

APORRHETA



ATOM

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APORRHETA-17

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Note: On Rotsler's cartoons handwritten captions are by Bill - the typed ones can be blamed on me. I picked out what I considered to be appropriate quotes from Rotsler's 'Quotebook' (and we know this isn't original either, Rick - see PLOY illos & HYPHEN bacover..)

The number in this space is the last issue due to you unless you

do something to improve the situation - action is indicated on right.

EDITORIAL

ON FANZINE POLLS:

Since Aporrheta was recently voted the best British fanzine in both the Fanac and Skyrack polls, it should be possible for me to make comments on the polls without being accused of 'sour grapes'. With a fanzine as successful as this appears to be I have no reason to be sour. I don't doubt tho' that some people will make the accusation - which will be noted and ignored. I am only making comments, not attacking anyone. In a sense I was not happy at being placed first in the Skyrack poll because it is always more difficult to stay at the top than it is to climb. With the competition that I can see on the horizon it will take a lot of time and effort just to stand still! On the other hand, the effort will be worth it because I can try to improve Apé's position in relation to the top three US fanzines that were placed above it in the Fanac poll. We can only hope....

To begin with, then, Terry Carr and Ron Ellik are to be congratulated on the great amount of work that has gone into Fannish II. It is fabulous, in concept. Apart from the section comprising Fanac 53 - handled in the Diary in the normal way - there are 30 pages devoted to a complete account of the poll results. I wouldn't have liked to tackle the job myself. Unfortunately the concept doesn't quite work out in practice, and because of the failure I would have preferred a shorter and more straightforward presentation of the results. Thirty pages is too big a space for an idea to go bad in. But lets run through the results before examining this point.

Forms were returned by 125 fans out of an estimated 400-500 who received them, making for a pretty good representation of fandom. But only 15 votes came from the UK, and close on a half of the ballots returned were those sent out with Fanac. (77 were returned by readers of Fanac or JD-A but allowing that the ones from JD-A readers placed that zine near the top, that it also picked up a few points from other ballots, and that it was placed 9 with 239 points, I feel the 77 can safely be split 20 JD-A and 57 Fanac). Thus the balance was disturbed and though there is no way of knowing the effect of this on the voting I feel it probably loaded the final result in favour of West Coast opinion, especially when you add in the 22 ballots from readers of Shaggy. This probably explains why Ted White (who I do consider to be an idiot at times, but in a reasonable way) came second to GMCarr as Fughead of the Year. I'm glad Inchmery nominated someone else....

The largest section of the results is given over to an analysis of the 10 top fanzines. Once again Fanac was the top, despite the fact that it isn't really a fanzine at all (Ron Bennett got round this one by asking for the 10 top fan publications...). Fanac would have picked up more votes if the category had been titled differently, but as to whether it deserved first place or not...my opinion is not, but I'll always go along with the majority. No 2 on the list was Cry, up from 8th last year. This is the fanzine I would undoubtedly place first. No 3 was quite a surprise - Shaggy, up from 15th last year. Shaggy improved tremendously during 1959, but I would not have thought that its appeal was sufficiently wide-spread as yet. Judging by the first few issues of 1960 the voting should be even more keen next year. No 4 was Aporrheta, up from 7th last year, and No 5 was Oopsla! which retained last year's position

The top four fan artists turned out to be Barr, Adkins, Bjo and Atom, in that order, and the top four fan cartoonists were Atom, Bjo, Rotsler and Nelson, in that order. I was a lot happier about the positions reached by individual fans than I was about the position of Apé. Atom, of course, is not only a cartoonist for Apé - he contributes his work to almost every fan-

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zine being produced - but his Apr 12 cover has been quoted by many people as one of the best ever to appear, second only to his 'Church, anyone?' Hyphen cover of some time ago. (Don't get me wrong, by the way. I appreciate Apé's position in the poll but since a fanzine is a combination of many things I am more happy to know that so many of the zine's contributors did so well in individual categories).

In the 'Best Columns' category Inchmery Fan Diary placed in exactly the same place as last year by just making the top five. The other four, in order, were Willis's Harp that Once or Twice, Busby's SF Field Plowed Under (tie for first place, as last year), Ellik's Squirrel Cage, and Carr's Fandom Harvest. I've never thought of the Diary as a column at all - just a way of presenting letters, fanzine reviews and miscellaneous junk - but I'll try to justify the votes now...

The Best New Fan of the Year was Les Nirenberg followed by George Locke - another position that gave me pleasure due to his frequent appearances in this zine. George deserved his position for 'Smoke' alone and I hope that his National Service will not prevent the zine from earning a good position in the top 10 next year. John Berry came out on top in two categories - as Best Writer and Best Fan Face. Undoubtedly his stories in Cry earned him the first, and this plus his trip to the States earned him the second. John thoroughly deserves this triumph. In the exact opposite category, GMCarr very predictably found herself Fuggh-head of the Year followed, rather unfairly I thought, by Ted White.

And that was the Fanac Poll for 1959, except for a question on whether or not fans were satisfied with TAFF on which the voting was fairly evenly divided. All in all it made for interesting reading but could have been better if it hadn't been so opinionated. This is what I meant at the beginning. There was a certain air of big-headedness about the Fannish that I found distasteful - I know Carr & Ellik have joked about this but that doesn't stop it from existing. If you add an air of bitchiness you've just about got an overall impression. The fannish is not to be read as a record of fan events in 1959 but as a record of opinions of events, which is a different matter all together. For this reason I think the Skyrack poll, though not so representative of fandom, is a better presentation. It isn't a terribly important point and I doubt if any faneds will take the Fanac poll seriously enough to worry about it, but it might have been better if it had been kept more factual. For instance, it was with amusement I noted that Apé was given the full treatment by Terry Carr who contented himself with only opinionating on the high spots of other zines. He made at least two misquotations in the write-up, each of which put the wrong words into the mouth of an opponent. Speaking about Fanac itself, Jim Caughran said "Future fan-historians will find Fanac one of the principle sources of information on past fandoms." I sincerely hope he is wrong. Sources should consist of facts, not opinions.

ON APÉ:

There's just about space left to say that Viné is having a little trouble with static this time, and that combined with the fact that I've been landed with some thin ink it is likely that this issue will not be up to standard. Sorry about that. Also, Ron Bennett has asked me to stress that the TAFF funds are short by about 50% of the cash needed for a trip this year. You are going to contribute, aren't you?

The lead item in the next issue will be by John Berry - a long story involving most of British fandom. And, finally, in response to hundreds of requests - all of them from Daphne Buckmaster - I'm finishing this column with an index to the Diary. Fanzines in caps, other names (films, books etc) underlined. The * indicates the page with the last known address....

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sandy

INCHMERY— FAN— DIARY—SANDY —SANDERSON

March 1st. SF TIMES - 330 & 331 - from James V Taurasi Sr, PO Box 115, Solvay Branch, Syracuse 9, New York USA. 10 ¢ per copy, \$2.40 per year (or 9d per copy, 15/- for 20 through H.M. Johnson, 16 Rockville Road, Broad Green, Liverpool 14, England.) The major point of interest in No 330 is Ed Wood's fine analysis of the sf professional field in 1959. The somewhat sorry state of sf is shown up by the fact that the report is

complete in one issue...in earlier years it used to spread over two or three. Admittedly Wood only did one earlier report and the others were handled by Thomas S Gardner... #331 contains, among other things, the news that Kyle's \$35,000 lawsuit finally got to court after nearly two years. As required by Kyle, the defendants George Nims Raybin and Frank Dietz produced all WSFS records and letters for inspection. I still feel that Kyle is making a big mistake in bringing fandom into court like this, and if he is really concerned about his reputation he should know fans would think much more highly of him if he dropped the case. SF Times is essential reading if, like me, you like to keep up with the professional news.

Went to the pictures in the evening to see "On The Beach". There has been a certain amount of controversy about this film...not having read the book I can't make any comparison with it, but taking it as a film it was a great experience. I know that this ending of the world not with a bang but a whimper has caused people to say that this is not how it would be, that there would be violence and riots. They might be right, but we don't know for certain, and in the meantime there's the fact that violence in the film would probably have caused the audience to reject the reality by saying 'Oh, this is just made up, I wouldn't act like that...' As it was, the very calmness of the film appeared to bring home to the audience the very real horror of what could happen now in the event of atomic war. Personally I have never seen a quieter, more subdued audience leaving a cinema. If the film caused these people to go home and think, then it did a damn good job.

March 2nd. RETRIBUTION 15 - Trades or 1/- (15¢) from John Berry, 31 Campbell Pk. Ave., Belmont, Belfast, N. Ireland. There's a lovely 'after the Detention' atmosphere to Atom's cover for this issue - without the title lettering it would do very nicely as a bacover for The Goon Goes West when it is finally published as a complete story. The main item is a Goon story by John - one of his best to date and as funny as hell. I was what you might term 'technical advisor' on this since John sent me the first half to look over and check for details regarding the War Office etc...(there were hardly any changes needed, as it happened)...but he carefully refrained from saying how he was going to end the confusion! Most enjoyable. The balance of the issue is made up of John's opinions on the current TAFF candidates, a letter column in response to the Paul Anderson manuscript published in an earlier issue, a page of cartoons, and a short piece by Leslie Gerber.

March 4th. Brief letter from Ken Cheslin, 18 New Farm Rd, Stourbridge, Worcs., who is one of the few people to say he doesn't care for the Diary -- he gets the impression of on&on&on-ness, and doesn't think I'd get away with it if I didn't have so much really good stuff packed in at the front of the zine. I swear I didn't switch positions this time round because of you, Ken. Sorry.

Also had a letter from Jim Linwood, 10 Meadow Cottages, Netherfield, Nottingham, in which he comments on previous letters from McAulay and EFR (comments being somewhat similar to those of Paul Hammet, page 32, and therefore not repeated) and

which he ends by saying "...it's Dorothy not Elizabeth." regarding my mention of 'Elizabeth Hartwell'. Apologies are obviously in order to three or four people...

March 5th. Went to see "Journey To The Centre of the Earth" - a romp. This was in direct contrast to "On The Beach"...a film that was obviously made for the sheer enjoyment of doing it. About the closest comparison is to put it up against "Gunfight at OK Corral". James Mason walked away with acting honours in this 'free' adaption of Jules Verne's story, hamming it up as he went along. It adds up to spectacle and entertainment, with some of the best trick shots I've seen in a film for many years - and wasn't it a wonderful idea to switch the 'there-are-things-that-man-is-not-meant-to-know' ending of most sf films into the 'man-must-ever-stride-forward-to-investigate-the-unknown' ending of this? Thoroughly enjoyed.

March 6th. SFCoL club meeting, noted here because Allan Rispin was a most welcome visitor coming up to Inchmery with Ella Parker. He'd hitched to London, as usual. This is an aspect of today's new fans that fascinates me because as far as I know it never used to happen before.

March 7th.

DONALD W. ANDERSON 141 Shady Creek Road, Rochester 23, New York, USA.

Dear Sandy,

I received Apé 15 today (March 4th) and already I feel I've gotten my money's worth.

Joy Clarke - re Social Engineering. "Ten years ago, who would have bothered about the crowded starving Chinese children, the milling Arab hordes in Isreal, the hunted stag, the spastic, the deaf, the road casualties?" Who, pray tell, is bothering about them now? People contribute money to these causes for various reasons. Perhaps 5% contribute because they honestly want to help others. The rest contribute because it makes them feel good, to soothe their consciences, or because of economic or social pressures. Those who contribute because it makes them feel good are obviously selfish. The conscience-stricken are trying to make up for the fact that in some way they have added to the misery of the world. As far as pressure reasons go, I can give you two prime examples from personal experience. While I was in the US Air Force, there was a yearly fund drive for the Air Force Aid Society. The contributions were "accepted" from us by Officers who set up a table past which we had to walk after receiving our month's pay. It was made clear to us that contributions were strictly "voluntary". All we had to do to avoid giving was make an appointment with our Commanding Officer, and explain to him why. The other example concerns an industrial plant at which I worked. The first year there the committee head of the Red Cross drive came right out and told me that they had never had to use pressure on an employee, but would if it became necessary.

YES, YES.....?



What about those who give their time and perhaps even their lives to these causes? Here, again, I would estimate that 5% do it out of love for humanity. The rest? Why does a Fan publish a zine? Egoboo, pure and simple.

The publicity given the various causes are mostly inventions of Madison Avenue types, who know the selling power of misery. Witness the success (until it turned too many stomachs) of the TeeVee show "Strike It Rich".

Don't misunderstand me. I contribute too. (You figure the reasons). I just don't believe social conscience is as active as Joy would like to think.

Andy Young - "What's Wrong With SF?" No argument with most of his statements. One point, however. It seems to me that the very fans who claim as their aim the advancement and popularization of SF are the most jealous of the fact that SF is now being accepted in general circulation mags. The Clique just isn't as exclusive now...

Eric Frank Russell - I agree that what happens to humanity doesn't matter. When man has disappeared, and there is no one left to mourn, the universe will probably go on as it always has. But, you see, the fact that it doesn't matter, doesn't matter. I don't know about Eric Frank Russell, but when the man with the scythe comes for me, he'll have to drag me kicking and screaming all the way. And I suspect that Humanity in general will react in the same way.

Goomby till next---

Joy agrees she was being optimistic...but even 5% is a beginning of sorts.....

March 8th. Had a visit in the evening from Ethel Lindsay who nattered to good effect, brought books and magazines, and went away with about twice as much as she brought. Oh, we're a cunning lot....

FANAC 52 - available for news, comment or 50/- for nine through Terry Carr, 1906 Grove St, Berkeley 4, and Ron Ellik, Apt #6, 1909 Francisco St., Berkeley 9, California. (Or 2/- for four through Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd, N. Hykeham, Lincoln). Contains news on several marriages and some pro-news, including an item on sf writer Chan Davis who, after a six-year long court battle, went to prison on Feb 1st to serve a six-month prison sentence for contempt of Congress. It seems to have been for the usual reasons - failure to answer questions put by the Un-American Activities Committee. All of which points to the fact that McCarthyism is not dead. The trouble is that McCarthy was defeated as a person by the wrong people. He was beaten by another branch of the Government - the army - and the idea of McCarthyism was hardly touched. It has survived without him.

March 9th. Postcard from Betty Kujawa in Florida - says they sold their plane and bought a faster one - got to Florida in 6½ hours. Envyenvyenvyenvy..

Brief letter from Ake Hansson, Sallerupsvagen 28 a, Malmo C, Sweden, the back of which is covered with what I can only assume to be adverts from 'MAD'. He says he hasn't seen a great number of fanzines but thinks Apé is about the best UK one, at which point we blush, scuff our feet, say 'shucks' and press on....

March 10th. Ron and Daphne Buckmaster dropped in to say hello. Ron had some leave due (nine days - same as me) that he had to get in before the end of the leave year on March 31st. Amongst other things we were able to finalise arrangements for the Easter con - they plan to drive down from Scotland, stay with us here, and provide transport to the hotel by way of exchange. Should be fun.

SID BIRCHBY - 1 Gloucester Ave., Levenshulme, Manchester 19. 8. 3. 60

Dear Sandy,

The micro-elite type-face is a novelty in small doses - I daresay you don't intend to do very much of the issue in it? Used as you have used it (editorial page and one or two footnotes) it's fine - but it seems a waste to use it so little, all the same. Rather like buying a stock of shark-repellent oil: useful when the time and place is right, but meanwhile you're lumbered with it in Central London!

Ted Forsyth asks about fireballs. I wonder why. Has he been reading the recent press releases on the current research? I mean the items about (I think) a Russian scientist whose conclusion is that a fireball is basically a ball of glowing gas with an electrical charge on it, the whole thing being held together in a manner that is similar to that which holds gases together (or will do, when they find out how to do it) in machines of the Zeta type. Gas plasma, isn't it?

I have heard weird tales from an eye-witness of a fireball that floated in at the door, wrecked a radio, floated around some more, doing more damage to specific objects while leaving others untouched, and finally making an exit. But similar tales are told of poltergeists and when one tries to read up what is known of causes, rather than effects, the end of present-day knowledge is soon reached.

I will NOT enter your competition for writing an apology to a hotel manager. Not just before a convention I won't.....

Best wishes...

"Animals are primarily secondary".....GCF.



