for my next overseas tour. I also said that as long as the possibility existed I would not accept a TAFF nomination because it would be unfair. In case some of you have remembered and are wondering what the present position is, a check with my Records Office proved there is no possibility of my being posted to Washington. Unofficially it's considered a married personnel station. I'm due overseas in the far distant future and my most likely destination is the Far East. I've also confirmed that I can take six weeks leave, if necessary, in Aug-Sep '60. With the above in mind I had great pleasure in accepting the nomination, and if elected will try to prove worthy of TAFF.

The above is necessary to clarify the situation before it gets involved. At the same time it amounts to using Ap~~e~~ to advertise myself - which is not a good thing. Consequently a copy was sent to each of the other candidates with a letter asking them for about 200 words each to balance the picture. Their replies follow:-

Eric Bentcliffe: My thanks for the opportunity to say a few words on TAFF in Ap~~e~~. Personally, I feel considerably honoured at having been chosen for TAFF - and also slightly embarrassed. Embarrassed because I've always felt that a TAFF Candidate should not 'push' himself - and yet if he doesn't do so to try to win TAFF he's letting his nominators down. I imagine that Mal and yourself feel much the same way. I don't think that there's any real answer to this poser but, personally, I shall do what fanac I can - which will give the voters something on which they can judge my suitability as a candidate - put out as many issues of TRIODE, WALDO and mi etc, but without personally lending them any conscious bias towards my 'campaign'. At least, that's what I'll strive to do. I'd like to thank my proposers for nominating me for TAFF. And I'd like to say that I think this will be a most friendly campaign, and one in which, I hope, there'll be a record number of voters - I think we are all in agreement that the more money that goes into TAFF the better, for that would help to make TAFF a yearly event, an aim much to be striven for. And may the best fan win....

Mal Ashworth: Firstly I should like to take this opportunity, generously presented by Sandy, to thank those people who have been ~~deluded~~ kind enough to nominate me for TAFF - Walt Willis, Atom, John Roles, Larry Shaw and Buz Busby - and the others among my friends on both sides of the Atlantic who wrote in offering to do the same. Secondly I should like to say how pleased I am that these friends have valued my social work as Founder of the National Society for the Abolition of Life (a cause supported by many famous men throughout history), my position as President of Indolence Incorporated ("Do Nothing, Say Nothing, Think Even Less") and my continued standing as a Certified Sex Maniac, enough to think me worthy of this Very Great Honour. And thirdly I feel constrained to give my solemn undertaking that if elected I will do everything in my power to further such worthy causes as the Pickling of Bloch for Posterity, the building of a Tower of Bheer Cans to the Moon, and the enjoyment of a wonderful time, amongst the best possible friends, whenever - as in Pittsburgh next September - two or three, or two or three hundred, science fiction fans are gathered together. Babies will be kissed on the left, backs slapped on the right, and cigars handed out at the door. Hearty smiles by appointment only.

THE ABOVE ARE THE THREE CANDIDATES. THE DECISION IS YOURS. SUB NOW, VOTE LATER!!!

INCHMERY

FAN

DIARY

SANDY SANDERSON

Oct 30th Apé 13 posted by Joy Clarke who had been off work for a week with a severe cold...tho' we did not know at the time she was to be off for another three weeks.

Oct 31st Irene Potter arrived from Lancaster to join husband Ken who'd been staying with us for a fortnight - trying his hand as a vacuum cleaner salesman and looking out for a flat. His experiences will be featured in this, or the next, issue...

Nov 1st Meeting of the Science Fiction Club of London. Some dozen or more fans descended on us.

Nov 2nd Sub from Michael L Cook, P O Box 6023, Evansville 12, Ind. who is looking for back issues of Apé.

SKYRACK 9 - Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire - 6 for 2/6. Contained the news that the official London Circle had disbanded. The 1960 con will not, therefore, be a London con but a BSFA con to be located in London. Also mentioned was the attendance of fans at the Harrogate Audio Fair, and a Tea Drinking Contest held in Belfast which saw John Berry become Champion with 25½ cups.

Nov 3rd Letter from Ron Bennett - "Dear Mr Sanderson, It has been brought to my notice that in a recent issue of your publication, "Apé", you have included an inferior reprint of a cartoon with an adapted caption of a cartoon and caption which first appeared in "Burp!". "Burp!" is an amateur magazine published by myself. Through the auspices of the Off Trail Magazine Publisher's Association this magazine has already been lodged at the British Museum, and I have an official receipt to that effect. Your reprint is a direct contravention of copyright laws and I trust that acknowledgements will be published, belatedly, in your next issue of "Apé". Yours faithfully, etc." Ron also goes on to comment on the stories by Leman and Locke and says that from Linwood's party report it would appear he hasn't read the original unabridged edition of Lady Chatterley (Jim missed the "e" from the name). And Ron never takes the morning air before the crack of noon.

Nov 4th Letter from George Charters, 3 Lancaster Ave, Bangor, Co Down, N Ireland. It contains at least one pun and probably took a long time to type, but without a varityper it is impossible to reproduce....

Nov 5th Letter from Ian R McAulay, Ballycorus Grange, Kilternan, Co Dublin "I am in favour of nuclear disarmament and the immediate cessation of nuclear weapons testing, but I am against protest marches and most of the campaigns and organizations in support of nuclear disarmament, as they are at present constituted. A considerable number of people who are active in these groups appear to be cranks and pseudo-intellectuals of the worst type. I don't deny that there are also many sincere and thoughtful people who are genuinely and deeply concerned for the future of humanity, but I feel that their voices are too often lost beneath the misinformation, sweeping generalisations, and wild surmises emitted at top volume by the cranks. These

utterances are only surpassed in stupidity by the placatory official statements which represent the dangers of nuclear weapons testing as negligible. Until young people with some understanding of science are allowed some voice in the government of nations, I am not optimistic about the prospects for total nuclear disarmament. I would like to see an organisation with no political affiliations, and with reasonable scientific competence, employ physicists to make independent and unbiased measurements of the radiation levels in as many places as possible, and then publicise the results in a fair presentation. Such an organisation I would support strongly, but, as a physicist, my inclination is to steer clear of anything less." (Ian would like information on records by Lennie Bruce. Help, anyone? Betty?...?)

Since this was the first Thursday of the month I took Ken & Irene Potter to the Globe to see the London fans. Unfortunately, apart from Sandfield, Duncombe and a few youngsters, the only people there when we arrived where the ones they'd already seen over at Inchmery. Fireworks were perhaps the counter attraction for the others.

Nov 6th FANAC 44 - Terry Carr & Ron Ellik, Apt #6, 1909 Francisco St, Berkeley 9, California - 9 for 50¢. News on the Silly Season as it has affected California, and on the progress of the 'Cut G M Carr from mailing lists' movement which we heartily endorse. Enclosed with this is an Open Letter to John Berry telling him he has no obligations to fandom as a result of his trip. This wonderful gesture was thought up by Phyllis Economou and subscribed to by just about everyone in the USA through 18 representatives who signed the letter.

Nov 7th YANDRO 81 - Buck & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana - 12 for \$1.50. Contents include some character comments that could start controversies, a neat short story by Jenrette with a good pun line, Bradley on Tibet, the almost inevitable fanzine reviews, and a letter column. Either I'm becoming more used to it or Yandro has improved of late (from my point of view, that is, not necessarily the editor's). The latter event is favourite.

Visit from Ella Parker and Brian Jordan, who had been expected, and Jim Linwood and Elisabeth Hartwell who hadn't. The food had to be spread a little thinly but we managed. The evening passed quickly in fannish chatter.

Nov 8th Visit from John, Joan and Penelope Newman. John had been having a really bad time with his sinuses but was beginning to recover. We talked about this and that, touching briefly on the Kenneth Johns articles now finding their way into American promags, and then about 4.30 Ken & Irene Potter and Joy and I left to see a reissue of "A Matter Of Life And Death" (which I'd never seen) leaving Vinç to speed our parting guests and look after Nicki. The film is a brilliant fantasy - really a classic.

Nov 9th Letter from Jim Groves, 29 Lathom Road, East Ham, London E 6. "I don't agree with PF that up to now fanzine fans have ruled the roost; rather I should say it's a case of they being the only fans doing anything noteworthy - and with recent events in the London Circle taken into account I think it's still true. And as for travel being cheaper and bringing fans together - well! - it's getting so that travelling inside London alone costs the earth..."

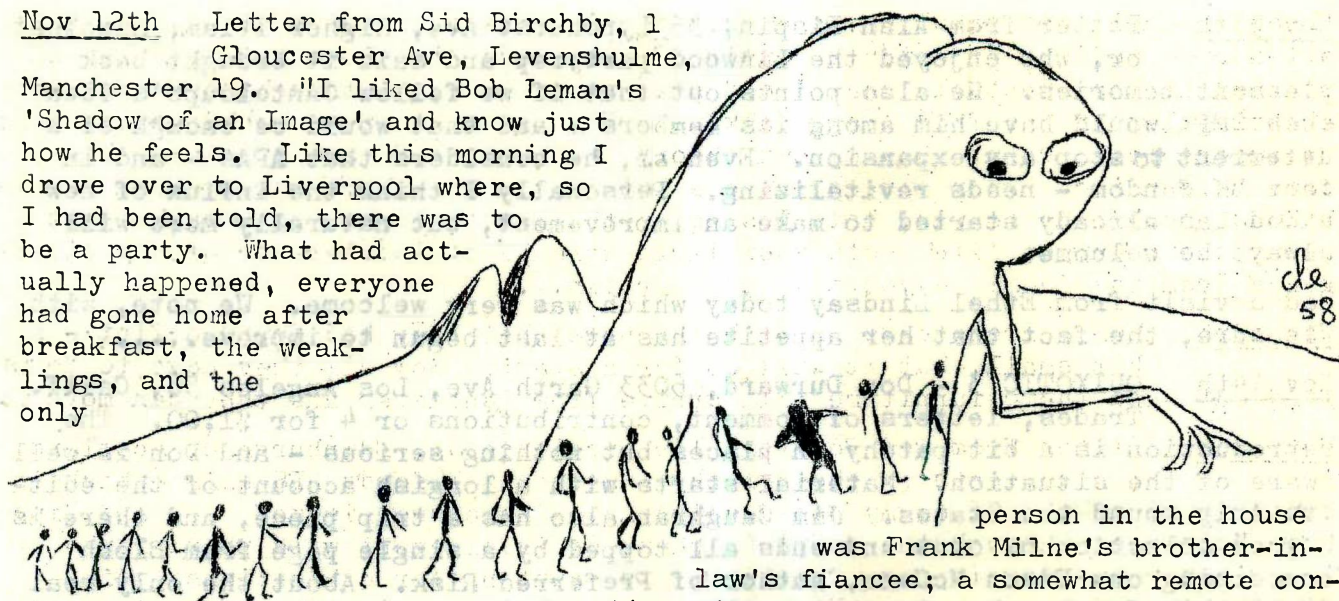
Letter from Ethel Lindsay, Courage Hoose, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey.

