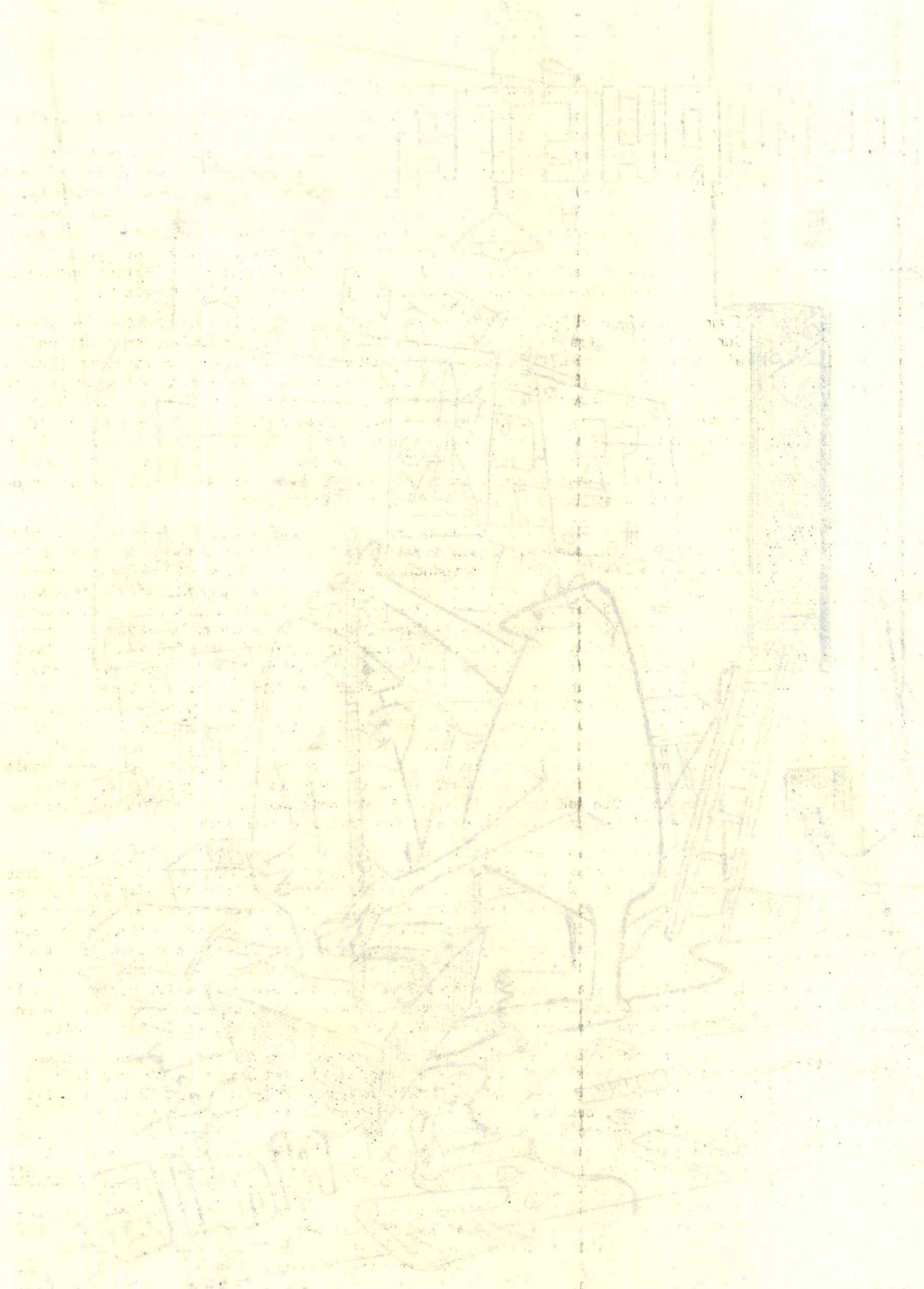


APPORRHETA





1960
March/April

APORRHETA - 16

CONTENTS

Cover by ATOM	
Editorial.....	P 3
And Pare Her Nails by Harry Warner Jr.....	P 4
Apidiascope 2 by Viné Clarke.....	P15
The Old Mill Stream by Penelope Fandergaste.....	P16
The Li'l Pitcher by Joy K Clarke.....	P20
Atom's A to Z by Arthur Thomson.....	P23
About TAFF.....	P24
Bare Survival of a Salesman by Ken Potter.....	P25
The Badger That Now & Then by Dean A Grennell.....	P28
Inchmery Fan Diary by H P Sanderson.....	P30

This issue sees the end of the Atom feature "A to Z", and I thought I couldn't let the moment pass without acknowledging my thanks - and those of a majority of the readers - to him for the work he has put into it and the enjoyment he has given us all. Thanks, Arthur.

This issue of Ape is brought to you by the kind permission of Her Royal Highness Nicki I, and it is published by her --- sorry, Her sycophantic yes men. Duplication is by Viné Clarke than whom there is none. His patient manipulation of the duplicator is a beautiful thing to see.

Stencil cutting is by the editor. He hates the job but is masochistic. You knew?

The number in this space is the

9999
last you will receive, unless.

EDITORIAL - FANDOM IS A WAY OF COMMUNICATION

I don't want to start more discussion on the value to fandom of fanzine, club and convention fans because I am sure you are heartily sick of the subject. Labels are all very well but the three mentioned above have been talked to death and are now more liable to confuse than clarify. The activities of most fans tend to overlap, and there is room in fandom for all forms of activity. At the same time I think it will be generally agreed that most of the communication within fandom is carried out by "fanzine" fans. It is true that very many USA "club/convention" fans communicate with their equivalent types in this country by letters and tapes, but such communication is limited and most of each country's knowledge of the other is gained through fanzines.

I am, myself, a clubfan (NSFC, London Circle, SFCOL) and convention fan (Man-Con Committee, SuperManCon Committee, 1957 WorldCon Committee, in addition to attending many others), but my major activity has always been fanzines (Editor of FEZ, OMNIBUS, BLUNT, CLAUSE, APE, together with the coming 4th year as OMPA Treasurer) and I am generally considered to be more of a "fanzine" fan than anything else - a good example of 'label confusion'. A more correct way of explaining is to say I am a fan, majoring in fanzines. All of this is a lead to the fact that as a result of my "fanzine" bias I have a tendency to think of fandom as a way of communication. But it takes two to tango, two to argue and two to communicate. Take Ted Pauls, for instance.

Now I know very little about Pauls other than that a couple of years ago, plus or minus several months, he was a very promising neofan making his entry into the fanzine world under the guidance of Ted White. I know what Pauls looked like then because there was a general air of disbelief on his first appearance - with some fans half-suspecting a "White" hoax - and in reply Pauls included a photo of himself in one of his fanzines. Yes, Pauls became a "fanzine" publisher very quickly and I received copies of HI, DHOG, and THE PHANTOM. Most of this early stuff was pretty cruddy but the potentialities were there and I sent him Apé in exchange and gave encouraging reviews. The first mention of his fanzine DISJECTA MEMBRA indicated that Pauls was improving - and maybe he did. I don't know because I never received a single copy of DM. I now see that DHOG is up to No 29 or 30 but I've had none since No 18. And for all I know he might have other titles. I haven't had as many as 50 pages from Pauls since he entered fandom, the last of which arrived on 28 April 1959. After sending his 10th Apé in May 1959, with no response, he was regretfully dropped from the mailing list and there has been silence ever since.

You will, of course, appreciate that I am not concerned at losing a reader. Others have disappeared while the circulation has steadily climbed. What does concern me is the fact that this neo-cum-hothouse-BNF has now established himself as an authority on Sanderson, ready to tell everyone what they should or should not do about me. Again, I have no objection to anyone holding or expressing an opinion about me, but I would prefer it to be the result of direct contact and not of other people's second-hand opinions. And I would prefer the opinion to reach me directly rather than through some third party. Due to lack of communication between us my opinion of Pauls is also second-hand - one of the reasons I've never voiced it. It's a pity he hasn't followed suit.

I could never understand why Pauls stopped sending his fanzines and stopped showing an interest in Apé. At the time it was not important - he was free to form his own opinions and if he didn't like the zine that was that. I still don't know why, but now it is important because it appears that he holds some very strong opinions and I'd like to know where he got them from. I certainly didn't give him any direct cause for them. The only thing I can imagine is that Pauls is still at the hero-worshipping stage and (Continued on Page 51)

Aporrheta is edited and published by H P Sanderson on behalf of Inchmery Fandom. Duplication is by Viné Clarke, stencilling, collating and all like that there by the editor. Address is "Inchmery" 236 Queens Road, New Cross, London S E 14. Cost is 1/6 (20¢) per copy, 8/- (£1) for 6, 15/- (£2) for 12. Trades are welcome, contributions urgently required, letters essential. Fin.

Author's Note: This is a revised, expanded, and conceivably improved version of an article that appeared originally in the Summer 1957 issue of Horizons. Its circulation was restricted to FAPA members in its original form. This second version contains several unacknowledged sections that are based on comments by other FAPA members, following the original appearance.



AND PARE
HER NAILS

BY

HARRY WARNER JNR

The Bible is not generally used as source material for adventure story and science fiction writers. Maybe that's unfortunate, because some sections of the Old Testament give evidence that the writers had considerably more acquaintance with the facts of life than today's and yesterday's pulp fiction authors. For instance, you'll find the advice somewhere in the Bible to shave the heads and pare the nails of captive women. I have not encountered such proceedings in any prozine story in the 20th century. Failure of today's writers to observe such elementary precautions when handling captured heroines or villainesses set me to thinking about the other ways in which professional writers ignore by accident or design the very fundamentals about one important activity in almost all action fiction. There's hardly a story of life in the Old West or on the ice-covered planets of Vega or tracing a murderer down in the ruined abbey which does not contain at least one episode in which a character is subdued or rendered unconscious or held captive.

Now, I've not made a habit of knocking people senseless or putting hapless heroines into a living tomb beneath the Third National Bank. However, it takes only commonsense, a small knowledge of anatomy, and the experience that most of us get in games with children to realize that almost all adventure fiction is hopelessly unrealistic in this respect. I hope that you will accompany me on a slightly extended journey through discomfort and pain and bodily necessities, to examine more closely these inconsistencies and idiocies that turn up even in today's realistic school of detective fiction.

Very often in any story that involves physical action, the author must cause one of his characters to

subdue another character. This is needed because the plot requires an episode which would be impossible without the temporary incapacity of the subdued character to take action, or because the writer is too lazy to think up a more original way of achieving this plot twist. And, of course, in some fields of action fiction, it is traditional to end the story or movie or play with this type of episode, to make sure that the reader or spectator understands that the hero has wound up on top and the villain on the bottom.

To render a character senseless, there are certain traditional fictional media which do not exactly correspond with those in real life. The fictional preferences - not necessarily in order of popularity, are usually either a blow on the head to cause unconsciousness, choking, or the application of an anesthesia. Less popular today are the old-time uppercut to the jaw, which seems to have lost favour for no discernable reason in fiction during the past half-century, and the mickey finn, which seems to have been relegated to true confession magazines in which the innocent young girl drinks it just before abandoning that condition.

If the character has been knocked out by a blow on the skull from some blunt instrument like a blackjack or rifle stock, the traditions of the fiction writers' union immediately spring into action. They call for the felled character to possess these aftereffects when he revives: a bewilderment about what has happened which lasts for about ten seconds, a headache which throbs for five minutes and then disappears, a spot of dried blood at the site of the impact, and a habit of blinking several times to restore clear vision. It would be wonderful if these really were the effects of this type of injury.

But in real life, recovery from a blow on the head that has been severe enough to render the victim unconscious is not quite that simple. The actual aftermaths of such an injury are not often described in fiction. There may occur severe bleeding from the ears and the mouth, extensive nausea when consciousness has finally returned, an interim of hours during which the victim is striving to regain full awareness instead of the lightning-like return to the senses normally described in print, lengthy or permanent loss of memory of the events that preceded the blow, aches in the head that may last for weeks or years, inability to stand erect or walk a straight line for several days because of vertigo, and a certain loss in general muscular coordination and reflex speed. Most of us have friends or acquaintances who have been laid low by head injuries suffered in automobile accidents or falls or similar mishaps. If you've known such people, ask them how many trips they needed to the doctor before they got clean bills of health after the injury. Yet the science fiction hero or ship captain after the villain has conked him usually recuperates in a matter of minutes, then repairs the spaceship's automatic pilot from the impact of the villain's Y-ray or sails his four-master back to port in defiance of the crew that has sailed away in the lifeboats.

Of course, there's also the little matter of training that pulp fiction characters apparently have picked up somewhere to insure just the right type of blow to the noggin. Maybe there's a school for skull-bashing somewhere in the literary cloudworld, where the fictional characters learn exactly what force is needed if the blow is to be just above one ear, the necessity for striking with less force if the blow will land on the very top of the skull, and what to do about felt hats. Some such training must be given somewhere for the fiction world, because there really isn't a very wide range of force between the blow that fails to knock out a

person and the blow that produces a fatal injury to the head or at least permanent mental damage.

The blow on the head seems to be proper etiquette in fiction for use by either the good guys or the bad guys. On the other hand, rendering an individual unconscious by choking is more rigidly confined. Normally it is done only to subdue the hero or heroine. I assume that it is too nasty a way of conquering a person to be adopted by the hero, and too muscular a feat for the average heroine to accomplish. There is one exception to this particular rule, however. For some reason, when a very unimportant character, like a nameless prison guard or army private on sentry duty, must be put out of the way, it is almost always done by the choking method. I can't imagine why, because choking a person into senselessness requires more time than the other usual methods, is more likely to cause noise during the early stages, and tires out the hero much faster than most other means. In choking situations, pulp and slick fiction writers alike invariably allow the victim to regain promptly his former peppiness without making allowance for the physical effects that choking produces. An individual who has been throttled long enough to grow unconscious is a repulsive thing to look at, to begin with. Worse yet, the pressure around the neck may produce a serious hemorrhaging in the throat, rupture of blood vessels, and similar distressing effects that continue to damage the victim after the pressure has been removed. People live through choking that has rendered them unconscious, but they don't feel like exerting themselves violently for quite a while. They also have difficulty in speaking in the loud, clear tones that are often heard in the movies after one of these episodes. Shakespeare was not very careful about the way in which he mauled his characters, but he recognised the facts of the body. Othello stops suffocating Desdemona while she is still alive, and she revives long enough to speak a few final lines, but then she dies from the after-effects of her husband's attentions, in quite normal fashion.

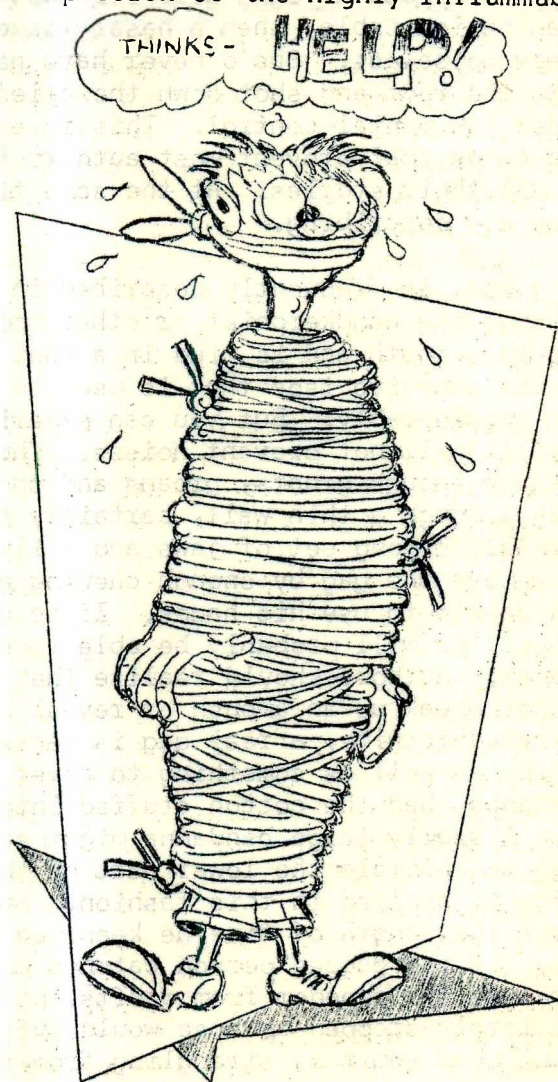
Somewhere or other, you may read about once a year that the medical profession has finally found the ideal, all-purpose anesthetic that it has been seeking for centuries. Shucks, magazine stories have known about this long-sought substance all along. You've read many times how the villain sneaks up on a character from behind, claps a liquid-soaked cloth over the nose and mouth, and has an unconscious victim in a matter of seconds. This victim, after a decent interval, then struggles back to his senses, rubs his eyes, and proceeds into his next duty in the plot in progress. This is the most unrealistic of all the fictional conventions. Chloroform and ether are probably the most popular substances used by authors for this purpose, presumably because their names are well known and they can be obtained with fair ease by characters who aren't medical men. In reality, ether is the worst possible stuff to use for this purpose. It stirs up the intended victim so much before he goes under that even the strongest villain would have trouble with the kicking and coughing; in the old days, it often needed four strong men to hold down a patient while a doctor was administering it. Vomiting and tremendous quantities of saliva are among the nastier after-effects. Chloroform is even worse. Physicians stopped using pure chloroform for anesthesia because of the quantities of patients who died of heart failure or cessation of breathing while under its influence. It can turn into phosgene, a completely deadly gas, under exposure to light and air, in certain conditions, and if that happened in a story, the author wouldn't have any characters at all remaining to complete the plot. Rene Fulop-Miller, in his book on the history of anesthesia,

"Triumph over Pain", quotes a letter from an authority on another phase of chloroform's dangers: "Delayed chloroform poisoning...is akin to the delayed death from alcohol that may supersede upon ostensible recovery from large doses. Before this danger was recognised, operations under chloroform were unduly prolonged. The patient unexpectedly died after making a good recovery from both operation and anesthetic. The same thing occurred after the unduly free use of chloroform in labor cases."

Now, think about the people you know who have been operated on, and their delight in telling you later about the awful mess and struggle they had endured while coming out from under a highly complex anesthetic that was administered under optimum conditions by trained personnel. Just remember that, and imagine the chances of this neat, quick and pleasant experience in fiction having any association with reality, when the administrator uses a crude chemical applied roughly, without knowledge of the proper length of administration. Recall, too, that the person who is about to be rendered senseless from an anesthetic may as likely as not be smoking a cigarette that will cause an explosion of the highly inflammable substance.

The matter of the upset stomach that follows many types of unconsciousness leads me into another field of fallacy in fiction. This has to do with the category of characters who are not only rendered unconscious in the story, but are held captive when they recover from the effects of the blow or garroting or gassing. Quite often, the villain makes use of the hero's period of unconsciousness to tie him up and gag him. This, in real life, would be quite closely akin to murder. Nausea in a person who has been gagged is quite likely to lead to death from strangulation, simply because the gagged person will choke on the regurgitated substances, when he is unable to expel them through the mouth.

There was the real-life Merry Widow Murder of Cannes, which took five years to solve and never got the publicity it deserved in the newspapers because the case was cracked in France just after the Germans overran the country in World War Two. Suzanne Garola was the widow. Riding a Strasbourg-Riviera express in a private compartment, she was overpowered by thieves who wanted her jewelry. She was bound with dog-leash chain, gagged with cotton and a handkerchief, and rendered unconscious with ethyl chloride. The autopsy revealed that Madame Garola had died of suffocation, when the gag blocked her air passages during anesthesia. And this brings us to the next



topic, that of gags. I am sure that it will interest readers who have given up all hope of stopping women from talking in any other manner, and the warnings that I am about to issue might prove useful for that reason.