Boo, scaredy-cat... The micro-elite appears to be spreading insiduously throughout the magazine, but I think I've got it pretty well contained now. Editorial, notes (at the beginning or end of articles etc, letters (to improve the appearance without losing space) and the competition entries (to present as many as possible). I must keep it in hand - if micro-elite-itis breaks out again I'll be putting so much material in each issue I'll never get finished....

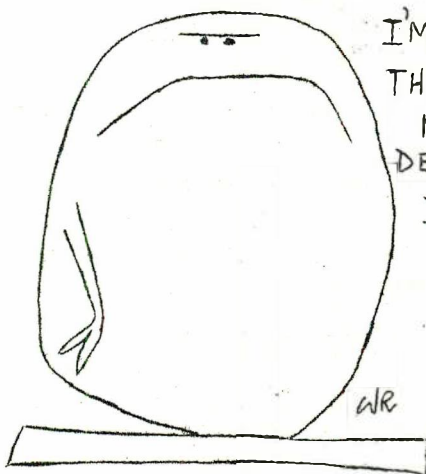
March 11th. Letter from Boyd Raeburn, 89 Maxome Ave, Willowdale, Ontario, Canada, in which he comments on a collection of Apes. On #15 he mentions that the silver dollar is legal tender in all states, contrary to John Berry's assertion. Also mentions enjoying Andy Young's "What's Wrong with SF" - this was and probably still is a favourite discussion subject at conventions - "I don't recall anybody coming right out and saying anything as clear and sensible as this."

March 12th.

ALAN RISPIN 35 Lyndhurst Ave., Higher Irlam, Manchester, Lancs. 10/3/60.

Dear Sandy, fellow mancunian-at-heart,

There wasn't anything in Apé 15 that could be called faaanfiction, except George Spencer's piece, which I liked very much. But the hero's name being Dean made me think of Linwood for some reason.



I'M RIGHT.
THERE'S
NO
DENYING
IT!

Joy mentions 'new inventions' and why fans don't mention them. Methinks it is because they aren't new to the sf reader! Hasn't he/she read (Gee, manchesters own Rick Smeary!) all about super wonderful modes of entertainment in umpteen books?

An invention that I've just noticed in the New Scientist is a method of inkless duplicating, portable, cheap (£30) and very faanish if I had the money. Ellams make them. Also there was a spread in the Evening News tonight about a supersmall battery which a bloke had perfected after 20 years research - but didn't Heinlein tell us all about it in the future history series? The New Scientist has had some interesting discussions about SF and even a letter from one Phillifent who sounds vaguely familiar. (#BSFA member... 'John Rackham' of Science Fantasy and New Worlds?) If Sandra was running the BSFA properly then there'd have been a letter from her which might have got a few more members. As it is the BSFA is mentioned only slightly in a letter not written by an official.

I liked that Hemingway piece by Joy too...and she has advocated anarchy in the pages of a fanzine! For "do what you will, provided you hurt no-one else" is the basic premise of anarchy. Well done Joy. She probably didn't use the word because of the unpleasant attachments it has nowadays. The only thing that stops the world having anarchy is the LACK of social conscience in this era. There will be a time when anarchy can operate without missfire, but unfortunately I think Joy is jumping the gun rather.

I heartily agree with Canny Flabby's attitude towards us neos over here. I've sent him a copy of HUNGRY TWO to prove that there is a UK crudzine! Hints and help in fanzine publishing from you experienced ones will be very much appreciated.

Hungrilly.....

March 15th. Letter from Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, in which he says "The little slogan on the back of SKYRACK should interest you, I think. (Hope the thing gets through the post!). I'm not entering this campaign with great ferocity, it's just that a little thing I read in the paper this week rather sickened me - I enclose the cutting, though you'll probably have seen it already. The bit that hit me is scored." The little slogan turned out to be the 'Ban The Bomb' insignia, and the newspaper cutting was Hailsham's call for a world authority in which he revealed that even as Minister for Science in the Tory Government he was still unaware of all the secret weapons of today. The part Ron had scored was this:- "We cannot contract out of a world war, whether we have initiated it or not." We've discussed this since, and what we'd both like to know now is - what scared the daylights out of Hailsham enough to make him appeal for a world authority? Anyway, welcome to the group, Ron.

SKYRACK 15 - 6 for 2/6 from Bennett, or 6 for 35/- from Bob Pavlat, 6001 - 43rd Avenue, Hyattsville, Maryland, USA. Main lead in this issue is an outline of the Fanac Poll results. Lots of other information on UK and US fans, and info on the

coming Eastercon. An essential adjunct to fannish living. With Skyrack, as usual, came mi - #4 this time - a single chatter-sheet by Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St., Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire. The best way to get this is to subscribe to Skyrack, but if you don't want to do that, you mad fool, you, then try writing to Eric.

BETTY KUJAWA 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Indiana, USA Sat, March 12/60

Dear Sandy---

This I aim at Joy - gal didn't I write you over a year ago how I was a charter subber to ECHO the sound-magazine??? Coulda sworn I had told one and all about that! So here's the run-down on it. It started out with very poor material for the records (I mean the paper not the content) sound poor - hard to play - hard to even get on spindle.

But as of the latest which came only yesterday it has really improved by bounds and leaps - records now on ultra thin material - transcription incredibly good - a bit of an echo on two pages - but the actual hi fi clarity and delicacy amazed me.

This latest issue has the immortal Trapp family singing, of all things, ONCE A JOLLY SWAGMAN, plus an interview with Mary Martin about her role as Maria Trapp in the Broadway show THE SOUND OF MUSIC.

Next article-record is on "Poetry is a World of Things" - sounds of the sea - children at play - fog horns etc. Then Brigitte Bardot chattering in French, France Nuyen speaking an ancient Chinese poem, Eva (dollink) Gabor reading a love letter written by Sarah Bernhart, Siobhan McKenna doing a bit from Macbeth and winding up this record is a highly alcoholic Brendan Behan lustily shouting some IRA tunes and a salty folk-love-song.

Next record - Shelly Berman doing a monologue and speaking about his style of comedy - extremely good, this. Then a record of an interview with the Kingston Trio - much fun plus their latest folk song from the West Indies. Following this is the voice of the late beloved mayor of NYC - Fiorello La Guardia when he read the comics to the kiddies over the radio during the newspaper strike. Certainly one of the sweetest moments in American history.

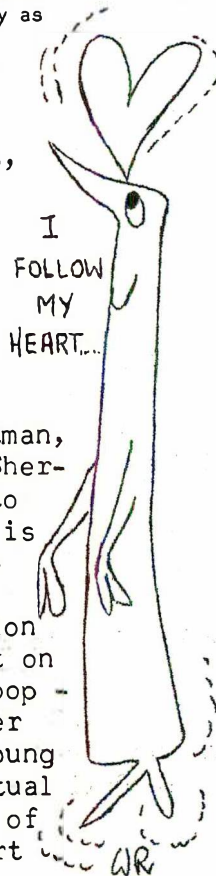
The mag ends with a sound commercial - and Joy, you must by now have heard of our immortal (and immoral) late tycoon Elliott White Springs? Well here is a song lauding his SpringMaid Sheets - bawdy as his adverts are - with a snigger and a sneer and a leer - "Another Broad in Broadcloth" - a song of sex and ancient Rome - and funny as you-know-what.

And I must add that the other issues, I think, have had even better contents than this latest one. It costs \$1.50 per issue, by the by.

Bye till next time.....

We certainly have no recollection of hearing from you earlier on this, but many thanks for the information this time. (Nice type-face this gal has...for sample see next Orion). I've been sat here trying to visualise the Lord Mayor of London going on the BBC and reading Dan Dare to the children during a printing strike, but although I have a good imagination (too good, some people will insist) I just can't quite manage it....

March 17th. PSI PHI 5 - free for contributions, trades, worthwhile letters of comment, but otherwise send 25¢ to Bob Lichtman, 6137 South Croft Avenue, LA 56, California, or Arv Underman, 5304 S Sherbourne Drive, LA56 etc. UK subs (better send 2/- for a starter) go to Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey. This is the first annish of Psi Phi and it not only makes for enjoyable reading, it also points up the development of this enthusiastic group. They have come a long way. Following the two editorials is a Detention photo page by Ted Johnstone which precedes the first half of a report on the con itself also by Johnstone. Next in line is something of a scoop - the last 'Fanorama' column written by Walt Willis for Nebula but never printed because of the folding of the zine. A short piece by Jean Young ties the Ivory Birdbath even closer to Inchmery (in the region of mutual interests and outlooks) only over here it is Vinz who takes the role of the fossil-hunter, and Joy and I who nod understandingly... Rog Ebert



contributes a book review of the Fourth Galaxy Reader, and at this stage a switch is made from ditto to mimeo process for the last three items by Les Gerber, Alan Dodd, and the readers. Very good.

SEE? I TOLD
YOU I WAS
ATTRACTIVE
TO OTHER
MEN!

CACTUS 4 - Sture Sedolin, PO Box 403, Vallingby 4, Sweden. Available for \$1 or 7/- for ten issues through Seth A Johnson, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, New Jersey, USA or Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd, Hoddesdon, Herts. Apart from a brief editorial there are only four items in the issue - the letter column and the fanzine reviews (by Les Gerber) are very good...a report on an ESFA meeting in Newark by Mike Deckinger is about average, and a column by Alan



Dodd is given over to his meeting with Jean Linard in London as a change from the more usual film reviews. I think all continental fanzines in English should be supported.

PROFANITY 7 - Bruce Pelz, 980 Figueroa Terrace, Los Angeles 12, California, USA. Available for trades, contributions or comments, or 15¢ for a sample copy. This issue starts straight off with an item that makes it essential reading - the Nolacon (1951) Speech by Bob Bloch. Bruce wants to start a campaign to unearth other fannish treasures, and if this is a sample then I'm with him all the way.... Following this is a faaan fiction piece by Terry Carr and a straight fiction item by Joe Pylka. The balance of the issue is made up of a book review, various pieces of poetry, an item by Les Gerber (he's getting around a lot these days), notes by John Magnus on how to attend a con, fanzine reviews by Buck Coulson, and the letter column. Not exactly a brilliant issue but certainly readable - and essential for the Bloch item. An odd note comes in the letter-column through a comment by Bruce that running for TAFF a second time hasn't been done yet. I think that with the exception of the 1958 election Eric Bentcliffe has run every time - certainly twice if not three times. There's no reason why he shouldn't, of course, I'm just mildly interested in why Bruce should make such a mistake.

March 18th. YANDRO 85 - twelve for \$1.50 from Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana, USA, or ditto for 12/- through Alan Dodd. A very consistent monthly publication, this is, as I believe I said before, definitely improving in both style and content. Pride of place in this issue goes to Ted White's fine critical analysis of 'Amazing' with particular reference to the story "Transient" by Ward Moore. This is the sort of thing Ted does so well that I wonder why he wastes his talents so often on feud-type nonsense. Second, but only just, is a column by Bob Tucker. Editorials, fanzine reviews, a short lettercol & a column by Alan Dodd make up the balance of the issue. Very readable.

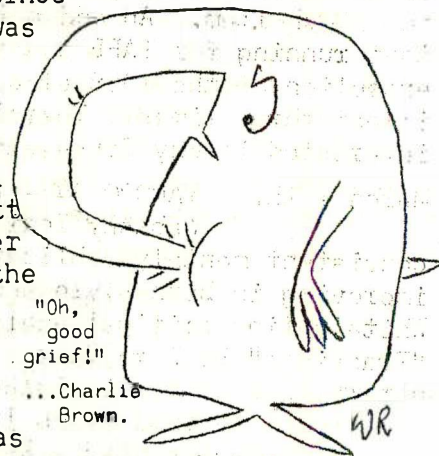
March 20th. SFCoL meeting at Inchmery. It was Sunday, of course, which explains why we were as surprised as hell to get a large, bulky, foolscap envelope delivered by special messenger. There was a \$1 and a 30¢ Special Delivery stamp on it (now in the possession of Ron Bennett) and it was bulky and it came from B'n'F Dietz. Being a club meeting we put it on one side so as not to disrupt the proceedings - this will probably be quite unbelievable to many people but we have lots of people to prove it! Besides, I'm always ready at the drop of a hat to claim that patience is the only virtue I possess. When everyone except George Locke had left we opened the envelope to find, amongst other things, a copy of PEALS 4 - B'n'F Dietz, 1721 Grand Avenue, Bronx 53, New York. This is the Inchmery Appreciation Issue, and we cursed like hell to think that we'd just let people

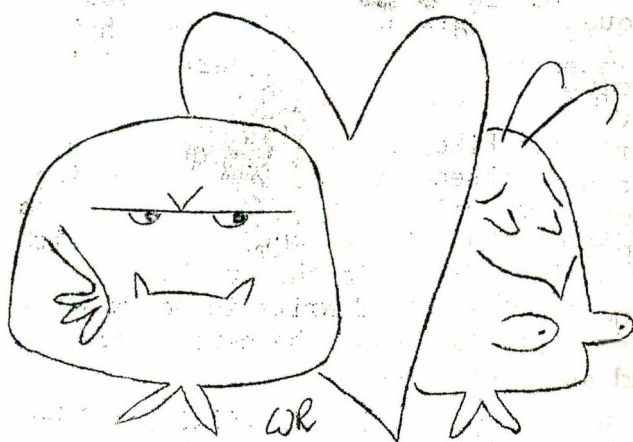
like Ella Parker and Ethel Lindsay walk away without jumping on them for their part in this surprise. Peals itself is rapidly developing into a fine fanzine - previous issues have been mainly distributed through OMPA but now it is to be made a general zine in place of Ground Zero. There is a pleasantness about it that is very welcome. The contents of this issue include a column by Chris Moskowitz on the Philcon, another by Frank Dietz, book reviews by Les Gerber (he is getting around); a short article by Harry Warner; a brief biography by Belle of Chris Moskowitz, a girl with many talents; and a pleasant letter column. I can't say much about the I A section except that Atom's illos are remarkably life-like, as any visitor to Inchmery will testify, and the captions on the photos of Nicki are an improvement over the ones we put on the back of the photos when we sent them over to Belle for her information. The top spot goes to Belle's account of their holiday over here last year. Nice people - nice fanzine - (even if embarrassing) - you should get it. No price quoted but write and ask B'n'F about it.

March 22nd. INTERIM 29/30 - circulated to the Oopsla mailing list by Gregg Calkins, 1484 East 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah, USA. This is an excellent idea by Gregg - Oopsla itself has been unavoidably detained and Interim is published in order to get Walt Willis's fine column 'The Harp That Once or Twice' into print before it becomes dated. The column concerns the Astounding/Analog name-change, and some comments on the art-work of one, Prosser. In addition there are some editorial-type natterings making up five pages of entertaining reading. If Oopsla is further delayed (I meant delayed up there when I said 'detained' but couldn't think of it then) - though I hope it won't be - and if Gregg hasn't already thought of it - I'd like to suggest that another Interim might be used to present the letters that must have accumulated since Oops 29. Too long a delay makes people forget what it was the letters were about, as I've discovered myself.

VOID 19 - 25/-, contribution, trade, letter of comment (take your pick) from Ted White, 107 Christopher St., #15, New York 14, N.Y., USA, or Greg Benford, 10521 Allegheny Dr., Dallas 29, Texas. Or 1/- from Ron Bennett in UK. Ted starts by saying that Void will be taken over by his wife, and ends by saying it won't on account of the addition of a monthly fanzine to her schedule would be a bit too much. In one sense I'm sorry in that, from the little I have seen of Sylvia's work, I was looking forward to the changes in the zine. On the other hand I'm not too sorry because with this issue Ted himself has put some changes in hand - I was going to say 'made some improvements', but with only one issue to go on perhaps this would be a little premature so I'll stick to 'changes'. Contents include Harry Warner on Circus Fandom, Andre Norton on Anthologies, a gloriously funny page by Bob Bloch on the response to his book Psycho - somewhat akin to a piece Tucker did a while back about the fringe-response to Wild Talents - an Open Letter to Robert Lowndes by Ted himself, and the usual letter column. About the only thing I wasn't too happy about was the space given over to some reprints from a college magazine edited by Terry Carr. They were funny enough in places but were perhaps a little too college-like and not fannish enough. Oh, and I couldn't find 'perogatives' in the dictionary.