"Dean Grennell was fabulous! and they do sing 'Becawzz' in that way. I once attended a wedding at which a cousin of mine sang it. Fortunately I was so stunned at the spectacle that I did not laugh aloud. I thought the most interesting letter was from Gregg Calkins. His theory that we would become more undemocratic, I mean. Now my own theory is that the US and Russia will become more alike. They already have a lot in common - both sprang from revolutions, both like to win, hate losing, both like to boast, both talk a lot about their 'way of life', both show large streaks of intolerance of any divergence from the 'norm' - you can add your own..."

Nov 10th Ken & Irene came in with the news that they had found a flat - a bit small, but it will do for a start. Now all they have to do is find out when their furniture will arrive from Lancaster and they can move in.

Nov 11th Letter from Ted Forsyth, 139 Buccleuch St, Edinburgh 8, Scotland. Ted comments on photography - mentions Ilford's HPS film (which is fast) - and asks if I do my own developing. The answer is no! Joy and Vinç have both been through the complete phase of involvement with photography. Joy did her own developing, printing, and mounting for exhibitions. Vinç did the same during the war by making over a bathroom in a barracks into a darkroom. After what they told me I determined never to become so involved myself. I just don't have the time! I started with still photography - 35 mm - but I am in the process of changing to cine - 8mm Bolex C8SL. The SF Club of London will be using this camera and the Inchmery tape recorders - but not to produce the Enchanted Duplicator in full colour with stereophonic sound as Ted suggests. Not yet, anyway... The letter goes on:- "Cantaloupe Flabbergaste - while this makes interesting reading it is a little out of place in a genzine, at least for the non-Apan reader. My knowledge of the APAs is almost zero but I would suggest the following rules. 1) Only a limited number of pages of mailing comments to be acceptable for the quota, tho' more will certainly be used by those addicted to prolixity. 2) An annual oneshot to be produced for general distribution, to include the outstanding material of the APAn year. The first would preclude the possibility of an all-mailing-comment zine, while the second would help fandom in general and would provide the egoboo necessary for the continued production of good material. Joy Clarke - Nature Conservancy: From the point of view of wildlife preservation is it not fantastic that in this so-called Age of Science no better method has been found for disposal of waste (liquid) material than dumping in the nearest stream? Or that large quantities of sewage are still being ejected into the sea all round our coasts? Every year during periods of drought the newspapers are full of tales of freshwater fish dying in thousands due to increased concentration of polluting material. The great thing about nuclear generating-stations is that they do not require to be situated near an elaborate transport system. Renewed 'fuel supply' is only necessary at long intervals and most of the transport is required only during construction of the station. This suggests that they should be sited on land useless for other purposes; except, of course, for the matter of waste disposal and cooling water. Dungeness is unique in the south-coast area for having a beach that drops quickly into deep water: this may be why it was chosen for a station. I'd like to see a detailed report on why this site was chosen and what effect the choice will have on the wildlife and other aspects of the area. Harangue halted." (Ted would like to have authentic information on "fireballs", and asks what are the rules of three-dimensional chess? Help, anyone?...?)

Nov 12th Letter from Sid Birchby, 1
 Gloucester Ave, Levenshulme,
 Manchester 19. "I liked Bob Leman's
 'Shadow of an Image' and know just
 how he feels. Like this morning I
 drove over to Liverpool where, so
 I had been told, there was to
 be a party. What had act-
 ually happened, everyone
 had gone home after
 breakfast, the weak-
 lings, and the
 only



person in the house
 was Frank Milne's brother-in-
 law's fiancée; a somewhat remote con-
 nection with fandom, to whom I found myself
 trying to explain who I was, what Fandom was, and (when the fiancée appeared)
 what I proposed to do next. After a little of this, I too began to think
 that Fandom was all in the mind. Jim Linwood says that he met me at the
 Inchmery Fan-Party in Manchester and quotes me on some very remarkable state-
 ments about Joy serving green bread, of all things. Doesn't sound like me.
 If I don't remember him, and I don't, is he sure he met me? I am highly
 suspicious not to say crottled when he says that I resemble Burgess in an
 abstract way. Name-dropping will get him nowhere. I loved Dean Grennell
 on wedding photos. It's often seemed to me that there are so many ways in
 which wedding photos can get fouled up in the general uproar attendant upon
 the event that there should be some facilities for having a re-take later on,
 in more placid circumstances. For example, it was a foggy day when my wife
 married me and the photos could have been better, perhaps. Not that I should
 come out looking like an abstract Burgess, of course, but I could be less
 foggy round the edges, I guess. The chief drawback to having a re-take
 would be that all the damn bit-players would want double pay; the organist,
 the car-hire firm, the florist, and O.U.T.C.A.A." "PS. Oh yes, Linwood was
 the one who looked like Wansborough."

Letter from Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd, North Hykeham, Lincoln. "Leman's
 piece is well done but. Jhim's Manchester report is a thing now. Jhim has
 a nice touch in conreppage, largely the way he deadpans out with such state-
 ments as: 'I supplied everyone with cushions on condition they pelted Eric
 with them. They did.' etc. He manages to convey the atmosphere of a fann-
 ishly enjoyable time particularly well. No buts in connection with Grennell.
 You're lucky to acquire his services. I suppose you must be a Top Fanzine
 or something. Canteloupe on apas...seems to miss one important point. The
 members are members for fun. Because they WANT to put out mags with a rel-
 atively limited circulation. I suppose in the long run the fact that apas
 are not all the same size is the best answer to Canty's cantankerosity. At
 present they (the fannish ones) range in size from 13 to 65 I teenk I'm
 right in saying. Possibly there is a call for one of a full hundred members
 or more - I don't know. Perhaps Canty would care to try and form one?
 Warner Was (as the saying says) Superb."

Nov 13th Letter from Alan Rispin, 35 Lyndhurst Ave, Higher Irlam, Manchester, who enjoyed the Linwood partyrep and said it brought back pleasant memories. He also points out that if we follow Canteloupe's idea then OMPA would have him among its members - and that would be enough of a **deterrent** to stop any expansion. Even so, he considers that APAs - and in fact UK fandom - needs revitalizing. Personally I think the influx of new blood has already started to make an improvement, but naturally more will always be welcome.

Had a visit from Ethel Lindsay today which was very welcome. We note, with pleasure, the fact that her appetite has at last begun to improve.....

Nov 14th QUIXOTIC 3 - Don Durward, 6033 Garth Ave, Los Angeles 56, Calif. Trades, letters of comment, contributions or 4 for \$1.00. The reproduction is a bit patchy in places but nothing serious - and Don is well aware of the situation. Material starts with a longish account of the editor's trip round the States. Jim Caughran also has a trip piece, and there is a good selection of odds and ends all topped by a single page from Bloch concerning one Edson McCann, author of Preferred Risk. About the only real fault this fanzine has is the spelling, but that doesn't stop it being readable.

Nov 15th George Locke came over for a short visit. In the evening we went to see 'The World, The Flesh and The Devil' which is a stinking title for a damn good film. It has a few detractors - not many - and I tend to think they just didn't get the point of the story.

Nov 16th Ken & Irene went to see the film and came back thinking much the same way that we did about it.

Nov 17th RETRIBUTION 14 - John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, N. Ireland. 1/- or 15p, trades welcome. This is really a Detroit Con issue from the editorial through the Poul Anderson speech and on to Bob Bloch's report. As such it must feature high on the list of required reading regarding that great occasion. The Goon is featured in a short report and also a puzzle. There are some short letter extracts and to complete the issue Walt Willis reviews FANCY II - which is still available at 8/6d through me. (Through Dick Eney, of course, in the States).

Ken and Irene moved into their new flat today after spending four weeks with us. The place seemed a bit empty after they'd left. New address is 1 Dunsmure Rd, Stamford Hill, London N 16. Ken had become so filled with fannish fervour that he departed uttering threats to the effect that another issue of Brennschluss might appear any day. We hope it will be soon.

Nov 19th Letter from Ken Cheslin, 18 New Farm Road, Stourbridge, Worcs., who says, as he goes through the letter, that he is getting tired of saying everything was very good. Believe me, Ken, neither I nor the contributors get tired of having this said. The readers might, tho', which is why I so rarely use quotations from such epistles.

George Locke came over to make a start on duplicating Smoke 2. This was during the day and Joy and I were both at home sick. By mid-afternoon tho' the place had taken on the appearance of a real fan-shack with work proceeding on three different fanzines. George duping Smoke 2, Joy stencil cutting for Femizine 12, and myself cutting stencils for Apr 14. You didn't think we'd waste all that time did you?

Nov 20th HYPHEN 23 - Walt Willis, 170 Upper N'Ards Rd, Belfast, N. Ireland.

This is the Bob Shaw issue and includes a Shaw-type editorial by Walt, a Shaw-type Grunch by Vinç and two Shaw-type articles by Shaw. Bob is also responsible for all the bacover quotes (except for one by Chuck Harris which stands out a mile) and there is a short letter column. Some people say that Hyphen is no longer the superb fanzine it used to be, merely a very good one. Sacrilegious though it may be I think the last few issues support this theory. Atom's covers, however, go on from strength to strength.

During the day it was Joy's turn to use the duper (on FEZ) while I continued stencil cutting. The evening was taken up with a SFCOL meeting.

Nov 21st Letter from Joe Patrizio, 72 Glenvarloch Cres, Edinburgh 9. "I have had the good fortune to be able to read all the issues of Apé and very rarely is Joy's column pushed out of first place. Not that I always agree with her, in fact I'm going to disagree with her on some of the remarks she made about Nature Conservancy. Now Nature Conservancy is important, only a fool would deny that. It's important for all the reasons given by Joy, and probably the most important work done by the organization the prevention of the extinction of rare species. However I disagree to a great extent with Joy's remarks about atomic reactors. These reactors are sited near a plentiful supply of water which is to be used for cooling purposes and not, as in the case of certain types of factories, for the disposal of waste materials: On the contrary, the last thing that is wanted is for waste materials from the reactor to find their way out of the station, Dungeness will not be the cause of a 'polluted sea'. The fact is that atomic stations are necessary if we are to keep the price of electricity down, and these stations have to be sited somewhere. There would be one hell of a row if it was even suggested that a station should be sited near, say, London, and I'm pretty sure that Joy would lead the opposition. If you can't put a station near a town then the only other place is in the country, and no matter where you put it somebody will complain. Another consideration is that it can't be sited anywhere or costs would become fantastic. In the case of Dungeness, although this place is unique I believe it is not as important as some people lead us to believe. On the whole I think that the Government do a pretty fair job in finding sites for atomic stations, but it is a good thing that we have organisations like the Nature Conservancy to keep an eye on them. Now here's something else for Joy. On the TV programme 'Tonight' a few days back there was an item in which one of the reporters went out into the street and asked women what they thought were the three most important innovations, in their opinion, in the last ten years. Most of the answers were staggering and ranged from ladies cosmetics, fashions and hair-styles to artificial flowers which you can stick in the garden in the winter. This last one was my favourite. The point is, what are Joy's three choices? (Nominating Nicki for one is not permissable.)" (¶Passed to Joy...¶)

Joy and I went to see 'The Devil's Disciple' - a better film than a play, I think - and Vinç spent the time doing his Eggplant column for Smoke. As you may have gathered by now, Vinç has little taste for the cinema except for really good musical films - and there hasn't been a "An American In Paris" for a long time now....