How often in a book have you read of a character being gagged by a handkerchief, and as a result failing to attract the attention of a passerby in the street or someone even in the next hotel room? Authors who write like that seem to be totally unaware that there are different kinds and degrees of gags, and the commonly mentioned handkerchief, so often adopted by artists in illustrations, is quite inadequate for extended and total silencing of an individual.



There is one story that definitely recognises this fact. Astounding Science Fiction published in September 1938 Eric Frank Russell's "Impulse". His alien menace comes to a doctor's office to try to get possession of a healthy body. After it selects a young girl for this purpose, the girl is strapped securely to an examination table, then a nasal frame and a dental gag are used to keep her absolutely noiseless. She'd never have had a chance if a dumb lummoX hadn't wandered into the room and shot down the alien menace without thinking sufficiently to come under its mental control. This is encouraging realism, but there are obvious difficulties that prevent most authors from using professional equipment of this type in all their stories. At the same time, they might stop to think about the events they are describing.

What is frequently described in fiction as a gag is really more like a muffle. This is the handkerchief or other moderately small piece of cloth that covers the victim's mouth and is tied in a knot at the nape of the neck to hold it in place, or the adhesive tape that is used to cover the lips. It will quiet down the person considerably. But you can experiment on yourself with a handkerchief to show that it will not prevent noises. The person muffled in this manner can still produce enough grunts, groans and snorts to be heard quite a few feet away, possibly through a thin wall, certainly through an open window. Moreover, if he has a normally strong set of jaws and a lively tongue, he is almost certain to be able to remove the gag by enough chewing and shoving and wriggling, even if he is bound and unable to use his hands. If he can rub the back of his neck against any solid object, he will probably be able to speed up the gag-loosening process in this manner. Authors should realize that to silence completely a person, so that he cannot break up an ambush or reveal his plight to a passerby or someone in the immediate vicinity, a real gag is necessary. It consists of something inside the mouth, as well as something to cover the mouth. The unfortunate Madame Garola, for instance, had the cotton stuffed into her mouth, and the handkerchief bound around it. A really large bandanna might serve for this dual purpose, if it is large enough to encircle the lower part of the face twice, and it will not be easy to dislodge if applied in this fashion. At the same time, the author must be careful about the length of time he keeps an individual gagged, and the health of the victim. If the gagged person catches cold easily and is not kept at the proper temperature and freedom from drafts, he is likely to die from a cold in the head. A completely stopped-up nose would suffocate a gagged person, just as surely as choking on vomit or strangling from the internal part of the gag.

We frequently laugh at the movies when they show a woman arising from bed

after a good night's sleep with a perfectly combed head of hair. However, story illustrators have shown just as much inconsistency when they are depicting a scene in which a female is gagged. In the United States, "true detective" magazines frequently publish on the cover a photograph of a bound and gagged woman in a rape-probable position trembling before the menacing brute in the foreground. The neat hair in these photographs and pictures is incredible, unless the woman has her hair cut as short as the average man. It will be necessary to fasten the gag behind the neck underneath the hair, because it cannot be pulled tight enough if the hair is tied inside the knot. I challenge even the most gentlemanly abductor to gag a struggling woman without putting her hair into a state of complete dishevelment.

One author who shows either deep thought or some kind of personal experience in this respect is Eric Linklater. I want to quote a passage from his novel, "Poet's Pub", both as an accurate description of the necessary procedure and because it mentions another effect of gagging that I've never seen described elsewhere in fiction. The villain in this case is a quite nice person who adopts a sensible method of keeping his victim under control while binding and gagging her: threatening to throw acid in her face. This is a much more convenient threat than the mysterious success of so many fictional characters in holding a gun pointed at the victim with one hand and doing the tying with two other hands.

"I shall have to gag you, of course," he continued. "Open your mouth." "No!" said Nelly desperately. Mr Wesson's hand went out to the bottle on the dressing-table, and Nelly's mouth opened wide. Mr. Wesson made a ball of a linen handkerchief and thrust it in, but seeing her shudder he removed it and substituted a silk one. Then he tied in the gag with another handkerchief. "I'm sorry to have to do this," he said, "it's the first time in my life that I have ever insulted a woman. But necessity knows no law."

And later, as Nelly is striving to free herself from the chair to which she has been bound by a number of neckties:

Her discomfort was increased (though there was no one to see her) by an embarrassment which people often suffer in a dentist's chair when the little suction-pumps which are supposed to remove excess of saliva fail to cope with the rush. Nelly's mouth began to water, and as Mr Wesson's silk handkerchief was soon saturated she dribbled in a way which only a child could have endured.

You see, a true gag which prevents noises from coming up through the throat will prevent saliva from going down the same aperture. The hero who rescues the bound and gagged heroine at the conclusion of an adventure story must be quite a happy person, but I imagine that he feels just a trifle disgusted in the moment before he frees her. He can't help but notice that she is dribbling and drooling uncontrollably, and quite possibly has been suffering from a running nose during her incapacity. Any hero might be excused for demanding that the heroine washes her face before he kisses her.

Other sanitary matter might as well be considered before we go on to another major matter, how to make sure that a bound character will stay bound. Science

fiction writers show great ingenuity in making spaceships exceed the speed of light or finding a common meeting ground for alien races. But they rarely go into the quite common and difficult necessity of coping with the bodily functions of live and dangerous captives. I can recall only one or two stories in prozines that have even mentioned the matter, although science fiction authors are often willing to explain how the spaceship is equipped with facilities for handling the waste matters of its crew. When it comes to captives, there was an L Sprague de Camp serial in Astounding a few years ago which contained a long march across a primitive world with a group of captives. The author carefully explained the occasions when the captors allowed the prisoners to answer the call of nature. But such recognition of a natural necessity is rare. Sometimes, we can give the author the benefit of the doubt and assume that he ignores the matter because it is not necessary to his plot. But at other times, ignoring the problem can ruin the story. Many years ago, Argosy published a murder mystery. One person had witnessed a murder. The murderer bound and gagged this witness, dumping him in the cellar of a summer resort behind some boxes where he wouldn't be noticed by the kitchen help and others who had occasion to go into the cellar daily. He lay there for quite a few days, until the murder was solved by deduction by a detective, right under the noses of many persons. I think those persons had pretty poor noses, in the functional sense. Once again, one must admire the fortitude of the hero who breaks into the locked closet in which the heroine has been held prisoner for the past two days and smothers her with kisses and caresses without preliminaries.

When I was a small boy, the youngsters in my neighborhood formed a weekly congregation each Saturday at the current Buck Jones or Ken Maynard western movie, then spent the following Sunday through Friday re-enacting it. We tried to follow the plots as closely as possible in these backyard derivatory dramatics. However, the script writers in Hollywood had three methods of making an actor incapable of affecting the workings of the plot for a time. They could tie him up, wound him, or put him into jail. Nothing in the neighborhood that was available to small boys was strong enough to serve as a jail substitute, and it damaged our sense of the theatre to create a make-believe jail out of rickety old boards and pretend to be unable to break free. Our allowances were not large enough to permit us to purchase real guns and bullets, so the second method of incapacitating a character was also unavailable. So tying up a char-

acter was forced to serve in all circumstances. We acquired, as a result, incredible amounts of practice at tying up one another, both during struggles to get loose and during pretended unconsciousness. Those games convinced me that fiction writers underestimate tremendously the ability of a human to escape from bonds,

when anything less solid than heavy chains or handcuffs are employed on the captive. It is very difficult to tie a human of normal agility and strength in such a manner that he can neither squirm loose, nor devise a method of signalling for help, given a few hours of working time. This statement holds good only if we accept the conventions of fiction and do not practise excessively cruel or sadistic methods of binding the individual. If you break a man's arms and legs before you rope him round the wrists and ankles, he isn't going to get loose, but not even the deeply dyed villains of the boy's thrillers would stoop to such infamy.

I'm quite aware of the apparent contradiction that you can find in newspapers almost daily. Individuals are tied up in real life during robberies, and help arrives from this or that source before they free themselves. But I believe that my theory still holds good. In fiction we are dealing with utterly fearless and determined paragons. In a real robbery or abduction, the completely human victims are usually too weak from terror or excited beyond all self-control, and do not attempt, methodically, to escape. On the other hand, I can recall only one actual case in which bound persons who were not rescued by outside help met death from starvation; it involved a woman and several small children many years ago in a large American city who were dumped in an abandoned garage.

One favourite method in fiction for fettering an individual's hands and arms is by use of a belt. This strikes me as doubly unrealistic. First, the author never allows the pants to collapse because of removal of the belt. Second, I refuse to believe that any person can bind lastingly another individual with a belt. Rope is a much more useful substance for binding a person. But the methods that are usually described in the magazines or pictured on the screen are not too reliable. I have already pointed out the difficulty of keeping a gun trained on the tye during the initial stages of the process. Even if the victim is afraid to risk a break for freedom or a grab for the gun while he is only partially tied, he shouldn't have too much trouble getting loose as soon as he is left alone to his own devices. Rope with a hard surface, the kind that resists abrasion and fraying, is difficult to fasten into really tight knots, and some pulling and coaxing will usually produce a certain amount of slack. Soft-finished rope can be tied in knots that can hardly be loosened even by a person who has come to the rescue, but it has the disadvantage of yielding eventually to whatever friction the tied person can apply to the tree or post or whatever he may be tied to. Even the person who is tied hand and foot and dumped in the center of a room can manage to travel at a snail's pace, in approximately the same fashion as an inchworm humps along, until he reaches a piece of furniture or woodwork which he can use for rope-fraying purposes. Nelly had the misfortune to be bound with neckties, which are stronger than rope when properly applied, but she got loose by the simple method of rocking the chair to which she was bound until it toppled over and fell apart under the impact. Then there was the real-life victim of a robbery who obtained help while totally tied up, by yanking the telephone to the floor through hooking the wire with his legs, then dialed for the operator with his nose.

One extreme of the confidence of authors in the helplessness of a bound person appeared in a Saturday Evening Post serial a few years ago. A considerate criminal was forced to kidnap the heroine while fleeing from the law in his house trailer - caravan to you in Britain, I believe. The author described in naive detail the manner in which the criminal bound her with strips torn from bedclothing, in such manner as to leave perfect freedom of play for her arms and legs, but unable to

break loose. The other extreme was demonstrated a bit hyperbolically in a Dick Tracy sequence at almost the same time as the Post serial. The detective appeared to be a goner, because he was fettered hand and foot by handcuffs. But he waited until the villainess got too close to him, grabbed a large hunk of her long hair with his strong, white teeth, and pulled at it, causing such agony that she released him in return for relaxation of his jaws.

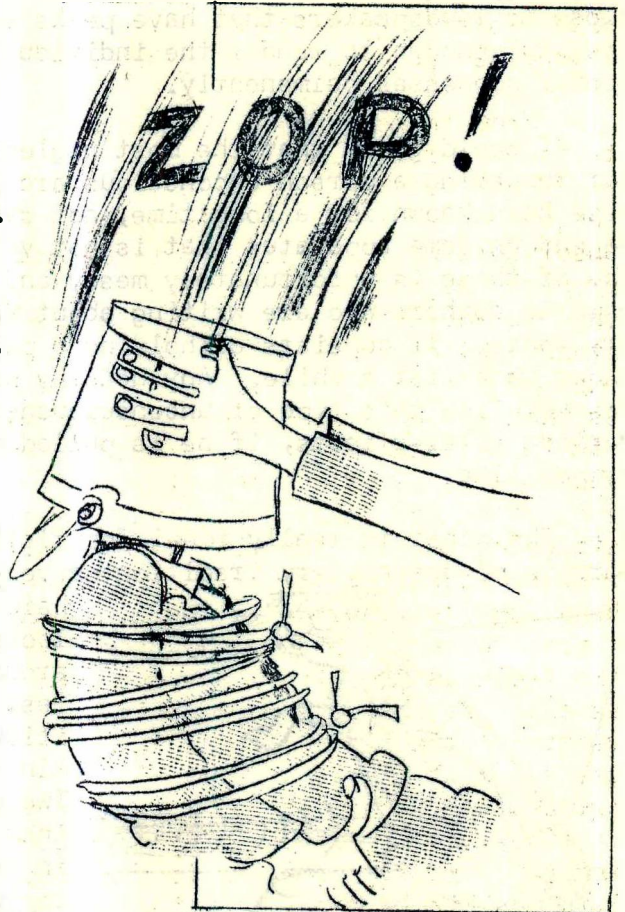
From those boyhood experiences, I became convinced that there is only one way to tie a person with a modest quantity of rope and stand a good chance that he won't get loose. We must have tested every conceivable method of non-painful arrangements of ropes and limbs, and this was the only one that usually proved to be unsolvable by the victim. It renders him unable to make a noise of any kind, if properly gagged, doesn't require any special props, and he can't travel three inches in any direction. The only special equipment that is needed is a strong, sturdy object that is six feet or more above ground level, like a tree limb or an exposed rafter. The wrists are tied behind the back. The rope around the wrists is then looped around the overhead object, and drawn taut enough to require the victim to lean forward somewhat, to avoid intolerable pain at the shoulders. Then the rope is fastened securely to them overhead object. The legs are then tied just above the knees and at the ankles. That usually settles the captive. If he struggles to free himself, he will suffer such pain from his arm sockets that he will subside in a few seconds. There is nothing close enough for him to rub his bonds against, nor can he even use any part of his own body as a contact point for trying to work loose a gag. The only sounds he can make are quite tiny thumps of his heels on the floor, and they can be minimized by taking off his shoes, if necessary. If there is no need to keep the captive quiet, it is not ordinarily necessary to tie his feet, but the captive then has a slight chance of inflicting a painful kick on his tormentor's shins. This system of binding a captive should be particularly useful to writers who must keep a character bound for lengthy periods of time, because it is quite possible to feed a captive while in this position. And you just try sometime to get food into a man who is bound on the ground and lying on his stomach. Warning! My childhood adventures with captivity were confined to boys. We were Shakespearian enough to exclude females from our productions - and I don't think the girls in the neighborhood would have let us tie them up, anyway. Women seem to be hooked together somewhat differently around the shoulders judging by the way they throw baseballs. If this article should inspire any readers to test out this procedure, I will not be responsible for the expenses that might result from a dislocated shoulder in a wife or girl friend.

The average fiction writer doesn't seem to show any ingenuity when arranging for a character to be bound. If he can arrange for the introduction of the proper props, there are any number of other methods for making it highly unlikely that a bound person will work loose; in real life, of course, these conveniences are rarely at hand. A large table built with Victorian sturdiness can serve to spread-eagle an individual, with one hand or leg to each corner. A straightjacket will settle anyone for quite a while, if the garment is installed with a proper fit; otherwise, the wearer can take it off in a matter of minutes. It is surprising that handcuffs are so rarely used in fiction for immobilizing people; in the United States, at least, they seem to be purchasable by anyone who thinks he may need them, through occasional advertisements from houses dealing in surplus goods. But I might point out that a handcuffed person can do quite a bit of damage to his surroundings and captor, if not watched carefully or fastened down to some strong

object. A pair of handcuffs brought down with sufficient force on an individual's skull can split it wide open. Even with the hands manacled behind the back, some agile persons with long arms and short legs can get the hands in front of the body simply by thrusting the legs through them.

But it's really so easy to keep a person captive with metal and modern technology that there's no excuse for any villain who lets a hero or heroine escape. A sturdy chain and strong padlocks or a spotwelding outfit are all that are needed. A chain that is snugly fitted around the neck will stay on, even if the captive is a doublejointed person, because this ability does not extend to the head connection. It's really inexplicable, the way fictional characters continue to monkey around with rope, belts, or that most useless of all binding substances, adhesive tape.

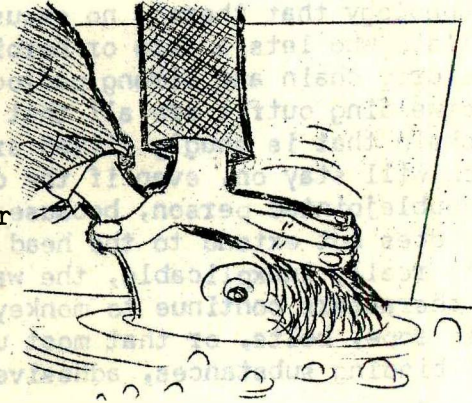
Most of us have played from time to time games in which one or more persons were blindfolded. Those activities, even if they were as simple as pinning the tail on the donkey, should have been enough evidence to tell us to distrust the stories in which a person stays blindfolded indefinitely. To begin with, it is hard to blindfold a person with a handkerchief or other commonly available small piece of cloth so thoroughly that he will be unable to see in any direction, or will be unable at least to orient himself and the direction in which he is travelling by the intensity of light in various directions. A completely effective blindfold requires materials that are seldom specified in fiction: preferably heavy dark cloth, and enough time and submissiveness of the victim to tape it to the forehead and cheeks, to prevent slipping or loosening. The usual procedure, that of tying the blindfold behind the head, means that the blindfolded person will be able to work it loose as soon as he has opportunity to rub his head against anything, unless there is a fastening against the front of the face as well. Here is where the Biblical injunction about shaving the head of a woman captive becomes important. The longer hair that women generally wear makes it even more difficult to blindfold them snugly. Unless the hair is cut short and shingled in back, there is usually enough of it to form a springy cushion that will make the blindfold even easier to work loose.



It is interesting to note that science fiction stories despite their endless quantities of extrapolations from the present to the future have not provided many theories about new ways to incapacitate people. Death rays we have had in quantities, but we don't want to incapacitate them quite that completely. The old standby of science fiction in the 1930's was the instrument which provided supersonic vibrations that caused anyone within range to fall unconscious, except curiously the

nearest person, the one who was operating the thing. Unfortunately, this one does not sound very logical today. Quite recent research has shown that even the very mild supersonics that are produced by high fidelity reproduction of music can cause anything from dissatisfaction to actual personality changes in persons who get too close to loudspeakers that have peaks above the range of audible sound. Anything powerful enough to render the individual unconscious would probably derange his mental processes permanently.

I would guess that the most neglected systems for rendering a person unconscious are two that have been known for a long time, not systems that depend on some apparatus that is not yet invented. One of these is unfortunately messy and not available to authors who are writing about Mars or other dry spots. It consists of holding a person's head under water for a while. Any healthy person will recover from this type of unconsciousness without serious after-effects, if he is pulled out at the proper time.



The other is really ideal for fictional purposes and I suppose only the Marquis of Queensberry tradition prevents it from being used more often. It is a hard punch in the pit of the stomach. While it looks inhuman, it is actually much better all around than the methods usually adopted in stories. It is silent, the victim isn't in a condition to offer further resistance for several minutes, and he will not suffer lasting harm. Two or three players get the wind knocked out of them accidentally by being butted in the belly in every American football game. They give the appearance of being completely dead for three minutes, they feel as weak as babies for the next fifteen minutes, and then they return to the game, as vigorous as ever. Without the stimulants that help a football player to snap out of it, I judge that a character in fiction who was bested in this fashion would be helpless for five minutes or so, long enough for him to be bound or to undergo an exchange of clothing with his opponent or to be raped or to undergo anything else the plot may require. To make things even better, the person who throws the punch does not suffer bruised or skinned knuckles, as he usually does with a punch to the jaw.