CRY 137 - free to contributors, but otherwise five for \$1 from 920 3rd Ave., Seattle 4, Washington, USA, or five for 7/- from John Berry. What is there to be said about Cry? 66 pages of which 32 are taken up by John Berry's monumental saga of his US trip (I wonder if the Crygang really knew what they had let themselves in





"Sex is nothing more than a very cosy way
of communication."

....GCF

for when they started on this) and 19 with the usual letter column. The odd pages inbetween these items are taken up with fillers by Ashworth, Carr, Nirenberg, etc - or at least that is the way it seems. Cry is the best fanzine in the world....

March 23rd. PLEIADES PIMPLES - a oneshot from Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois. There's not a great deal to be said about these 16 well duplicated (by the Youngs) pages either. I classify PP as absolutely essential reading by anyone with aspirations to be an author (the subject is the sf book business from A to Z) and strongly recommended reading to anyone who likes good writing. There is no price quoted but you can

write to see if Bob has a copy left. Comments, criticisms, additions and corrections are asked for so there might be a follow up in the near future, I hope.

SON OF THE TATTOOED DRAGON, THE TATTOOED DRAGON MEETS THE WOLFMAN, QUOTEBOOK, three publications from William Rotsler, 1131½ N Genessee, Los Angeles 46, California, USA. If it is at all possible to get hold of these, please do. 'Wolfman' has a \$1 price tag on the back but the others have no indication. The first two are collections of Rotsler art produced as a follow up to his original 'Tattooed Dragon' in limited editions of 200. They quite defy description - the best I can do is to say that they are excellent and need to be seen to be believed. We are promised three more volumes in this series and I can hardly wait. 'Quotebook' is everything the title implies, a collection of quotations mainly from private sources. I've used some of them on cartoons in this issue, but there are many, many more that are better read for themselves. Bill says that contributions to a second edition will be appreciated. This, also, is something I can hardly wait for....

March 24th. PHLOTSAM 13 - FAPAzine produced by Phyllis H Economou, 2416 East Webster Place, Milwaukee 11, Wisconsin, USA. This is circulated outside FAPA for interested people, and although there are more mailing comments than anything else this time, it is still very interesting reading. Circulated with this was a 'Happy New Year' party-type oneshot which was typical of all such oneshots.

FANAC 53 - Carr & Ellick (or Mercer). The Fannish II (of which the Poll section has been covered in the editorial) The Fanac section contains an index to the first two years and a run-down on Anglofandom by Archie Mercer, in addition to the normal-type news items. As predicted in the last Apr, when mentioning Joy's offer to pay four out of the five dollars needed to dissolve the WSFS (just so that the damned thing can be finished and got out of the way) Terry Carr in all his wisdom came up with this silly story of it costing \$100 or so in Sherriff's fees etc. It really does amaze me how people will meekly accept what they are told, as long, that is, as they are told by the 'right' people. THERE ARE NO OUTSTANDING CHARGES! And you don't have to take my word for it - there's a letter from the sheriff's office to say so, on its way to Carr now. Now, with that out of the way, can we perhaps get Kyle to dissolve the WSFS? Because, you see, its charter won't expire automatically either (check on that, too, if you like) and unless we can get Kyle to stop hedging and get the lead out of his pants, the WSFS will always be with us. I think 21 months is long enough for fandom to wait on this point. As it happens, by far the most disturbing part of this particular paragraph is the casual

way in which Carr now admits that before Joy sent the \$4, George Nims Raybin had started a similar fund with 50¢ (along with a similar donation from Buz Busby) - only since he, Carr, knew what the position was, (George was only a lawyer, you see, and one of the people involved in the case) he just credited the amounts to their Fanac subscriptions. I wonder if he often decides what to do with other people's money like this or if it is an isolated incident?

fMp - Fanzine Material Pool Newsletter 1 - Dave Rike, 750 - 60th Street, Oakland 9, California, USA. Dave, who has been rather absent from fanzine-publishing fandom for some time, is keen to start a sort of Manuscript Bureau (as it is termed in the N3F). Idea is that fanzine editors with more material than they can publish - he cites CRY as a very good example of this - should send him the surplus. In the same way, fanzine editors who are short of material should write to see what he has available. Lists, etc, will be included in later issues of the newsletter which will be circulated with Fanac as this one was.

HYPHEN 24 - 1/- or 15¢ a copy, exchanges welcome, through Walt Willis, 170 Upper M'ards Rd, Belfast 4, N. Ireland. Ass. Ed. Bob Shaw, now at 26 Beechgrove Gdns, Belfast, N. Ireland. Art Ed. Arthur Thomson, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London SW2. The first thing we noticed, on reading through the bacover quotes (we always read the bacover of Hyphen first - don't you?) was that a home had already been found for some of the items in Rotsler's 'Quotebook'. Second thing was the Britcon Search Party setting out from the Hyphen lighthouse. Pity you never found us, Walt. It might have improved matters a little. The editorial is about Hyphen and the Conservation of Ego-boo...a very nice piece of justification for the slimness of the magazine lately. Come to think of it, I've noticed a slight dropping off in my own incoming letters recently. (You've noticed it too? All these pages of normal elite?...). Material is by Mal Ashworth - I think he must have a thing about curly black grandmothers - Eric Frank Russell on damon knight's 'In Search Of Wonder' - Bob Shaw - and new fans Ian McAulay and Johnny Hautz, who appear to have that same writing ability common to all Irish fans found to date. With the type of intake they have, no wonder the Wheels of IF are unbeatable. A long lettercolumn makes up the balance of yet another issue. Get it.

March 25th. Look! A letter

HARRY WARNER 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, USA. March 11, 1960

Dear Sandy:

George Spencer's item was doubly pleasant to read, not only for its own sake but for the light that it shed on how mental processes differ. I tackled exactly the same theme, that of ayjay membership tendencies carried to their ultimate, in a Horizon story a couple of years ago. Maybe it tells something about my fundamental desire for bloodletting, and George's basically peaceloving nature, that he should have created such a lovely idyll from the theme while I made my story a brawling mass of death and destruction (postulating that the drive to enter FAPA would be the only outlet for combat tendencies in a superbly regulated future world).

Joy's column was interesting although I keep wishing she would extract all the available juice from each idea. It seems wasteful to toss up a topic and just toy with it for a couple of paragraphs, when other fans have trouble trying to find just one topic to write about. Jean Linard was kind enough to provide me with one copy of Sonorama; I've not tried the American versions but I understand that they are far inferior in concept and manufacture to the French original.

John Berry doesn't know it, but he spent three or four hours within a block of the nicest, safest ducks you'll find anywhere. They live on Hagerstown's lake in the main city park, just back of my house, and I didn't know about John's liking for the little things while he was here. Occasionally the ducks come calling, and Bob Pavlat saw while visiting here the groundhog that lives under our garage - and we have

sparrows in the attic during most of the summer - so you can see I'm not one of these conforming fans that have orthodox things like dogs and cats and Nikkis around the house. John definitely seems to be putting more of his real self into his fanzine writings since his trip to the US; the quite serious and humane undertones of this article are most welcome and revealing, and I feel the utmost sympathy with them.

The boy scientist shows considerable acumen about this crazy Buck Rogers stuff. I think that basically the trouble is that low-budget magazines can no longer exist in this country, and science fiction must eventually be confined to books or the snazzy publications that get most of their income from advertising rather than the newsstand price. And I doubt that there's enough interest in science fiction to support magazines devoted solely to it, and the Campbell change may be a sign that we're returning to a few publications like Science & Invention, containing partly sf, partly science fact.

I hope Cantaloupe Flabbergaste isn't really pleading for crudzines. However, I believe that basic differences in education and character make it unlikely that you'll get too much bad fanzine publishing as we do in this country. I see no reason why a fanzine should be published in either country by a fan who hasn't learned yet to spell most words correctly and hasn't waited until he acquired enough interesting material to fill his first issue.

Dean doesn't mention one thing: the fact that English is one of the few languages that tries to figure out words for new matters. Every other language with which I'm acquainted simply puts several other words together to fit new objects or activities instead of inventing a new word. As a result, it's not hard to obtain a full vocabulary in German or French, after you've learned the simpler and most frequently used words. But English either invents something new like 'jeep', or picks out some Latin and Greek words to anglicize like 'telegraph'.

Yrs., &c.....



I think John Berry has matured considerably both as a writer and a person, as a result of his trip to the States. On the future of sf - I feel that eventually the magazines will disappear and we will be left with pb collections of short stories - such as Star SF - and new pb novels - such as the Ballantine list.

March 26th. UR 7 - Letter of comment (I don't know how you start...), no cash price listed. Ellis Mills, PO Box 84, Lowry AFB, Denver 30, Colorado. Proving that APAs are so of value to fandom as a whole, three (at least) of the general

zines mentioned in this App started life as OMPazines. UR, of course, is one of them. It is a typical Mills production - that is to say, enjoyable - with material in justified double-columns except for the lettercol. Material is by John Berry, E E Smith, Sid Birchby, and the editor. Although it still shows slight signs of its APA origin, Ellis's very pleasant personality (and wacky sense of humour) shine through. Write and ask him for a copy. Along with this came Xanadu Review #2, which reveals the Mills humour perfectly - this slim satirezine contains material by Metcalf, Mills and Leman, including a one-page take-off of that news and chatterzine 'FAN-ECHH' dated 28 Dec '69.

Letter from G H Wells, River Ave, Box 486, Riverhead, New York, USA, who says that he won't be putting out The Sick Elelphant any more. I gather he has no plans for another zine. Must remember to point out to Canny Flabby that one of the major objections to neofans producing crudzines is that they might become too discouraged by the comments they receive (which are all too often justified).

23 March 1960

Dear Sandy:

I note the switch to a blackish ink, which is good in itself, but I sadly notice that it, too, comes off on my hands. What is it with Apé ink; some kind of jinx? Maybe that will spark someone to a faaan-fiction item - George Locke could probably do wonders with it.

Andy Young was interesting on that old hackneyed topic of his but I don't feel I want to add anything to his comments - suffice to say I agree with most of them, though. However, my idiot brain envisions the ultimate end to this move on the part of the established sf-authors to the girlie magazines. It is, simply, that Playboy will win the Hugo for Best Magazine in some future ballot.

I see that Canny is up rabble-rousing again. This time his arguments strike a bit closer home, considering that he/she is using me as an example. On that hook, I guess I should blush typerishly (however that is done). Actually, I had very little outside help from local fans in the production of Psi-Phi, unless you count the material I had from them. Doubtless I could have gotten this (with the possible exception of the comic strip SuperSquirrel) by mail. The rest I picked up as I went along. My very first attempt at putting others' artwork on master was the cover of Psi-Phi 2, an interesting Atom item. You can ask Art if he thought I did an okay job. Anyway, I must finish that by adding that there is no such place as Los Angeles, Texas (population 118), not in my atlas anyway. If Canny can prove otherwise, I'd be pleased to acquiesce.

Now then, there are several statements I'd like to refute elsewhere in the article. First off the line "...there are poor American fanzines and good American fanzines - and only good British fanzines." It is hellishly obvious that Canny has never seen any of Norman Wansborough's effusions. Next this bit about twenty experienced and twenty inexperienced fans "working together in N'APA for a year": I highly doubt that this would accomplish as much as Canny expects it would. For one thing, there's more experienced fans in N'APA than inexperienced, and for another, the general atmosphere in an apa is not one of "help thy neighbour" - you may give suggestions ("Your repro stinks! - improve it!") but you don't usually go off at great length. Do you? I usually don't. And lastly, didn't Viné Clarke set up something similar to this suggested "board of fanzine publishing advisors" Canny outlines, in 1949 or so? Seems I recall reading a Rog Phillips column from that period which went into much detail about it, even to reprinting an article by Viné from SFN.

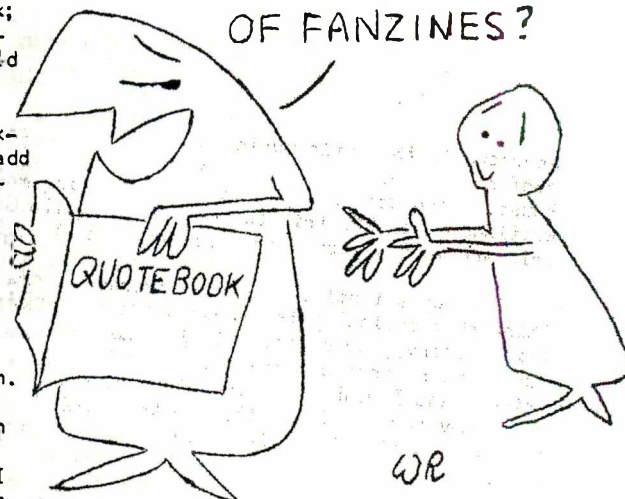
There's a new member of LA56F - Jerry Knight, 6220 Damask Ave, LA 56, California. How about putting out the word that he'd like fanzines? He'll be publishing the first issue of his own in about a month.

More on "Coswal's Fantasy Diary": no, the I F Diary column isn't the first to appear in a genzine for although PLOOR was distributed in SAPS, an edition of it minus SAPS mailing comments was sold for money (imagine that!) throughout fandom. Admit it, Sanderson -- IFD isn't new.

Best.....

I think Canny (receipt of Apé 16 will have proved your suspicions on identity were incorrect) was talking really about general zines - in which case things by Wansborough and others hardly count. Also, you are talking about apas as they are now, whereas, surely, Canny was trying to indicate how they could be used to help neofans? However, I think the only real way to help them along is the way Viné helped George Locke, i.e. one fan and one neofan working together. This sort of activity has currently been taken over by Auntie Ella Parker who is having some conspicuous successes. Re IFD - I will not allow the uniqueness of this thing slip away from me...IFD is the only Diary column to be placed in the top five two years running in the Fanac Poll...and let's see Coswal (or Alan Burns or Rick Sneary) beat that!!! I still haven't seen a copy of PLOOR, though. You got any spares?

GOOD HEAVENS! DO YOU
THINK I'M MADE
OF FANZINES?



March 27th. Visit from John & Joan Newman - John had a copy of the new Kenneth Johns book (he and Ken Bulmer) 'The True Book of Spade' which contains illos and diagrams by Atom (and very good they are too). It's basically a juvenile fact book, but the amount of material they've crammed into it is fantastic - I feel every fan should have a copy to use as a reference book.

March 29th. Letter from new fan Fred Hunter, 13 Freefield Rd, Lerwick, Shetland Islands, Scotland, asking for a copy of App. Send him your fanzines.

March 30th. Today I left the War Office - yes, they finally decided it was time I did some work again. My new office is at Foots Cray, Sidcup, about the same distance out of town as the WO was in. An hour's journey each way by bus, starting an hour earlier in the morning - and getting back about the same time at night. Fanning time will be cut by a) the need to go to bed earlier than I have been doing (1.00am on average) b) working on Saturday mornings c) guards and other duties through the week in the evenings - and on weekends all day. I am not going to like this one little bit, and there's no doubt changes will have to be made to App in the future to compensate. Sorry, people. In the evening we had a visit from Ella Parker, George Locke and Ted Forsyth, which cheered me up a little....

March 31st. STUPEFYING STORIES 50 - occasional publication from Dick Eney, 417 Ft Hunt Rd, Alexandria, Virginia, USA. This one is a single sheet thing detailing two small incidents on one side in typical Eney fashion, and containing a poll sheet to be completed on the reverse - this is on the 1960 Presidential elections in the States. I'd be interested in knowing if any UK fans complete the poll. I don't think I'd quite dare to myself, being so removed from the scene....

April 1st. ROT 4 - Mal Ashworth, 14 Westgate, Eccleshill, Bradford 2, England. Celebrating its 4th birthday, this marks Mal's return to general fanzine publishing in far too long a time. Rot is another zine that has previously been circulated through apas. Mal says the last one was May 1958 and most of the contents then were by himself. He still has a large slice of the current issue, which is a good thing, but other material is by Sid Birchby, Irene Potter and Harry Warner. There is also an art section featuring Bill Rotsler but this is rather sadly dated because Bill abandoned the types of illos used many years ago. This adds up to a very welcome zine of the 'Hyphen' school.