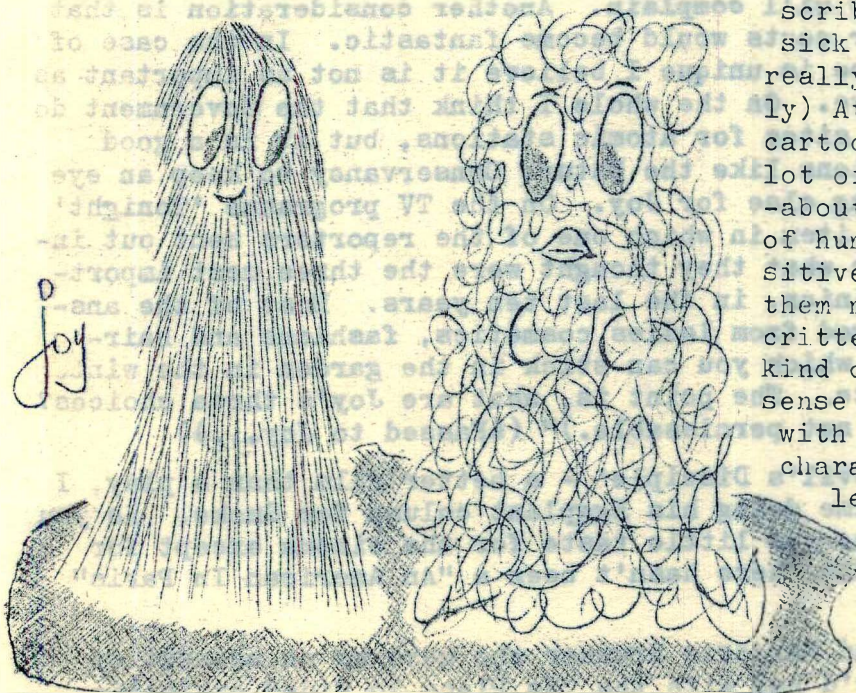
Nov 22nd Visit from John and Marjorie Brunner who gave us an account of the reception they'd had with the "No Place To Hide" exhibition on the Continent. From Press Cuttings etc, it quickly became obvious that

they had been very successful. It was expensive both in cash and in lost writing time, but it was worth it.

Nov 23rd Joy was back at work after four weeks at home, and I went back after two. Vinç was off work. George Locke paid us a visit in the evening, and Brian Burgess turned up unexpectedly. It was Monday...

Nov 24th Letter from Bjo Wells, 980½ White Knoll Dr, Los Angeles 12, Cal. "Your parties sound like real fun. We throw parties like that, but haven't been nearly as fannish about it as you. Read full report in Shaggy of the Hallowe'en party. You guys must really have fun. Withdrawal Symptom was very in-group, but enjoyable. I got a handwritten letter from NGW, once...actually it was written to Shaggy but no one else could read it. When I'd translated it they awarded the letter to me as a prize. Cantaloupe Flabbergaste, your first of a dull, serious series was read with avid interest. I liked it, and the ideas therein. You will get screams from APANs who do not want to change for good or bad, from others who think that you are being terribly sercon and will condemn you for that alone, and from some who will say that what you suggest is not "democratic", or whatever other label they want to put on it to avoid thinking about it at all. Keep it up. You have at least one supporter, for what it's worth. (€I'm not Cantaloupe, you understand? Actually I agree more with the opposition on this piece - their comments will appear later - but I think the second article of the series is much better and contains far more of value to fandom...?) Read all through Inchmery Fan Diary and went "yik" (a sound that means surprise and all) when I saw TCarr's comments on Atom illos. Can't understand what he doesn't like about the grommishes. They have all kinds of personality, as far as I'm concerned. I like them, no matter what they are doing. TGC seems to want the overly-cute, round-eyed Disney cartoons that have saturat-

"Well, I washed it last night...."



"ed (and sacchrinated) the entire cartoon world. If he wants "cute" cartoons, he should subscribe to Mickey Mouse. I'm so sick of "cute" cartoons, and the really homely (and they are homely) Atom critters are my favourite cartoon characters. They have a lot of quiet, funny, deadly-serious-about-whatever-they-are-doing sort of humor. If I want to see "sensitive fannish faces", I'll draw them myself. I can't do Atom-type critters because I don't have that kind of sense of humor. Or that sense of "playing it straight" with these uncute, wonderful characters. They aren't in the least repellent to me, and I think I have a normal female reaction to repulsive things. (Like spiders!). I have always presumed (a bad habit of mine) that they were out-of-work Goons, for

some reason. Keep Atom cartooning and using those homely critters. I call them grommishes, and it is a name that seems to fit, for a reason I can't explain. And to hell with the tradition (*?!) of being cartoonishly "cute". (4Wallop (PF) is beer. Regarding photos - I'm trying to find time to get a number of prints for the people who have asked about Nicki and the rest of us. We will gladly send you copies...)

Letter from John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Avenue, Belmont, Belfast 4, N Ireland. "It was very unselfish of you to take up so much space by including parts of letters dealing with my visit to the States. I was worried at the time regarding what sort of impression I would create. There is no doubt that although I wasn't representing anyone, my behaviour would reflect on British Fandom as a whole. On the last day of the Con, I had a long chat with Bob Bloch, and he told me that I had maintained the high standard shown by previous British reps, and this was indeed a great relief. I must stress that I made certain I saw as many fans as I could, and didn't latch on to any particular clique. Of course, I've gone into my relationships with American fen in great detail in my memoirs, but suffice to say that those 23 days represent a highlight in my life which will hardly ever be equalled." (4Unselfish? I was just giving the readers what I knew they'd want to read! At least, it was what I wanted to read...)

We had a visit from Ken & Pamela Bulmer during the evening and right in the middle of our natter our new tape recorders were delivered - Telefunken 76s, four-track, 5/4inch spools, speeds of 3/4 and 17/8 ips. With double-play tape you can get 6 hours play at the top speed on one tape, and the reproduction is as good as the normal 7 1/2 ips. All we need now is time.....

Nov 25th Letter from F.M. Busby, 2852 14th Ave W, Seattle 99, Washington.

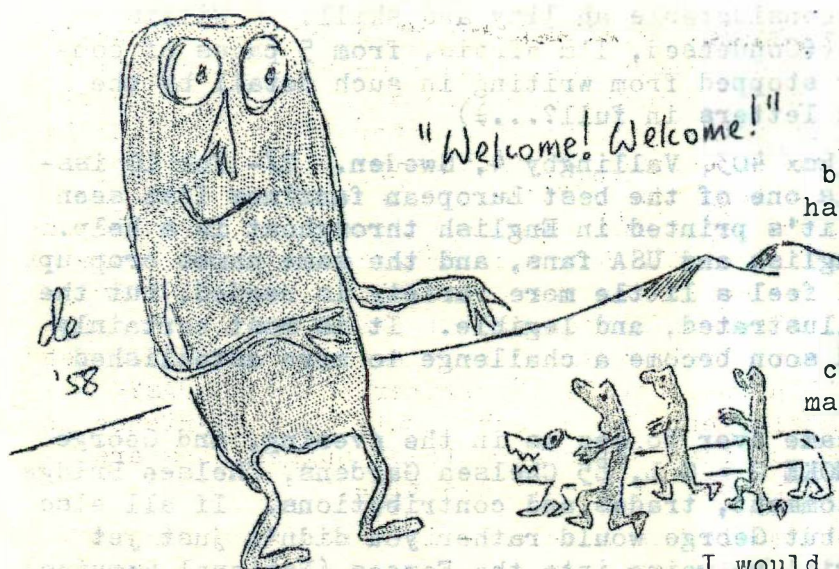
"Bob Leman's faaantasy is a unique thing: fanfiction that could stand on its plot-&-gimmicks, if the faanish subject-matter were replaced by something more suited to the general reader, for pro submission. Let's face it: even top-run faanfiction is usually strongly dependent on in-group references, for effect. Bob's piece is not so dependent; hardly at all, in fact. Jim Linwood's reporting (plus the various accounts of upcountry jousting recently) tends to indicate that you grow a more athletic type of fan over there. Maybe we should send you Jim Webbert for TAFF someday; he weighs about 200 pounds and is a Judo enthusiast - should add a certain something to the overall rowrbazzle, don't you think? "Why APAs?": this piece is as well-thought-out as possible, considering that it seems to be obviously from one without APA-experience, or indeed, much information about the APAs as they exist today. (It would have been easy, for instance, to note that SAPS, FAPA and OMPA currently limit membership to 35, 65, & 45 respectively, rather than quoting a hypothetical 50 all the way.) There are several clues by which the writer's viewpoint shows as lacking in info and/or experience. (1) "It is simply not worth the time..to produce..for a circulation of 50." Yes, it always seemed that way to me, until I joined SAPS (then with a limit of 30) and found out differently. (2) the recommendation that an APA should expand to 100 members: leave me off the roster of that one, please, and not for cliquish reasons, either - an APA that size would take too much money and would be too much work, if most of the members were active - if not the active members would be writing into a great vacuum, and that's what "isn't worth it". Considering that 27 of 33 members contributed a total of 704 pages to the last SAPSmailing, I shudder even to think of what an expanded membership would do under the writer's theories. (3) the writer's disapp-

roval of 'Mailing Comments': certainly, if these were mere Reviews. However, MCs are actually a wide-open running discussion, with two-way communication between any two members who choose to communicate, and at a leisurely quarterly level. No one could keep up this quantity of chatter to one and all by means of correspondence. MCs are in essence an expansion of the old prozine lettercols. For the next SAPS mailing you might say I have 27 semi-public letters to answer, and 3 months to do it in. The recommendation for 'screening' has its merits in some cases, but the activity requirements take care of a lot of this need. Incidentally the writer seemed to think that quarterly appearance was mandatory in the APAs: SAPS requires at least 6 pages in any period of two consecutive mailings - FAPA insists only on 8 pages once a year and OMPA twice that. No intention to ridicule the writer of "Why APAs?" - merely wish to point up that intelligence is no substitute for experience in making constructive suggestions, so that 'Flabbergaste's' suggestions are mostly divided into new ones and practical ones, this time."