There is one other activity of the human body that never seems to receive attention in fiction. Maybe it isn't so important, since it affects only half of the population, that half undergoes it for only half of the normal lifespan, and it is in operation only once each month. But by the law of averages, one would expect one heroine every now and then to suffer defeat in her deeds of derringdo, simply because her adventures occurred on the wrong date and she didn't have her usual untrammelled physical condition on that particular day in the calendar. I can recall only one instance in a quarter-century of science fiction reading when this matter turned up in a science fiction story. That was in "Three Go Back" by Mit-

chell, where it was mentioned in passing in the book version and carefully edited out of its later magazine appearance in a Munsey reprint publication. It occasionally turns up in mundane fiction under circumstances that might be faced by interplanetary explorers. "The Cautious Amorist" by Norman Lindsay is the story of four castaways on a Pacific island:

She came out of the scrub one morning to the camp, where Carrol and Gible were sorting out fishing lines. Her eyebrows hoisted a danger signal and her eyes were darkly pigmented and she issued an imperious command without explaining it. "One of you will have to give me a shirt." "What, to wear?" asked Gible. "No, of course not." She stamped. "Kindly understand that I must have it, that's all." "That's all right, take mine," said Carroll, pulling it off. "Mind, I shall have to tear it." "Of course." She snatched the shirt and went off into the scrub with it, leaving Gible staring after her. "That's very curious," he said. "Curious! Well, you can call it that, I suppose. I call it a blasted nuisance; you can't put your arm round a girl without being nagged at by its idiotic threat."

Women don't change much in another respect. The villain who captures a woman and is godless enough to ignore the Biblical warning to pare her nails might as well lay in a stock of Band-aids. Long, carefully groomed fingernails on a prisoner if untrimmed by the captor can cause quite as much damage as any bug-eyed monster ever threatened to a heroine, even in the far distant future.

HARRY WARNER Jr

APIDIASCOPE 2

In the last issue we set the first APIDIASCOPE competition, the competition that gives every reader the chance to be a Walt Willis. Unless, of course, he is Walt Willis, when things become a little complicated. This is a competition, moreover, with truly faan-ish prizes; a Diploma extolling your literary merits for the winner and Certificated Egoboo for runners-up.

Here's a reprint of Apidiascope No 1 for the benefit of British Readers, closing date for entries 31st March 1960, results to be published in the next issue.

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.

We've already received some excellent entries for this, including one which is hysterical but so far exceeds the one and only rule we apply (400 words or less) that we are reluctantly excluding it from the Diploma category (tho' it will have to be published!).

Let this be an awful warning. There's still time for British fans to give Sandy more practice on his micro-elite typer. We will, of course, be printing portions of many entries in addition to giving the winners in full.

So, on to the second Apidiascope: it is our intention, unless we find some unforeseen obstacle (libel suits etc) to set competitions with a slant towards fandom and towards sf in alternate issues. The first was fandom slanted; here's its counterpart:

APIDIASCOPE 2: In 400 words or less, give an extract from RED RIDING HOOD as it might be written by one of the following: A.E. Van Vogt; E.E. Smith; Eric Frank Russell; Ray Bradbury; or 'Grendel Briarton' (Reginald Bretnor) of the Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction's Ferdinand Feghoot series.

Entries to be at Inchmerry by 3rd May, 1960.. please.

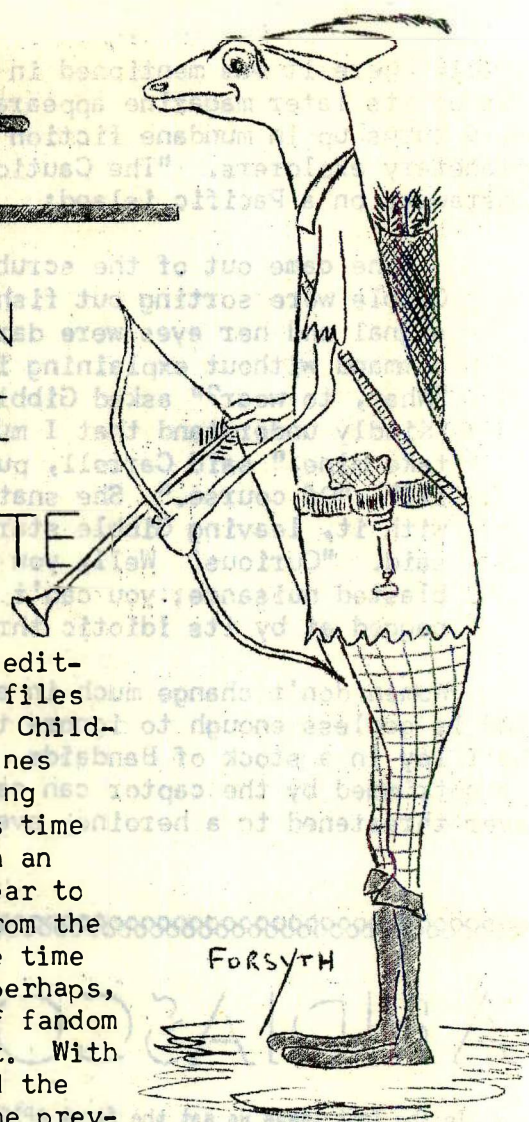
VINÇ CLARKE

THE OLD MILL STREAM

A COUNTRY COLUMN
OF CITY LIFE
BY
PENELOPE FANDERGASTE

There used to be a tradition amongst fanzine editors of saving a special portion of goodies in the files for a bumper super-dupered Christmas issue. That, Children (the old fan added) was in the days when fanzines were all produced on regular schedules of publishing dates - dates which would become more irregular as time went on. Nowadays magazines seem to be put out on an irregular basis at any time and there doesn't appear to be saving for Christmas, which after all, apart from the religious significance of the commemoration is the time of year when families try to be together. It is perhaps, therefore, indicative of the disorganised state of fandom that fanzines do not smack of the Christmas spirit. With British fan feuds straightening themselves out and the opportunity arising for the BSFA to consolidate the previous good work of the Birmingham convention with its London get together at Easter the foundation has been laid for fandom itself to get the most out of 1960 in a constructive sense and to have fun at the same time. Remember, the bachelors amongst you, what leap year can bring.

I noticed that one well known fan distributed a seasonal message which suggested the possibility of all fans winning the football pools in the New Year. For the uninitiated - Sandy tells me that furriners read this true blue manifesto - I had better explain that football pools are very popular in this country. Several promoters, such as Vernons and Littlewoods, send the subscriber coupons which he returns having forecast results of Football Association games to be played the following weekend. He also sends money. If he is successful in having calculated or guessed correctly his forecast results, he receives by way of remuneration several thousand smackers, dependent upon such trivialities as his having the fortune to be the only correct forecaster in the country, or his having posted the coupon back to the promoters. Now this might seem to you that there is present the element of gambling and this is quite true. I'm not too sure within my own mind that



gambling luck can be sincerely linked with the spirit of Christmas, but who am I to question any such greeting, especially when it was a message of good will?

It is a surprising element to me that fandom does condone so much gambling, however, and especially by older fans at conventions when younger fans are present. Ted Tubb has rattled poker dice alongside Tikwis Hall and it is becoming a fannish tradition to be able to say that one has beaten Ron Bennett at brag.

Before I am accused of sticking my neck out, I had better state that there is the other side of the picture to consider, that of the excellent opportunity fandom offers for gambling on a large and hitherto unexplored scale. We could even have our own equivalent of the national scale football pools, with forecasts of such items as George Wetzel's next victim, the date of birth of the Bulmer baby (~~A~~ girl, March 7th as predicted by Pamela in OMPA. And sincere congratulations from all of Inchmery!), the attendance at the London Easter convention, what time of the morning Brian Burgess will arrive at it, the majority of votes gained by the TAFF winner, the number the special Shorrock concoctions will have reached by a certain date, the number of pages of the next Sidereal, Space Diversions, New Futurian or what you will (Apé is a little too easy there), the first word on page 28 of the next Hyphen, the number of Berry articles and stories to appear during 1960 or even how many fans will turn pro or go gafia during a given period. The printing of coupons should present no difficulties with the grand array of artistic talent and duplicating equipment available in fandom and these coupons could be sent from some central body. Perhaps the BSFA would like to look further into the possibilities suggested?

Personally, even the possible forecasts mentioned above, the ones that came readily to mind, are a little too difficult for me. I'm just popping down the lane to post my Vernon's.

oooooooooooo.....oooooooooooo.....oooo.....oooooooooooo.....oooooooooooo

The ever-young Jean Young wrote a couple of issues ago that she preferred me in a mellow mood and even more recently another fan mentioned to me that he preferred reading controversial material in fanzines. Fannish frivolity is all very well, he said, but for sheer body a fanzine should contain material which should make one think. Now we all know that controversy can be a good thing - the early ORION thrived on it - when personalities are not permitted to enter the issue. Dave Jenrette recently made a very good point on this issue in a letter to YANDRO and it is surprising to find just how many topics have been argued in fandom without parties sinking to the level of slating everyone who happens to disagree with them. A couple of years ago it was "What has happened to everyone's Sense of Wonder?" and well, what did happen to it, except that the topic played itself out. Then there was that discussion on whether quote cards are good things. Remember that one? Remember quote cards?

Some three or four years ago there was the fannish argument to end all arguments. The subject was the fannish cycle. It was argued that a reader of science fiction moved into fannish circles as a neo who began to write for fanzines and later to put out one of his own. He'd probably have to write the first issue himself and eventually he'd draw good material, would become a BNF and would then retire to the fannish graveyard of FAPA from whence he would gradually fade from the scene. Now I'm not going to go into all sorts of minor exceptions to this conceived idea, exceptions like the fanzine writer who turns professional or the FAPAN

who becomes a big name fan on the strength of his FAPazine alone, but I will mention that point of the fan writing for other fanzines before turning to put out a fanzine of his own, a fanzine which he would probably have to write himself. Vin Clarke once wrote a series of articles on this subject and he noted that many fanzine editors of today go straight into fanzine editing without serving an apprenticeship of writing for other fans' magazines. For example Mal Ashworth and Ron Bennett were writing for other fanzines before they began to produce BEM and PLOY and each continued to write for other fanzines after turning to fan editing. Wing himself is an example of this kindly habit, and it has been said that John Berry began RETRIBUTION because fandom with its 120-odd fanzine titles did not provide sufficient outlet for his writing abilities. Where, today, have we the fans who have served their time hacking away before turning to their own brainchildren? Sandy himself is more a natural editor than a prolific fan writer, and neither Ethel Lindsay nor Ella Parker - both of whom have taken over the editorship of established fanzines in FEMIZINE and ORION respectively - have done much writing for general circulation. The editors of the long absent SPACE DIVERSIONS have never been known for their writing abilities and what might be said about the talents of the editors of LES SPINGE in this respect might be best left unsaid. In fact the only fan who in recent times has contributed enthusiastically and widely to other fanzines whilst publishing his own is George Locke, the editor of SMOKE. Long may this bright light on the fannish horizon continue to shine.

It's probably my cynical attitude that made me think when reading recent issues of FANAC and SKYRACK. After seeing a note from the Berkeley Giants about trying to get rid of SKYRACK and a mention by the Harrogate harbinger about FANAC being a lesser magazine, I began to wonder whether all was well between the two factions of news publishers. I've decided that it is and that it's a little friendly rivalry, which is after all a Good Thing, and Terry and the two Rons are to be congratulated for keeping their feuding at this happy level.

After reading in SKYRACK that John Boland's novel, "The League of Gentlemen" had been bought for filming, I picked up a copy of the author's latest offering, "Operation Red Carpet", and for those who like a good idea written with a stodgy treatment and a blundering hero in the fine old "send a gun boat" tradition, then this is their book.

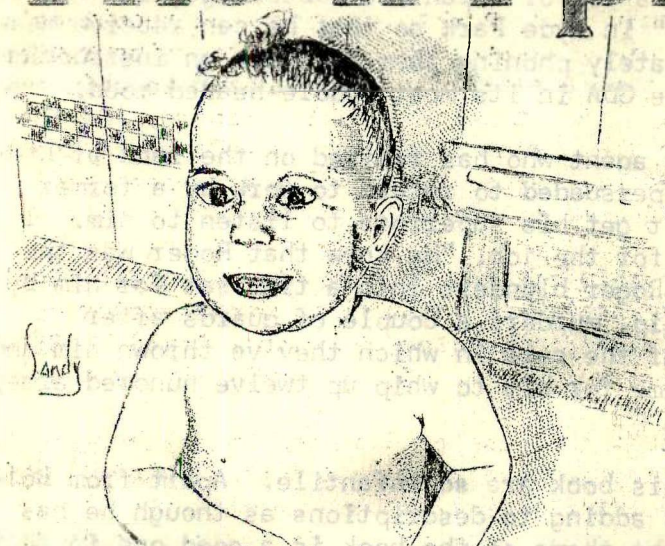
"Operation Red Carpet" is a sort of cross between science fiction of the variety more popular with readers who don't know the first thing about science fiction and cloak and dagger mysteries usually associated with the Hotspur. The theme of the book is a good one, though, as I've said. Russia wants to seize power in Britain but as the Russian leader, a cunning man with whom the silent films would have had a birthday, realises that to invade the home islands would be to court disaster in the form of a nuclear attack from America, he falls back on Get In By The Back Door tactics. This part of the book is sound. The scheme is to put unsuspected Communists in key positions, take leading Members of Parliament and the Royal Family hostages, and force a snap General Election from which the puppet government would emerge triumphant. To cover Russian tracks even further it is decided to have several thousand German troops (who have been imported into England in the guise of athletes) on hand. With German troops being used, the blame cannot fall back on Russia should the master plan fail.

The puppet head of the British Communist Government would be a television

The li'l pitcher...

BY

JOY K CLARKE



Recently I've been reading a book called "The Art of Readable Writing", by Professor Rudolf Flesch. You'll be pleased to learn that, according to his methods, you have the pleasure of reading writing that is "very dramatic" - at least, that is his assessment of my style when I checked it against his methods.

It seems that he has a series of items which you count up - personal words, sentences, questions, number of syllables, length of sentences and so on. You then put all these figures together on his charts and presto - you can see your style of writing is either 'very dull', 'uninteresting', 'dramatic', or what-have-you. There is a more boring way of working it out, and that is by multiplying by decimals to the third place and subtracting it from a given figure - but I was never very good at maths anyway, and that system brought me down from "very dramatic" to just plain "interesting". So I knew I still wasn't any good at maths and decided to stick to the chart method.

Interesting book to read though -- I believe most fans would come high in his criteria of writing.

THE THREE BEST THINGS

Joe Patrizio wants to know what I consider the three most important innovations of the last ten years. Well, I'm a bit cagey about saying -- for several reasons. First, I think if something is completely new within ten years you seldom have sufficient hindsight to realise which of the items during the ten years will become the most important in the future. For instance, who would have guessed that that little invention of Daimler's would become so important - or such a menace? Certainly not within the ten years surrounding its invention.

Then again the word 'innovation' covers a multitude of things. For instance, do we refer to the advent in current use of glass fabrics? But I saw beautiful glass brocade in the shops on display in 1944 in Bath! It is only with the last three or four years, however, that it has been put on general sale. Can we count that? And finally, what about a new use for a substance? Plastics we have had with us for many years: at least 30 or 40. But present-day plastics - is it fair to count them in or is it not?

But my three - well, I think THE most important innovation is not a thing but

a feeling. The growing awareness by so many people that 'the Establishment' is not always right; that it is not concerned with seeing that others are all right but only with projecting an image that looks as if it is concerned: that the 'blow you, Jack, I'm all right' philosophy is as much the prerogative of the Government as of the poor old prole: and that if said poor old prole doesn't watch out he's going to the wall anyway: and that, finally, because of this awareness a greater number of people - and many influential people at that - are starting to chip away and defend us against the Establishment. Look at Lehrer, Sahl, Freberg, 'On The Beach' - the undercurrent is swelling to the surface and soon it will be at the top ...I hope. As one reader says in his letter, maybe the social conscience isn't fully alive yet, but by damn it's beginning to be born.

It probably isn't fair, though, to use a feeling for one of the three. Let's instead choose things - with Sputniks and behind-the-moon photographs excluded. (How much of an innovation are they, anyway?). My three, in order, would be Silicones, the Hovercraft, and Velcro.

Silicones have meant much to everyone: the ease of cleaning furniture, clothes, carpets, non-stick cookery utensils, easier manufacture of items that used to stick madly - bread, tyres and so on, waterproofing, assistance in building... oh yes, Silicones are a must.

The Hovercraft comes in the car category - we can't yet see its full implications but the possibilities are as tremendous as that of the original Kittyhawk.

And Velcro - who hasn't read a science fiction story where a touch of the hand closed some clothing? Well, here it is in actual life: two furry strips, one for each side of the opening. Press them together, presto!...closed. Pull apart, open. But a sideways tug won't budge it. No more fiddling with buttons or zips on blouses, jackets, etc etc etc. So there are my three. Any comments?

And while we are at it, what about the worst three innovations in the last ten years? Winkle-picker shoes -- the cult of the beatnik -- and the belief in a 'nuclear deterrent'? Maybe, I'm not sure...but they are well up in the count. What are your three?

CARS

On the way to the station I race past cars parked by the dozen. Today I was greeted with the sight of an ancient (1932 or thereabouts) pale blue Ford. The boot was covered with dollar sized spots of rust - can't imagine why it should have taken that form. A sort of leprous 'ackney.

Talking of cars, how do you like this ad on the back of a Canadian paper?

BOOSTER CABLES RECHARGE DEAD BATTERY ON THE ROAD IN MINUTES!

Recharges "dead" batteries in cold weather in minutes! Start without dangerous pulling or pushing which may be harmful to car with automatic transmissions. Each cable 8 feet long. Merely connect to battery of your friends car and off you go.

Orig. Adv. for \$9.99

3.98

No. 501 \$3.98

I leave the vision for you to conjure up!

PATENT

I've also been reading a book on the most needed inventions. There's a chapter in it on the 39 most needed inventions, listed by the Associated Defense Committees (!) of Chicago Technical Societies. I exclaim at Defense since 24 out of the 39 are for weapons and 5 to 6 only for protection against weapons...the other odd few are for items apparently unconnected with war. Are we so evil that the most important things needed are not such as :

Cheap, easily erected, and easily available housing (Britain alone has six million who need housing. I daren't even think of India and other Eastern countries):

Cheap, and again, easily available oral contraception (oh yes, I know they're working on it, but... It was 1946 when a depilatory for men's beards was about to be tested in an American laboratory: any male fen seen any on the market yet?):

Personal one-or-two-man flying discs, cheap and safe:

Rolling roads (I know they've been invented but when will we wipe out the chaos between London Bridge, Cannon Street, and Charing Cross?):

A television without a high-pitched whistle, and developments of underwater television:

Really portable typers, tapers and record players:

Dupers that work on a less messy system.

And all these must be cheap, cheap, CHEAP. Oh, and a method of distributing the world's food to those who need it, not burying it and paying a subsidy to the farmers for its non-sale.

Where are our abilities to distinguish between what is a necessity, and what is something to feed our own aggrandisement?

Defence, forsooth!!!

PLASTICS

Meanwhile, here is an opportunity for British fen at least. Shell are running a competition for designs for the use of plastics. If you write to them at:

Shell Chemical Company Ltd.,
Plastics Division,
170 Piccadilly,
London W.1.

asking for details of their design competition, they'll send you a wallett filled with booklets, entry forms and everything you need. It isn't necessary to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letter.