DICK SCHULTZ 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan, USA Feb 3rd, 1960 (date letter was started)

Dear Sandy:

Social Conscience is a product of leisure. When you have it good, and have time to learn the other guy's viewpoint, and do not have the dire need to get yours in first, you will have the time and ability to say "Tsk, tsk, now would you look at those poor souls with polio, or starving in India, or the shocking state of our national highways." All the time safe and secure in the knowledge that you're not polio stricken or starving or in the hospital due to an accident. Even if you are in hospital it's always the other guy's fault. When it is not a vital need to get enough food to hold flesh to bone, you can afford to feel sorry for the other guy. But you're not about to try changing places with him to help him. You're not about to sell house and home to give the necessary quid to this or that fund to save the deer or the parks or whatever. And for the poor man to give up some of what he's got is to wring blood from a stone.

If there's so much generosity in the world, why isn't there, even yet, enough money for the research projects? Why doesn't the white like the black? Why are we burning excess food while millions starve? Why is malaria still the major killer in the whole tropical belt while we have the material and techniques available to stamp out this great killer? I hate to sound cynical and all but I don't honestly believe that there are more than a handful of really socially aware people in this hard cruel world of ours. There always has been this hard core of Saints and Kind Souls, and each of us has it in some way. But, by and large, the act of meeting your fellow men gives that sense of



kindness the knife. The good people in this country and in yours are lucky in that, for once, the tax laws and political conditions makes generosity, on the part of the rich and well-off, a necessity instead of a conscience salver. Have you ever heard how J.P.Morgan used to give shiny new pennies to the urchins of the streets? Can you imagine a man who made millions by not giving the man in the street an even break, feeling so noble by indiscriminately parting with but a billionth of his great wealth? Can you sit there and not get sick at the idea of a fabulously rich man salving his conscience in this miserly way? Buying his way to peace of mind with a few dollars a day? I don't believe we are any more aware of the plight of our lesser brethren than we were 50 years ago. The only difference being that in this well-fed age we can spare the crumbs from our laden tables.

Youse till the lemmings come home....

I think you mix your terminology a little, Dick. True, there are hundreds of things to be done yet, but the fact is that more and more people are becoming aware that they need doing. It isn't many years ago that there was no hope of solution to lots of problems simply because people as a whole didn't know they existed. I think mass information media is responsible for the fact that problems are rapidly made known now. The growth of awareness is the awakening social conscience.

April 2nd. PC from Archie Mercer re my comment in Apr 16 - "But I want to be a postcardhack. A.M."

WALTER A WILLIS 170 Upper N'Ards Rd, Belfast 4, N. Ireland. 31/3/60

Dear Sandy,

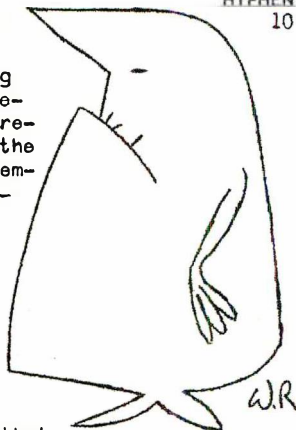
I notice to my horror that my subscription will expire within a very short period, geologically speaking, unless. I'm not sure exactly what unless means but I have a vague idea there are things called letters which faneds expect...in fact now I come to think of it I seem to remember I used to write them myself. That was even before the Day The Ceiling Fell. There's a new one up now and the room has all been re-decorated and everything, but during the interregnum (that's the period when neither plaster nor distemper were raining) our own and my father's tv sets broke down, and my father-in-law bought one for his bungalow which he wants me to convert to ITV, and all of a sudden I found myself fascinated by electronics again as I was in the days before fandom. I fought against it until I got Hyphen out, but ever since I've been up in the attic twiddling with coils and all, or downstairs puzzling out the technicalities of tv in books. Since my mind goes completely blank whenever the author breaks out into mathematical symbols I'm under something of a disadvantage but I am struggling on. The mere fact that the last adjustment I made to the time base of the tv produced a sepia picture of Carroll Gibbons and the Savoy Hotel Orpheans leaves me undaunted.

Incidentally since ITV started over here I have found two interesting facts. One is that commercial tv programmes are designed for a 12-year old mentality, actually one called Carol Willis: the other, a result of the first, is that it is quite possible to read while ITV is on and even, I find now, to write letters. The programmes are a sort of visual Musak and it is possible to carry on one's normal activities without their impinging on one's consciousness at all.

Well, to get down to ~~SANDRUFF~~ business, Apo have in this morning, looking more like a monochrome Mademoiselle than any fanzine has a right to. After a brief discussion as to who should read it first, I left Madeleine sweltering in a pool of gore (it was quite a warm morning) and took it into the barber's, glancing contemptuously at his Reader's Digests as I sat down. Arriving at the office for another day of arduous toil I sent one of my staff out for a cup of coffee and continued reading, letting the government of the country lapse until I had finished the Fan Diary. Because of that elite type of yours it took longer than I expected with the result that there was a bread strike, two IRA outrages and a traffic jam on the Albert Bridge, but it was worth it. I approve of that typer of yours, remembering vividly the days I used to haunt the auction rooms looking optimistically for one like it. An Imperial with Bijou typeface isn't it? Oh, and incidentally congratulations on your high place in the Fanac poll. From its lowly position, Hyphen salutes you. Do you accept adverts?

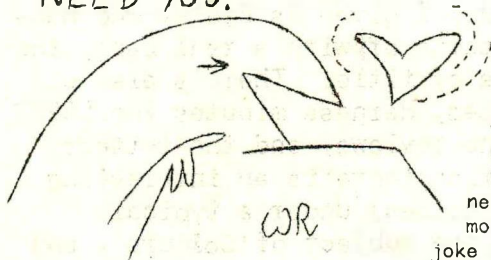
"My only ambition is to live to be a dirty old man."Anon,

HYPHEN
10



Lovely cover of Arthur's. Grr to that blank inside page. You could have put more IFD there. You could have put more on p.3 too, instead of parading us 200 readers to witness the cashiering of some obscure ranker. I remember Harry Warner's article vividly but enjoyed reading it again. Joy was very good this time, but I must speak up on behalf of the tv set's high-pitched whistle. Not only does it indicate to the harassed repairer that

AWAY! GO AWAY! I DON'T
NEED YOU!



the line output is or is not delivering the goods it also, or so I've been told, keeps away mice.// I enjoyed Ken Potter's article, not only for its intrinsic merits, but because it cast some light on a point which has been puzzling me for some time. I know personally quite a few fans who are more intelligent, personable and fluent than most of the people I work with, but who are in employment fantastically below their capabilities. Why don't they go out and get a £2000 a year job? KP's article gives one answer - they just can't be bothered. The more I see of business the more I realise that there is only one thing you need to make money, and that is a strong enough desire to make money.//IFD. Temple rings the bell again (space here for a joke about Temple bells), but his reference to Eisenhower reminds me of one gleam of hope in the depressing current world scene he

depicts. I have been reading politicians' speeches for more than 20 years and Eisenhower is the first one I ever heard say something sensible. I don't know how it happened, but I still can't understand why after he said it the whole race of politicians didn't suddenly stop talking and creep away shamefacedly. It was while he was in England, and his exact words were, as far as I can remember: "The people of the world want peace so much that sometimes I think we politicians had better get out of the way and let them have it." The fact that Eisenhower, whom I had written off as another bumbling fool, could think and say something like that is to me the most hopeful thing that's happened since the Khrushchev Letter.// I was quite a bit relieved to find that everyone seems to have ignored the EFR letter last time about race inequality. I had about 3 pages of devastating sarcasm drafted in my head, along with an Apidiascope entry, and the letter was getting so big I just never got started on it and I began to feel guilty about it. I surmise now though that you feel your readers appreciate the answers to EFR's half truths without the necessity of publishing them.

Best.....

Actually, this typer is Joy's Remington Quiet-Riter (which isn't, especially when I use it). The one above is an Everest K2. I'm not quite certain what the type-face is on either machine, but they are similar, which helps. (I'm thinking of the 'g' which is perhaps the most noticeable letter). Most response to the earlier EFR letter concerned the Bomb section and I've left Paul to speak for the majority. The other comments were, to a very large extent, ignored by the readers.

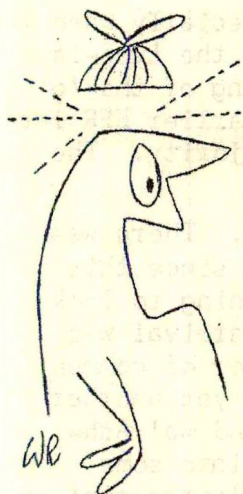
April 3rd. First SFCoL meeting at the new venue, Ella Parker's flat. There was a brief 'drumming out' ceremony laid on for George Locke since this would be his last visit before going in to the army - but it is beginning to look as if we were a little premature... First thing that happened on my arrival was that I got a copy of BRENNSCHLUSS 4 pushed at me. Available for letter of comment from Ken Potter, 1 Dunsmure Rd, Stamford Hill, London N.16. Brenn is yet another truly welcome revival, a reminder of the days when Lancaster Fandom and Mal Ashworth were the Golden Hope of English fandom. Unfortunately Ken ran into some duplicating difficulties but they weren't too bad and the very readable material is just that. MalAsh, Dave Wood, Ken Potter, Don Geldart and Irene Potter fill the pages, but pride of place goes to a piece by George Locke in the 'Tom' series concerning ASF and TAFF and....oh, read it.

April 4th. NEW FRONTIERS 2 - four for \$1 (trades welcome) from Norman Metcalf, Box 1360-s, Tyndall AFB, Florida, USA. When I first mentioned this I had in mind that it was nearest in scope to the old 'Inside'. With the second issue it stands squarely on its own two feet as one of the finest science fiction fanzines that I've ever seen. Essential reading for fans interested in the basis of our hobby (and the lettercol shows that contrary to 'popular' belief there are still many of us interested in sf) and for the value given, cheap at the price. Articles are by Poul Anderson, Bob Olsen and Stanton A Coblenz, and there are letters, fanzine reviews, and many book reviews. Promised for the next issue is Damon Knight's Detention Speech. One point - neither the book nor the fanzine reviews are signed. Assuming that they are done by several members of 'the staff' could they not at least be initialed? I would strongly advise you get this fanzine.

SHAGGY 49 - Six for \$1 but free for used artwork, material and letters of comment and for other fanzines (not APA) on 1 for 1 basis. 980 $\frac{1}{2}$ White Knoll Dr., Los Angeles 6, California. John Trimble: Editor. The address given is Bjo's, who handles the lettercolumn very efficiently. This issue starts off with a real bang, the cover being a nice bit of mickey taking on ASFs change of title. There's also a short column from Bjo, Trimble editorial, Franson verses, Harness minutes (on LASFS meetings), Deckinger fake-book-reviews, Lichtman fanzine reviews, and the letters. All of this makes very enjoyable reading, but in addition there is an interesting article on the connection between sf and sh (sherlock holmes) under a typical Shaggy pen name, an amusing take-off of JWCampbell on the subject of 'Colours', and a review column on tv and books with contributions by Wanshel, Coulson, & 'Pandora'. Duplication and general appearance (except for a half-page ad that uses too many typefaces) is excellent and Shaggy must be considered a serious contender to CRY

GROUND ZERO - This is the fifth and final issue from B'n'F Dietz who will in future concentrate on Peals for general circulation. Contents include a Detention report by Ted Johnstone, columns by Inchmery, and Les Gerber, a piece by Belle(?) on fancy dress at the convention, and a story by Ken Brown which I confess to not reading since I don't like sf in fanzines. Notable for the Conreport but like many other people I'm glad Belle has folded this so that she can devote her time and talents to Peals.

SKYRACK 16 - Ron Bennett (or Bob Pavlat). Apart from the normal news and fanzine reviews the main item this time is the results of the Skyrack Poll. Since Inchmery and Aporrheta feature so frequently I find myself with little to say, other than 'thanks'. (But are you certain the 'Best Fanzine Cover' is Apr 13? It was good, but I expected #12 to get it...) With Skyrack, as usual, came mi 5 from Eric Bentcliffe, announcing the engagement of Terry Jeeves and the fact that Triode will continue despite this fact.



Letter from Sid Birchby who agrees that Atom's covers don't receive enough attention and suggests (tho' not very seriously) that readers should try colouring them..."A sophisticated fan could graduate to colouring Rotsler illos, maybe." For the three best innovations of the 50's Sid suggests non-rigid plastics, deep-freeze merchandising, and man-made fibres. He rejects zip-fasteners as untrustworthy..."Give me the old-fashioned fly-button, Sir!"

DICK ENEY 417 Ft Hunt Rd, Alexandria, Virginia, USA 27 March 1960.

"Stop the world --
I have a thought."

....GCF

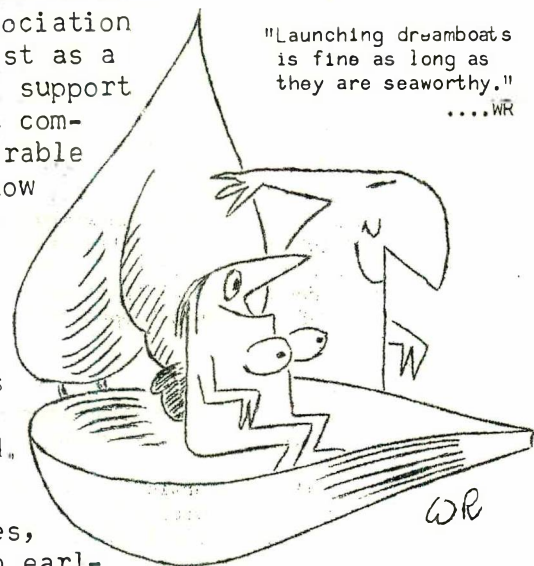
Dear Sandy,

Ay de mi, I'll bet Archie Mercer grotches about the micro-elite type this time! But I am in favour of anything that allows more Inchmery in Apr

Joy's comment on the Soviet speculations re Outsiders visiting Earth reminds me... hm, one thing it reminds me of is their notion that we're Martians - descendants of the space-navigating race that put Deimos and Phobos up for orbital stations - something, apparently, that they're really pushing. The Sociology department at George Washington university has been getting all sorts of propaganda from their converts to this notion; since we've done a good bit of work on human pre-history I fancy it hasn't given the staff anything but a case of the chuckles. Slight sidetrack: what I meant to say is that Joy's "hope they're right" raises my eyebrows. Too much Arthur C. Clarke, E E Smith, or what? The idea that folk as advanced as any such astronauts would have to be don't consider us worth contacting seems a pretty unpleasant one to me. Here I quietly ignore the question whether I'd want anything to do with a lot like us if I was a saucer-pilot.

Between Andy Young and Canteloupe Flabbergaste (an American, I hope?) (≠Yes≠) I am half convinced that sf and fandom are doomed...but with the other 50% of my convictions I'll keep putting out SPECULATIVE REVIEW for a while yet. Best & all.....

And speaking of Speculative Review, I have here No 2. This is produced by Dick for the Washington SF Association and the first three issues are to be free on request as a work out for the club and a check on the amount of support fandom would give to a subzine designed to present comment on current sf. I hope the support is considerable because although most fanzines 'have a go' at sf now and then (notably Void) there is still a great gap to be filled by zines devoted to first class criticism of sf. New Frontiers can't fill it on its own. The issue at hand contains an excellent 3-page review of T H White's 'The Once and Future King' by Dick Eney, and 5 pages of prozine reviews by Bill Evans who first establishes his basis for criticism. This zine should be strongly supported.



April 5th. FANAC 54 - Carr & Ellick (or Mercer).

A dittoed issue giving news of parties, new fanzines and a correction to a news item in an earlier issue (but no correction to that item about how it will cost the world'n'all to dissolve the WSFS as yet). With this came Terry's 'Hobgoblin #5' given over, this time, to reviews of Voids 19 & 20. Also enclosed was a single sheet from Ted Johnstone, Bag End, 1503 Rollin St, South Pasadena, California, USA, who wants to start 'The Fellowship of the Ring' for interested persons (interested in Tolkien, that is) and giving membership qualifications etc. Since I still haven't read Tolkien I'll make no comment except to wonder aloud at the enthusiasm his books give rise to.

April 6th. BHISMILLAH! 2 - Trade, 1 of c, contribution or 15¢ from Andy Main, 5668 Gato Ave, Goleta, California. Quite an improvement over No 1. Most of the material is written by Andy (mainly on a trip to Los Angeles) and as far as I am concerned the three small outside items hardly helped at all. Try it.