FANAC 46 - Major news is Party Time in Los Angeles - it makes nice reading. Riders to this issue include EOFANDOM - an amusing single sheet from Bob Pavlat giving just about the last word on numbered fandoms; and a letter from the Shaws to Taurasi rejecting the idea of holding the 1964 Con in New York. The letter covers all the major points that could possibly be put forward against this idea and it does so in an excellent manner. I believe that if Taurasi had pushed on with the plan - and one can appreciate his enthusiasm to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the first worldcon in New York - it would have been disastrous to fandom as a whole. Luckily reason prevailed.

Nov 26th Letter from Andy Young, 11 Buena Vista Pk, Cambridge 40, Mass.

"The matter of (APA) size has been discussed many times. FAPA considered enlarging to 75 or even 100 members a few years ago, and it was decided that this would decrease the number of large publications; people are more inclined to publish a big mag if they don't have to run off lots of copies. This was the concensus of the members, not any arbitrary decision by officers or any small group. The only time I can recall a member having resigned because he felt a waiting-lister could fill his place better was years and years ago. Resignations are pretty uncommon in FAPA; people either resign because they are disgusted with GMCarr or because they have really lost interest. It's natural enough that APAzines get low ratings in polls of general fandom; very few people outside the APA in question have ever seen an APAzine. Likewise, it is silly to compare APAzines (which are of necessity quarterly) with monthlies and bi-weeklies like Fanac and Cry. And though most APAzines are mostly mailing comments, many are top-quality magazines of general interest like GRUE. Circulating outside the APA does not 'undermine the advantages of the APA'; the member still retains all the advantages of simplified circulation, high percentage of replies etc, on the copies circulated in the APA. It just adds the usual amount of extra work per copy that general circulation always entails. Whether the response from an APA provides as much egoboo as the response to a generalzine is a matter of personal preference; to state that 'mailing comments can obviously never equal' the egoboo from a genzine is clearly refuted by the existence of Warner, Danner, etc, who publish only in an APA. FAPA and SAPS have been urged to amalgamate before; the suggestion was at once greeted by howls of rage and indignation from both sides. The two are too different to be combined. A serious problem is the idea that the mailings would double or triple if the APAs were enlarged; this was another reason why members voted against expanding FAPA.



de '58

A 400-page mailing is quite a lot to find time to read and digest. If, as is suggested here, we had 1000-page mailings, the situation would become impossible. FAPA does have provisions for screening new members. And anyone who thinks there is no 'competition' between APAs has never seen a devoted member of FAPA confronting a SAP. I think the main error made by the writer is stated in his penultimate paragraph: that a 'cliquish atmosphere' is the 'primary reason for the APAs existence.' I would say that simplicity of distribution and reliability of response are greater attractions. ## Dean Grennell - I kept bursting out in laughs and giggles as I read this, and became uncontrollable when I got to the bit about cutting cakes with airplane props. Gadzooks! Having been through the process from the other end made it especially enjoyable (the article, not the process) to me. I think we were one of the couples who retreat with 'stunned relief', altho' there may well have been an element of glazed stupor too. ## Joy - Not only do most fans not know how to handle books, most pb publishers don't know how to make books. How many pb's do you own which started shedding pages the second time round? You just can't treat those things right, except by never opening them. (Most of mine are Penguins - which are exceptionally good in this respect...but the accent is on 'exceptionally'...). I don't know about other New World countries, but this'n was settled by rabid Protestants who, I think, were rather against Saints and like that. So we don't have any. Maybe the Spanish-speaking countries have some. We'll match the taking of Dungeness for reactors with the shipyard which covers the Braintree Slate (I think that's the stuff) which was the only formation known to contain the giant trilobite Paradoxides harlani (2 feet long!) ## PF - It looks more and more as though the BSFA is the overseas version of the NZF..people resigning from key positions and so on. And the regression of the LC back into more formless form refutes PF's point about it representing the invasion of the nameless neos. Non-fanzine fans may be in the majority if you count numbers but they are certainly a minority as far as accomplishments go. Fanzine fans, because they are concerned with writing and reading, are likely to be more critical of the quality of sf. The casual reader is not so aware of words, their meanings and their uses, and is likely to put up with pretty poor stuff. I think the reason the fmz fans have divorced themselves from sf is that they can find better writing - not just about themselves and their friends, not just egoboo - in the fanzines. Look at the fans of the past who are still with us today: many of them used to be quite concerned with sf in their fanzines, yet today they scarcely mention the stuff except to say how bad it is now or to talk about the Golden Age of ASF etc. I refer you to Ellik, Boggs, Tucker, Grennell, etc, etc. ## Down with Terry Carr. I like Atom's creatures and despise Carr's Face Things. The fact that many unartistic people have been able to draw 'charming' blobs with a few lines in no

way detracts from Atom's very considerable ability and skill. ## Willis - distantry. Oog. I love puns." (Condensed, I'm afraid, from 5 pages of comments. I trust nobody is ever stopped from writing in such detail by the fact that I can't publish such letters in full?....)

CACTUS 2 - Sture Sedolin, P O Box 403, Vallingby 4, Sweden. 7/- for 10 issues through Alan Dodd. This is one of the best European fanzines I've seen for some time. The fact that it's printed in English throughout is a help. Material is by a mixture of English and USA fans, and the same names crop up in the large letter column. I feel a little more variety is needed, but the zine is well laid out, well illustrated, and legible. It is most certainly worth supporting, and it could soon become a challenge to more established UK zines.

George Locke and Ella Parker came over to see us in the evening, and George brought completed copies of SMOKE 2 - G L, 85 Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Rd, London S W 1 - Letter of comment, trades and contributions. If all else fails try sending 1/- or 15c, but George would rather you didn't just yet because there is a chance he will be going into the Forces (National Service) and No 3 might be a little delayed. This issue is a big improvement on No 1, which itself was no disgrace. George has taken to fanzine editing like a duck to water. Material includes a report of the London Symposium by Archie Mercer, a fine description of the Detention by Belle Dietz, the second 'Eggplant' column by Vinø Clarke (the highlight of which is a translation of a company report) and miscellaneous items by Warner, Ryan, Young, Mayne, Birchby, Ella Parker and - er - Locke. A letter column completes a crowded issue. In odd spots George has tried to cram too much onto a page - it isn't worth it because it detracts from the general good appearance of the zine. I've deliberately mentioned nothing about two items up to now - one is the comic strip by Rogers which is much below the level of the other material. In fact it's crud - but it faced me with a certain amount of difficulty when putting it on stencil for George. The time taken could be better spent. The other piece is a lovely item by John Berry with terrific heading by Atom. Titled 'The Gathering Storm' it deals with events arising from John's article on heraldic designs in Smoke 1. This really shouldn't be missed. I only hope that George can keep Smoke going whether he goes into the Forces or not. I know that there are many willing hands ready to give assistance.

Nov 27th Letter from Mal Ashworth, 14 Westgate, Eccleshill, Bradford 2.

"I don't know how you do it. So much, so often, so well-produced and so generally good. I suspect that you have Friends in High Places -- Heaven, for instance. I was surprised that Dean didn't mention 'little, curly black Grandmothers' in his catalogue of Hazards to the Wedding Photographer. I think there has been one of these at every wedding I have ever been to and since they constitute a major hazard to everybody connected with the affair, I don't see why the photographer should get off lightly; neither, I believe, do most of the little curly black grandmothers. I had an account somewhere of the wonderful specimen of this variety at Ken and Irene Potter's wedding, and thinking about it now reminded me of the time I went to a wedding where the photographer had the Ultimate Answer to the menace of the little curly black grandmother; he brought his own. Then, when the resident little curly black grandmother surged forward to throw confetti in everyone's faces - including his - just as he was clicking the lens, his little curly black grandmother closed in and grappled with her. While the two of them struggled together, he desperately fired away with his camera to get in what

he could before the contest ended. I must confess that the resident little curly black grandmother won in the end - after all she had hundreds of years of evolution in that role on her side - but I thought that at least the photographer's attempted solution was commendably novel."

FANAC 45 - Carr & Ellick (Something must be wrong with the post). This is the fanzine you can't do without if you want to keep up with fannish events. This and Skyrack, I mean. There was a FAPAazine with this issue (for which many thanks) and also another letter against the 'New York in 64' idea. This contained most of the ideas already expressed elsewhere, and would have been more effective if the writer (Earl Kemp) had left out a few personal-type comments. They weren't essential to the argument. The Shaws managed okay.

Nov 28th CRY 133 - Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Washington - 12 for \$2 or 14/- through John Berry. The major item continues to be 'The Goon Goes West' - Berry's account of his trip to the States. Don't miss it. Other material is by Busby, Weber, Carr (on captioning cartoons - very good, this), Wrenberg, J Les Piper (a Jules Feiffer type cartoon), Franson, and the readers. I'll be surprised if this doesn't take 1st place in the Fanac Poll this year.

Nov 29th Yet another visit from George Locke, who this time came to give Ving a hand with the duplicating of Apr 14. Incidentally George recently had the luck (and that's putting it mildly) to pick up a Gestetner duplicator for 10/- (\$1.50). It was while he was on his way to Inchmery and he brought it with him. Ving intends to give it a good going over and to make a feed-tray (the only missing item) and by that time George will be in position to do his own duplicating. Unless he's in the Forces, that is.

Nov 30th Letter from George Spencer, 8302 Donnybrook Lane, Chevy Chase 15, Maryland, USA, in a very nice type-face. "Dean Grennell is his old superlative self! His troubles with photography remind me of the troubles our family has when it comes to taking pictures for Ye Olde Family Album. A few years ago I spent nearly all Christmas day at the dinner table, posing with a half-dozen relatives for pictures which for various reasons were never taken. My father would set the automatic timer, then rush back to the table, and we'd all smile those sickly smiles and wait for about three minutes for the flash-bulb to go off. As I recall, we finally worked out a method of talking through our teeth while remaining frozen in a pleasant pose. Another day of that and I would have gone through life with a broad smile, talking through my teeth! As it is, we have a few family pictures, but quite a few shots of my father's stomach and necktie, taken when he had finally given up and was walking toward the camera. Something happened the other day to make me wonder just what insidious things fandom is doing to my poor mind. I was engaging in a perfectly rational, scholarly-type discussion on the institutions of the Middle Ages. Suddenly I unaccountably burst out with a pun: "The lords of the Middle Ages were gentlemen because they had such good manors." Then I burst out laughing and didn't stop for ten minutes. I'm sure the fellow I was talking to thought I had gone temporarily insane. I'm beginning to wonder if this will ever happen some day in the midst of an oral exam..."

Dec 1st HOBOLD - Brian Jordan, 81 Crawford Rd, Sheffield 8 - published as an introduction to OMPA, and promising well for the future..

SKYRACK 10 - Ron Bennett - gives the news that an attempt will be made to have two TAFF trips in 1960. If it comes off it will really be something. Other news and fanzine reviews fill out the issue. Send cash to TAFF now.