There's £1,000 in prizes, split into £500, £300 and £200, and I don't see why fans shouldn't stand a good chance... Good Luck.

WE LIKE JOHN JELLEY DEPT.

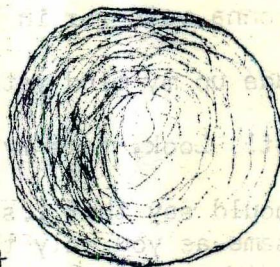
Referring to an item concerning an electronic computer, Jelley (in his Feb 23rd column) says it reminds him of his favourite science fiction story by Fredric Brown, which he then relates in three paragraphs. Millions of calculating machines have been linked into one brain. The operator asks the question no other machine could answer "Is there a God?" A bolt of lightning kills him and welds all the connections and the machine says "There is NOW".

Ask this in a popular daily newspaper, yet!

JOY K CLARKE

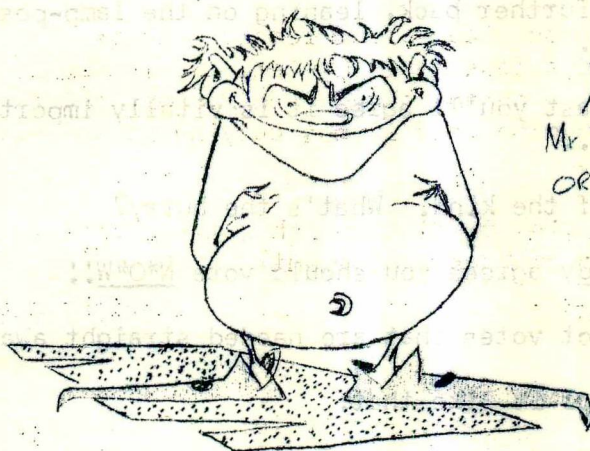
Sf ATZ

X-



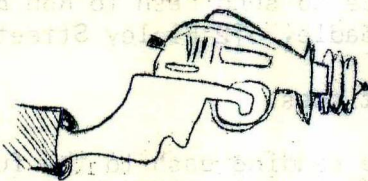
A SMALL
PLANET -
FAR AWAY... IN
'OUTER SPACE'
BOUGHT BY HOLLYWOOD
FOR SCIENCE FICTION
FILMS

Y-



YNGVI ~
Mr. DeCamps
ORIGINAL
LOUSE!

Z-



ZAP!



THE PASSING OF
WHICH FROM THE FANNISH SCENE
WAS APPLAUDED BY MANY

— LIKE I CAN HEAR FOR THE
END, AT LAST, OF THIS SERIES

ATOM

← ABOUT T A F F →

-Pssst. Who you gonna vote for in TAFF?

-Haven't really made up my mind yet. Guess I'll look around a little longer.

-But you can't wait! Look, take my advice and vote for +"/'@_£("£@.

-It's funny you should say that...see that bloke on the corner back there? He said more or less the same as you only the name was different.

-Oh.

-Yes, and the man further back, leaning on the lamp-post...he gave a third name for me to vote for.

-Hmm. Well, at least you'll agree it is vitally important for you to make up your mind and vote NOW...?

-I'll do nothing of the kind. What's the hurry?

-But..but..everybody agrees you should vote N*O*W!!

-Nonsense. It's not votes that are needed straight away, but subscriptions.

-I hadn't thought of it like that.

-Look, if TAFF is going to have two trips organised in one year the thing that is needed is cash, right? If they don't get the cash it won't matter who votes for who. So the thing to do is to send cash to Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, or to Bob Madle, 672 Ripley Street, Brookville, Alexandria, Va.

-Sounds okay as far as it goes.

-Sure, and while fans are sending cash to the fund they might as well double up on it...in the States it's far easier to stick a dollar bill into an envelope as it is to mess about with 50 cents...and though it isn't much easier in this country unless you go up to 10/- (which is perhaps a bit much for some people) it must be admitted that 2/6 is on the small side.

-Yes, but what about the voting?

-I'm getting to that. Once you've subscribed and got your name down as eligible to vote - and the organisers have a good idea of whether or not the Fund can afford the trip - then you can settle down to study the three candidates, MAL ASHWORTH, ERIC BENTCLIFFE, and SANDY SANDERSON. Think back over what they've done in recent years, what they are doing now, what they might do in the future, and all the other things that might influence you, and then vote by JUNE 15th, 1960.....

BARE SURVIVAL

Some little time ago, Inchmery played host to an exiled member of Lancaster Fandom while he set out to make his fortune and thus provide a home of his own for his innocent sex-kitten of a wife. This is NOT the way in which he did it.

OF A SALESMAN

KEN POTTER

Being poverty stricken has its romantic aspects I suppose, but it begins to be a bit of a drag after a while. I recently decided to give it up and earn about £30 a week. You can't do that in the backwoods, so I made for the Big City, where the money is.

I answered an advert which promised a minimum of £15 for capable men - not bad for a start - and the chap who interviewed me received me with open arms. "You" he said "are just the type of man we need. You will do well, you will be a success, you will be rich. There's no work attached, it's easy. It's impossible not to make money. When can you start?"

So I told him. They trained me for three days (we had to know which was the sucking end and which the blowing end) and my colleagues proved to be an extremely motley crew. In the ranks of the successful, established top salesmen, I encountered quite a number of manifest idiots, and bitter-seeming, taciturn individuals. My chances of affluence seemed sensational, and this impression was enhanced by the fact that my superiors seemed to regard me as the finest potential salesman they'd seen for years. I couldn't lose.

Neither could the domineering, cynical, ex-works manager who used to make big money by causing strikes in a glass factory. Or the itinerant father of 5, with an Oxford accent, and a fascinating history including attempted suicide.

The others could, tho! Among them was an Indian who knew so little English that he pronounced "polythene" as 'paraffin' and had to have everything repeated to him at least thrice. It was more pitiful than funny to imagine what straits had driven him to employment he couldn't possibly hope to cope with. His nonchalant claim that he owned a chain of expensive night clubs could be shattered by five minutes conversation with him. He was not a convincing liar, which is one thing you must be to sell vacuum cleaners. That, by the way, is what we were supposed to be doing.

Also conspicuous on the list of abysmal failures was Mr Bordwell. I never did find out his Christian name - he was never silent long enough to be asked. He talked without ceasing. It was impossible to interrupt him and equally impossible to extract the slightest atom of coherence from his words.

"I am going to buy a cokernut" he said, "and I'm going to place it on the carpet of the next house I go to and break it with a hammer, and pick up the pieces with the cleaner, and produce them from the dust bag and hand them round. Then I am going to pick up the baby and dangle it from the end of the carpet cleaning attachment to demonstrate the power of the machine. I didn't go to bed last night, most nights I don't because I take benzedrine to keep me awake. This baby-picking up stunt would be great for a television ad, I mean it shows the colossal power. I used to work in the mixing section of a chocolate factory and..." He would go on and on and on - spending a good fifteen minutes analysing half-a-dozen artistic chocolate wrappings. Seldom a word about vacuum cleaners - never a sane word about anything.

With the above characters and some others I eventually climbed into a van and went out selling under the exuberant leadership of a bright-eyed and bearded nut-case named Collins. A salesman to compare with the very best. He used the bombastic approach; screaming at the unsuspecting customer until the spineless creature would agree to buy anything. After he had sold, he would demand tea, and having drunk it, would stalk triumphantly out.

Before we new lads commenced, we were inundated with stories of the strange life forms behind all those anonymous doors. We would be greeted by seven-foot high dogs, or deaf mutes, or musclebound wrestlers with shotguns, or attractive unmarried mothers offering sexual gratification in lieu of deposit. But first we had to knock. The Indian chap with the night clubs didn't - he spent his first day skulking terrified in a telephone kiosk, and he rang up the operator and told her his troubles.

The amazing Bondwell never entered a single house during the whole of the three weeks he worked for the firm, so they dispensed with his services. I wonder where he is now? Adding another chapter to his weird life, anyway. The story was that he had married twice, first at the age of sixteen. He didn't want to get married and his ambition was to get divorced, which he did a few months later. He was 28 and looked 48. I expect he felt 68.

I felt 88 myself after knocking on some of those unyielding doors. It seemed they didn't have people behind, but steel springs. Still, if you knock at a hundred doors the odds are there will be at least one lovable soul who has just decided to buy a vacuum cleaner. Thus, I reasoned and therefore I did not despair.

The Indian did, and I don't blame him. For the evening performance he gave up his kiosk and hung about in the street. It was raining. When he lifted his box back into the van after a frustrating soul-destroying day, the soggy bottom fell out, leaving loose vacuum cleaner parts all over the pavement. He accepted it philosophically, and quit the same night.

Every afternoon we leaped exuberantly into the little black van, chuckling over the interlineation inscribed in the dust on the back - "Don't laugh madam - your daughter may be inside". And we sat cramped together, peering at each other over colossal mounds of unsold cleaners, chattering gaily about portentous topics like sex and politics, and singing gay popular songs, tearing wildly through the seething city until - there we were - the salesman's paradise. Brixton.

26 One by one we jumped out gleefully, each in his allotted street - until I came

to mine. Although by this time my heart was a shuddering sunken jelly I grinned bravely and made with the gleeful bound, heaving my big cardboard box out behind me nonchalantly, and slamming the van door with a carefree inconsequential grip. The van disappeared swiftly round the nearest corner. I looked down at my box, and up at the endless sequence of anonymous doors. I stood bewildered and craven, but I marshalled my courage and ambition and, pausing only to half-smoke four cigarettes, I strode regally up to the first uninviting portal. Eventually, I knocked.

To most of the worthy citizens of Brixton I explained in vain that I was not selling anything, that I merely wished to demonstrate a sensational revolutionary tremendously efficient multi-purpose household unit which (when it was finally available to the public) would banish drudgery forever from every progressive British home. Fruitlessly I told them that I was doing this from the most altruistic of motives in the interests of advertising and market research. However eloquently I portrayed their bitter and tearful disappointment when I told them they couldn't buy the wonder machine after they had seen it, and wanted it - nay, needed it --- sooner or later almost all the doors were shut, leaving me on the outside. But not quite all, and there was my bright expectation of affluence. A few would be delighted to see my demonstration in the evening and they were my hope, for each sale meant a fiver and with a mere half-dozen sales out of all the hundreds of doors I knocked, I would soon be tremendously rich!

After a mere four million doors, the van reappeared. The high spirits of the mob were quite undiminished. As for me, I felt great - I was to demonstrate to no less than five simple-minded, madly progressive householders. How could I possibly fail to make at least two sales? When we went into the cafe for tea I ate well - why not, when by weekend I would be painting the West End vermilion, tipping fivers and wearing a Saville Row suit. I boasted flamboyantly of my forthcoming success, and I was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm. I won 2/- in fair competition on a pinball machine. An omen!

Then the van sped back to my street and left me to fill my pockets with gold. All I had to do was call back on the five suckers I had lined up. The machine, of course, would sell itself. The first four denied all knowledge of me, and wouldn't let me in. Indeed, they instructed me to go away. With vile imprecations tearing through my mind I knocked on the fifth door. They were delighted to see me, they gave me tea, and I did a perfect demonstration in a corner, while they watched TV with one eye and children with the other, glancing at me occasionally to make sure I wasn't stealing the candlesticks. Addressing myself mainly to the man of the house, I ascertained that in his opinion it was a truly marvellous machine, and everybody ought to have one. I made him my magnanimous advertising offer, and he almost broke down and cried at my kindness but regretfully explained that he was financially embarrassed owing to having bought a new vacuum cleaner yesterday.

I left. But let us not dwell on the details. After ten days or so of this my confidence was beginning to wane and when the Thursday of my second week came round and at the end of it I had only nearly sold, the supervisor gave me a little pep talk, a highly encouraging one which finished with the assurance that he knew I would start selling tomorrow, and then there would be no holding me. So well argued was his speech, and delivered with such conviction, that the scales fell from my eyes, and the future seemed bright once more.

So the following day I stayed away and got another job.

-KEN POTTER-

Dean A Grennell —

In the absence of DAG's regular column,
herewith some reprints from his 1954
SAPSzine, Spacewoof.

THE BADGER THAT NOW & THEN

I've been accused - perhaps justly - by some people who say that I often talk about the people connected with science fiction and rarely about sf itself. Be that as it may - usually it's because I can think of something to say about the people while the sf itself is not often conducive to comment.

Sam Mines, I think, said that the vocabulary of the fan-critic embraces in its broad entirety exactly two words: stink and classic. Sam should know because part of his thankless task was to wade through what I'd judge to be the thickest crop of the dullest letters by the most puerile letterhacks in the business. You may disagree if you wish - maybe Lowndes or the editor of Planet can claim this dubious distinction. But there's a lot of truth in what Sam said...there is most of the time.

"Stink" in my humble, barefooted opinion, is a word that is totally unsuited for literary criticism. For one thing, it's semantically inaccurate. For another, it is the most dreadfully overworked, swaybacked, bespavined, trite cliché I can imagine. Like so many clichés, it had power and punch in its younger days. Somebody whose name I don't remember said of the brilliant but slippery Henry Clay that "He sparkles and stinks like a rotting mackerel in the moonlight."

But even if I did have a penchant for applying the term "stink" to a story I doubt if I'd get the opportunity very often. The term I'd prefer and one that I commend to the critic and letterhack for incorporation into their vocabulary is "impen", used as a noun. This is short for impenetrable and would denote a story that the reader couldn't get through or didn't even start. It will be 25 years next fall some time that I read my first science fiction story at the tender age of six years. It was contained in a magazine that I only barely recall as being somewhat along the lines of the present-day "Popular Mechanics" and I found it crumpled in the corner of the woodshed at school. I can't even remember much about the plot of the thing beyond a faint recollection that it dealt with a trip to the moon and difficulties when the oxygen ran low. Maybe someone can identify it from these slim clues and tell me what it was. But I doubt it.

Anyway, in the years since then, I've read an awful lot of science fiction, interlaced between an even greater amount of non-sf... for, like Calabrese, I think that a straight literary diet of sf engenders a sort of mental stagnation. Just the same way that an apazine composed of nothing but reviews of the previous mailing contributes to the stagnation of that particular apa.

But, without intending to sound consciously blase, I've long since reached

the stage where I don't sling around the term "classic" very promiscuously. If I had to compile a list of stories in this category right now, without having access to my archives, I'd be sure to leave out a few that I wouldn't want to slight. I have that kind of memory. But such a list would most certainly include "Darker Than You Think" by Jack Williamson; "Slan" by van Vogt; "Methuselah's Children" and "Year of the Jackpot" by Heinlein; "Gratitude Guaranteed" by Bretnor and Neville; "Fury" by Kit and Hank Kuttner; "The Cloak" by Robert Bloch; "The Indigestible Triton" by Hubbard; "Here Comes A Candle" by Fredric Brown and maybe a few others.

It is to be assumed that everybody who reads this will disagree with the above listing, in part or in toto. Your own opinion of a story is dependant upon so many factors that an objective and impartial judgment is very nearly impossible. Your mental attitude at the time of reading, your framework of experience, your unique qualities as an individual... all of these bear upon your rating of any given story or any other artform for that matter.

.....

.....

One time down in Harlingen a bunch of us were waiting to get on a bus that would take us from the range back to the base. The bus was always crowded and unless you stepped lively you stood up for the hour or so it took to make the trip. We were way at the back of the line when the driver opened the door so we took direct action by starting to climb through an open window. It was my usual fate to be half in and half out of the window when the irate driver (a Corporal) came barging back and seized me in the act of illegal entry. He hauled me down and looked me sternly in the eye. "What's yore name, soldier?" he rasped. "F-f-fairchild," I f-faltered. "P-p-P T Fairchild." "Don't give me none uh that crap soejer. Lemme see yer dawg-tags!" I knew when I was whipped. Meekly I rummaged them forth from my pocket and held them out. He inspected them carefully and laboriously took down all the data with a stub of a pencil on a notebook he carried. "You'll be hearing about this, Boaz," he said ominously as he stomped away. And for all I know they may still be looking for Luther C Boaz in the Air Force. Poor guy! He took the rap for so many of my nefarious escapades back in those days. I think I may have glommed on to the tags some night on CQ when they were lying in an orderly room desk. Most of the time I carried them instead of my own except when I was flying. For Boaz, like myself, had type "B" blood coursing through his veins and I didn't want to have an AT-18 drop on me and awake to find myself getting pumped full of type "O" corpuscles and he was a Protestant which meant I wouldn't get dispatched to some promised land with my records all fouled up by having gotten extreme unction at the last minute or something. At one time I knew his serial number as well as I know my own. I wonder what happened to him.....

.....

.....

I bought BRAIN WAVE last week and liked it very much indeed...best Ballantine since MORE THAN HUMAN. Don't quite know why but I liked the parts with the moron on the farm better than those with the bright young scientist - maybe because my mind's eye insisted in visualizing the latter as Richard Carlson. You may judge how well I liked it when I say that I even bought an extra copy (paper-bound, of cuss) to send to Willis and I usually just do this with POGO books.

DEAN A GRENELL

INCHMERY FAN DIARY

SANDY SANDERSON

January 1st, 1960.

One of the things I have always wanted to do in the Diary has been to present the letters as they came in, in the form of letters! Lack of space has made this impossible in the past, but with the beginning of the Diary for a brand new year - and the fact that I now have a micro-elite typewriter - I can at last have a go at it. The micro-elite typer will only give rise to a slight increase in material - in the editorial, for instance, and in the occasional footnotes and small items that need to be fitted in somewhere. Other than this its use will be limited to improving layout and so on, especially in the Diary. The gain in the width of the letters will be used to inset correspondence; the gain in the number of lines will be used to paragraph letters properly. In this way, although some people might object, I hope to ensure that the Diary remains clear and legible...but read on....

WILLIAM F TEMPLE, 7 Elm Road, Wembley, Middlesex. 31st December 59.

Dear APZ,

New Year's Eve.

Eisenhower has just announced that at any time from New Year's Day America will resume H-bomb tests. He then wished everyone a Happy New Year and went out to play another round of croquet. No, sorry - golf. Maybe I was thinking of Wells' The Croquet Player. Or maybe the croquet game in Alice in Wonderland. Either seems fitting.

So the "eminent scientists" did, after all, persuade him to let them play with their new economy-size bomb.

Here we go again. Seems mankind is chained to a mad merry-go-round, which sometimes stops but never for long. During the week BBC-TV has been showing a series of pictorial reviews of the decades between 1900 - 1955. The crassness which led to two World Wars and the 1929 economic smash. The Political Ostrich Parade - Coolidge, Hoover, MacDonald, Baldwin, Chamberlain. Wells piping warnings in vain. And now, Wells has gone and the Ostrich Parade - Eisenhower, Macmillan - is still here. Swastika daubs re-appear on walls...

"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin —

Tried to escape from claustrophobia by a trip through time. Browsed in the long historical vistas of Reade's The Martyrdom of Man. Result - deeper depression. The Political Ostriches, the smart boys, the religious maniacs, the intriguers, the witch-doctors, the murderers, tyrants and fools were going through these self-same motions thousands of years ago.

As someone pithily remarked: "All men learn from history is that men learn nothing from history." What can we do about it? Write to fan-mags, whose readers - mostly - know all about it, anyhow? Write to the newspapers, who never print your letters? Demonstrate at Aldermaston and be jailed for "Disturbing the Peace"? (Oh, ironic phrase!) Take to drink?