April 7th. Letter from Ake Hansson saying he hopes I'm not connected with a pop song called SANDY - a downright lousy hillbilly song. As it happens, I'm not - neither am I connected with SANDY'S TUNE (a sort of pop-Scots-song) tho' as sung by Eartha Kitt I wouldn't really object.... Glad you liked Ape, Ake.

Letter from Ken Cheslin who says, among many other things, that he and the SADO gang are learning as they go...the other night they spent 4 hours, 2 stencils, and 600 sheets of white paper and produced 130 barely passable sheets for their fanzine. Sounds expensive, but I admire their determination to learn and I'm looking forward to seeing what they produce for the next 'Spinge'.

JOE PATRIZIO 72 Glenvarloch Cresc., Edinburgh 9. 4th April

Dear Sandy,

Atom's illustrations in Harry Warner's article fitted the text to perfection and are just about the best I've seen in putting illos to text. The one labelled "THINKS-HELP!" had me gurgling away to myself, much to the alarm of the rest of the family. As for the article itself, it was everything that is expected of Harry Warner. I have often wondered what would happen if I ever was in the position where it was necessary to clonk someone over the head, and have come to the conclusion that either I would brain them, or just make them mad enough to brain me. I would have thought that a blow to the point of the jaw would be most effective, as almost every day we see, or hear of boxers being knocked out, and unless the blow is exceptional a K.O.d boxer usually recovers in a few minutes, and half-an-hour sees him his usual self.

I was glad to see that there are some other John Jelly fans: funny, I always thot the Daily Mail was a bit too right wing for you. (Yes but it had Flook - and now JJ. Actually one has to read the 'other side' before becoming critical of it...hps) Jelly's column in the Scottish Mail is 'Scottish Opinion' and deals with Scottish affairs, mainly, so the two examples you gave were new to me.

Joy's choice of the three most important innovations surprised me a bit, in that apart from silicones, they were nothing like I thought she would pick. As for the three worst - well, she bounced the ball back again very sneakily indeed. I found this question a lot more difficult than finding the three best things. I'm not sure that I agree with Joy when she mentions the belief in a nuclear deterrent - has this happened in the last ten years? well, perhaps, but I think I'll be slightly frivolous in picking my own three. The first is relatively easy. Way top of my list is tv soap and detergent adverts. I don't think I need explain why. Secondly, I pick "rock'n'roll" and all the singers(?) that it has thrown up (that's an apt expression). The third of the first two has somewhat numbed me and I'm having great difficulty in thinking of a third, but I think I'll settle for the Hieronymous machine and all it has done to JWC Jr (and through him, to us). I've concentrated on the things that have given me the greatest personal irritation - well, we can't all have cosmic minds.

Oh, and that "leprous 'ackney" didn't go unnoticed, much as I would have liked it to.

Yes, I like the way you are using your new micro-elite typewriter. I can't really say why, but I find it an improvement to know exactly where the letters are, and to have them separated from the material you write yourself.

That new artist Forsyth you've got hold of isn't very good. I'm surprised you allow such crud in your fine fanzine.

Please tell me that it was just a slip when you said: "Ted is a keen photographer, and is developing a nice talent..." (~~#None of my puns are slips! Tortuous, maybe...hps#~~)

Jim Groves: Surely the BSFA is not for people who don't give a damn about fandom, but to find potential fans from sf readers. The point is that everybody who does join the BSFA is not a potential fan, and some will never develop an interest in fandom. However, once you have made someone pay his club dues you can't turn round and tell him that all he is entitled to is an introduction to fandom, and perhaps a sample copy of a fanzine (no matter how good that fanzine may be). That is why the BSFA must cater for those who don't give a damn about fandom and never will.

What established fans must decide for themselves is whether the organisation is fulfilling its primary purpose of the recruitment of new fans, and whether the results so far justify their joining, so that they can help in showing newcomers what fandom is really like.

The idea of an APA appeals to me, but I don't think it would work as those who it is intended to help probably have neither typer or duper, making the production of the 'zines impossible unless the established fans, overflowing with the milk of human kindness, take it upon themselves to produce the mags from handwritten mss - and I'm sure that even Auntie Ella would balk from this.

Best.....

On contemplation I agree with what the BSFA has to do for non-fan members - it is yet another result of having the organisation as it is instead of a contact bureau that could be run more cheaply and that could quietly drop non-fan types without trouble. However, criticism is hereby suspended while we see what the new officials can do to get things moving again.

April 8th. Letter from John Newman, 36 Bulstrode Ave, Hounslow, Middx., making arrangements to return a Tom Lehrer record we'd lent him on his last visit at the con rather than trust the mails. Point was he mentioned that Penelope's dentist was in the habit of playing Lehrer while his patients were in the chair - like wow! Penelope, who is growing into a nice but serious young lady, was not amused, despite John's insistence that it indicated the dentist was One Of Us.....

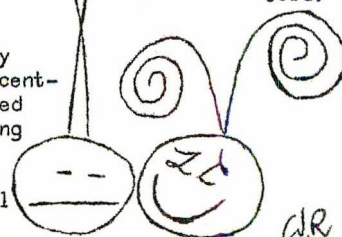
IAN McAULAY Ballycorus Grange, Kiltarnan, Co Dublin, Eire. 6th April 1960.

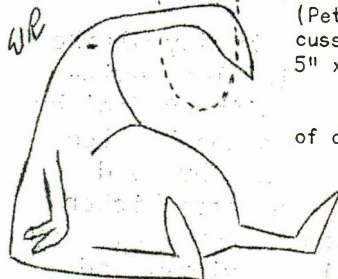
Dear Sandy,

Apart from my inherent laziness there is another cause for my falling behind in letter-writing of late - the 'Idiot's Lantern' has recently been installed here at home! The man who coined the phrase has earned my undying admiration for his perceptiveness. Not that I watch the thing much - most of my evenings are now devoted to going out to get away from it - but the little I have seen has turned me into an almost fanatical opponent of the medium. Of course, Johnny Hautz (the other local fan) has had a goggle box at his house for some time and for months I used to time my visits to him to coincide with Hancock's Half Hour, which

"I just don't apologise, I'm sorry."

....Pat Gold.





I looked forward to for the whole week. Apart from this item and a couple of other tolerable programmes in the week, I wouldn't care if the lot were blocked out by the waveries! Just before I leave the subject of tv, Joy might be interested to know that her point about the high pitched whistle on tv sets came in for lengthy discussion in Wireless World either last year or in 1958. I seem to recall that one manufacturer (Peto Scott?) claimed that their sets were free of this fault. Still discussing that paragraph of the 'Li'l Pitcher', a reasonably portable (9 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 5" x 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ ") taper is described on page 49 of the April issue of the 'Gramophone'.

Apr 15 was just about my ideal of what a fanzine should be, with plenty of discussion of sf and some good humorous writing too. Andy Young's article on the decline of sf was excellent and very readable. I'm beginning to feel that readers of sf (as opposed to fans) are too lazy mentally to expend the necessary effort to understand the older type of story. As example of this I'll quote 'Nightfall', 'First Contact', 'Venus Equilateral', and 'Firewater', which are probably known to every fan, but to damn few of the thousands who buy the magazines every month. Of course good stories are still being published, such as 'A Canticle for Leibowitz' or 'A Case of Conscience', so perhaps some of the weeping and wailing is just brought on by the rapid decline of Astounding Analog (Ugh!) and by the decline and fall of Galaxy.

Apr 16 doesn't inspire me to lengthy comment except for one item - Andy Young's letter. That really is the best letter I've seen published in a fanzine so far! I realise that that isn't a lengthy comment but I haven't anything to criticise in the letter so it's all I'm going to say.

Till the next time. Best.....

April 9th. SF TIMES 332 & 333 - James V. Taurasi Sr (or H.M. Johnson). Giving the usual professional news and statistics. #332's news of the folding of FU with Belle Dietz's fanzine review column going in to the USRE New Worlds, is offset to some extent by a letter from Mack Reynolds concerning his travels through Europe and the Middle East partly as a result of which he's written some adult sf based on the social sciences. ASF has four of these, and I'm itching to see them. Oh, and the Galaxy art editor has at last been changed so there might be some improvement there...it certainly couldn't be worse. #333 has SF-T on the fringes of the crazy-mixed-up German fandom situation. This makes UK and USA feuding look like a love match. I feel sure Taurasi will steer clear of any more letters or articles on Gerfandom.

NOMAD 3 - letters, art, trade, etc - money unacceptable - from George Jennings, 1710 Pearl St., Bay City, Texas. This is essentially a letter-zine and although it contains a good editorial, a humorous piece by Bob Stewart, and a longer piece by Terry Carr (about his wife) it is, in fact, the letters that shine. I hope George can keep his 'every three weeks' schedule - it is worth it.

HABAKKUK 2 - Bill Donaho, 1441 8th St., Berkeley 10, California. Despite the nature of most of the contents (general natter) this is beginning to look less like a general natter zine. If the trend continues Bill will end up with a full-grown generalzine - and probably a good one at that. This 'Halfway House' issue is unsatisfactory tho', somehow. Good cartoon cover by Bjo, material by Castillo and Donaho on beatniks, bohemians and squares, fanzine reviews and a lettercolumn. I notice in the letters that Boyd Raeburn is still confusing various issues by assuming they must be interconnected when they are not - why is it that people find it difficult to believe these days that because you disagree (or agree) with someone on a particular point, it does not mean that you have to disagree (or agree) with them ON EVERYTHING! This 'all or nothing' attitude that some fans insist on in their friendships is distasteful to me. I just couldn't be like that myself.

FEMIZINE 13 - 1/- per copy, trades etc, from Ethel Lindsay or Betty Kujawa. This issue, mainly produced by Ethel Lindsay (who did her own duplicating - she's

getting an electric Gestetner for future issues) starts with a cover by Joy Clarke from an idea by Harry Turner. Ethel herself gets underway with a nice long editorial and this is followed by Juanita Coulson's criticism of 'World Without Men' by Charles Eric Maine. (Watch those headings, Ethel - it wasn't Juanita who bungled plots...). Bjo describes Elinore Busby, Ina Shorrocks does ditto for her husband Norman, Janey Johnston discourses on cats and Sheila Ashworth and Margaret Picken cover a Liverpool party in the only possible way such an event can be covered. Joy returns with three pages (micro-elite) of very well written fanzine reviews, and the issue is rounded out by the letter column. Ethel produces a nice fanzine.

April 10th. Almost a full house - visit from Ella Parker, Ted Forsyth and Brian Jordan who had arrived early for the con and was lumbered with helping Ella produce the SFCoL fanzine. Sucker (but thanks a lot).

April 11th. Visit from Brian Burgess who brought up some books for Joy that she had wanted for some time - they're for Nickie when she gets older.

ALAN RISPIN 35 Lyndhurst Ave, Higher Irlam, Manchester, Lancashire. 8/4/60.

Dear Sandy,

Please take care of a misguided colonial by the name of Jordan who is probably wandering around Willesdon looking for Ellas...

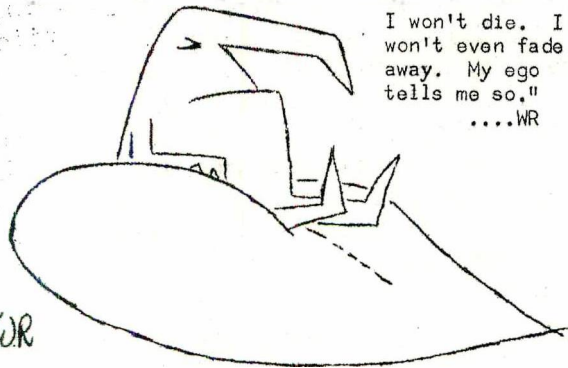
Atom's cover is, as usual, most wonderful in the beholding. After a mite of that it seems all the funnier - whereas some of Atom's covers are apparent at first glance this one seems all the better for having that sort of sock in the subconscious tail. Maybe it was because I was tired when I first looked at it.

Warner's article: True, but I think most of us realised the fact that these convenient pauses in the hero's headlong run to the climax were so that the hardworking writer could go and get a cuppa. We accept the methods as we accept any other premise that the author puts forward, in order to enjoy the story. This was Warner at his best. I must make some comment on his conclusion that a bash in the belly will be the best possible way to immobilise a foe. As resident goalkeeper of the Lyndhurst Ave Football Club, I have had some experience of the painful state of being kicked in the guts. Mind you, we invariably got a penalty for any such vile and unsportsmanlike conduct against us. Then I'd help the other chap up and move him off the field of play. "If the 'cant stand't them tha musnna play", was the comment of one of the oldsters who used to watch those happy, carefree and filthy games on the local wasteground. Yes, I agree that a stomach punch would be the best remedy. Come to think of it, if we had as much reality in fiction as Harry seems to want then it wouldn't be worth writing the darn stuff! One could extend this into a survey of the unrealities in fiction, and I'd be so disheartened after undertaking such an investigation that I'd most probably go to reading Plato and Aristotle instead of Blish and Heinlein. (Admitted fantasy is something not covered by Harry -- his objection is to the ridiculous and provable unreality of the so called 'realism' school. If they would admit they wrote fantasy no one would object)

Andy Young's momentous letter was momentous...in fact all of the letters were interesting but a fellow has to sleep like...

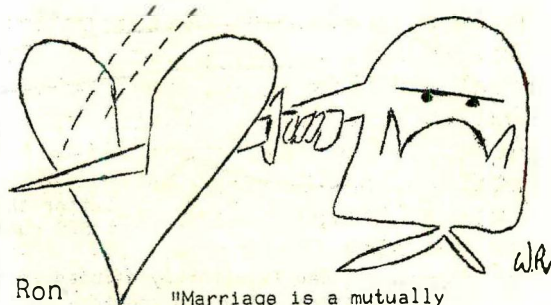
Hungrilly.....

I won't die. I
won't even fade
away. My ego
tells me so."
....WR



April 12. Postcard in the morning from Ron and Daphne Buckmaster to say they would probably arrive from Scotland in the early hours of the morning and we weren't to stay up for them (we'd already sent spare keys). Dashed home from work to start getting the place tidy, went for some cigarettes to a nearby shop, and met Ron Bennett. The dirty louse had arrived early so as to upset any welcome arrangements we might have made. You must have heard of the way we go about welcoming Mr Bennett. The surprise this time was going to be that there wasn't one -

due to lack of time...but we fixed him just the same. After we'd been in the house a few minutes (well, it might have been hours...with Bennett talking you never can tell), the doorbell rang. It was Joy. Ron went to hide in one of the bedrooms. "Hide your case" I hissed as I galloped down the stairs - but he thought I'd said 'coat' (must have been the Doppler effect) so when Joy walked in the first thing she saw was this dirty great case that Ron had had to walk round to get into the bedroom. "He can go home for a start." said Joy. A sorry-looking Mr Bennett came out of hiding. He brightened, though, at the thought that Vinz had still to come - but Vinz was late and next on the scene was his father, paying a surprise visit. Eventually Vinz turned up and Bennett, coat and case were hidden in the bedroom. Then, under the cover of the conversation Vinz was having with his father, Ron crept back into the living room, pushed a lollipop over Vinz's shoulder and said "Happy Birthday". "Thanks Ron," said Vinz. "Now, Dad, about...."



"Marriage is a mutually agreed upon stupidity."
....WR

Ron eventually had to leave to get over to Ella's place, and as far as we could see he still hadn't recovered from Vinz's display of iron-nerved control. Oh well. The Buckmasters actually turned up at 9.50pm after a really fast ride - they were pretty tired, tho' so it wasn't long before we all went to bed. They were staying for a week so there was no great hurry to converse....

April 13th. FANAC 55 - Carr (address is 1818 Grove St, Berkeley 9, California) & Ellik (or Mercer). Second dittoed issue brought out to announce the engagement of Bjo and John Trimble. Congratulations to them. While they were at it, Fanac corrected a couple or three items from previous issues - but there's still nothing on the cost of dissolving the WSFS. It might even be that they're checking.

BSFA Newsletter - This was posted by Ella Parker at 9.45am and delivered to us at 4.30pm, which is pretty good going even for the London post office. Subject matter was Ella's discovery the day before - Tues, 12th - that the con hotel had cancelled our booking. She'd had a very busy day and eventually got the Con booked in at the Kingsley Hotel. Fandom has many reasons to be grateful for Ella Parker....