SHAGGY 46 - 980½ White Knoll Drive, Los Angeles 12, California - letters of comment, trades or 6 for \$1. Pride of place this time goes to the first part of a Detention report written by five members of the group. The rest of the zine consists of the usual Shaggy features and contributions of a uniformly high standard. Get it.

Dec 3rd Letter from Bob Lichtman, 6137 S Croft Ave, Los Angeles 56, California. "The Leman

story was excellent - a gem of fannishness. It pops into my mind that you're going to have a hell of a time picking out the Best of Apé for the upcoming BOF-59 collection, but this item should be right up there when it comes to final choice. (Unfortunately I doubt if any UK zines will be represented this year - as far as I've been able to check we all received the selection forms after the deadline. Pity...)

Saying that I laughed long and heartily over Grennell's "Confessions" is rather weak, even if I did. Let me relate what happened when I took this Apé to school the other day to finish various unread odds-&-ends. I chance to sit afront a girl in my English class who knows of fanzines (by virtue of knowing me for quite some time, in the main) and who appreciates these little bits of mundane oriented humour that I give her to read every now and again. Anyway, I opened Apé to DAG's column, pointed to her where to start, and shut up. It worked like a charm: from the frequency of her laughter and my knowledge of her reading speed, I'd guess she laughed at least twice per paragraph, which is a good average. The girl doesn't seem to be able to contain her laughter to mere snickers as I can, so by the time she was down to the midpoint of the back of the first page, everyone in the class was staring in our direction and probably wondering if I was trying to... Soon enough, she noted the silence that had enveloped the class, looked up self-consciously, made a faint embarrassed noise, and slumped into silence. Shortly afterwards (probably in time for her to skim the rest of the article) she handed Apé back to me." (Bob goes on to mention that contrary to my own - and most readers ideas - Inchmery Fan Diary is not original. Walt Coslet's FLOOR (1948 SAPSzine) had a section called "Coswal's Fantasy Diary". Oh well - guess my version is the first in a generalzine - I hadn't seen anything even remotely similar myself...)

Dec 5th Postcard from Bob Leman, new address 1214 West Maple, Rawlins, Wyoming, to say he's been FAFIA for about 6 months since his company transferred him. Bob sends thanks to all those who remembered him during his absence, and no doubt he will eventually get back into the swing...

Dec 7th Ethel Lindsay came over with a load of envelopes to mail out the issue of FEMIZINE (No 12) that Joy had finished duplicating. Fez comes from Ethel, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, for letter of comment, trade or 1/- in cash. This issue is a big improvement on the last one, starting with Joy's lovely cover. There are short pieces introducing three femmes, Joy writes a story about Oblique House from an idea by Ella Parker (beautiful atmosphere in this), and she also handles the four pages of



fanzine comments in a highly readable manner. Diane Berry contributes a short story that is a gem, there are pages of letters and the issue is nicely rounded out by another installment of Pamela Bulmer's 'Wigwam'. If the rate of improvement is maintained Fez should get up to the top of the list rapidly.

S-F TIMES 325 & 326 - P O Box 115, Solvay Branch, Syracuse 9, New York - 10¢. Although basically devoted to pro news, 325 carried the info that Blish is to be Guest of Honour at the 1960 Worldcon in Pittsburg, and contained two pages of Detention photos. These would have been better if there hadn't been so many different type faces used in the heading, but the photos themselves were very good, and a welcome sight to these eyes. 326 carried the first notification we had that ASF proposed to change title to Analog Science Fact Fiction. Quite a mouthful. Practically required reading for those of us still interested in science fiction.

CAMBER 11 - Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd, Hoddesdon, Herts. - 1/- or trade. This issue sports semi-stiff covers and starts with a Cawthorne illo. With the exception of the letter column and a short piece by Mike Deckinger all the material is by Dodd. Although very readable this does not provide a good balance. The Cawthorne illos through the text are superlative.

Letter from Dick Eney, 417 Ft Hunt Road, Alexandria, Virginia. "I dug the cover instantly, just from knowing that the Dietzes had been over there..did I ever tell you about the scene at the Detention when Frank laid down his camera & light assembly for a moment and George Nims Raybin sprang up with a cry and turned it on him full blast and came near shrivelling him up like unto a moth in a flame? No, I prob'ly didn't. I wonder whether it would be worth while to tabulate the stories which dismiss fandom as analogous to various mental disorders? Last FAPA mailing Harry Warner presented the idea that fandom was caused by a hypnotist's activities, and now Bob Leman just reverses that notion. Not to mention George Locke's equation of at least one feature of fandom with narcotics addiction. (There's still this uneasy feeling that my medical dictionary is slightly outdated and there really is a group of chemicals called poetines, just as there really is a crottyl alcohol for you-know-what kind of greeps.)"

Dec 9th Apr 14 mailed today - and so we start again... Also had a letter enclosing a sub from Richard Bergeron, 110 Bank St, New York City 14, N Y, USA, who is making a welcome comeback to fandom. Send him zines - you might get some artwork back. If you do you'll find it worth having.

Dec 12th Letter from Harry Warner, 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Maryland. "I can't help thinking that Bob Leman's genius is most evident in the quite unimportant but fascinating matter of the names that he picks for his characters. Nobody could possibly think up nonsense-syllables that suit so magically the two principals in this little tale as he did: Prill and Vooth are perfect. The story itself is a good example of the recent outburst of yarns dealing with some kind of conspiracy for or against fandom; presumably he turned this out at just about the same time as I was writing The Fan Who Was Thirsty in Horizons and John Berry was coming up with yarns along the same line for Cry. Maybe fandom is becoming such a corporate entity that it has developed a healthy death-wish. George Locke was also much fun to read, although his little tale doesn't inspire me with any sense of deeper significances. Dean Grennell was particularly fascinating to me, because of the fact that I earn money with a camera, too, although oddly enough I've never photographed a wedding. The newspaper policy here is to leave that

form of exercise to the commercial photographers, because there are too many weddings, planned and unplanned, to give everyone a staff photographer for the ceremony. Most of the other photographers on the staff bootleg a wedding now and then because they're promised a bit of cash on the side, but I've never done it, not for the sake of scruples but because of the resulting nuisances like dunning for payment and making proofs that are good enough to convey an idea of the picture but not good enough for the new couple to retain in lieu of purchasing prints. However, it's something to keep in mind if I ever get fired or quit my job; there's no commercial photographer in Hagerstown who both is dependable enough to show up for every wedding assignment and turns out good work. Strange, how church policies vary; from other shutterbugs I've learned that the local Catholic church forbids all use of camera during any service inside the church, including weddings, with or without flash, while the Protestant churches aren't so fussy. Apparently it is the other way round in Wisconsin. It is good to see some support for my jeremiads about the peyote and mescaline material. I strongly suspect that the article in Fijagh could have gotten Dick into trouble, if a postal inspector had been looking, and my inclusion among the contributors to the issue might have caused me an uncomfortable hour or two. And Terry Carr's letter is incredibly similar to things that I said in Oopsla!, although he couldn't have seen my column before writing to you; we both even cited the same case of mistaken focal point identity, Quandry."

EUSTACE 1 - Mike Moorcock, 30 Benhill Wood Rd, Sutton, Surrey - no sub rate, but send a letter or something. This can't really be classed as a first issue because Mike has had plenty of experience with Burroughsiana etc. The material is fairly average - nothing bad, nothing very brilliant - except perhaps for a lovely mickey-taking advert on the inside back cover. This, tho' not up to the standard of the adverts Mike has done in OMPA with the assistance of Jim Cawthorne, is nonetheless very funny. Eustace is definitely a fanzine to watch.

JD-ARGASSY 48, 49 & 50 - Lynn A Hickman, Box 184, Napoleon, Ohio - 12 for \$1. 48 sports a lovely cover by Barr (multilith process is far better than duplicating as far as illos are concerned) and the material is by Bob Madle (Pt 8 of his London Trip) and letter writers. 49 has more letters, Detention photos by Walt Cole, book and magazine news by Les Gerber and editorial-type chatter. 50 is a small item, all by Lynn. JD-A is beautifully produced and the more issues I get the more pleasure I gain from reading them. It's a sort of cross between a generalzine and a news-&-chatter zine. Get it.

There was a party laid on over at the nursery that Nicki goes to, and naturally we all had to attend (complete with camera and tape-recorder). While the mothers were looking after the children and giving them tea etc, the fathers - and in my case uncle by adoption - were in another room knocking back whiskey. There's something basically unfair about parenthood. As it happened the ladies managed to join us after a while. When the party broke up I dashed off to Ella Parker's place to check on the electrical supply and other items essential to the organising of a club party the following weekend. Arrived about 9pm, had a good long fannish type natter, and left about 11pm just as Alan Rispin arrived. He'd been hitchhiking his way to spend the weekend in London...

Dec 14th This turned out to be one of those fanzine days, tho' there were a couple or three letters in. Jeff Wanshell commented on Nos 12 and 13 as did Fred Smith. Letters appreciated but comments dated, so press on.

FANAC 47 - Carr & Ellik - Main subject is the 59 Phillycon, but there are almost three other pages full of the happenings of (mainly) USA fandom. With this issue came Hobgoblin 1, Terry's letter-of-comment substitute. Intention is that he will use it to comment on/review a couple or so fanzines at a time in more detail than he would normally have in Fanac. Intention well handled.

THE SICK ELEPHANT 11 - George Wells, Box 486, Riverhead, New York, USA -10¢. Each issue I've seen so far has been an improvement. This doesn't mean the zine has got very far yet but at least its moving. Someday.....