Maybe mother was right: gin is a depressant. I shouldn't have chosen to see the New Year in on it, but stuck to beer. Can some happy-souled Pippa cheer me up, give me grounds for believing that history is a rising spiral and not just a damn silly ride on a carousel? Calkins? Anybody?

Miserable New Year to you...

January 2nd. SKYRACK 11 - Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, 6d per copy, 6 for 2/6 or 35¢ (65¢ by air) to Bob Pavlat. This issue gave news of the Easter convention that caused even the most hardened fen to start checking their wallets. The situation has since changed, so.....

DICK ENEY, 417 Ft Hunt Road, Alexandria, Virginia. 28 December 1959.

Dear Sandy,

I can add a few notes on the Goon Trip: the Complex Strategic Move didn't pan out because the Toronto crowd couldn't make it to Fond du Lac. When I heard of Andy going to Toronto before the con I suggested that he and the Derelicts make this move on DAG's, and he said goshwow yes that's a fine idea. Unfortunately, he had assumed that I'd contacted the Canadians before making this suggestion and I assumed he'd contacted them before approving it, so when Raeburn and company did hear about it they were a trifle put out by our bland assumptions...it's about 700 miles from Toronto to FdL, far too much for a brief pre-con trip.

For a wonder, I think Jean Young spoke up best in the section on Nuclear Warfare & How Not To Enjoy it - not that Jean saying things full of intelligence is a wonder, but saying them about Fallout is...I never before knew her to actually EXPLAIN how she thought about anything involving destruction and militarism. This little half-page was good stuff.

Best & all.....

January 4th. Had a visit from Ron and Daphne Buckmaster - Ron has been posted to some outlandish place in Scotland and this was in the nature of a farewell visit. Chances are he'll be back in London for the con, though, and he hopes to be posted back close to London in about 12 months. Figuring that Daphne would have a fair amount of spare time on her hands we have now persuaded her she should become Official Editor for OMPA ... her agreement involved our promising to duplicate Off Trails and Esprit for her. You can't win... I predict this lively couple will be missed in this area.

January 6th. SKYRACK 12 - Bennett again, of course. The main reason for this issue is to announce the TAFF results. Don Ford was the winner by a generous margin and best wishes and congratulations are hereby extended along with the hope that he has a good time over here. Along with Skyrack came mi #1 from Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis Street, Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire. This is designed to re-introduce Eric to general fandom after his background stint with the BSFA and the first issue consists of his replies to a recent quiz set through JD-ARGASSY. As such it is a pretty good way for Eric to recap on his fanac in the past.

January 7th. THE DIRECTORY OF 1959 SF FANDOM - and again Bennett! This list of almost 500 names and addresses is an invaluable reference work. You can get it for 1/9d to Ron or 25¢ to Bob Pavlat or, if you are a member of OMPA, if you ask for it. If you are in FAPA you've got it.

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES 47 - 20¢ or 6 for \$1 or trade for fanzines, art, material or letters of comment (one per issue). Write to Bjo at 980½ White Knoll Drive, Los Angeles 12, California. This is a bumper Christmas issue and the contents are many and varied and all interesting. I can't pick out any item to stress above any other, and to list them all would be meaningless. Get it, if possible. Along with this issue came MERETRITIOUS (and happy new year) containing artwork by some of the

best illustrators in fandom (particularly good was one by Barr) and a few other items. The production of this special Christmas supplement to Shaggy is superb.

January 8th.

ANDY YOUNG, 11 Buena Vista Park, Cambridge 40, Mass. 3 Jan 60.

Dear Inchmery,

Let me say right at the beginning that I'm opposed to Gregg Calkins' views on the subject of fallout; I am, in fact, against military action as an instrument of policy (or anything else) in general. But...well, on to the first reply, from Dr Hammet.

Certainly the danger exists of accidental war; the possibility is more than slight, and I doubt that things could go on for more than three or four decades without having this actually happen. So far, Dr H and I agree, and contend that Gregg is either uninformed or stupid to discount this possibility. And I've already indicated, in my last letter, my disagreement with Gregg on the China question.

Now comes the part about "scientists". First of all, to say that one "is a citizen first and foremost, and a student of science afterwards" is a moral proposition, not a statement of fact. Many people do not consider themselves citizens first, scientists afterwards; whether they should or not is a question which can be argued from both sides. What is meant, precisely, by "citizen"? Does it mean loyalty to one's country, or to humanity in general, or having an active "social conscience", or what? Ambiguous statements supported only by an appeal to "common sense" or "reason" or "decency" make me very wary. To help clarify my own position, I assert my agreement with Swift that one should not "vend poisons as cordials". I myself would never work to develop instruments of destruction, and it is only with reluctance that I have, from time to time, undertaken any work at all from military contracts, or even from the federal government. I agree that scientists should consider the social consequences of their work; in the case of my own work, however, social consequences are so far removed from sight, or even wild imagination, that the question almost never arises. There is, however, a point to consider: faced with the prospect of a discovery which has clearly negative consequences, the conscientious person might prefer to remain at the front of activity in this field in the hopes of guiding the work into the beneficial possibilities, and with the idea of warning and persuading people against the negative side, rather than let someone else - and there is always going to be a someone else in science, for the facts are there, and any able brain can interpret them - who might have less inclination to make a fuss over moral points, do the discovering. This, it seems to me, is the point of view taken by quite a number of people who worked on the release of nuclear energy - Oppenheimer, for example. In an ambiguous case, this might even be my point of view. Scientists, after all, do not make policy; many hoped that a demonstration explosion would be made in circumstances designed to minimize casualties, with the warning: surrender or we will use this. Though the developers of the Bomb must bear indirect responsibility, certainly the more direct portion lies on those who decided to use the thing with no warning against a largely helpless and innocent civilian population.

Now as to the matter of fallout. This is NOT a black-and-white matter at all. Everyone outside of a few professional apologists agrees that fallout is not good. The question over which many a troubled word has been expressed is: how harmful is a given dose of radiation, administered in such-and-such a way. An enormous amount of space has been devoted to this question in the pages of SCIENCE here, and I suppose that comparable material occurs in NATURE over there. The answer is just that once one gets below doses which are obviously lethal or damaging - and the artificially-produced radiation is enormously smaller than this - we simply do not know. At most we can set an upper limit; we know we are not all going to drop dead overnight from yesterday's fallout.

Let me put it this way: there are two billion or so people in the world. If we want to find out the amount of radiation which would cause, say, 100 deaths among them in ten years, we would have to subject several sets of two billion rats, mice, or what have you, to various levels of radiation, for ten years, eliminate all the deaths by causes so obscure that many have not been discovered yet, and carefully sort out the remainder. We would then have our answer, with an accuracy of only about ten percent. And we would be left with the question of how to transform the results of the animal experiments into something meaningful for man. In short, there is very little hope of ever performing vast enough experiments to determine the effects of present levels of fallout precisely. However, there is the hope that if a theoretical understanding of basic physiology and the physiological effects of radiation can be found, then there might be a sound basis for extrapolating the observed effects at higher doses to the levels we are worried about.

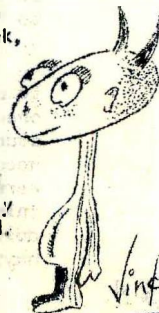
There is an approach to this in the case of heredity: mutations are almost certainly directly proportional to the dose, no matter how administered, no matter what the level. The geneticists are pretty well agreed that the genetic damage is proportional to the radiation which causes it. In the case of somatic effects like leukemia, things are not at all clear, in spite of what the doctor says. Radiation is not likely to be the only cause of the disease; the reported death rate from leukemia may have trebled since 1945, but the level of background radiation certainly has not (it has increased by an average of 20%). No one doubts that large doses of radiation cause leukemia and explain the Hiroshima cases; fallout is a different matter. In any case, the average citizen receives many times more radiation from X-ray machines in dentists' and doctors' offices than from natural background, or from background plus the highest known levels of fallout. The question is whether radiation from fallout is, or is not, more effective than X-rays in producing damage of a given kind. The answer is, I repeat, unknown.

But we can certainly take the conservative point of view: that of extrapolating the effects of higher doses downward with a linear function. On this point of view we have already killed or doomed to premature death tens or hundreds of thousands of people, even in the absence of further tests. Faced with this possibility, and with NO certain knowledge of whether this figure, or zero (as has been suggested by some people who have worked as hard, earnestly, and honestly at the problem as anyone else), is the correct one, we must decide whether the supposed advantages of continued nuclear stalemate, with or without more tests, but always with the possibility of nuclear war on a vast scale, are worth this possible price. I emphasize again, the price may be zero (if there is a threshold for these effects) - we do not know. But since it is most likely that the genetic effects have no threshold, we should at least assume that every addition to the fallout is detrimental to our children, and their children, and theirs, and theirs.... for (literally) thousands of years (because of the long life of carbon-14). Personally, I find the choice a fairly easy one, because I am not committed to a belief in the effectiveness of nuclear deterrence. But for people in the government (which is officially committed to this view) and to the average citizen (who feels duty-bound to support his government, and who is pretty ignorant of the detailed complexity of the situation) the choice is not at all simple - particularly when experts with big reputations like Teller go around saying fallout is harmless and the advantages of nuclear weapons are great.

Let me emphasise again: the risk we run is unknown. It might be zero, or at least very small. It might be enormous in terms of total lives lost. In any case each individual runs a very small risk at the current levels of fallout - a risk so small, indeed, that it cannot be measured as yet.

This is one of the major points: the individual risk is very much smaller than the risk you take in breathing metropolitan air, with its poisons and carcinogens from auto exhausts. It is smaller than the risk you take in driving a car, or riding in a public conveyance. But there is an important side issue here: if you are worried about your health, you can move to the country, or stay indoors all day under a sunlamp and air-conditioner. These non-nuclear risks are personal in the sense that you willingly undergo them for the sake of the kind of life you lead. You do not stay away from the dentist because his X-ray machine will, very likely, result in the death of a distant descendant twenty generations hence; for if you stayed away you would run the risk of becoming sick, or dying, from jaw infections resulting from rotting teeth, which is a far greater risk. You run one risk for the sake of avoiding a greater one. But in the case of fallout, the risk we take is not clearly less than the risk we avoid: we may be destroyed by a nuclear war in spite of - or even because of - "deterrence". And here's the real moral difficulty: fallout is world-wide, so we impose these risks on millions of people who have never heard of nuclear weapons, who do not know that fallout exists. You cannot escape fallout by moving to a country which does no nuclear testing, as the Japanese fishermen know. There remains, of course, the possibility that the general stratospheric fallout (as opposed to the immediate tropospheric fallout which hit the Japanese fishermen) is at present levels, completely harmless. This, I think, is one of the reasons why so much more has been made of the fallout danger than of the risk we take from polluted air, bugsprayed food, and so on: there is a wide recognition of a serious moral dilemma in the possibility that the very steps which, supposedly, will make another major war impossible, are even now killing off friend, foe, and uncommitted bystander alike; and there is a political problem in the possibility, too, since the uncommitted people are not likely to side with those who have been sowing their air and soil with possible death. This consideration is very likely the major effective one as far as the officials who make nuclear policy are concerned. This is one of the senses in which the term "nuclear blackmail" might well be used.

Now on to Bill Temple's letter. The major bone I have to pick here is the use of the word "scientist". I am one, I think, by anybody's definition, even Bill Temple's.



And I think his definition is silly. No, that's not the right word for it; it's admirably idealistic, in a way, but it's also wrong in a way. Science is not a matter of morals. It's a matter of experience, and a way of dealing with facts, and (perhaps) an attitude toward the physical part of the universe, the directly-observable part. It's as silly to say "Teller is not a scientist" as it is to say "G M Carr is not a fan". It is true that scientists generally (just like fans) hold liberal views in politics, are anti-authoritarian, "moral", etc, etc. It would be nice if everybody were that way, you and I would say. The scientist, or the politician, or the doctor, has great power to do harm if he misuses his knowledge, so it is extra important that such people should be kind, compassionate, conscientious human beings. But it's one thing to say, in a loose and somewhat figurative sense, that So-and-so isn't a "real" scientist, or politician, or whatnot, because he doesn't live up to your ideal of what such a person should be; and it's another thing to say that Einstein wasn't a scientist because he had a small hand in the development of nuclear energy. You might as well say that human beings are rational creatures, point out that G M Carr is not rational, and conclude that GMC is not a human being. In a metaphorical sense, the statement has some meaning; in a literal sense it has none and is absurd. Or rather, in a literal sense it is simply false.

Well, I certainly don't enjoy being in a class ("scientists") with Teller, or in another ("human beings") with GMCarr, but I am forced to be in those juxtapositions by the use of the words themselves. In spite of Humpty Dumpty, you can't get away with making words mean what you want them to mean. At least not in the real world; things are different in Looking-Glass Land. When you have to be compassionate to be a scientist because Bill Temple says so, thought control is here - and I do not approve of it even if Temple would make the most benevolent dictator we've ever had. (I trust you notice I'm speaking metaphorically here - I don't think Bill Temple is trying to Take Over The World.)

If, in fact, there were people who torment animals "to prove a point proved a thousand times already" I would agree that they are - not non-scientists necessarily, but certainly poor scientists, and unkind people. But who does he have in mind here? The experimental researcher? Most of these certainly do not "torment" their animals, nor do they perform experiments to "prove a point proved a thousand times already", partly because one cannot "prove" things in the sciences, and partly because the vast majority of such work is new, not a repetition of old work (unless the old work is in doubt, in which case the point involved has hardly been "proved" once, let alone a thousand times.) I can, in fact, show an example of a scientist who asked that an entirely new and original experiment on two cold-blooded vertebrates should be stopped because he considered it unnecessarily cruel; the experiment was continued by his colleague, the animals survived and prospered, and the experiment was one of the most startling discoveries made in recent years.

I gather, however, that the experiments to which he refers are the ones often performed as educational demonstrations. I concede that there is room for argument here, but I believe that the animals are not grossly maltreated, and that the benefit arising from such educational activities outweighs the unpleasant experiences of the animals. This is, in its way, as tricky a question as the fallout problem, and I do not wish to get involved in it here. Everyone is entitled to his opinion if he is acquainted with the facts; how many "futile animal-tormentors" does Temple know personally?

Again, I believe the matter of the dog in Sputnik II is the result of misinformation in the form of bad public-relations on the Russian side. So far as I know there was never any intention to try to retrieve the dog, nor any such statement issued, on the part of the people who were conducting the experiment. This seemed to be merely a supposition of people in the news media, and the bureaucrats with whom they deal. The dog was killed in a relatively painless fashion, prolonged weightlessness was proved not to be harmful, and I'm very glad it was a dog instead of a human. It looks as though the be-kind-to-animals people will have their revenge, though; I have every expectation that we will shortly (say within three years) leave a man stranded in orbit - by accident of course, except that the accident might not happen if we were not so much in a hurry to "catch up", etc

The Payette Papers were fabulous, to use the stereotyped adjective. I look forward to seeing more of them in future issues. I once worked on a wall-and-window washing crew that included a devout fundamentalist from the hills of West Virginia. A fellow-student and I used to prod him gently about it...I remember that we spent a whole afternoon trying to convince him that insects are "animals". (It seems that, for him, there were animals, birds, fish, plants, and "creatures". Insects were "creatures", not animals.) And he once said, very piously, "You shouldn't steal, because if you steal ten dollars from somebody, you'll get ten dollars stolen from you." One-to-one retribution, boy. Ghod but I'm glad to be out of that job.

Hooray for DAG. I can support Janke's assertion that model-airplane fans are a similar group; I've even attended a day session of a model-airplane convention. But these people, like the ham radio operators, are too immersed in the actual process of the hobby that there is no opportunity for a fanzine-fandom to grow up. In the case of the hams, the radio contacts serve exactly the function that fanzines serve with us anyway. The model-airplane people are usually clumped in groups and resemble club/convention fandom rather than fanzine fandom.

But there is a fandom which resembles ours more closely: stamp-collecting fandom.

All right, you can stop laughing now. I actually carried on correspondence with another stamp collector, back in those days; he was a retired ship's captain, had collected most of his furrin stamps in mint condition "on the spot", and was having a wonderful time sending approval packets and letters to other stamp collectors. The collecting aspect makes stamp-collecting fandom quite similar to collecting-sf fandom, but so far as I know it never developed beyond the letter-writing stage. (I was delighted at the picture of detective fandom following the hotel house dicks around the halls.)

I think the major element lacking in these other fandoms is just plain old concentration of intellectual talent. Let's face it: by and large, fans are slans, in the sense that they are significantly above the general level of intelligence. These other fandoms do not attract intellectual power. Model airplanes require manual skill and craftsmanship, not mental skill. Ham radio is not a particularly brainy field; the examinations can be passed by anyone who can memorise, whether he can think or not. But sf puts two requirements for intellectual capabilities on its fans: first, they must be able to read well, to consume much of the stuff (add up the total number of words of sf you've read if you don't believe me - it's likely to be comparable to the number of miles between here and the sun.) - and second, a certain amount of mental skill is required to dig the meat out of the more thoughtful sf. You've got to be able to think to understand the stuff, that is. And thought and verbal skill are just the necessary ingredients for a fanzine. Have you ever listened to ham radio operators' conversation, or eavesdropped on model airplane (or firehouse or police) buffs? It is the common, crude speech of the man in the street, ungrammatical, full of "vulgaries". Consider the speaking and writing style of fans: it's polished, fluent, more literary. You'd fall flat on your face trying to push a fanzine through model airplane circles because nobody would have the patience or ability to read it, much less write a reply to it.

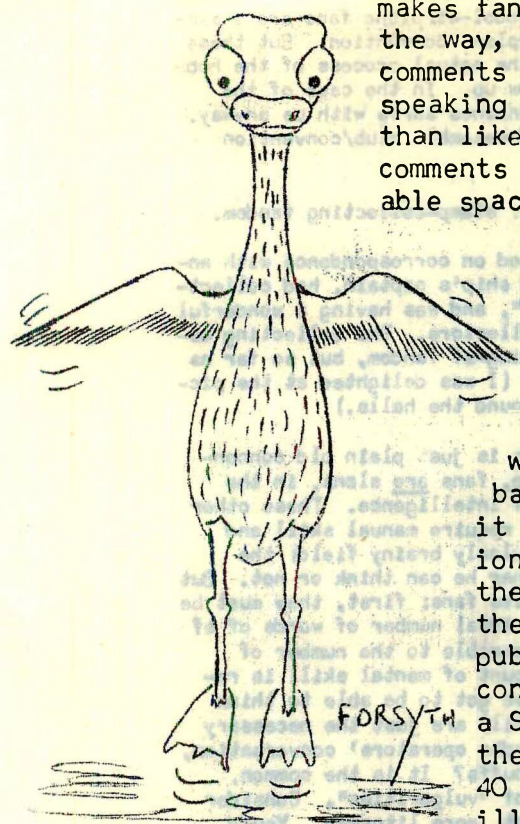
So if you're looking for other fields in which to sow the seeds of fandom, look for one which selects people of high intellectual and literary capabilities. I can't think of any outside of professional groups, like astronomers or lawyers or college faculty members...and these people don't need fanzines, because they're thrown together daily by their work, and have professional magazines to keep them connected with other such people in other places. Fandom is, I think, unique.