Letter-substitute from Bill Danner, RD1, Kennerdell, Pa., USA, who has been pretty busy lately, mainly on keeping the weather at bay. A note on the back says "It's to see such as you and a few others who expect to be there that I might drop in at the (USA) convention for an hour or two. But you know me and conventions. I always said I would not go to one if it were held across the street, and this one is some 80 miles away." Watch it, bwah, you're beginning to slip....

Letter from Ethel Lindsay - she felt she had to clear up her unacknowledged fanzines before the con... Quote:- "Penelope: bless her cotton socks, what will she be saying next? 'She' makes the most sweeping generalizations. As me I don't give a whoop, but as ye ed of FEZ I would like to point out..mildly, ever so mildly ..that I have been Assnt Ed to Fez ever since it started, and worked hard on it too. (That you did - JWCarr was very grateful...hps?) I agree I am not a prolific writer, but I have been a member of OMPA since its start. I have a hard enough job coaxing the femme fans to contribute to Fez...."

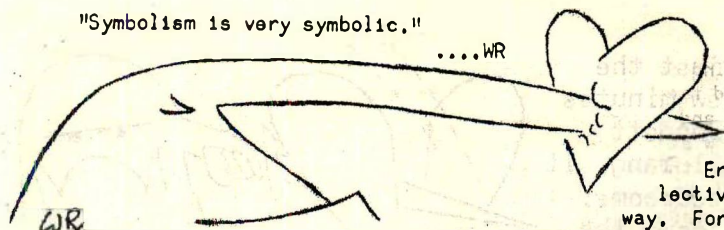
WALTER BREEN 311 East 72 St, New York City 21.

Dear Sandy,

George Spencer's story (#Ape 15) was highly competently written, like practically everything you have pubbed of late, but for some reason, probably subjective and Gaudeamus Igiturish, it gave me the horrors. The 'Saturn, Bringer of Old Age' section of Holst's Planets kept running through my head.

"Symbolism is very symbolic."

....WR



"Penny Fanny" ought to be voted some kind of honorary award by LASFS. But I would fain ask hiser British fanfriend with the survival kick if he knows the US Government manual on survival? And one hopes that he has sufficient puns wherewith to drive

English-speaking eetees out of their collective minds and send them gibbering on their way. For this purpose Feghootisms are sometimes

better than Cerfbords (except for belaboring the recipients) and LASFS puns are still better.

DAG is slightly offbase in calculating 264, 354 possible words of not over four letters. I would consider unpronounceable combinations as for all practical purposes impossible. Experimental psychologists have to be wordsmiths because some of their more fuggheaded projects require nonsense syllables. And then, all too quickly, the soap- and drug-makers frustrate them by adopting the more distinctive ones. I have heard psychologists complain of this already; many otherwise satisfactory nonsense syllables - such as duz, fab, prel, vel, zud - now are ruined for psychologists' purposes because they are copyrighted by the soapmakers and daily drummed into the heads of the human guinea-pigs.

Yours for more frequent Apés like thish.....

JIM GROVES 29 Lathom Road, East Ham, London E 6. 4th April 1960

Dear Sandy

your editorial this time gives me some idea why some people take exception to you - you're not only right, you're polite about it. You don't give anyone any chance to say convincingly that you're just bitching. It don't bother me but I can understand how some types take offence.

Harry Warner's piece was very good, only it spoilt the tv western roughhouses for me for a little until I suspended my disbelief and recovered my sense of wonder...

As always, Joy stirs up most of the grey matter this ish. This time it's the three best things of the last decade. Of Joy's choices Velcro is new to me so no comment. The hovercraft I wouldn't include as I consider it to be only a minor variation on the basic flight theme. Silicones I agree 100%. My suggestions are first the controlled hydrogen fusion reaction - nigh on unlimited power, perhaps we may now get the 6th freedom, freedom of power. Silicones next as noted above. Third I'd put the work on DNA and the basic life processes - it may not seem important now but it will lead to full control of the life processes, the end of cancer and like that. If you're going to include ideas I'd nominate the idea which sparked off the IGY - ain't cooperation wonderful! As for the worst three - well a good chunk of modern civilization gives me a pain - my puritan streak rising to the surface I suppose.

Now for those 'needed' inventions - we have all the necessary techniques for solving the housing problem, they're just not being applied. Ditto for the contraception pill. Rolling roads won't solve anything - it's about time that we realised that cities as we know them are just about obsolete. If they get any bigger they'll start dropping apart at the seams. All the rest that are mentioned are simple (relatively speaking) engineering problems - as soon as we put our minds to it we'll have them. What's needed is a change of attitude on the part of the bulk of the race. Ditto for the food problem...what we really need is a good military reason for doing these things - then they'd get done. What I would like to see is a method of convincing the people that the generations-long research programmes needed in certain fields are vital and must be set in motion even though we will not see any concrete results ever. And while I'm on this tack, how about the channel bridge? This is the sort of engineering project I like to see - the techniques we learn here will come in useful when we get round to farming the sea.

10/4/60 - like, I'm doing my mail piecemeal now. To continue:- Fallout...I've been thinking of all those people who live and have lived in high altitudes for generations, in Tibet and the Andes for instance, exposed to very high levels of radiation from cosmic rays and who seem to be none the worse for it. (There was no Strontium-90 anywhere prior to the bomb...hps) My personal opinion is that anyone who stands up and shouts Ban The Bomb! is not only misguided but an idiot to boot. I'd like to know how one goes about banning a physical fact. (You can't ban knowledge, facts, but the bomb is not a fact it is a concrete thing that can exist or not exist by decree...hps) It seems to me that any ban presupposes that you have the power to enforce it - it all comes back to the application of force - do as you're told or I'll clobber you - which puts us right back where we started. (I now it's a pretty revolutionary idea in this day and age, but I'd like to see someone trust other people for a change...hps)

BSFA again - I'm going to keep harping on this subject for a long time yet. It should be better supported by established fans not because it might bring in new fans but because it caters for the sf reader and I hope every fan is still one of those. The basic idea is to boost sf. Up to now sf has been classed with jazz and pornography in the public mind. I've nothing against the jazzfans and they seem to have partially escaped from this grouping anyway, but I dislike being regarded as a queer gutter-minded bum just because I read sf. The BSFA represents our main chance to persuade the public to regard us with a kindly eye, with tolerance, even if they don't get what it's all about. (Odd thought - the jazzfans are becoming respectable; we're trying; when can we expect the pornography fans to start lobbying!) (As previously stated my opinions on the BSFA are suspended until the new officers get into their stride -- but regardless of what you think the purpose of the group is, Jim, it sure as hell didn't start out to be anything like you claim. I don't think fans should take the position of sf in the outside world too seriously - there have been a number of attempts to 'uplift' it already - most with disastrous results...hps#)

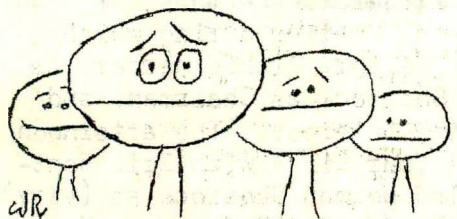
I'm getting ready for a geological field trip starting tomorrow so I won't see you before the con....love to Nicki et al....

April 14th. YANDRO 86 - Buck & Juanita Coulson (or Alan Dodd). Another of the improved issues with Redd Boggs's "Rereading of Methuselah's Children" as the high spot, and a bit of shabby thinking as the low. This occurs when Coulson, speaking of Sandfield's piece in Northlight 8, says "it is at least comforting to an outsider to know that Sandfield makes positive statements". Damn it to hell Buck, if I said 'Coulson is a bastard' you could hardly have a more positive statement, but would you consider it comforting to an outsider? The positiveness of a statement has nothing to do with its accuracy, and Sandfield's were anything but accurate. You are capable of clearer thinking than this, I know. Enclosed with this was a leaflet from the National Rifle Association protesting, in part, that attempts were being made to limit 'the right to bear arms'. At this distance and with my limited knowledge I don't intend to comment on an organisation that undoubtedly is of great assistance to people who possess guns for legitimate reasons. On the other hand, by one of those curious coincidences, I've just read another American magazine in which the complaint was made that legislation to reduce crime in the States by making it impossible for teenagers to obtain guns (41 of the states require no special license) is being balked by the NRA. The counter-argument to the NRA's quoting of 'the right to bear arms' is that the full section reads "A well-regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." and that the words "well-regulated" imply that the Founding Fathers did not mean parceling out of guns to minors. Like I say, no comment from me, but how about you readers...?

PETER MANTELL Address subject to rapid changes - just starting National Service.

Dear Joy, Sandy and Viné (and Nickie)

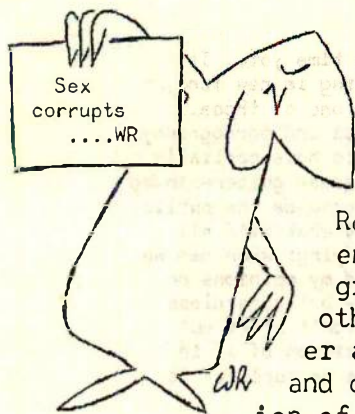
I think that Harry Warner should realise that the normal run of fiction-reading public expect their heroes and villains to be "more than human". After all if a certain character has to be laid low for a while it is much simpler to have him/her hit on the noggin with a blunt instrument than to go through a painful explanation exactly true to life. I think the popularity of such types as the Saint bears me out. I personally agree with Mr Warner as I like my fiction as near to the real thing as possible, but I doubt if this applies to the majority.



Charlie Brown.

"I'm not used to having someone listen to what I have to say!"

Joy - what pray is wrong with the Beat Generation? I think you should make allowances for the fact that this group has probably been frustrated by the world situation (H-Bombs, Cold Wars etc) and has given up hope. How many people really realise what a position we are in? The four minute warning has been a subject for laughter at this camp - in fact it is the general opinion here that no one would 'dare use the bomb'. Is that really true? I feel that any power that has the bomb would use it if they could get away with it! All the best.....



April 15th to 18th. BSFA Easter Convention. At this stage I had considered the possibility of having to break into galloping micro-elite-itis in order to fit a convention report into this Diary, but now I know it won't be necessary. Not that the con was particularly bad - it just wasn't particularly anything..

Ron and Daphne drove Joy and I to the Con hotel on Friday evening (15th). Vinç was staying with Nickie. There weren't a great many people present when we arrived so I booked in - the other three were returning to Inchmery - and we went to register and pick up copies of the Programme (rather poor on layout and duplication) and the SFCoL Combozine. This 52 page collection of material from some of England's best known faneds, artists

and writers represents the first zine to be turned out by Ella on her new Gestetner - while she was searching for a new Con hotel, and throwing two parties! Some copies are still available from Ella Parker at 1/- or 15p. No exchanges, I'm afraid, because we already receive just about every fanzine there is as individuals, and this is a club project. About 2.00 am on Saturday morning, after Ron, Joy and I had spent a couple of hours with Brian Aldiss, Don Ford and Ted Carnell, talking over old prozines (and getting on to Flying Aces and the like) the party broke up and we each went our different ways - me, to bed. Saturday was the first day of the programme, which began in the normal way with an opening speech followed by speeches from Carnell and Ford. The first general item (TAFF Candidates Quiz) had to be postponed because, due to work commitments, Eric Bentcliffe wasn't able to turn up until the evening. Since Eric usually finds himself in this position every year I didn't quite see why the Quiz had been scheduled so early but, for a change, at this London Convention it was a case of 'Ours not to reason why...' Actually, not being involved in the programme or anything like that did make a change, and a pleasant one at that. The first item proper, then, was a talk by Ted Carnell on the current state of sf. This turned out to be one of those things that could have gone on for ever - everyone had something to say - but eventually it was brought to an end. The TAFF Candidates Quiz went on in the evening but unfortunately it started with a set of questions set by Doc Weir on sf and it wasn't until the audience had been bored for 10-15 minutes that Quizmaster Eric Jones switched to fan stuff. (It was afterwards suggested that Doc should be put on the stage and asked questions like "Who sawed Courtney's boat?"). The best item of the programme, and the thing that really saved the day, was Don Ford's slide show. Don turned out to be a very nice person who went over well with his audience, and his photography was brilliant - none of us could think of a UK professional that could match his night-scenes. The Fancy Dress Party in the evening was small but there were some good costumes and first prize was deservedly won by Ethel Lindsay and Ina Shorrocks as two of the Witches of Karres. Vinç had put in an appearance during the day, and Ron had run back home - this time the Buckmasters and Joy had booked in. Once again we ended the day with a party - this time a small one in Ken Slater's bedroom.

The Sunday programme turned out to be an improvement over Saturday - this was a con that grew on you. It started with the BSFA Annual General Meeting during which Ella Parker was elected Secretary, Jim Groves editor of Vector, Archie Mercer, as treasurer for the third (and final, he said) year, Ina Shorrocks as Chairman, and Brian Aldiss as President. Developments are awaited with interest. The afternoon programme started with a very good take-off of 'This is Your Life' with Eric Bentcliffe as Master of Ceremonies and a stunned and startled Norman Shorrocks as (very) unsuspecting victim. Nickie - who had been brought by Vinç - decided she needed changing during the next item (a talk on Karel Capek by Doc Weir) so we all missed

it. And anyone who doesn't believe it can sometimes take three people to change one baby, when said baby is determined to parade her nakedness round a con hotel, just doesn't have any children! In the evening there was a TAFF auction conducted efficiently by Ron Bennett, during the course of which the audience was treated to the spectacle of an Atom monster parading in their midst. The costume by Don Gellard was worn by Innocent-Sex-Kitten Irene Potter. The programme ended with the showing of a 16mm version of The Day The Earth Stood Still which provoked one or two quiet chuckles in the back rows...such as the time some character on the screen ran screaming down a street 'The Flying Saucers have landed!!!' and Vinç quietly remarked that he'd obviously recovered his Sense of Wonder. And the time somebody on the screen said 'Goodbye' and Nickie spent the next five minutes waving her hand and saying 'Ta-ta, ta-ta'. After that Ron took Vinç and Nickie home again while Joy and I organised a short OMPA meeting in Ethel Lindsay's room. Eventually we went from there to a party in Don Ford's room. This was about the only really big room party in the place - but not to worry...KETTERING is the word for next year, and things will be back to normal then. We got back to Inchmery about 3.00am and the con was over. Not bad, not good. I enjoyed myself.

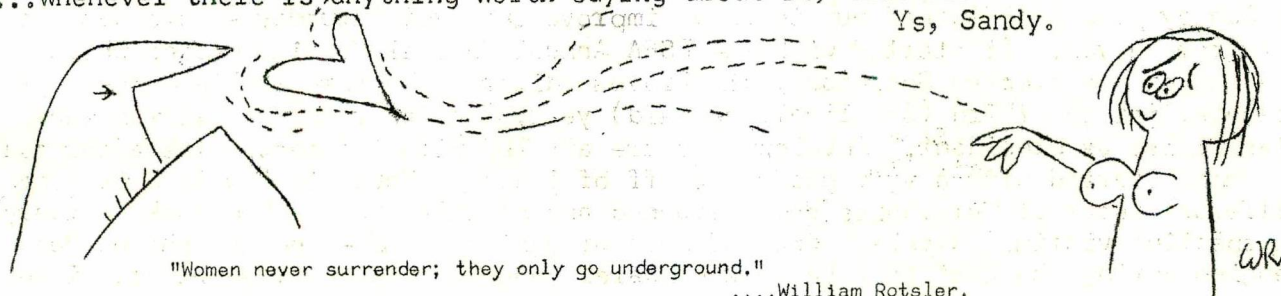
That wasn't really the end, tho', because on the Monday we organised a mini-con on the steps of St Martin's. This was originally planned to get Don Ford along to see the end of the Aldermaston March - Ron Bennett was bringing him from the hotel and Ron & Daphne were driving us up from Inchmery. Word got passed around, and in the end we had twenty fans there, tho' not all at the same time. Don got a number of photos and was moved on by the police...and after watching the crowds and the marchers for some time (there were 30,000 in Trafalgar Square when we left) a dozen of us - Inchmery, Buckmasters, Bennett, Ford, Forsyth, Jordan, Ethel Lindsay, Frances and Ella Parker - ended up at Inchmery again. It was a quiet evening - we had enough drink in to go round and in an 'after the con' atmosphere I showed a film of the 1957 Worldcon taken by Ted Carnell, and a film of several US cons taken by Les Crouch during which Don identified the faces for us. Conversation was slow, easy and relaxed - tho' there was plenty of it - and when the party broke up Ron Buckmaster acted as chauffeur for most of the people present.