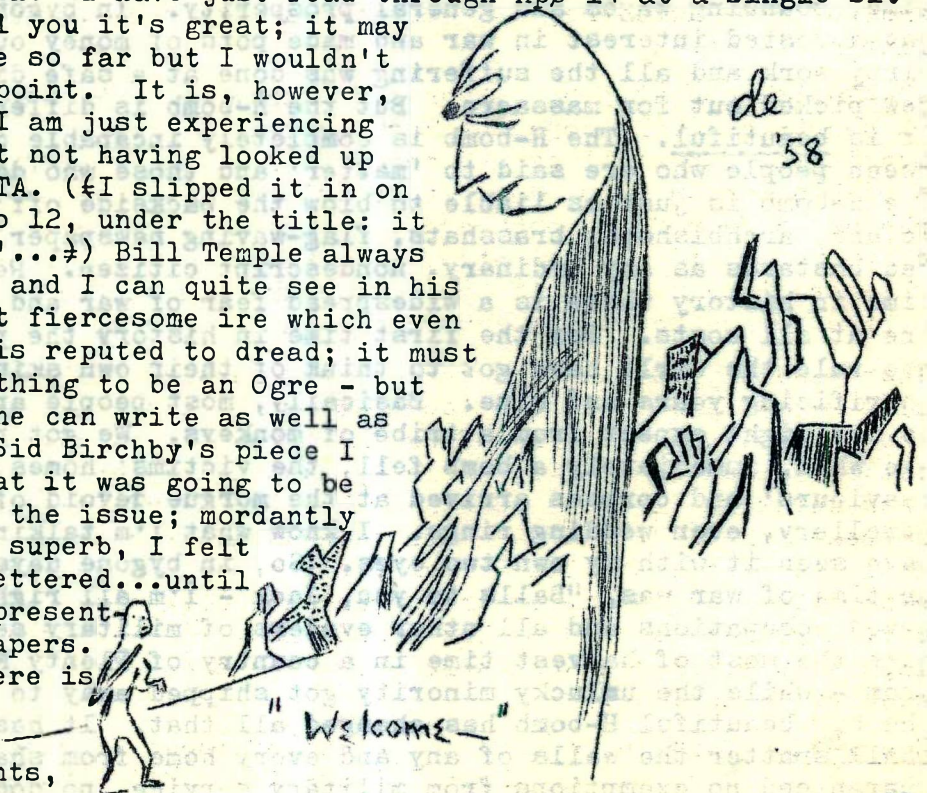
THE DEVIL'S MOTORBOAT - Nick Falasca, 5610 Warwick Dr, Parma 29, Ohio, USA
If you get this you will see, from the bacover, that I gave No 1 a good review. It deserved it. I review fanzines as separate from the persons responsible for them, unless they insist on making the zine simply an echo of themselves. No 2 is enjoyable in parts but not, by any means, upto the standard of No 1. The major item is a sort of description of the Nunnery whose solarium has apparently encompassed such diverse objects as a Christmas tree and marajuana plants.

YANDRO 82 - Coulsons - This is practically a letter column, 12 out of 20 (counting the cover) pages being so utilized. There's a lot packed in them.

S-F TIMES 327 - Taurasi - Apart from the pro-news there's a report on the London Symposium and an announcement that Bob Madle will be handling fan news in future. This is a good move.

Dec 15th Letter from Don Allen, 12 Briar Edge, Forest Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 12, enclosing some cartoons and saying that Apé 14 had arrived about the time he was getting ready to comment on No 13....

Letter from Mal Ashworth. "I have just read through Apé 14 at a single sitting and I want to tell you it's great; it may even be your best issue so far but I wouldn't care to insist on the point. It is, however, certainly excellent. I am just experiencing minor pangs of shame at not having looked up the meaning of APORRHETA. (I slipped it in on the contents page of No 12, under the title: it is 'esoteric doctrines'....) Bill Temple always writes extremely well, and I can quite see in his piece the seeds of that fiercesome ire which even the redoubtable Chuck is reputed to dread; it must be a proud and lonely thing to be an Ogre - but probably worth it if one can write as well as that. When I came to Sid Birchby's piece I was quite convinced that it was going to be the very best thing in the issue; mordantly brilliant, grotesquely superb, I felt sure it could not be bettered...until I read Harry Warner's presentation of the Payette Papers. These were superb. There is something in Payette's style that reminds of one of the old Insurgents, possibly Ray Nelson, mixed,



maybe, with a dash of Rich Kirs. The result is beyond description and I only hope there is more to come. It is one of the best things I have read in a fanzine for a long time, full of piquant things like 'Love among the religious must be obnoxious'. Encore."

Letter from Eric Frank Russell. "Dear Bro. Sanderson: Thank you very much for Apé 14 which I have enjoyed reading. Don't know how you do it - obviously it isn't excess energy due to abstaining from what some delicately refer to as THAT. I read with great sympathy the letters from Dr Hammet and Bill Temple, then decided I must be schizophrenic. Sentimentally I'm 100% with them, realistically I ain't. Seems to me, from the latter viewpoint, that their arguments are based upon a highly debatable premise, namely, that the human race is worth saving. But is it? And, if so, for what? Suppose a hundred years hence humanity goes even crazier than it is already and wipes itself out to the last man, woman and child, would it really matter a damn? You and I and every other reader of Apé wouldn't care a hoot, being already dead anyway. The people of that time wouldn't care a hoot either, being equally dead. The earth would continue to circle the sun, the stars would continue to shine as impassively and indifferently as before. I can't see that our absence from the cosmos would make the slightest bit of difference to the general scheme of things. So far as we know there aren't any Lunar-ians, not a single one of them. The lack has never bothered me and certainly doesn't worry the faraway inhabitants of a thousand million galaxies. A sudden and total lack of Terrans would have equally as little real significance. Again from the realistic viewpoint it seems to me that there's a lot to be said in favour of the H-bomb. All conventional weapons are highly selective; they tend to kill or maim only a proportion of the public specially selected for slaughter while the rest enjoy full employment, bags of overtime, bounding wages and general prosperity. In bygone days plenty of people had a vested interest in war and made pots of money out of it while all the dirty work and all the suffering was done at a safe distance by a relative few picked out for massacre. But the H-bomb is different, it is democratic, it is beautiful. The H-bomb is completely incapable of differentiating between people who are said to 'matter' and those who don't matter, poor sods. The H-bomb is just as liable to blow the backside off war profiteers, politicians, archbishops, brasshats, flag-waving newspaper owners and other assorted bastards as any ordinary, nondescript citizen. Result: for the first time in history there is a widespread fear of war and a real desire to avoid one at all costs. For the first time in history the pot-bellied bastards who rule the world have got to think of their own skins instead of gaily sacrificing yours and mine. Basically, most people are selfish and greedy, as one might expect from a tribe of monkeys. We got proof of it not so long ago when, immediately a bomb fell, the victims' homes were looted by their 'saviours' and corpses arrived at the morgue devoid of cash and every item of jewellery, even wedding rings. I know what I'm talking about man, because I have seen it with my own two eyes. So, in bygone days, the national motto in time of war was, "Balls to you, Jack - I'm all right!" The boys in reserved occupations and all other evaders of military service settled down to make the most of harvest time in a country of Plenty More Where That Came From - while the unlucky minority got shipped away to roll in the blood. But the big beautiful H-bomb has changed all that. It has ensured that the blood shall spatter the walls of any and every home from shanty to palace. It has guaranteed no exemptions from military service, no dodgers, no evaders. It has created Equality of Sacrifice. And in doing so it's about the only thing

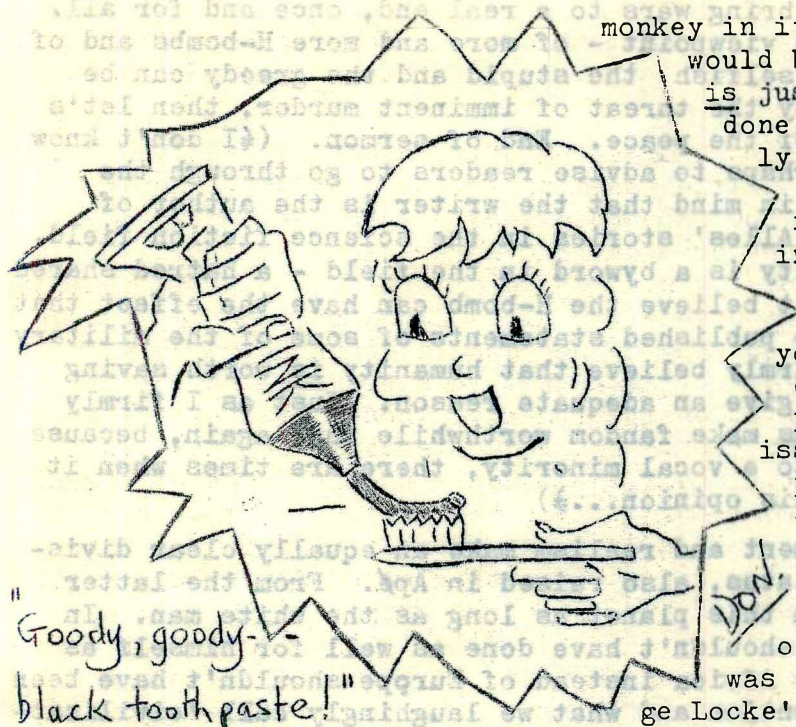
of which I can think that might bring wars to a real end, once and for all. I'm wholly in favour - from this viewpoint - of more and more H-bombs and of bigger and better ones. If the selfish, the stupid and the greedy can be made to really want peace only by the threat of imminent murder, then let's endure the threat for the sake of the peace. End of sermon. (¶I don't know what to say on this - except perhaps to advise readers to go through the letter again, this time keeping in mind that the writer is the author of some of the best 'Earthmen Uber Alles' stories in the science fiction field. Also one whose hatred of Authority is a byword in the field - a hatred shared by most fans. Personally I don't believe the H-bomb can have the effect that Eric credits to it - witness the published statements of some of the military gentlemen in the USA. I also firmly believe that humanity is worth saving tho' I would be hard pressed to give an adequate reason. Just as I firmly believe that the majority of fans make fandom worthwhile tho' again, because of the greater publicity given to a vocal minority, there are times when it would be difficult to justify this opinion...¶)

Still with EFR's letter: "Sentiment and realism make an equally clear division on that question of negro status, also raised in Apr. From the latter viewpoint, the negro has been on this planet as long as the white man. In theory there's no reason why he shouldn't have done as well for himself as has the white man, no reason why Africa instead of Europe shouldn't have been the cradle of art, science, invention and what we laughingly call 'civilization.' But the negro has done nothing for himself, not a goddam thing. Even educated negroes have gained benefit directly or indirectly from the white man's work and knowledge. If a negro has not been educated by white men he's been educated by negro teachers who were themselves educated by white men. Any sentimentalist who wants to argue the so-called 'equality' of negroes should go take a long, careful look at independent negro republics such as Liberia, Dominica and Haiti where, at a date which is as much the twentieth century for them as for us, the outstanding characteristics are dirt, poverty and ignorance. Sentiment tells me that all men are equal in the eyes of God. Realism tells me that this is crap, Nature herself created them unequal and of different colours. For all I know a thousand or ten thousand years hence the negro may be superior to the white man, Nature having created him a slow but sure developer. But that is in the realms of speculation. One can only look at today - and today the negro isn't even equal. For myself, I like to regard a negro as a fellow human being with the same fundamental right to courtesy; but I don't kid myself he's the same as me anymore than if I were a pekinese and he was a poodle. When a peke and a poodle meet they don't have to bark at each other and, even if they barked until they choked, the peke would remain a peke and the poodle would remain a poodle. Bless you."

Dec 16th Letter from Harry Turner, 10 Carlton Ave, Romiley, Cheshire.

"Thanx for the latest Apr. Was tickled by the Berry tale, amused by Sid's reactions to the Opies and The Bomb, skipped the lecture on drugs, read through Hammet & Temple with nods of agreement, nodded off during Locke's Trufan-type piece (the pre-occupation with W.C.'s and purgatives was rather boring!), had my interest roused again by Harry Warner, and endorsed Joy's sentiments on World Refugee Year. How's that? But you still don't get me back in Fandom....."