Which reminds me that I spent the first part of this evening at the meeting of the "Interplanetary Exploration Society" or whatever it is called - a group of sf readers and amateur scientists grown up around Campbell's latest fad ("gentlemen scientists"). It was Asimov's birthday, and Hal Clement was there, too. A fine time was had by all, etc. This thing meets in Boston every first-Saturday-of-the-month. It seems to consist of two groups: ignorant but enthusiastic amateurs (many of them high-school students), and old-pros-and-tired. There is also a sort of subdivision into people interested in science and people interested in sf. I generally sit near Asimov and listen to the sf-oriented conversation, except that now and then some particularly outrageous scientific blunder is mentioned in one of the other groups and I feel morally obliged to explain things. It's odd, anyway.

I realize you wanted to kill off the race subject, but I do want to say that I feel that homogenization, at least to a considerable extent, is the best hope of the minority races in any place; and that this is, to my mind, the thing that strikes horror into the hearts of the separationists: imagine how awful it would be if you couldn't tell who was really X or Y! They can keep the underdogs "in their place" only so long as the underdogs form a distinct class; when mixing occurs and there are no distinct lines to be drawn, the situation is no longer well-defined and segregation becomes practically impossible. You then have to resort to a caste system, which would never occur in Western culture at the present time. Mixing, more surely than any legal decrease, would at last free the slaves. Well, we shall see what happens in the next five hundred years....

I knew I'd fill up more than a single airletter.....

Yes, and I cut about a page of odd comments, too! It is letters like this that



makes fanzine editing a worthwhile occupation. Thanks. By the way, Andy appears to have covered most of the reasonable comments against the Hammet/Temple letters and, since he is speaking from a position of strength as it were, I will more than likely let this stand as a 'reply' and cut out similar comments in other letters. It's really a question of available space and variation in comments. We'll see how it goes.

January 9th. At an earlier meeting of the SFCoL it had been decided to spend this Saturday in search of a clubroom in the Waterloo area. The fact that it turned out to be one of the coldest days in the memory of fans was not permitted to stand in our way (although we did decide that Vinç would have to stay at home because he had a really bad cold and to go out would have been suicidal). As it happens our search was not successful on that occasion but it did give rise to two descriptive articles on the day's events. One, by George Locke, will appear in the next Apç. The other, by Arthur Thomson, will be published in a Combozine being produced for the BSFA convention at Easter. The combozine, incidentally, is a SFCoL project and it will feature material by most of the members. The last estimate put the page count over 40 with such people as Inchmery, Atom (two pages of illos as well), Locke, Enever, Lindsay, Parker, Groves, both Potters and new fan Don Geldart all represented and more to come. (You listening, Chuck?) Although much of this will be slanted towards new fans, most of the current crop will no doubt find something of interest. Copies will be available at 1/- or 15ç either at the con or by post.

January 11th Following on the monumental letter from Andy Young I had 18 pages of closely typed comments on American quartet from Dick Ellington-Gypsy. Seems he wanted to cover Apçs 6 to 14 before he left for the West Coast. I enjoyed getting these comments very much but of course most of them are too dated to use now and I have covered the important ones directly with Dick. I've just read the letter again - it reads like an exceptionally good one-shot. Two points to mention - Dick considers Sid Birchby's Curser Rhymes to be the best thing ever produced in Apç. More than that he thinks it is one of the most effective bits he's ever seen anywhere, in any magazine, fan, pro or what have you, at anytime. High praise indeed but I feel Sid fully deserves it. The other point concerns the Detention Programme booklet that I mentioned. If you remember Dick told me to look out for one by airmail - I said I'd eventually had one but not by air. Well, it seems that Dick was talking about a special one which he was taking around with him all convention long and which he'd got autographed to a fare-thee-well by most everybody there - it even had my name on it, he says. Then on the last day he got tied up working on the playlet script and it got left in the bar and someone ran with it and didn't return it nor - apparently - bother to mail it on to me. Not to worry, Dick, it was a very nice thought on your part and I appreciate it and the time you must have spent on it, even if I didn't get the book in the end. I wonder who the lucky owner is? Have any of you out there seen anyone looking at a programme booklet with my name on it and lots of autographs? Write again, Dick.

GEORGE SPENCER, 8302 Donnybrook Lane, Chevy Chase 15, Maryland. January 9, 1960

Dear Sandy,

Birchby's poems continue to bug me. I find myself jotting down post-catastrophy poems when I should be doing something else. Here are a couple more:

Russians are Red.

Americans, blue

'Cause we're radioactive.

How about you?

I remember your lip-toasted kiss, Dear

And the smell of those roasting guitars.

For that's when we burned to a crisp, Dear

The night that they blew out the stars.

Cheers....

DICK ENEY, 417 Ft Hunt Rd, Alexandria, Va. 5 January 1960

Dear Sandy,

Good work by George Locke in Apr 14, by and large...One thing, though. Sentence on page 12, about the middle, which says "Alexandria is a dump." IT IS NOT! I'm not sure whether to send the bomb to George or Archie, but Blood Must Flow Ere This Insult Be Washed Out, Sir! And not my blood, either, if I can arrange it.

On thing VOID would have had, if it'd been focal point much longer, was a series of articles on other fandoms - trolley car fandom, aircraft-model fandom and what not - just the thing Dean Grennell was asking about. Dean doesn't know about this, because Ted instituted a write-or-else policy for VOID and DAG told him to go soak his head. (White later tried the same thing on WSFA and we gave the same reaction...) In fact I recall that Speer wanted to call fanzines "hams" by analogy with the radio-operators' word for "amateurs". We Are Not Alone.

What, George Locke again? Oh, ghod, peyote again, too. But 'arf a mo: this argument is one of the shrewdest yet against the use of the stuff. Given the clash of authorities - apparently an honest clash, with weight of numbers on the side of non-addictive nature for mescaline - no other argument against all use of peyote could be as convincing as this reminder of George's that the appetite, like, may turn to other Exotic Things which can't be shaken off as easily as mescaline. A well made point.

Space prevents me naming 'em, but I recognised six out of those ten quotes of PF's. And...here now, Eney, you've done enough nattering for one night.

Best & all.....

I'm glad to see that somebody got the point of George's little article... I think you'll agree Andy Young covers the Bomb points, but if you want to add anything further to what he says....?

January 12th Had a picture postcard of the Mersey Tunnel, covered in signatures. Liverpool (of course) were having a party. Pity they're so far away.

January 14th Starts off with a copy of SHIPSIDE 1 from John Trimble, 5201 E. Carson, Long Beach 8, California. This is a FAPazine and I doubt if there are any copies left now, but if all John's FAPazines are as interesting you might enquire about the next one....

Letter from Bill Donaho, 1441 Eight St., Berkeley 10, California. Bill, naturally, doesn't agree with any of the peyote stuff but doesn't go into details because he says he is going to write another article on the subject. I can see this getting as played-out as 'Focal Points'. Also says he has an aria from a cantata by Buxtehude which is one of the most sheerly beautiful items he owns (with or without the benefit of peyote) called APERITE MIHI PORTAS JUSTITIAE - Open to me the gates of heaven. Point he's making is that although this is Latin and not Greek does it indicate the meaning of Aporrheta is 'Open'. Answer is no, in fact the meaning is almost the opposite - 'closed'. Apr means 'Esoteric doctrines'. Point I was going to make when I started this paragraph is that Dick Ellington is now c/o Donaho.

Dear Sandy:

I fully agree with Dr Hammet and Mr Temple, and was saddened by a news item last night to the effect that the US would continue the nuclear weapons test ban for an indefinite time. One senator lost no time in declaring that there should be a time limit on the ban so we can show them these Russians. Maybe the reason cigarette sales keep climbing so rapidly despite their cancer-causing tendency is that people figure they might as well die of cancer as of radiation poisoning, which comes to the same thing. Maybe they're right, and isn't the world in a hell of a mess? It's not so bad for us oldsters, but it's going to be tough on the younger generation and especially on those to come.

I greatly enjoyed Grennell's article, and it started me thinking about another fandom that got started about the same time as sf fandom, and which involves more people, more time and more money than sf fandom ever will.

There are in this country alone upwards of 5000 members in the three national old-car clubs. Each of these clubs publishes a lavishly-illustrated magazine on slick paper, and most of the many regional groups publish their own papers, usually by mimeograph or offset. Of course not all these members have old cars, but to make up for those with none there are BNFs with fifty or a hundred or more. In addition to annual conventions, the national groups have numerous meets and tours at which the members have a chance to show off their cars and collect great gobs of egoboo. There are a few individuals who make their livings by restoring cars for others, which is somewhat analogous to a publisher making a living by putting out fanzines for others, and isn't that a weird idea? The most thoroughly-digested part of the national magazines are the pages of classified ads in back, where one may drool longingly over such offerings as a '34 Rolls 20/25hp sedanca de ville for only \$2600 or a completely restored 1912 Locomobile model 30 touring for \$8500.

The movement gets lots of publicity by means of such things as the Glidden Tours in this country and the London to Brighton Run in England. And, while sf fandom has occasionally had a premiere of a new sf movie at a convention, this is nothing compared to old-car fandom's achievement in having a movie made about it which is such a delightful comedy that it is a tremendous hit wherever it is shown. "Genevieve" is a 1904 Darracq which has since, I think, been sold to a collector in Australia.

One way in which old-car fandom differs from sf fandom is that, while the latter's principle product, fanzines, usually bring only blank stares from the general public, almost everybody will show some interest in old cars. To the old they bring back memories of youth; to the young, especially those interested in cars generally (and that takes in a very large percentage) they represent a study in contrasts that is not always of advantage to the new.

In addition to the general old-car clubs (and practically every "free" country has at least one) there are numerous one-car clubs, devoted to the preservation and restoration of just one make of car, and in some cases one model of one make, such as the clubs for the Model T Ford and the Model A Ford. Others in this country are for the Pierce-Arrow (the American car that perhaps came closest in quality to the Rolls Royce; no other make has ever been quite the equal of the Rolls) the Franklin (our best-known air-cooled car, which went out of production about 1937), the Rolls Royce, the Cord, Auburn and Duesenberg (all made by the same firm) and one which is just being formed for the Packard. There are others, too, but these are all that come to mind just now. England has several, of which one is for the Bugatti, that unusual car built in France by an Italian artist. One Bugatti, by the way, the Royale, is the biggest car ever put into production, though only 19 were built. It has a wheel-base of 170".

Old-car fandom has many pastimes analogous to those of sf fandom. A publisher named Floyd Clymer has made a good thing out of putting out books consisting of reprints of old-car ads. There are eight of them so far, each with some two hundred pages, and two more for steam cars alone. There will probably be more since over 2200 different makes of cars have been made in this country alone. In the past few years a number of little independent "fanzines" have sprung up in various parts of the country. These carry ads of various dealers in old cars and parts, and hundreds of classified ads sent in by people all over the country. These publications come and go much like sf fanzines.

Almost all of this activity has grown from the work of a few enthusiasts back around 1935, about the time sf fandom was beginning to organise. Curiously enough, it was ab-

out the same time that model railroading began really to get up steam, but that's another story. Of course there were individuals in all three hobbies long before, but the mid-thirties seems to mark a rapid rise in popularity.

I've rambled enough for now. Hope I haven't bored you.

Sincerely.....

I doubt if anyone will complain of boredom, Bill. I certainly won't for one.

The final letter of the day came from Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Mich. This letter pushes a lot of tricky points to the front and I guess that now is as good a time as any to try and get them straightened out. What follows applies to quite a number of newish fans. To start with Dick objects to the fact that I have not published much from the letters he has sent me to date. In a way he has a right to object. He has spent his time writing me long letters - 12 pages or more, hand-written on both sides of the paper - and all I've done is mention them briefly. On the other hand I'm not publishing CRY (and that's no crack - I think Cry is a damn fine fanzine...if I was referring to articles and stories from neos I'd say I wasn't publishing ORION, which is another damn good fanzine). The point is that where there's a need you'll generally find a fanzine to satisfy it. If there isn't one you start your own. If every fanzine published a Cry letter column or an Orion 'Blood Bank' the situation would soon become monotonous. As it is the Cry letter column is unique and because it is the sort of thing that group of people wants to do it is done well and it is very interesting. App didn't start out to cater for neo-fen but after a while it developed into its present general form and more and more new readers came onto the books. I like their letters of comment - I need them, if I'm going to be able to do anything towards helping more of them find their feet - and I'll use them whenever possible. But App is being produced for the majority of existing fans and the type of letter that stands most chance of being published is...well, just look back over the last few pages. That's one aspect of it. The other is that Dick makes a number of comments in his letters that are worth publishing - he's not a Gosh-wow-boy-o-boy neo by any means - but there's a little matter of the time taken to dig such comments out of the rest of the hand-written letter. Quite often I just don't have that time. Walt Willis could probably get away with a hand-written letter (tho' he's never tried, thank Ghod) but...well, take Ken Potter's article in this issue. This was hand-written and given to me months ago. It was passed over for the last three issues because Joy simply couldn't find time to type me a translation at the office (needless to say, none of us could find the time to do it at home) and the time taken to cut stencils from the ms would have been enormous. I fully appreciate that not everyone has a typewriter but then the answer would be to write a shorter letter concentrating on two or three points of major interest rather than a long letter covering everything in the zine. Above everything else I don't want to stop fans, new and old, from writing letters. Every fanzine editor exists on letters. But give me a break, hm? And it is not my intention to hurt or insult anybody over this. I have my hands full at the moment...

January 18th

BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 S Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, California, USA. 14Jan60.

Dear Sandy:

I see I've earned the fabled 9999 on my subscription. I wonder what I've done to rate such, even after reading your explanation in the Diary (at which I blush by noting your qualifications for the award), but I'm not particularly complaining. Do you realize that if you publish ten issues a year consistently, it will be the year 2959 before my subscription expires? Cor, then your progeny will be mailing mine the 9999th

issue of what will probably be alter-titled "Ap6-Interplanetary Fannish Focal Point Fanzine, Ltd" and Ted White's descendants will be grotching at this, of course. On to other things....

I made a terrible mistake the other day. Having nothing better or worse to do, I sat down and read through several sections of the evening paper. I put it down afterwards with a feeling of great nervousness and high depression. Therefore, I am not terribly interested in reading Hammet's and Temple's dissertations. I feel that something is going to happen and nothing we can do will stop it, but I don't like to worry about it. I don't read the papers too much because of that, either, relying on the less shocking effects of the TV news to inform me as I wish to be informed (painlessly, sans shocking details). Call it avoidism, or whatever you like, but let's not go into deep meditation because of the above. Still, despite my creeping fear of what is Bound To Happen, I found Sid Birchby's Rhymes most amusing and all that. Could this be a defect, I wonder, in my way of thinking? I'll not let it concern me, even so.

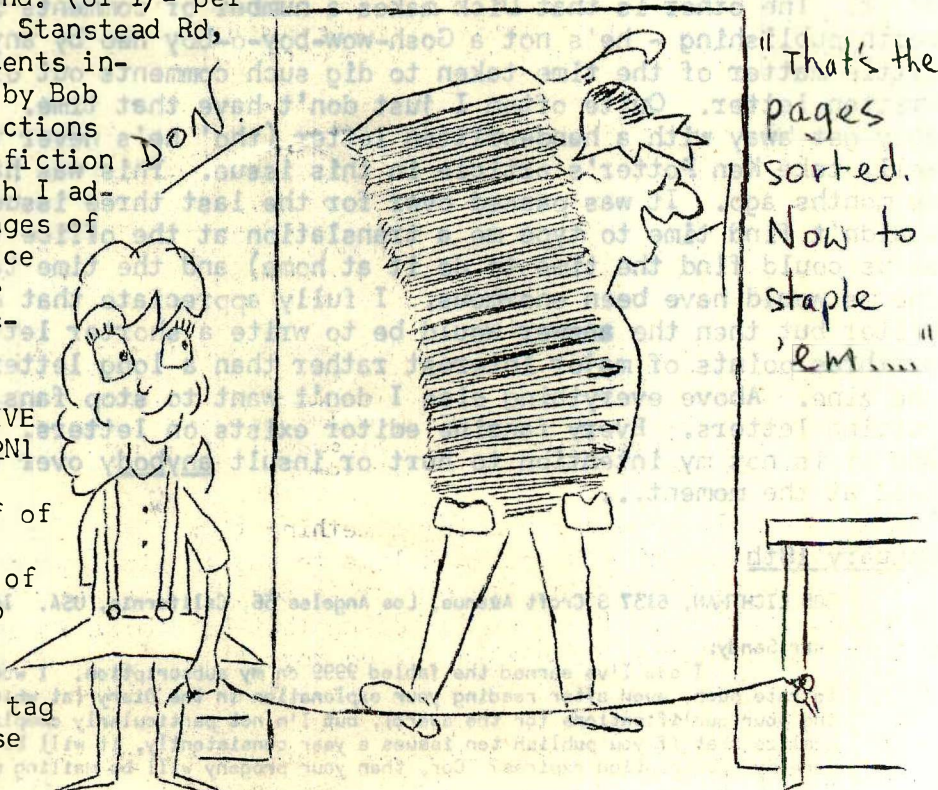
Best.....

Not a defect, necessarily, but perhaps proof (if further proof be needed) that the approach made to this problem by people like Sahl, Freberg and Lehrer is more liable to reach people than anything else that has been tried.

January 19th SF TIMES 329 - 10¢ per copy from P O Box 115, Solvay Branch, Syracuse 9, New York. This one starts off with the news of the USA reprint of New Worlds. Incidentally we have since heard that Santesson's other mag, Fantastic Universe, is to fold. But all is not lost...Belle Dietz's fine fanzine review column is to be transferred to the USA New Worlds also edited by Santesson. Attached to SF T 329 is a six page write-up by Sam Moskowitz of what the Second December 1929 issue would have looked like had there been one. This is a salute to the 30th Anniversary of ASF and is very well done.

January 20th YANDRO 83 - 12 for \$1.50 from Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Ind. (or 1/- per issue from Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd, Hoddesdon, Herts.) Contents include an amusing column by Bob Tucker (concerning collections of erotica), a piece of fiction by Gary Deindorfer (which I admit to skipping) five pages of fanzine reviews and a nice long letter column. The latter item makes particularly good reading.

January 21st SPECULATIVE REVIEW V2N1 from Dick Eney (address given earlier) on behalf of the Washington SF Assoc. This is the first issue of a clubzine given over to reviews - and they are very well handled indeed. There's no price tag on this issue so I advise you to drop Eney a line. SR is well worth having.



JOHN B SPEER, Lawyer, Rogers Building, North Bend, Washington. 4 Jan 60.

Dear Sandy:

Temple seems to think it best for a scientist to stay undefiled personally, by refusing to have anything to do with an atomic bomb. I think what happens to the world is much more important. I suppose you all feel that the way to end war in the world is for us individually to set an example of pacifism. I take it you believe the Western position is wrong, in insisting that without inspection and enforcement machinery, it is futile to talk of atomic disarmament. You would put some reliance on example, some on the good faith of the other side in carrying out its promises, and much on the belief that the other side is prompted only by fear of us. Would you feel the same way if we were dealing with Hitler instead of Krushchev?

The position of you latter-day pacifists is peculiarly similar to that of the pacifists in the inter-war period, with the same blind spot. I remember looking through a book by A A Milne, written in the twenties. Apparently he examined and refuted every reason that might be offered to justify going to war, except one: That the other side might attack you.

Certainly radioactive pollution is a grave thing. Certainly the danger of touching off a holocaust by a misunderstanding is great. We are, in fact, teetering on the rim of hell. But the solution is not easy, as these people seem to think, who vigorously denounce as criminal idiots anyone who doesn't see things with their crystal simplicity. The problem is not merely to outlaw atomic weapons. The problem is to abolish war. Wasn't it you who agreed with a reader that if Hitler'd had the Bomb he'd have used it before the end? I would expect this to be true of any atomic power facing total defeat. "We must finish war or it will finish us."