April 19th. Ron and Daphne had to leave for Scotland and things became more settled. One result of their visit is an article by Daphne which will appear in the next issue.

There wasn't a great accumulation of mail over the weekend, since the Post Office was on holiday part of the time, but there are a number of items here that will have to be left over for the next issue - a letter from Bill Temple, Void 20, The National Fantasy Fan, Pastell 2 ... sorry, people, but there just isn't room.

I don't know whether it is noticeable or not, but since this Diary has been highly rated for two years running in the Fanac Poll as a column, I've decided I should make it more of a column. Next time I'll be including my sf reading as well ...whenever there is anything worth saying about it, that is.

Ys, Sandy.



SIGMA LYRA PASSES

(BUT NOT VERY OFTEN)

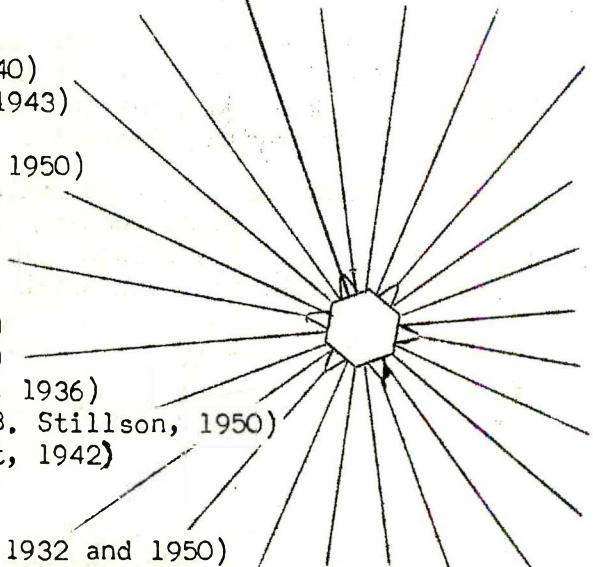
**BOB
TUCKER**

I'm starting a movement to give science fiction writers (and their editors) back to the aborigines. By and large they are an unimaginative lot.

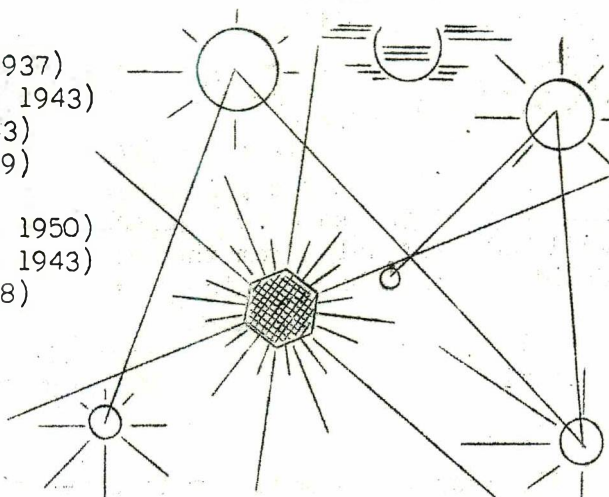
One of the odd little things I do between reels at the theater is read esoteric books and amass useless information, and lately I've been reading an esoteric volume known as DON DAY'S INDEX TO SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINES, 1926-1950, and amassing a considerable amount of useless information. For example, I've discovered that our forward-looking, scientific-oriented authors have used only about a dozen star names in their story titles. Billions upon billions of stars knocking around in the sky, hundreds of exotic names, thousands of confusing numbers, and our star-begotten writers have thought to use a bare handful. Shame on them -- they'd rather write about Mars.

Making due allowance for tired eyes and missed titles, plus my own ignorance in reading a star name and not recognizing it as such, I found but eleven names in that first INDEX: Antares, Arcturus, Centaurus, Fomalhaut, Polaris, Procyon, Rigel, Sirius, Sigma Lyra, Sol and Vega. And this, mind you, from better than eight thousand titles. Bah. Assuming that my count is correct and my ignorance not too great, it seems incredible that imaginative men writing space opera should use just eleven stars in more than eight thousand yarns. With duplications yet!

Antares Tryst (Richard Tooker, 1937)
The Thing From Antares (Myer Krulfeld, 1940)
Mission From Arcturus (Robert Abernathy, 1943)
Moon of Arcturus (Richard Tooker, 1935)
Alpha Centauri Curtain Call (Len Moffatt, 1950)
Centaurus II (A.E. van Vogt, 1947)
Exile to Centauri (Ross Rocklynne, 1943)
Far Centaurus (A.E. van Vogt, 1944)
Proxima Centauri (Murray Leinster, 1935)
Quest To Centaurus (George O. Smith, 1947)
Z-Day on Centauri (Henry T. Simmons, 1948)
Stranger From Fomalhaut (Clifton B. Kruse, 1936)
Polaris And The Goddess Glorian (Charles B. Stillson, 1950)
Polaris -- Of The Snows (Stillson, reprint, 1942)
The Lure Of Polaris (Wallace West, 1949)
He From Procyon (Nat Schachner, 1934)
The Onslaught From Rigel (Fletcher Pratt, 1932 and 1950)



Out Around Rigel (Robert Wilson, 1931)
 Round About Rigel (J. Harvey Haggard, 1937)
 Companions of Sirius (William Morrison, 1943)
 Flight Of The Sirius (P.F. Costello, 1943)
 Invaders From Sirius (Ed Earl Repp, 1939)
 Nothing Sirius (Fredric Brown, 1944)
 Sidewinders From Sirius (Fox B. Holden, 1950)
 Silver Raiders Of Sirius (P.F. Costello, 1943)
 Starship From Sirius (Rog Phillips, 1948)
 Sigma Lyra Passes (Oliver Saari, 1940)
 Homo Sol (Isaac Asimov, 1940)
 Nova Solis (E.V. Raymond, 1935)
 Solarius (Alcuin Dornisch, 1932)
 Agent Of Vega (James H. Schmidt, 1949)



Paltry, eh? And a minute curl of amusement touches my wrinkled lips as I scan the titles and wonder if they were meant to be taken literally? In a distant manner of speaking, I would like to see The Thing from Antares, the Stranger from Fomalhaut, or He from Procyon to determine if fire or blood courses through their veins; I want to know if Len Moffatt used an asbestos curtain for that Alpha C call. And that Moon of Arcturus was actually what? Was the Agent of Vega a firebrand?

Although Sol garners three mentions above, the sun has really been used more often: in 42 titles, with variations such as Solar and Solarite, but they called it the sun and not "Sol". And so we can write off the roll call of stars during the first quarter-century.

By and large, our writers love the moon, Mars, Earth and Venus. Our own home grown satellite led this parade with 145 titles, mixed between "Moon" and "Luna".

Murder From The Moon (Robert Bloch, 1942)

Closely following this was the red planet with the questionable canali, with 140 titles employing "Mars" and "Martian".

Strictly From Mars (Robert Bloch, 1948)

Terra Somewhat Firma came next, with "Earth", "Earthmen", "Terra" and "Solar III" racking in 81 titles.

Gulpers Versus Earthmen (Frances Garfield, 1939)

And trailing this pack was "Venus" and "Venusians": 78 titles.

Spawn Of The Venus Sea (Harry Walton, 1941)

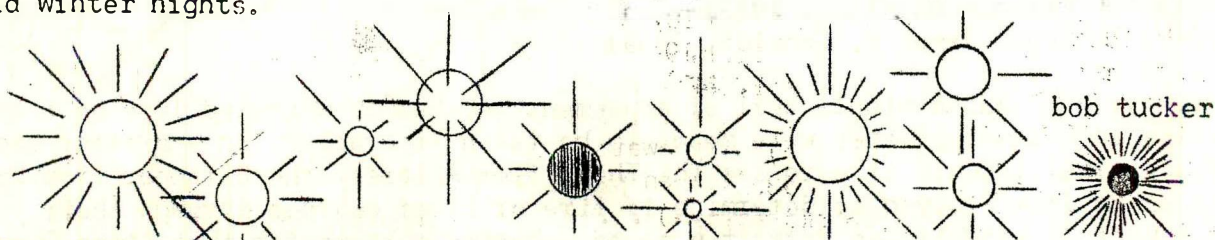
The other planets meet various fates. Mercury appeared in 20 titles; Jupiter in 18; Pluto in 14; Saturn in 12; Neptune made 8; Uranus worked its way into 4; while "Vulcan" and the "Tenth World" each received one.

But if our jolly, hard working authors were a bit nearsighted as regards the stars, they certainly believed in mining the solar system. To the above five hundred and nineteen non-star titles may be added the other dregs of the system:

Callisto 11, Titan 10, Ceres 7, Eros 7, Io 7, Ganymede 6, Deimos 3, Phobos 3, Triton 2, and getting one each were Ariel, Europa, Helios, Hermes, Tantalus and Vesta.

So what do we do now, fellas? I'm willing to do my part -- I'll contribute to science fiction's glorious future by publishing a one-shot listing names of stars that haven't been used, if any hungry authors are in need of same, and promise to make use of the same... And when I run out of names (my knowledge isn't so vast) I'll call for help from that charming, able Boy Astronomer, A Young, Esquire, who doubtless will be able to add a few more.

I tell you, there's nothing like a good Index to keep you off the streets on cold winter nights.



NICOLA BELLE

BY DON ALLEN



MY UNCLE SANDY
KNOWS ALL ABOUT
THE STARS

HE'S GOT LOTS OF
BOOKS ABOUT
STARS

AND THEY ALL HAVE SUCH
FUNNY NAMES LIKE
LOLLOBRIGIDA, BARDOT
AND LOREN

"DO IT YOURSELF" SUPPLEMENT HOW TO RENDER AN ACCOUNT —

"Inchmery"
236 Queens Road
New Cross
London S E 14, England

Bronx, N.Y., April 15, 1960

- to -

B'n'F Press, Debtors

Re: SANDY FOR TAFF flier--

Ink for 300 copies	\$ 221.35
Special Pink Paper	689.26
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Electricity for hair dryer to blow on paper at \$5, etc	25.00
Labor at \$65 per man-hour.	325.00
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Time lost from jobs, 13 weeks, while putting on convention at Morebilt.	12,242.81
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Secretary to answer correspondence which piled up during absence . .	80.00

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BALANCE DUE \$35,000.00

PLEASE REMIT

B'n'F Dietz

A LETTER FROM

DR PAUL HAMMET

Eric Frank Russell is a delightful novelist. As a logician, he's not really so good. Here's a sample of his reasoning: The H-Bomb is a splendid weapon which will outlaw war and save Mankind, which does not deserve to be saved anyway (so when the final ghastly accident takes place, the dying survivors will not feel too ill-used by fate, since clearly they and Mr Russell asked for it). It just won't do, O Admired Spinner of Tall Tales, you must make up your mind, either the bomb will save us or it won't: it cannot do both. My opinion is the Bloody Bomb is a cocked, loaded blunderbus carefully kept under the baby's pillow as a deterrent to burglars and babysnatchers, with the infant meanwhile licking the picric acid of the propellant because it cannot help it. Nuts to Nucleomania... I'll stick to agitating for abolition of these insane toys, by every means in my power, by agreement if possible, unilaterally if necessary. Mr Russell's "democratic" (surely he means 'indiscriminate') weapon is not so democratic after all: a handful of militarists or bloody-minded bastards of any category could blackmail democracy with it. It is neither beautiful nor ugly: it's just a mechanism, functional or otherwise. What is NOT beautiful, but very ugly indeed, is the mind that will tolerate the use of this monstrous affront to humanity, let alone the mentality that will be a prime mover of its use. Bear in mind that these weapons, not merely because of their greater power than conventional weapons, but on account of the accretion of fallout, cannot but hurt, seriously and fatally hurt, humanity's young, and therefore cannot have any claim to use as weapons of combat, i.e. restricted in use to purely military targets. I see no mention of two-year-old kids, such as the ones fried and poisoned at Hiroshima, in Mr Russell's list of people such as profiteers, brasshats, Beavers, etc. Or at least, not specifically. If he had thought of them as a man who is, I suspect, really a humanitarian, he would have seen the fallacy of his argument. Sir, if I have a quarrel, a l'outrance, with my neighbour, I should be less than rational to kill his children, even if he torture mine. The humanity not worth saving is, in my estimation, that section that would consider innocents worthy of destruction by way of retaliation and revenge. The humanity I feel is worth saving is precisely that section that will not assent to murder in the name of politics. You'll find it marching, solid in its tens of thousands, from Aldermaston to London.

In 1943, as an ack-ack gunner in Malta, I too felt that war for the serviceman was a dirty business, no less so when our barrage 'got' one of our own Spitfires, but it was no cleaner for the civilian population. Their casualty figures were much higher than ours. We were all, soldiers and civilians alike, indiscriminately ('democratically') bombed: does anyone suppose we would have wished to be irradiated as well? Ask the leukaemics of Nagasaki, some of whom have only now started to show signs of the disease. Many were only two or three years old, or even in their mothers' wombs at the time. As for looting, I've seen that too, but even more clearly I remember people, in or out of uniform, risking their precious necks to dig for live human flesh among the rubble. Whatever anyone thinks, some

humans deserve to be helped, if only because they sometimes act in accordance with the principle of doing as they would be done by. What price Civil Defence in the nuclear age? They hide down in a funkhole 300 feet underground, where they hope they will be safe, for a minimum of 48 hours, then they are supposed to come up and scrape radioactive survivors off the surface. In Hiroshima, radiation sickness and a high blood-dyscrasia rate attacked people who went in to help even days after A-Day. All C.D. exercises to date presuppose one nuclear bomb was dropped. One of ours?

The fallacy inherent in the argument that the bomb is so terrible that people will do anything to prevent war lies in the fact that wars usually occur in spite of the conscious wishes of politicians. Generally, they try to achieve their ends short of war. Even in the age of nuclear weapons, they will do this, perhaps fortified by the belief that, since these weapons are so terrible, they won't be used even if conventional conflict should break out. In fact, since 1945 we have had fighting in Korea, Indochina, Suez, Hungary, Cyprus, Tibet, the Himalayas, Algeria. It is true that so far nuclear weapons have not been used since the '39-'45 Atomic War, when the US used up all its nuclear potential, to wit, two A-Bombs. Clearly, all these wars and conflicts since '45 prove, not that nuclear weapons make wars unlikely, but that in the event of some fool making a mistake with one, the end of the world is assured. And the risk is a very real one. Speaking as a medical man and ex-serviceman, I have no great faith in the unconscious mind of Homo sapiens, whether uniformed or not. Ever heard of the accident-prone? Remember the American A-Bomb that some silly beggar dropped on a house, which misfired and only injured a little girl instead of incinerating a few thousand people? It happened in the US about a year ago. You are asked (by bomb-lovers) to believe that the bomb is pretty fool-proof. It is not generally known that Plutonium-239 can and does fission spontaneously when the temperature is raised above that of molten copper. Thus it is quite feasible that fission could arise from the heat generated by the impact of a 'safe' bomb accidentally dropped from a height sufficient to give it enough kinetic energy to raise a few sparks. In the event of such an accident, it is quite possible that some survivor on the edge of the devastated area might mistake one of ours for one of theirs. With foreseeable consequences, if such a person happen to be in a position to set 'retaliatory' action in motion. While the 'deterrent' is becoming more and more obviously self-cancelling, since no authority consciously wishes to commit suicide, the risk of nuclear spread, the so-called nth power problem, is becoming more acute. At the time of writing, De Gaulle's France has let off their very own beastly little device, amid unseemly 'hourrahs' of self-congratulation and troglodyte chest-thumping, like some monstrous thanatistic masturbation. In this, they are no wit different than we were at the time of our own teratological atomic birth, or, indeed, the Russians and Americans. In short, what one group of people can do, so can any other. Not only will they insist they need the bomb in 'self defence', but they will duly proceed to let them off to prove how clever they are. Off goes the bomb, down comes the Strontium-90, up goes the leukaemia rate. The next victim may be you, friend in the free world, or the people's democracy, or you 'inferior' black type in a backward kraal. How dare you be a human being - take off your skin before the big beautiful white bomb flays it off as it did to thousands of children in Japan. The world goes not with a bang but a whimper...or as the nations join the mad ring o' roses in greater number, with a lot of little ten kiloton, medium megaton, and whopping big polymegaton bangs, in one coruscating goetterdaemmerung.