Letter from Joe Patrizio, 72 Glenvarloch Cresc, Edinburgh 9. "I don't know how he keeps it up but Atom's cover was great. I'll bet he got in touch with Cape Canaveral and convinced them that they should send up a rocket with a



monkey in it just so that his Apr cover would be topical. George Locke's story is just about the best thing he has done. The whole story was beautifully developed and it held up from beginning to end. George is rapidly becoming one of the leading lights in British fandom. H-bombs, radiation etc - I feel that there is some danger in you boring your readers if you continue to push forward the same points expressed in the same way, issue after issue. (A few other people made much the same comment - which is why major topics of the last couple of issues are being given only minimal mention in this issue. They'll be back, of course...)

Your 'City' column was very funny indeed. Good as George Locke's story was, Harry Warner again

takes top spot in the mag. Let's hope you get him to write a lot more about Payette. Dean Grennell brings up an interesting point - it may be that other interests don't have the active fandom that sf has because these others have an abundance of pro material, whereas sf has not. I imagine that the original fans, fed up with the lack of their favourite fiction, started writing their own, then one or two of them got together and the system just stuck. I once knew a man who might be described as a trufan, detective-story-wise. All his spare time was spent writing these stories, and often he'd come in and ask if such and such a poison was tasteless, or some other such gruesome question. He kept on sending these stories to pro-zines, but he told me the only thing he ever had published was a poem, I feel there's a moral here somewhere. I can't imagine him as a member of a detective fiction fandom, I'm sure he'd always be scared someone would steal his latest plot. Personally I'm glad fandom exists, no matter why. You have probably heard that L Ron Hubbard has found a new hobby; plant psychology. Well we were given the honour of seeing Elron on 'Tonight'. (TV program). He showed us a geranium and demonstrated its death throes via a galvanometer, this after the plant had been moved around a bit and a leaf pulled off, then he predicted that it would be dead within 30 hours. He went on to say that he had proved plants feel pain and that when a tree has a branch torn off it's the same agony for it as for a man when he gets his arm torn off, but he went on to say that when you take a bite out of an apple the apple only feels extreme anxiety. And he looks such a nice chap..."

Letter from Ian R McAulay, Ballycorus Grange, Kiltarnan, Co Dublin, Eire. "George Locke's piece I only liked here and there throughout its enormous length; perhaps the subtler nuances were lost on me. If so, I suppose the yarn could be described as having a high nuance value. Warner's contribution was the most enjoyable item in Apr 14 for me, and I'm looking forward to the long piece by him. PF made me feel as if I hardly read sf at all; I could only place five of her quotations, so I shouldn't think I'd qualify as a

first class reader. I might have got another one or two by rereading my collection, but if I'd done that you wouldn't have got this letter of comment quite so quickly."

Letter from Terry Jeeves, 58 Sharrard Grove, Sheffield 12. "I enjoyed George Locke's piece, but thought it a trifle too long for the subject. Topical however - only this morning the BBC announced that Stonehenge was NOT built by the Druids, and that the Slaughter Stone and Altar Stone were only named that way by over-zealous archaeologists - they didn't say WHO built the thing so maybe there were fans in those days after all? Doc Hammet proved interesting and since he's arguing about the H-bomb and is definitely actively against it, I'll go on that. I didn't agree with his blame of scientists for indulging in human experimentation in Germany. Those particular scientists were wrong and their excuses poor. But the scientists who made the bomb are on a slightly different plane. They didn't use it on other humans as a unique chance for experimentation. If you blame them you may as well blame car manufacturer's, hammer makers, and any one else who makes 'harmless' things which can be perverted to mass (or single) murder. On the other hand I agree with Doc that results stemming from atomic tests have been played down as regards build-up of radiation hazards. Temple's letter was much more a diatribe against Calkins than against any H-bomb. Temple confuses his semantics by giving another definition of a scientist - imaginative humble and creative - provided his creation is not destructive - which again rules out the inventors of radar (used to direct guns), the aqualung (frogmen use it in warfare), and even the long lost 'genius' who invented the wheel (used in most war devices). Cure humankind of its phobias, and then worry about individuals such as 'scientists'. #George Locke removed any remaining sympathy I ever had for home-drug kits."

Dec 17th POLNODE 2 - E. R. Meskys, 723A 45 St, Brooklyn 20, NY, USA - 3 for 25¢. This is actually a NAPazine (N3F APA formed recently) and is the first I've seen. NAPA is probably one of the best ideas the N3F have had for some time - I hope it works out well. Polhode is written entirely by the editor, is interesting, and can be likened to most average zines sent out in the first year of a new APA.

Dec 19th NOMAD 2 - George Jennings, 11121 Tascosa Dr, Dallas, Texas - no sub rate but certainly send a letter or something. I didn't see No 1 - No 2 carries material by Jennings, Donaho and Stewart and it sports a fairly lengthy lettercol. The atmosphere is informal and chatty and enjoyable. Green ink on green paper is most readable. Don't forget to send that letter...

Letter from Ted Forsyth, 139 Buccleuch St, Edinburgh 8, Scotland. "George Locke's story - Bravo! Ole! Encore! The only thing which displeased me was the slightly complicated method used in investigating the hole. I believe the following attack is often used by the experts. Firstly, dig up some material and empty it into the hole. Repeat this action until the hole is completely filled. You will then find that the hole has moved over to the position at which you were digging. By repeated application of this procedure one can manoeuvre the hole into a well-lit position where it can be examined at leisure. An experienced operative will, of course, obtain his initial material from beneath the nearest bright young thing and will not require a repeat performance. ## Take-over Bid - do I sell all my London shares? ## Fandoms - If production of an amateur magazine is a sign of the fannish spir-

it then I think there may be some latent fans in Edinburgh. During the recent printing strike several schoolboys (about 12 years old) decided that they would beat the stoppage of their comics by producing one of their own. They drew the pictures themselves and sold copies of the finished comics to their eager customers. I don't know whether they used a duplicator but they deserved to make a profit anyway! Did you see Hubbard on TV? During the program he clipped a galvanometer to a healthy-looking Geranium and immediately announced that the flower would be dead within 34 hours. On the meter were the words For Scientological Clearing! Beware! If a friend tells you that his plants this year are weak he may mean morally weak! Make sure that you publish the answers to PFs quiz. I can identify one or two, can recognise a few others without being able to quote titles, and I'm lost on the remainder. Let's hold the next con in Crete then we can call it ConCrete." (Ouch...)

Dec 21st Letter from Sid Birchby, 1 Gloucester Ave, Levenshulme, Manchester 19, who congratulated Atom on the setting he designed for the Cursery Rhymes. Goes on..."Warner's 'Payette Papers' was a fine job and whether or not the character does exist makes no difference. To me he lives. More please. Dean Grennell on para-fandom was right about ham radio; that I do know from my own slight contact with the fraternity. The term he uses ('hamdon') is actually current (see for instance the American magazine of amateur radio, "QST"). The difference between our fandom and theirs is chiefly that they get a lot more support from the commercial press."

Letter from Alan Rispin, 35 Lyndhurst Avenue, Higher Irlam, Manchester. "George Locke seems to have reached a fabulous high peak in faa-an fiction. I hope he can go better still. I think the absolute best part of the issue was Sid Birchby's marvellous poetry. It's not often I flip over fanpoetry but this was some excuse! I particularly liked the bottom of page 24... Your Financial Section was well worth waiting for. World Refugee Year is okay but I'd much rather send my money direct to a DP Camp in Austria. I don't fancy my money contributing to some official's petrol expenses as he travels up and down the country telling everyone to pay up for the poor unfortunates, having a ball himself while he does same! Do you know of any camp's address directly? I'd feel much more at ease if I was certain that the money would go to those who need it. (A number of readers raised this point, and my own feelings are normally very similar. It's amazing how cynical you can become about these things when you attend Pay Parade for weeks on end and find a different collecting box there each time. However, a vast number of workers for WRY are not paid - salary or expenses - but give up their time voluntarily. Then there are those who have to be paid, the ones employed at the Camps themselves in Europe. One final point - if somebody didn't give up their time to organise the WRY then the problem would never be solved, would it?...?) PF has put me on the spot because the only quote I can recognise is the fabulous last line of ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ (Arthur C Clarke's...) 'Nine Billion Names of God' which was No 4. No 1 is from some story which entails a whole block taking to the air as an alien Spaceship - from Galaxy. I fancy No 7 was from Heinlein's Future History series?

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ - CRY 134 - The Goon Goes West is being printed in bigger installments...34 pages in this issue! It's approaching epic proportions and John Berry actually arrives at the Detention. His report on the event will be in the next issue... There are 19 pages of other material - mainly letters - and the whole damned magazine is fabulous. I'd like to urge everyone to get it - the only trouble being I don't want increased circulation to fold it...

Dec 22nd FANNY 1 - Anders S froberg, Skolhusallen 1, Sundsvall, Sweden & Ake Hansson, Sallerupsvagen 28A, Malmo C, Sweden - 7 for \$1. Most of this is in Swedish but as is usual with European zines these days a number of pages are in English. This is a trend to be encouraged. I have a feeling that most response to European fanzines actually comes from the UK and the USA, rather than from the native country? Send an International Reply Coupon for a sample...

Dec 23rd Left for Manchester in the evening to spend Christmas with my parents. It was purely a family affair - nothing fannish.....

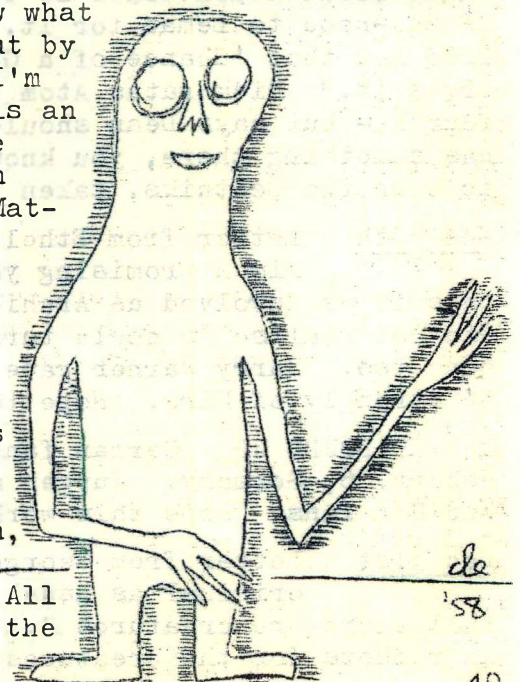
Dec 27th Left Manchester for Inchmery in the evening. Arrived late at night and left the accumulated mail until...