The Baker Street Irregulars come to mind as a detective-story fandom. One can find in many different fandoms many elements of our own, but they seem only at the first remove from the field of interest, as a gold medium of exchange is at the first remove from barter of actual goods. I'm thinking of Stapledon's (?) comparison of a modern man in the world of the future, to a cat walking through the Bank of England. The cat might conceivably understand money as a means of getting food, but what could it know of re-discount rates, gold point, and so on? So the cat might understand a convention of model airplane builders as related to model airplanes, and even connect convention-hotel carousing with the airplanes. But what of the higher abstractions and combinations — lawsuit over whether the London Trip Fund was or was not an agency of the WSFS, style sheet for typing Fancyclopedia 2, comments on comments on a symposium on numerical fandoms, ktp? It is these things at a further remove that seem to be unique in sf fandom.

And some fundamental difference seems to be back of it, rather than chance that preserved science-fiction's life beyond that of other pulp fiction, or other factors that might be different a few doors down the paratime street. Gernsback noticed that there was a ready made sf fandom when he first brought out Amazing Stories. There is something about sf that appeals to the kind of people who, mixed together with others of their kind, will within a predictable time produce the protein molecules from which fandom with a life of its own is sure to evolve. (However, one must remark that a person taking two hundred names from the lettercols of prozines might discover very few prospective fan among them; we are a quintessence of something or other.)

Terry Carr's assumption that a 9999-issue subscription is divisible reminds me of a story I once wrote in which an invading army was made up of thousands of slices from the four-dimensional projection of one man. Now if you substitute time for the fourth dimension, you could have an army made up of Juffuses from each week of my life; but the army would be a bit short-lived. Gad, a new concept! (On second thought, wasn't there a wartime story in a Campbellzine that used this idea?)

JFS.

Seems I vaguely remember reading something like that fairly recently, tho' whether in an old or new zine I wouldn't like to say. Help anyone? Juffus, you are - of course - quite right that the objective must be the removal of war from the sphere of human activity. I am really hoping that something is going to be done about it. But in the meantime I'd settle for no more tests (atom bombs are quite deadly as they are, thank you) and as much restraint as possible on military men who want to fly to Berlin over 10,000 ft up, try out underground explosions or make speeches designed to show them there Russkies that we have so got more hardware than them. They don't help out one damn little bit, as you'll probably agree.

January 25th Ethel Lindsay paid us a short visit in the evening and we were glad to see her, as usual. We've worked out a mutual arrangement whereby she takes a portion of our monthly intake of papers and magazines in exchange for her Manchester Guardians. Of course none of us actually gain from this since the quantity of paper held by any individual remains too high, but then we pass on the Guardians to Jim Groves and SatEvePosts and other magazines to Ella and lots of daily newspapers to the local greengrocer and so we only have to clear the room out twice a week to be able to find a flat surface... (Hi, Ethel).

CRY 135 - 12 for \$2 from Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Washington (or 12 for 14/- from John Berry.) This is the 10th Annish, over 100 pages of fabulous material and with a terrific coloured bacover. I know at least one fan who has taken this off and hung it on the wall (no, not at Inchmery). Contents include a further 34 pages of John Berry's saga of the Detention, an Index to the past ten years of the zine, material by Bob Leman, Harry Warner, and....oh hell, they just pulled all the stops out on this one. You've probably got it. If you haven't you're probably too late.

FANAC 49 - 4 for 25/- from Terry Carr, & Ron Ellick, #6, 1909 Francisco St, Berkely 9, California. (Or 4 for 2/- from Archie Mercer). Lead item is concerned with the coming TAFF election. Inside news **states** that a number of big fanzines are on the way...SD, OOpsla, and Innuendo...according to information from the relevant publishers. Also things like the reprint of New Worlds coming in the States and a report to the effect that the situation in London is bad with hard feelings all over the place (this comes from Fanac's London spy "Z"). Can't say I've noticed it much myself but then my only strong contact these days is with the SFCoL. Along with this Fanac came HOBGOBLIN 2, Terry's reviewzine. This issue covers AMRA, NO-MAD and several DHOGs. Also in the bundle were the issues of GAMBIT (33&34) that were mentioned by PF and myself in the last issue. Poor old Ted White. Guess he still has a chance to grow up some day. If he gets over his inability to laugh.

ORION 24 - Ella Parker, 151 Canterbury Road, W.Kilburn, London N W 6. Send the girl a shilling or something. When I saw the Cawthorne cover on stencil I knew that Ella would have trouble with it - and she did. But despite the overinking it still looks good. (The stencil looked like fine lace). Ella's editorial also mentions bad feeling in London. Comes of having a larger area of contact, I guess. Contents include Ken Bulmer's 4th TAFF tale, another Berry 'Sergeant' story - still the best type of yarn he does - fanzine reviews by Atom, and lots of other goodies.

JD-ARGASSY 51 - Lynn Hickman, now at 523 S Dixon Ave, Dixon, Illinois. Can't think of much to say on this one except that I enjoyed it as usual. With it Lynn sent a copy of First Fandom Bulletin No 2, which used a reprint of Atom's Apr 12 cover on the front. It was interesting to note that Terry Jeeves (who had close on three pages of material in the issue) was the only UK member as of the date of the list given. The bacover, by Barr, was reminiscent of Hannes Bok. It appears that this group is coming along very nicely.

January 28th FANAC 50 - Carr & Ellick again. Cover story is given over to the results of the last TAFF election and the BSFA con in London. Inside is a report on the Berry Fund (contributors to this whose names are not shown are asked to get in touch with the Cry gang, especially if they made the contributions to Bill Rickhardt who has not responded to queries). With Fanac was Hobgoblin 3, this time reviewing Waldo and Archive, a couple of OMPazines with additional circulation outside the apa.

January 29th

HARRY WARNER, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland. January 19, 1960

Dear Sandy:

You probably have heard by now already that George Locke's item was the most impressive thing in this issue.

Much as I hate to oppose one of my editors, I must side with Dr Hammet and Bill Temple, against Gregg Calkins. The only conceivable objection that I might make to their retorts is that there seems to be a growing concern with elimination of nuclear weapons, possibly coupled with a ban on germ warfare, as a means of insuring that the world will survive future wars. I don't think that getting rid of nuclear explosions and deadly plagues are enough. There are plenty of other ways in which life could be made unworth living in case the world powers should start to fight one another again, even if everyone agreed not to adopt these ultimate weapons. World War II did quite a bit of damage without verified cases of germ warfare and only two atomic blasts.

John Berry's item struck home. I don't know how many men do it, and I'm not really sure if John does it, but I'm quite willing to admit that on the rare occasions when I ride a public transportation vehicle, I reach the very peak of alertness and logical functioning, in order to pick the seat which will be most likely to bring me close to an attractive female. This is not the simple matter that it might seem. It involves such variables as the probability that a more interesting woman than anyone now aboard will enter after I choose my seat, the difficulty of judging from the backs of the individuals if I enter the vehicle from the rear, the rumpledness of each female - the most rumpled are most apt to arise, stretch their legs, and sit down elsewhere almost at once -- and similar matters.

Yrs., &c.,.....

January 31st Jim Groves came round on a visit and he'd hardly been sat down five minutes when Ella Parker walked in with George Locke and new Scots fan Ted Forsyth. Like Joe Patrizio who had been along some time before, Ted was in town on interview for a new job (we've since heard that he got it and will be moving up permanently at the beginning of April). Now if only Joe can be luckier with his next try we'll probably find the SFCoL becoming the London Branch of Scots Fandom. Ted is a keen photographer and is developing a nice talent as writer & artist.

February 1st SKYRACK 13 - Ron Bennett, of course. Front page given over to the SFCoL and TAFF (you missed out 'Accountant 1957 Worldcon, Ron, but I don't suppose that matters...'). Inside news is on New Worlds, a Liverpool Party (I do wish we were nearer...!) and three fanzine reviews. With this came mi 2 from Eric Bentcliffe, in which he completes his replies to the JD-Argassy poll.

February 2nd WARHOON 6 - Richard Bergeron, 110 Bank Street, New York City 14, NY. This is produced for SAPS although Dick isn't a member yet. As a result you can get copies for a card or a letter of comment. It's a sort of personal comment zine and is very interesting. SAPS undoubtedly have an asset on the waiting list. (Only thing that puzzled me, Dick, was how come no interior illos?). With the magazine came a very nice letter of comment on Apr 14 from which I quote: "Most eyebrow raising comment in the whole issue is Harry Warner's remark directed to Bob Leman: 'In rapid conversation it's not always possible to distinguish between fan fiction and faaan fiction.' Harry is right (as usual) but what surprises me is that this point should be made by Warner. It's none of my business, but who has Harry been using 'faaan' and 'fan' with in rapid conversation? It's sort of disconcerting that the Hermit of Hagerstown should be pointing these things out to fans who have much more social contact with other fans."

February 3rd NEW FRONTIERS 1 - 4 for \$1 or 8/- from the editor Norm Metcalf, PO Box 35, Lowry AFB, Colorado. I suppose the nearest thing with which

this can be compared is Ron Smith's 'Inside', although it is not yet up to the same quality, of course. However it does make very interesting reading and could quite well fill the need left by The New Futurian. Contents include articles by De Camp, Mark Clifton and R B Johnson, E Everett Evans on a party to honour Doc Smith, and some competent reviews of books and fanzines (with Berry's 'Compleat Fan' listed under books).

GUMBIE 1 - Steve & Virginia Schultheis, 477 Woodlawn - Apt C, Springfield, Ohio. This represents the first move of these two fans into the fanzine world and generally speaking they make a good job of it. Copies can be obtained for trades, 1 of c, contributions (material urgently required) or even cash on a Pay as you Read basis. Come to think of it, though, there's a request made that this shouldn't be reviewed in Fantastic Universe because it's not likely to be of much interest to people who first learn of it in FU. Since both App and FU go to readers of sf perhaps I should not have mentioned it either. Steve wants to start a campaign for inch-and-a-half inside margins on fanzines (for filing purposes). Sounds fine and I'd like everyone to do it - but it would mean adding 8 extra pages to App to cover the same amount of material as now.

February 6th METROFEN 3 - Leslie Gerber, 201 Linden Boulevard, Brooklyn 26, New York. Trades, 1 of c or 3 for 25¢. Les has been steadily improving as an editor and this zine makes pleasant reading. It is part reprint (John Berry and Harry Warner) and part new (Ed Meskys, Minutes of Metrofen meetings, fanzine reviews and letter column). I particularly enjoyed Meskys and the fanzine reviews.

February 7th At the SFCoL meeting we decided to make a tape to Ron and Daphne Buckmaster in Scotland so that they wouldn't feel left out of it, sort of. Round about the time we got the recorder fixed up Arthur Thomson and Ken Potter had started to plan a script for our first film project - at least, that's the way it started, only Atom had more or less run away with the conversation and was describing the story. It concerns Yngvi, who was a louse, and Courtney's boat, which was sawn in half ('We can make it a toy boat to save on expenses...background paintings will be kept simple...') The story and the casting (Irene Potter will be the sex kitten...no, the innocent sex kitten - she doesn't know what it's all about ...) are dim in my mind now, but we have it on tape -- it wasn't until about halfway through the second track that we remembered to include messages for Ron & Daphne.

February 9th

LYNN HICKMAN, see new address a page or two back. Feb 4, 1960.

Dear Sandy,

Geo. Locke's 'Investigation' was hilarious. Give him my congratulations. Berry's bit was very good, but I believe I enjoyed Dean's 'The Badger That Now And Then' the most. It brought back the days when I was reading Dare-Devil Aces, The Lone Eagle, Sky Fighters, Dusty Ayres, Doc Savage, and all the other old mags. Dean is right about the Air War type fandom. It was definitely there, but took everything out in the readers columns instead of trying to put out their own mags, etc.

Jerry DeMuth came over for a week-and two weeks ago. He is attending Southern Illinois University at Carbondale now, and one of his projects in journalism was to do a Sunday paper type roto feature. He turned in several ideas to the prof., but none of them was accepted until he told of the idea of writing about fanzine publishers. This seemed to fascinate the prof who gave him the go ahead. He needed photos to go with the article so came over to take a bunch of them of me working with the Multi, etc. It will be interesting to see the results of this. Of course the article will have to be written with the Sunday feature type reader in mind and will probably make us all look like a bunch of

asses that must fool around with something - but it still should be interesting. I may run one or two of the photos Jerry took this year sometime.

Yo's.....

Better still, why not try to get Jerry to let you publish the whole thing (with a preamble to explain the writing style) so that we can all see how we might look to a Sunday Supp. writer? This reminds me of the time Helen Winick explained fandom to a psychiatrist friend of hers. He was amazed - compared it to discovering that there really are fairies at the bottom of the garden!

February 11th Letter from Bruce Pelz, 980 Figueroa Terrace, Los Angeles 12, California, who was pressed for time but had a go at PF's quiz and came up with a reasonable score. Says ProFANity 7 will be out soon, like.

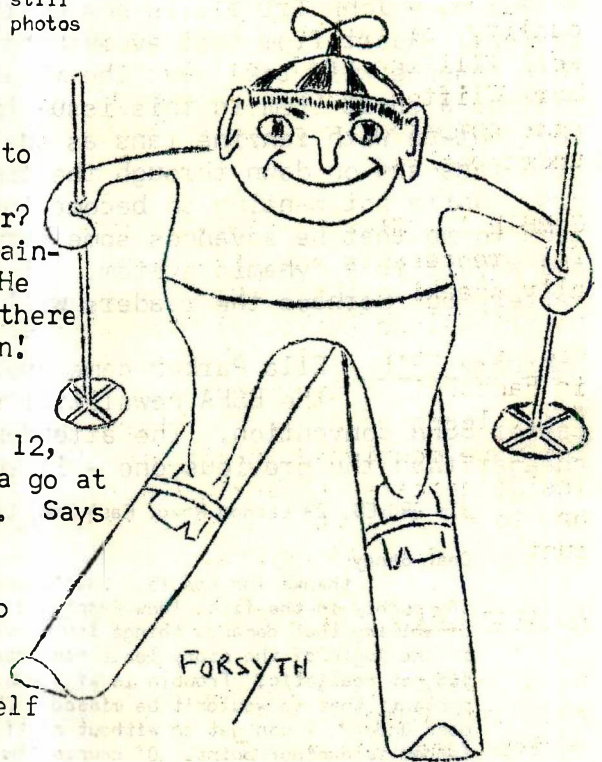
February 12th George Locke came over to help out on the last issue of Apé. He was only over the one day though, because he is beginning to feel pressed for time himself due to the closeness of his 'call-up' date.

February 13th TRIODE 17 - 4 for 5/- from Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis Street, Gt Moor, Stockport, Cheshire. (Or 6 for \$1 through Dale R Smith). Art to go to Terry Jeeves. This is the first issue of Triode to appear for some time and for once the impeccable presentation slipped a little - two of the titles (one by Eric, I suspect, and one by Eddie Jones) are written vertically down the page from top to bottom in such a way as to make it almost essential to refer to the contents page to find out what they are. I always feel that titles occupying the side of a sheet should be written sideways from bottom to top, like the 'Apidiascope' in the last Apé, in order to make for greater legibility. Other than this, of course, Triode is its usual impeccable self, beautifully duplicated. Apart from the two editorials there's material from Berry, Warner, PF, Doc Weir and Locke, and a longish letter column. All the material is good (the Locke item is a brilliant piece of mickey-taking) and yet...well, I still prefer Waldo and Erg to Triode.

February 15th FANAC 51 - Carr & Ellick. Cover is given over to a story on Ted Pauls and poltergeist troubles, and to the fact that in the opinion of the editors you should vote 1. Mal Ashworth, 2. Eric Bentcliffe and 3. me, for TAFF. Could be that they're right - I wouldn't really know, being involved. Anyway it depends on the way you think and perhaps on how good your memories are. With this issue came Hobgoblin 4, given over to a review of the CRY Tenth Annish, and F'ISM 2 by Dean Grennell being two pages on who DAG is not and the current position with Grue, both pages written in the glorious Grennell manner.

February 16th Postcard from Dick Ellington dated Jan 30 and posted from Seattle telling us that his trip to the West Coast Barea is doing nicely.

NEMATODE 5 - Bob Leman, 1214 West Maple, Rawlins, Wyoming. This is a SAPSzine -- is very good reading -- and might be available if you write. Like, do that.



SHAGGY 48 - John Trimble is now editor and Bob Lichtman has taken over his fanzine reviews. Apart from that everything is as before - except that it appears likely that someone will take over the Minutes from Ted Johnstone next issue. Buck Coulson has a short item in this issue in which he compares fandom with an 'aristocracy' set-up with fanzine fans as the elite and below them the convention fans, the club fans and on down through the ranks of fringe-fandom to the peasantry; the readers. While not wanting to become involved in a full scale war on this, it does seem to me that he advances some very good arguments as to why this should be so, and why it is a dynamic system. If anything Buck didn't go deeply enough into the matter, but perhaps the readers will in the next issue.

February 17th Ella Parker came over for a visit and brought with her a copy of the BSFA newsletter she'd been running off giving new details of the Easter BSFA convention. The attendance fee has been reduced and the hotel is a bit cheaper than the previous one - if you want to book in you must write to Ella.

JIM GROVES, 29 Lathom Road, East Ham, London E 6. 16th February 1960.

Dear Sandy

thanks for Apr 15. What's wrong with SF? Well, Mark Clifton covered it very thoroughly in the first 'New Frontiers'. Too much pap, too many concessions to the type of writing that demands things like love interest, standard plots and a happy ending even if the logic of the story leads elsewhere. Too much fantasy - good entertainment, maybe, but not realistic. Trouble is sf tends to point out the awful fact that men are not important; that we wouldn't be missed. The only thing is, what happens to fandom if sf goes under? I can get on without sf if I have to but whether or not I can do without fandom is another point. Of course I'm in now but continuous recruitment is necessary to keep it alive. Oh well, let's wait and see.

Flabbergaste - I didn't think much of the first of this series but this one hits nearer home. First the BSFA is not only for fans but also for those readers who don't give a damn for fandom. Since the average British neo lives in a city near a fan-club he is in a better position in that he can meet faneds and learn the business from them before rushing into print. In my opinion all prospective faneds should serve an apprenticeship before striking out on their own. In fact I would like to see George Locke's opinion on this. To help the situation I would suggest first that established faneds take on what amount to apprentices, and second that the BSFA or similar organisation draw up a list of fans willing to receive first issues on a limited circulation and advise and comment. The idea of an APA for this purpose is worth considering. One point I would like to take up is this statement about there being enough people interested in the BSFA and working for it...since when? The BSFA could do with a lot more support from established fans even though it is not of immediate use to them.

Yours.....

Point about George Locke being three years at the Globe before putting out Smoke is that during that time he didn't want to be a fanzine fan. He was quite happy as he was - a collector-type fan. The apprentice idea is a good one - that's what happened with George and Vin. As a matter of interest, why does the BSFA cater for readers who are not interested in fandom? It was started by fandom and you say yourself it should be better supported by established fans...but what's the point if that support is to go to readers who don't give a damn about fandom? I suppose the answer is that there's always a chance that they might turn into fans?

February 18th This turned out to be one of those fanzine days again, but I also had an interesting letter of comment from Jeff Wanshel, 6 Beverly Place, Larchmont, NY., in which he mentions that a friend at a party said she knew someone who wrote under a name that sounded like Ben Bova and also Penelope Fander-gaste. I gather this was not in fandom. He wants to be enlightened as to how the Apr columnist happened to pick on this name. So would I.

Among the fanzines were such choice items as CRY 136 (full of damn good things as

usual) YANDRO 84 (Seventh Yanish complete with extra pages, art section, and - in the same envelope, a 1960 fan calendar) THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN Vol 19 No 1 (a lot of reports in this issue, together with a good fanzine review column by Frank Dietz who took over the spot from Belle, and a nice general column by Alma Hill. I think the most interesting project at the moment is the art display at the Pittcon. Write to Bjo on this...) HABAKKUK 1 (a new general natterzine from Bill Donaho which appears to be given over mainly to talking about cats with names apparently chosen for shock value more than anything else. At least, one of them, that is, but it only causes a sort of tired shake of the head these days) EX-CONN 7 (from Bob Lambeck, 868 Helston Road, Birmingham, Mich. This is the first issue I've seen and I find the editorials - there are two - fanzine reviews and letter column to be far better than the other material - a poem, a Conan-type fiction item and a short humour piece. Available for trade, letter of comment if published, contribution, or 10¢. Give it a try...) and CACTUS 3 (Sture Sedolin, P O Box 403, Vallingby 4, Sweden - now published monthly and available at \$1 for 10 from S A Johnson or 7/- for 10 from Alan Dodd. Better not say too much about this since the best item in the issue is Berry on Inchmery Fandom - Vinç is not PF - closely followed by Bob Lichtman's fanzine reviews. Get this one.)

That isn't all the fanzines though. It's just that I thought it time to have a paragraph before pressing on with BHISMI'LLAH 1 (New zine from Andy Main, 5668 Gato Ave, Goleta, California and available for trade, contribution or 10¢. Best item is a piece by Les Gerber, with Andy's own 'In Search of Fanac' almost tying with it. I would say the chances of this developing into a really good fanzine are pretty high, especially if you help by subbing...) PSI Vol 3 No 1 (a small printed zine from LyRo Publications, Box 215, Dixon, California, and available at 6 for \$1. Contents are mixed - a little on the avante-garde side I would say...) and the 1st PITTCON PROGRESS REPORT (this gives lots of info on the coming convention and you get it by joining the Pittcon at the cost of \$1 sent to P Schuyler Miller at - hm, better make that c/o Dirce S Archer, 1453 Barnsdale Street, Pittsburgh 17, Pa. The dollar, incidentally, only refers to UK fans...in the States it's \$2...but we are feeling somewhat ashamed of the fact that the first two hundred names listed in the current Report only include 10 UK fans, Bennett, Slater, Bulmer, Mercer, Frank Arnold, Ella Parker, Jim Groves, Vinç & Joy Clarke and myself...)

February 20th Letter from Paul Hammet in response to E F Russell and others - it is too long to fit into what remains of the space I can afford to use in the Diary so it will go in the next issue as an article. It shouldn't lead to much delay because I have hopes of getting No 17 out about a fortnight after this issue. Also, a letter from Harry Turner, a non-fan of our acquaintance (I'm sorry about the tape, Harry - still trying to find time to reply) who says "Dean's wordsmithing reminds me of happy hours spent on sales-planning committees working through lists of suggestions for new trade names. Of course I'm still in contact with a good source of neologisms: the early editions of the papers usually provide a few gems. One that comes immediately to mind is 'RUNIOUS' - the newsreport referred to "runius floods"."

TED FORSYTH, 139 Buccleuch Street, Edinburgh 8. 19th February 1960.

Dear Sandy,

A to Z was the usual pleasure to peruse. Next time round should finish the series (what about letter N?) (#But 'N' is for 'Nonexistent'...hps#)

The Patriarchs started well and kept up the action but I feel that the ending is unsatisfactory. Perhaps it would have been better if the inhabitants of Fan House had an-

nounced that "First Fandom is not dead!!", and had carried on to found a First Fandom APA. (FFAPA?)

Joy's mention of Cinerama brings to mind the recent American experiments with Smellies. To every seat in the cinema there is attached an outlet from which come the Smellies. As the hero wanders on his way through the film so the audience is greeted with the appropriate odour. Unfortunately a time lag sometimes occurs so that the audience could, for example, smell tripe and onions while watching the hero drink coffee. I believe this experiment is to be tried in Great Britain but I wonder if any of the US-fans have personal experience of the Smellie. (Joy, if Sandy gets TAFF he will be away for 6 weeks and when he returns will need lots of time in which to write a TAFF report. In this case it is quite probable that you would be called upon to edit an issue of APA. Here's your chance to increase the page count of The Li'l Pitcher...) (#Ted, if Sandy gets TAFF he will be writing the Report as it happens - on tape. And Joy will be editing an issue consisting entirely of Diary transcribed from tapes...hps#)

Birdman Berry. In Edinburgh there are several lochs and ponds in the centre of the city frequented by ducks and swans, but the birds, while willing to accept food, are not exceedingly tame. One sight I love to see, but the opportunity seldom arises, is a swan taking off from or landing on water. As an alternative to fandom, birdwatching is much more interesting than stamp-collecting!

As far as I am concerned the deterioration of sf is mainly due to lack of decent characterisation. With a good story I tend to forget that I am reading and get right into the tale, but with a bad one I never lose sight of the magazine. My favourite stories seem to be the longer ones, mainly because characters are given time to develop.

Canny Flabby's opinion seems to be that a neofan who intends to publish a fanzine sometime should start as soon as possible irrespective of the quality of duplicating and material used. While I agree that it is not necessary to wait until a perfect zine is prepared, I think that some preliminary work is required. This might only be a short apprenticeship consisting mainly of reading and examining various types of fanzines, but examining other people's mistakes is often a good way of avoiding them yourself. Even with this sort of preparation the new fanzine may still be rather cruddy in some ways but it should at least show promise of better issues to come. Where a new duplicator is being used I'm all in favour of spending some time in trying to master it before putting out a fanzine. I view the idea of a neo-APA with mixed feelings.

Bow down your head Dean Grennell,/ Bow down your head and cry,/ I've checked on your arithmetic/ And found it slightly awry! 26 x 26 is 676 not 376. This means that the figures should be: 2-letter words...676, 3-letter words...17,576, 4-letter words...456,976. Therefore the total would be 475,254. Surely one of the best examples of wordsmithing is The Jabberwocky with its slithy toves and other superb words. Other fannish examples are the names given to cartoon characters: Blork-man, Soggie, Globlie, Grommish, etc

(#Ghod, I just never thought to check...hps#)

Yours....

JOE PATRIZIO, 72 Glenvarloch Crescent, Edinburgh 9. 16th Feb. 1960.

Dear Sandy,

I was glad to see that you gave Joy a reasonable amount of space this time, for a change. She was as interesting as ever, and of course has got me started again... this time she's got me reading the Bible, ghod! But first I think I can help with the question on the Dead Sea Scrolls. About the middle of last year the BBC did an hour long programme on TV dealing with these scrolls, what they were, how they were discovered, etc. It seems, as with most of these important discoveries, it was sheer luck that led to them being found. Around the area, which is very rocky, there are hundreds of caves and pot-holes, many of these being just shallow pits in the rock, but others being quite deep. Well, it was round about here that a young boy was tending a flock of goats (or perhaps sheep) when one of them strayed (sounds like a fairy tale, doesn't it?). He followed it into the rocks and down into a cave, in this cave was a number of jars, and in the jars (Ali-Baba type jars, by the way) what are now known as the Dead Sea Scrolls. As far as I know nobody has doubted their genuineness. Some of them are in very bad condition, just being pieces no bigger than a thumb-nail, and many of these stuck together. The last report I heard was that there was enough work, in recovering and translating the scrolls, to keep the next three generations busy, and what was so far discovered indicated that the present-day Bible would need a lot of changing.

Still in the same area, I saw Dr Tom Marjerson interviewed about Lot's wife on 'Tonight' (you have gathered that, like Fanac, I find this programme indispensable). He started off by saying that when he first heard this theory he was, to say the least, in-

clined to disbelieve it. But he went on to say that the more he heard it the more it began to make sense. Apparently this theory was put forward more as a possibility to be examined, than as anything else. The landing of space travelers would give the answer to a lot of questions, so it seems.

All the best.....

February 21st SFCoL club night - my projector had arrived the day before so we were able to hold the club's first film programme. We hope to have many more in the near future.

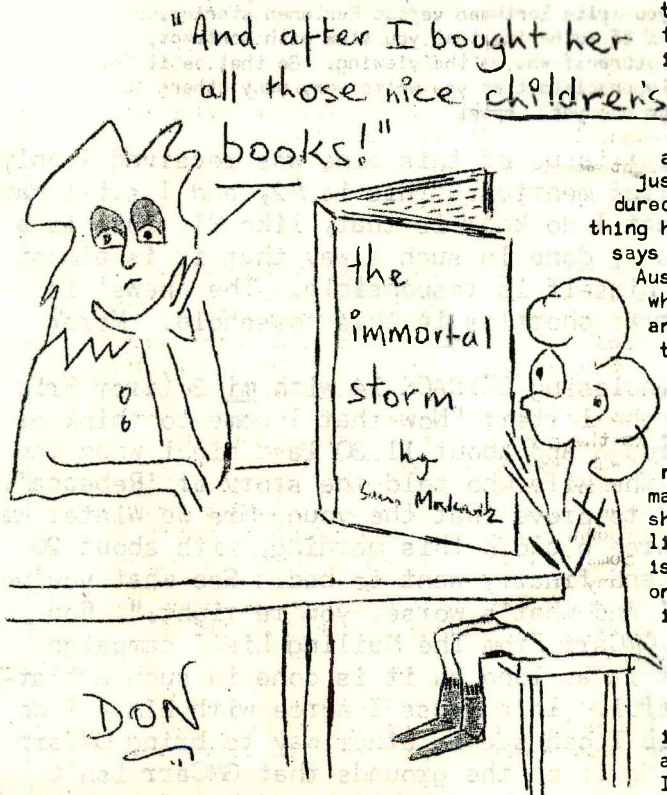
February 22nd Some time ago Dick Ellington said that Kyle would dissolve the WSFS (as so many people wanted him to do) if Joy Clarke paid the costs. Today I received a copy of a letter from Joy to George Nims Raybin with copies to Bennett, T Carr, Hickman, the Dietzes, Ellington and Kyle. Briefly she said that although she didn't see why she should, she was accepting the conditions and had instructed her bank to make available to Raybin the sum of \$4 to be passed to Kyle on the dissolution of the WSFS. The total costs come to \$5 but since Kyle sold the WSFS flag for the sum of \$1 he only requires the balance. There are NO other charges, and NO outstanding debts, despite what the FANCY II said and what Fanac might say. We can only assume that this idea was put around by Kyle as an excuse for his constant delay. We, and a lot of other fans, are tired and sick of the Kyle-WSFS mess and hope that he will now take the action decided on over 18 months ago.

ERIC FRANK RUSSELL, Cheshire.

February 20th. 1960

Dear HPS:

Thanks a lot for the immense wad tagged Apr 15. I like the micro-elite work. The mag seemed to have a few slumpy bits suggestive of kind contributors obliging by filling up space but otherwise it was good. Was particularly interested in the thoughts of Andy Young which seemed to me to make sense. I note, though, that in common with all similar critics I've yet read, he overlooks something that curses many manufacturers of



this world's goods and has bankrupted a few of them, namely, wide-scale sudden and inexplicable changes in public taste. In the past thirty years sf, including bad sf, has boomed. And sf, including good sf, has slumped. Nobody knows the reasons and nobody knows the cure. It seems to be just one of those things that have to be endured. A couple of friends tell me the same thing happens in their trades. A travel agent says that one year there's a general rush to Austria with few people interested in Spain, while next year the rush may be to Holland and not to Portugal. A car distributor says that one year most people want green cars, next year the majority prefer silver-grey. And there just isn't any explaining these sudden switches in taste. If this is, in fact, a major cause of the erratic progress of sf, then the fault lies not in the mags but in the non-regular fringe-readership which comes and goes. It's quite likely that the regular sf readership just isn't numerically strong enough to support one mag, let alone a dozen or more, and that it is the more fickle fringe readership that keeps 'em going in a series of booms and slumps.

Was horrified by the remarks injected in my last letter. I don't hate Authority at all. The reaction is quite different. I respect about 10% of it, the portion that to my mind makes sense. About 70% of it I

view with contempt. The remaining 20% I contemplate with despair. The 70% tempts me to ridicule while the 20% stirs me to anger. Some of this response may show in some of my yarns and, if so, I can't help it. And why not, anyway? There's no reason why any adult writer or readers should sit in submissive silence before things worthy of protest. (Why not, indeed. Sorry about the 'hate' - I agree with you that the correct word I should have used is 'ridicule' - I was thinking of the 70% you mention...hps)

Equally taken aback by being classified as a sort of specialist in Earthman Uber Alles stories. Admittedly I've written some on that theme. But so have many other writers and their aggregate efforts far surpass all I could turn out in another fifty years. I've a fat lot of hope of catching up with Doc Smith's Skylark series, for example. On the other hand, I've written plenty that were the precise opposite. Merely drawing from memory, I can think of The Waitabits (Earthmen retire in defeat from alien life-form), Dear Devil (Martian hero boosts the morale of a few Earth survivors), The Timid Tiger (Earthmen forced to compromise with an alien lifeform), Hobbyist (Earthmen flees from the presence of God), Somewhere A Voice (Earthmen wiped out by alien conditions), etc, etc. You may have been kidded by my own favourite type of yarn which is that of Terran versus Terran, overlooking the fact that victory for the one means defeat for the other, as in Metamorphosite, for instance. And then there have been yarns making Terrans look a bit foolish, such as Homo Saps and Allamagoosa. Plus yarns containing no conflict at all but depending for their suspense upon the solution of a tough problem, such as Tieline and Fast Falls The Eventide. Take the tag off me, will you?

Best regards.....

(Tag very gladly removed, but I must point out I think you're reading a little more into my comments than I intended. I wasn't trying to 'type' you as a writer of that particular style of story - rather, I was saying that of the authors who did write such stories you were by far the best - which of course you are. I like them very much. As for the stories themselves, there's Wasp, Panic Button, Plus X, Nuisance Value, Diabol-ogic, etc. Except for the first I think these were all in ASF. They have been termed TABTA stories (Terrans Are Better Than Anyone) by Buz Busby in CRY, and in each one the theme is the defeat of the stupid aliens by an Earthman (actually in one case there were as many as seven but that's a high number for this type of story). As it happens I normally think of Metamorphosite as coming in this story category, but your own comments on this one have made me realise something I should have seen before. On the face of it I am right in that you do write Earthmen versus Aliens stories in an excellent way, but a bit below the surface you are right in that you write Earthmen versus Earthmen stories. I think the bumbling aliens are really the 70% of authority that you view with contempt, and the earthmen are the individuals such as yourself who do the viewing. Be that as it may, I wasn't trying to 'type' you and fully appreciate that you write very many other kinds of story. I don't think I've read a bad one yet...hps)

February 23rd SKYHACK - ? When the first issue of this zine was received I only had space to give it a brief mention. This is #2, and I still have no idea about the person responsible. What I do know is that, like #1, this is a brilliant take-off of Ron Bennett's Skyrack, done in such a way that it is almost bound to increase suspicion that Bennett himself is responsible. The 'news' is somewhat biting and caused quite a number of chortles in this household. More?

February 24th Letter from Ron Bennett enclosing SKYRACK 14 with mi 3 (from Eric Bentcliffe). Quote from the letter: "Now that I come to think of it, I hate Joy Clarke. I was leafing through Apé about 11.30 last night when the reference caught my eye..." unnamed, like the wife who told the story of 'Rebecca'. This I knew to be rubbish and set to work to prove that the young Mrs de Winter was indeed named by Daphne du Maurier. At three o'clock this morning, with about 20 pages still to read, I lay the book down and finally went to bed. See what you've done, Joy? THREE O'CLOCK THIS MORNING!!! And what's worse, you're right." Ron also had something to say about the 'Cut GMCarr From The Mailing List' campaign started by Fanac. He is strongly against it as long as it is done in such a blatant manner because it is hurtful and hateful. In a sense I agree with him - I do not like the idea but I support it because I can see no other way to bring GMCarr to her senses. It isn't nice, and excusing it on the grounds that GMCarr isn't nice doesn't help, but what else can we do to stop her hurtful and hateful tirades?

Skyrack itself is as good as ever, of course - a newszine that is well worth getting. mi 3 is given over to the subject of unused titles and to fanzine reviews.

Also had a long letter from Mal Ashworth, three-quarters of which concerns some other subject. About App^e though, he says top place is shared by Spencer and the Diary, with Grennell right up there. He mentions something that has cropped up with other readers - that Atom's consistently fine covers tend to be taken for granted. I don't know what can be done about this, though!

February 25th Postcard from Archie Mercer who welcomes the black ink (I knew he would) but objects to the micro-elite (I knew he would). Haven't had a letter from Archie for some time now - I miss 'em....

February 26th Letter from Alan Burns in which he mentions that the Spencerian theme of aged fen has been worked out completely and thinks that George should have spent his obvious talent on something else. About John Berry on Ducks he says: "I am fond of roast duck with very small green peas along with a nicely chilled Sauterne, but I do like to see ducks swimming. Unfortunately our local Tyne is so polluted that no ducks swim on it, only seagulls. There are quite a lot of ducks and swans in our parks though." Alan thinks that nothing is wrong with sf, and that the main plight of the neofan is lack of money. Could be, but I have a tendency to consider the younger fans living at home with their parents as being in a much better financial position than older fans with families and mortgages to attend to. On Grennell he says: "I'm surprised he didn't mention the word 'Quiz', now in common use, which was invented to win a bet. As for the use of a computer to invent chemical names, we have the Geneva Convention for Chemical Names which does alright, although the names are somewhat jaw-breaking."

February 29th Long letter from Brian Jordan, 81 Crawford Road, Sheffield 8, who has (I'm afraid) been caught by Last-stencil-itis. Sorry Brian. He asks if I have to clean the typer frequently with micro-elite - answer is no, I don't clean it at all because I use a thin film of Saran-wrap in front of the stencil. Brian thinks that the social conscience is 'awakening' rather than 'alive and kicking' - and on contemplation we are inclined to agree. As with most of the fairly recent additions to the fan world he disagrees with Cantaloupe in that he considers the idea of publishing a crudzine (and knowing that it is one) to be abhorrent. It would therefore seem that not only are USA/UK fanzine standards a bit different, but also the attitudes of mind of the neofans themselves - if they themselves don't want to publish then our saying it's okay isn't going to persuade 'em. And I'm afraid that will have to be all for this issue. Sorry - back next time...

~~~~~  
EDITORIAL - Continued from page 3

can admit no faults in his idol. I once felt the same way about my own idols but I have since discovered faults in both of them and have come to like them much more as human beings. I imagine that Paul's idol is Ted White (it is usually the BNF who first takes an interest in you) and since I have found fault with White then I must be evil. It is sad to think of a fan who has not yet grown out of the hero-worshipping stage but I can think of no other reason for Paul's animosity. I bear him no animosity myself and probably I wouldn't even if I knew in detail what it is he's been saying about me instead of only having a hint from Lynn Hickman. I would like to

know, though, so that I could give him my own side of whatever it is that's upset him.

Second-hand opinions formed without direct contacts between the principles are never very efficient things.

Fandom is a way of communication, but only if you communicate.

*h p sanderson*  
h p sanderson.