Dec 28th PHLOTSAM 12 - Phyllis H Economou, 2416 East Webster Place, Milwaukee 11, Wisconsin. This is really a FAPazine but now and then Phyllis runs off spares and expands her mailing list. Material is by Grennell and Morse and of course the editor herself. The FAPA mailing comments are quite enjoyable even from the viewpoint of one who has only seen a few of the magazines mentioned. I like being on the mailing list. And you?

FANAC 48 - Carr & Ellick (Terry's new address is c/o Poul & Karen Anderson, 1906 Grove St, Berkely 9, California). Main news is the fact that the move to get the Worldcon in New York in 64 has been cancelled. Present plans call for a regional con... There's also a report on the TAFF turnaround and lots of other items

SF TIMES 328 - Taurasi - In addition to the New York/64 switch mentioned above there's a report that Sam Moskowitz's sf articles will continue in Fantastic SF Stories. This is the series that is being done over here in Ted Carnell's Science Fantasy.

TWIG ILLUSTRATED (15) & TWIG 16 & 17 - Guy E Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St, Boise, Idaho - 20¢ or trades welcome. Twig is one of the most beautifully produced fanzines I've ever seen. I don't know what spirit duplicating is like for staying power but by God it looks terrific when you first get it. I'm not always in favour of Adkins artwork but he is an expert at putting art on master in colour. The Atom cartoons included in No 15 are superior in reproduction than anything I've seen before. Material in No 15 is by Honey Wood, Leman, Bloch, Terry Carr, Adkins, Wyszowski and the editor. All very readable. No 16 drops the use of the word 'Illustrated' and Adkins from the staff. The material isn't quite upto the standard of the previous issue and a lot of space is given over to letters from Ted White following on his too hasty panning of the zine in Void. No 17 is really back in top form with some wonderful illos and material from Gregg Calkins, Caughran, Berry, Koning, Rod Frye and Terwilleger (a first class report on the Seattle Westercon). All well worth reading - my only complaint is that the system of lettering used for titles made them difficult to read. A small point... Get this.



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Letter from Jim Groves. "George Locke's story was brilliant! I particularly liked the first paragraph and the description of the sampling method. For ghod's sake keep him at it. Bill Temple should lay off the scientists' ethics, they are in the same condition as everybodies - bloody deplorable! It just shows more. I can't see why people get het up about the "excess population" - such excesses take care of themselves - they die - messy but that's the way the universe runs."

Letter from Pete Singleton, 10 Emily St, Burnley, Lancs. "On most occasions that I read a really long faanish item I curl up and go to sleep before I'm half-way through (this especially applies while reading in bed - a very convenient place for reading long boring articles and Vargo Statten). Not the case, though, with George Locke's true masterpiece which deservedly has the lead spot. This surpasses his earlier 'Cover Story' and that's really putting it high. I spent an absorbing amount of time with PFs story extracts. The one that truly rang a bell was No 4 which I'm reasonably certain was from ACC's 'Nine Billion Names Of God'. Right? Strangely enough even though I vaguely remember all of the extracts I can't directly associate them with stories and authors - and I won't sleep nights until the mysteries are resolved."

Postcard from Archie Mercer. "I must just tell you that Apé 14 is superlative - which for an Apé means not far short of all-time perfection. The running of the Locke story in one installment is heartily approved. Take-over bid for L.S. - croggles me, this does, but I wish I could think he'd be similarly croggled by it."

14-page handwritten letter from Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Mich. The first six pages cover a description of a TV play that was of interest to me, but I doubt if the readers are much concerned. He goes on to say that Apé seems more relentless than fun - dunno, I get fun out of doing it. Anyway Dick says it's indispensable or something. He goes on "The piece that I remember best of all in No 13 is the Leman story. I've read the blasted thing about seven times so far and it still sounds good. The golden wreath of BNF-hood to Leman for it. I wonder if it'll have the same charm a year from now that 'Chance of a Ghost' by Bob Shaw has for me right now? It deserves it." Dick rates Atom in second place, Warner in third and Grennell in fourth - but says Dean should concentrate on getting another Grue out - he has something there, you know. Dean? Enclosed with the letter was an article on the Beatniks, taken from 'Life' - many thanks for this, Dick.

Dec 30th Letter from Ethel Lindsay. "Real George - guess we can't call him a promising young man no more, he has arrived! I do believe this is as involved as Archie's sea saga in OMPA. Sid Birchby amazes me. I did not realise he could turn out verses like this. Atom's illos were well done too. Harry Warner gave a fascinating glimpse of a man's mind. Reminds me strongly of Kirs. Hope to see more of this."

MUNICH ROUND UP - German fanzine put out by Jurgen vom Scheidt, Munchen 13, Hebstr. 6, Germany. Jurgen speaks of putting out an English edition for UK and USA fans. Hope this works out.

Dec 31st Letter from George Spencer. "Atom's cover was entertaining and original as usual, but also oddly thought-provoking. Could it be that there are creatures Out There who mistake the test animals we send up in rockets for the creatures who developed them? I can just see frustrated

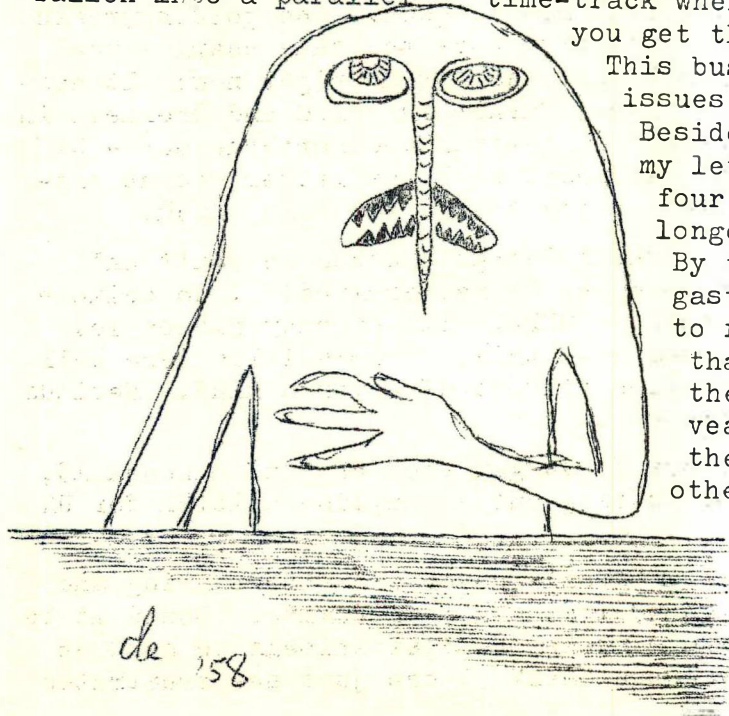
Martian scientists trying to develop intelligence tests for rats and monkeys - crying "They're hiding something!!" George Locke's material was fine, but I keep having a niggling thought that it's not all coming through to me. He is one of those authors who can and should be read on several different levels at the same time. Every now and then I catch some bits of symbolism lurking in his prose, and have to stop and think them out... The Payette Papers was/were very fine. Reading those letters made me glad that I travel (physically, at least) in rather enlightened circles. Payette reminded me of the agonizing mental torture suffered by people who find themselves surrounded by dolts and fundamentalists - that horrible feeling of apartness. He also seems to exhibit that strange resultant mental dichotomy of not knowing whether he is more enlightened or more depraved or both... I loved Birchby's Cursery Rhymes. Here's a couple of my own:

I was steering a course
On my 10-legged horse
The countryside to see.
And -- Bless my soul!
We fell in the hole
Where Pittsburgh used to be.

Hi-diddle-diddle
The cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon.
It had to you know,
For the blast knocked it so.
I think we'll have cow fall-out soon.

Is it just my imagination, or is Berry's vocabulary really increasing? I actually stumbled across several multi-syllabic words in his article. That fellow who came over here was too literate a chap to be the John we know and love... I'm just kidding, of course. John's frustrations as an on-the-road Romeo have aroused my sympathies. I shall suggest in the proper circles that a new credit-card club be organised to satisfy the appetites of gentlemen on the road. As for his difficulties with reclining seats, all I can say is that the same thing happens in certain buses. The person ahead of you decides to lean back a wee bit, and suddenly you find their head in your lap, their eyes staring upside-down into yours and wondering if they haven't fallen into a parallel time-track where everything is upside-down. I hope you get the Fan Diary back in shape soon.

This business of printing letters several issues late isn't a very good practice. Besides, I invariably find that if one of my letters is printed more than three or four months after it was written I no longer agree with what I said at the time. By the way, you mention that "Flabbergaste" is a stateside fan who 'promises to reveal himself shortly.' I suggest that you warn this fan to take care of the manner in which he does so. Revealing one's self in public is against the law... Yes, Dean, there are many other fandoms. There's even Murder Fandom; Mafia for short. Its members are often kind enough to go out of their way to introduce non-members to this type of fandom; This is done by taking them for rides..."



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TO BE CONTINUED.

...trying to develop intelligence tests for rats and monkeys - saying "They're kidding something!" George Locke's material was fine, but I keep having a nagging thought that it's not all coming through to me. He is one of those authors who can and should be read on several different levels at the same time. Every now and then I catch some bit of symbolism looking in his prose, and have to stop and think them out... The Payette letters were very fine. Reading those letters made me glad that I travel physically, at least) in rather enlightened circles. Payette reminded me of the agonizing mental torture suffered by people who find themselves surrounded by logic and fundamentalists - that horrible feeling of being trapped. He also seems to exhibit that strange resultant mental disorder of not knowing whether he is more enlightened or more depraved or both... I loved Gladys's letter, Thomas. Here's a couple of my own:

Hi-Jiddle-diddle
The cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon
It had to you know,
For the glass knocked it so.
I think we'll have now fall-out soon.

I am sleeping a course
On my 10-legged horse
The countryside to see.
And a glass of scotch
We fell in the hole
Where it's enough used to be.

It is that imagination, or the Perry's vocabulary really fascinating? I certainly noticed across several multi-syllabic words in his article. That letter was over here was too literate a chap to be the John he knew and loved. The last thing of course. John's translation on an on-the-road home that showed my sympathies. I shall suggest in the proper circles that a new multi-syllabic word be organized to signify the neglect of families on the road. As for his difficulties with reading letters, all I can say is that the same thing happens in certain cases. The person ahead of you, whether he know, took a wee bit, and suddenly you find their head in your lap. They even start spouting down into yours and wondering if they haven't fallen into a gully! time-track where everything is upside-down. I hope you for the Pan Dicky bath in usage soon.

These business of reading letters several letters late and a very good practice. Besides, I invariably find that all one of my letters is printed more than three or four months after it was written. I no longer agree with what I said at the time by the way. You mention that "Perry's" is a statistician who "promises to reveal himself eventually". I suspect that you want this far to take care of the manner in which he does so. He's veiling one's self to points is against the law... Yes, I know there are many other landmarks. There's even further down; Matis for whom the members are often kind enough to go out of their way to introduce non-members to this type of landmark. This is done by taking them for a ride.