Has fear of the bomb made the majority want peace? Has it hell! The bulk of the population, judging by the press it will pay to support, is interested in who sleeps with whom; who spent what and how; in why aren't horses treated better than human beings (and most are); in actors; in actresses; in actors who wish they were

actresses and vice versa; in royal embryos and other bits of irrelevant trivia. They know little of consequence about biology, even less about nuclear physics. What, me worry? Besides, pace the late J. McCarthy, peace has long been a suspect, if not actually dirty, word. It's easier to let the useless weapons bill rise by £150 million to £1,600 million, and complain that the health bill has gone up £25 million. More fashionable.

Let's face it. We want the bomb because we are basically insecure. Because we've no guts. Because it makes us feel big, strong, and vicariously powerful. Like poor General de Gaulle who never quite got over the neurosis induced by the shock of seeing his country overrun in '40. But don't try to tell me it's to defend me and my freedom to indulge in (say) my taste for pornography, or the Corrida, or patrolatry: I wouldn't believe you: YOU CAN'T DEFEND ANYTHING WITH H-BOMBS.

To IAN R McAULAY: My advice is, don't waste your sensible animosity-against-the-nuclear-threat: get off your backside and march. Don't confuse the British Peace Committee, laudable, but affiliated to a left-wing organisation, with the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, which is completely non-political, and is likeliest to shock public opinion by the very size of its turnout at protest marches and rallies. Scientific competence? My Ghod, at least a third of its active members are qualified in physics (including plasma physics), medicine, law, Theology, Arts: in fact, any discipline you care to mention. The very fact that the more bloody-minded nucleophiliacs try so hard to sneer at us shows that we've got them worried. Scared we'll strip their egos of their beastly power-symbol.

To TERRY JEEVES: The physicists on Manhattan, who made the bomb, made it specifically for use as a weapon of war and some actually recommended it be used on a dense population centre to enhance terror.

To ANDY YOUNG: What do I mean by 'citizen'? Why, precisely what I say. Citizen - Latin = Cives: inhabitant of a city, i.e., a civilised human being. Logically, therefore, since civilisation cannot exist without agreement and law, codified or implied, an individual who accepts the moral code 'Do as you would be done by' in practice, as expressed by most of the great religions and ratified by various humanist governments. Science - Latin: Sciire: to know, means knowledge acquired by intellect: it cannot include the primitive instinct-gratification of, say, pulling the wings off flies, or roasting ten thousand Japanese or English children. Nero Ahenobarbus learned by direct experiment that every time he threw Christians to the lions, these people expired. Was he a scientist? Was the arena a laboratory? In this, I am with Bill Temple. In short, a man who wishes to claim the distinction of being a scientist cannot forego the discipline of the moral code that prevents his neighbour from roasting him as a witch because the poor clod cannot understand experiments in chemistry. Thus morals and ethics are not sentiment but reason and self-interest in the long run. It is not appeals to commonsense, social conscience, and decency which should make Young 'wary': on the contrary, it is against subtle appeals to his instincts (Patriotism, 'Show the Rusks'; Racism, 'Keep Britain White' 'Juden raus'; Fear, 'The Great Deterrent') that he should be on his guard.

Oppenheimer headed Project Manhattan: he is now agin the bomb, and, like us ordinary citizens, scientists or otherwise, desperately trying to undo the harm. Teller, who 'fathered' the H-Bomb, yet is as ignorant as sin on medicine and physiology, is busy minimising the dangers of fallout, and trying to prevent us mobilising public opinion into destroying his monstrous creation before it destroys us, and while it is already turning some of our descendants into monsters.

I fail to see how Young can say that 'fallout is NOT a black-and-white matter

at all'. As long as he remembers that fallout radiation is in addition to the natural radiation we are unavoidably subjected to, nothing can be said in extenuation of it: after all, the Russians too have the bomb (actually, they had a portable H-Bomb a few months after the US exploded a cumbersome static device over Bikini), and as long as the first four nuclear powers refuse nuclear or general disarmament, other nations will want it too: this is not deterrence-with-benefits-thereof, but an arms race with a terrifying risk of war by accident or escalade.

"Somatic effects like leukaemia" may look, to the non-biologist, different from "genetic damage", but they really are identical in aetiology: they consist in either case of cell-mutation: the former in the asexually dividing bone-marrow cell, the latter in the testicular reproductive cell or, after union, in the earlier diploid component cells of the zygote. Both somatic and genetic mutations are invariably produced by ionising radiation, and in my opinion, nothing else directly. For instance, 'lung cancer', or to give it its correct name, carcinoma of the bronchus, from tobacco tar and other irritants probably could not occur without a radiation background, natural or artificial, and a combined mechanism of sporadic hits and cell-selection. Of course, radiation is always present...the thing to do is not to increase it. 'Lung cancer' existed in Europe before the importation of *Nicotiana tabacum*.

Young's error on the 20% increase in total radiation over natural background not being proportional to the 200% increase in reported leukaemia deaths in Britain since 1945 is one shared by some eminent persons employed by the Government at Harwell. Natural radiation is primarily from 1) Cosmic Rays, 2) Elements like Radium and Thorium. The latter emanate mostly massive Alpha-particles, while the Beta-particles of Strontium-90, also in bone, penetrate ten times as far and thus are likelier to pass non-living bone harmlessly to injure bone-marrow cell-nuclei. (Hammet: 'Lancet': 28 Nov 59). $20\% \times 10 = 200\%$? Is not a little learning indeed a dangerous thing? (I am not being rude to my friend Mr Young, but commenting on *Homo sapiens* in general). Recent official (Government) sources report a 60% increase in the Strontium-90 content of bone marrow in children below the age of five years, as compared with the preceding year. Is this why Mr Macmillan went to Camp David recently? It is highly likely that of the 2,500 persons who died of leukaemia in England and Wales last year, at least 1,000 died as a direct result of increased radiation from the 90 megatons of nuclear test yield from the 207 tests held so far. Cosmic rays and X-rays are too fast, penetrate too far, to share the same intimacy with human and animal bone as Strontium 89 & 90. This is not to say they are harmless, merely that they are less likely to give our sons and daughters leukaemia than the Strontium we are now obliged to give them in milk and other food. The extra thousand or so deaths are due to murders we have already assented to. Can we allow these numbers to increase at an even faster rate by allowing more tests? As I write, Macmillan has announced agreement with Eisenhower and the Russians on tests. So far, so good. The next step is to persuade De Gaulle, whose government has again declared that the Sahara area must be kept clear.

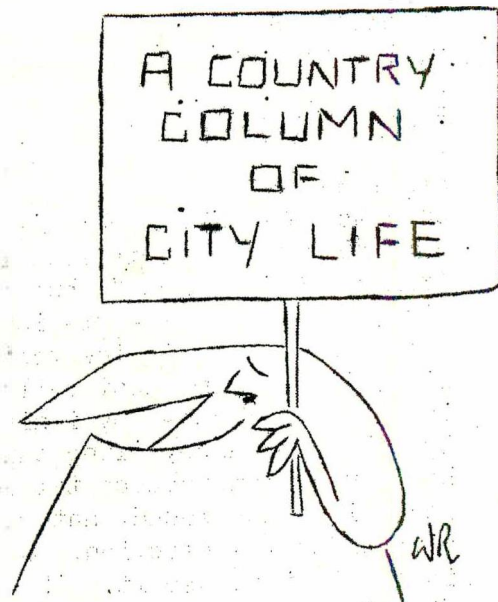
People used to die of syphilis in Britain, more than twice as many before 1945 as died of leukaemia. The position is now reversed. What is the use of curing the parents of syphilis as a result of their folly or ignorance, if we allow their kids to die of blood-irradiation as a result of our own?

In Hiroshima and Nagasaki, increased leukaemia not only occurred among survivors in the city, where they had been subjected to neutronic bombardment (and where thousands of potential leukaemics perished from fire, flash, blast and radiation overdosage). In the hilly districts of this country, Wales and Scotland, leukaemia increased much faster than it did on the British lowlands. Strontium-90 in the rain? Can there be any doubt left?

dr. paul hammet

THE OLD MILL STREAM

PENELOPE
FANDERGASTE



I have to admit to being somewhat self-conscious about writing this column, for I see that Apé was voted into fourth place in the recent Fanac poll, which makes it, I suppose, the leading British fan publication of our time. This might seem a little illogical, but the three fanzines which came higher up the list than Apé were all American publications. I don't know whether I should blunder on in the same old way, or whether I should now think about what I write and try and produce some quality in keeping with the obvious high standard of the rest of the magazine. Either way, it's nice to know that one has been a contributor to a leading fanzine from its inception, and Sandy and his Inchmery associates are to be congratulated.

Some fans have commented on my statement in the previous column which ran on the lines of the opportunity now arising for the BSFA to consolidate the good work of the Birmingham convention with its London convention at Easter and the fact that I linked this with the convention's being a foundation for British fandom to get the most out of 1960 in a constructive sense. This is something I firmly believe, that the main event in any year in British fandom is its national convention. Throughout the year fans write to one another, attend regional parties and put out fanzines, yet there is no other opportunity for everyone to meet on equal terms. Not only is there no basic meeting ground for established fans other than at the conventions, there is also no better means of introduction for new fans. Accordingly, the convention is the place for Fandom to set out its stall in the best possible manner.

There was probably more initial disagreement on the convention this year than any in British fan history. The date could not be settled and no sooner had Easter scored over Whitsun than the sponsoring body of the London Circle died a death nobody outside London could possibly have wished on it. A hotel was finally booked, a booking which immediately met with shouts of horror from all corners of British fandom. The fees were too high, the hotel offered us nothing, and so on. A member of the BSFA hunted around for another hotel, finally coming up with the Sandringham at Lancaster Gate. And then at the last minute that was changed and Ella Parker had to take what she could find. But the show was just about 'All right on the night' as it were. The BSFA sorted out some basic faults and British

fandom was on its best behaviour under somewhat difficult circumstances. The time had obviously come for the BSFA to take a keen look at its organisation and to vote itself a solid and reliable group of officers who could stay the course. This is no dig at Doctor Arthur Weir who had to relinquish his own position as BSFA Secretary because of ill-health. Obviously, health is something which cannot be foreseen and obviously, too, there can be few more reliable fans than Doc. Unless of course Archie Mercer is considered. There we have an official in the BSFA since its first days just over two years ago, a fan who has done his work quietly and without beef or fuss, a balanced personality who is serious and reliable throughout and yet who can enjoy the most outlandish of jokes as well as anyone else. If every fan were like Archie we'd have no feuds and would still manage to have a whale of a time. We might even manage to get sf back on its feet, too.

It was pleasant to see a TAFF delegate at the Convention, too. Don Ford was the choice of the majority, and like Madle before him he was made welcome by everyone. He turned out to be a man to look up to in more ways than one.

---ooo0000ooo---

It always gives me a little glow of pleasure when a science fiction writer makes a hit with a book in the general field, so when John Betjeman decided in the Daily Telegraph that Jonathan Burke "is a writer to remember" I decided to take a look at the book in question. This is "Echo of Barbara" (John Long, 11/6d).

This is a book which never slackens in pace. Sam Westwood, a big noise in organised crime, comes out of prison after a ten year stretch earned appropriating a haul of diamonds. The gems have never been recovered and Sam's family have been living at a standard below that at which they were living when Sam was jailed. Sam's son, Roger, who is building up a few small-time rackets, is naturally looking forward to his father's release, not only so that he can take a share of the hidden swag, but also so that he can go into big time crime with Sam.

When Sam comes out of prison, however, he is not at all keen to resume what may be cliched as his former life. He has become a nonentity in prison and seems completely without drive. Roger's sister, Barbara, has left home before her father rejoins his wife as she too is of the opinion that Sam will again take to crime, although she does not share Roger's eagerness for this. As Barbara has been Sam's favourite child, it seems to Roger that if Sam is going to tell anyone where the diamonds are hidden, then that someone will be Barbara. She cannot be found, and Roger unearths a London prostitute who slightly resembles his sister. This is Paula Hastings, who is persuaded to take Barbara's place.

While the reader is asking whether Paula will coax Sam into talking, and is also wondering where the diamonds are hidden, there's the added complication of Sam's former colleagues also asking the same questions. And who is this writer chap staying at the local public house?

It wouldn't do to give away the solution.

I wouldn't go so far as to agree with John Betjeman that Johnny is a writer to remember on this form. He writes an entertaining book, but it's hardly a high class one. The characters resolve themselves into definite shades of black and white and towards the end of the story, when it's a case of "will they make it in time?" it is obvious that they will and the story is little more than the old goodie and baddie theme we've read a thousand times before. And personally, I cannot for one moment believe that Paula would sacrifice anything for Sam or anyone else, as she does towards the end of the book.

A pity, really, that a novel with such a forceful theme and beginning should peter out and sell itself to the conventional.

---oooOooo---

Some time ago there was a little hue and cry amongst fans who like the cinema and yet who were becoming a little tired of epics like THE BEAT GENERATION and were rushing to put their down payments on television sets. One London fan was known to exclaim that films just weren't the same these days in that they didn't seem to be made for sheer entertainment value. There's something in that of course. Even prizewinning films like A ROOM AT THE TOP are hardly in the category of light heartedness which we used to find in any film Melvyn Douglas appeared in. Even funny films seem to lack that aura of deliciousness we once found in BALL OF FIRE for example. That fantastic film, I'M ALL RIGHT JACK even lacked this paramount quality in that its humour, for all that it was first rate and commendable, was too biting. Before you begin to think that I'm talking in terms of the entertainment value provided by THE MUMMY or JACK THE RIPPER I'd better state that there recently have been two worthwhile films worth anyone's money. And I don't even mean lengthy features like SOLOMON AND SHEBA or THE NUN'S STORY (though goodness knows THE NUN'S STORY was a fine film). The first of the two is the Peter Seller's satire THE MOUSE THAT ROARED, which is so wrapped up in novel form with the world of sf that it hardly needs an elaboration here. The second film is NORTH BY NORTHWEST.

For this colour film, featuring Eva Marie Saint and Cary Grant, and with acting honours going to James Mason, director Alfred Hitchcock decided to give the public everything they wanted. Sandy recently said to me that only Hitchcock could get away with such a large number of cinema cliches, and he has a point. Each incident which befalls poor old Cary Grant is worth savouring and yet the story, for all its superficial seriousness, cannot possibly be taken as presented. Here is a fine piece of entertainment which cannot fail to be enjoyed. The only point is that it is not the type of film which should be analysed carefully after it has been seen, for it is then that its very plot structure falls down. And flat. See it and enjoy it...I know you will...but don't think about it!

Otherwise, the cinema does seem to be driving us all to television these days, doesn't it? Even films which at first sight look to be the ultimate in screen entertainment tend to leave one cold. Having been convinced by a neighbour (over a period of some eighteen months) that jazz is not as bad as I've previously painted it, I went along to see Danny Kaye playing Red Nichols in the film, THE FIVE PENNIES, and fail to see just why Nichols was a jazz immortal, why jazz itself is immortal, or even what I ever saw in Danny Kaye. The film kicks off in fine style, with the young Nichols making no bones about the jazzman's attitude to what these days has become known as schmaltz. After which the film quickly degenerates into the most sickly piece of sentimentality I've had the misfortune to witness from Hollywood since...since...well, what was the last picture Doris Day made? My, but Disney missed a winner there.

For myself, however, it's not the glittering world of television I head for, despite Cliff Richard's journeying back from America to make a brief Sunday night appearance. Give me the world of steam radio anyday, that bustling world of The Archers, Sylvester's 'You're Dancing On My Heart', the resounding chimes of Big Ben and of course Desert Island Discs. I never miss a half hour of this popular programme, and have to admit that I'm continually looking forward to the day when a wellknown fan turned big-time writer (whoever that may be) appears on the show to tell the world which eight gramophone records - only 78's of course and I absolutely agree with your "Ech!" but what can we do? - he would take along to this

flipping overcrowded desert island. For myself, if I were awarded the dubious honour of appearing on Desert Island Discs, I'd probably choose:-

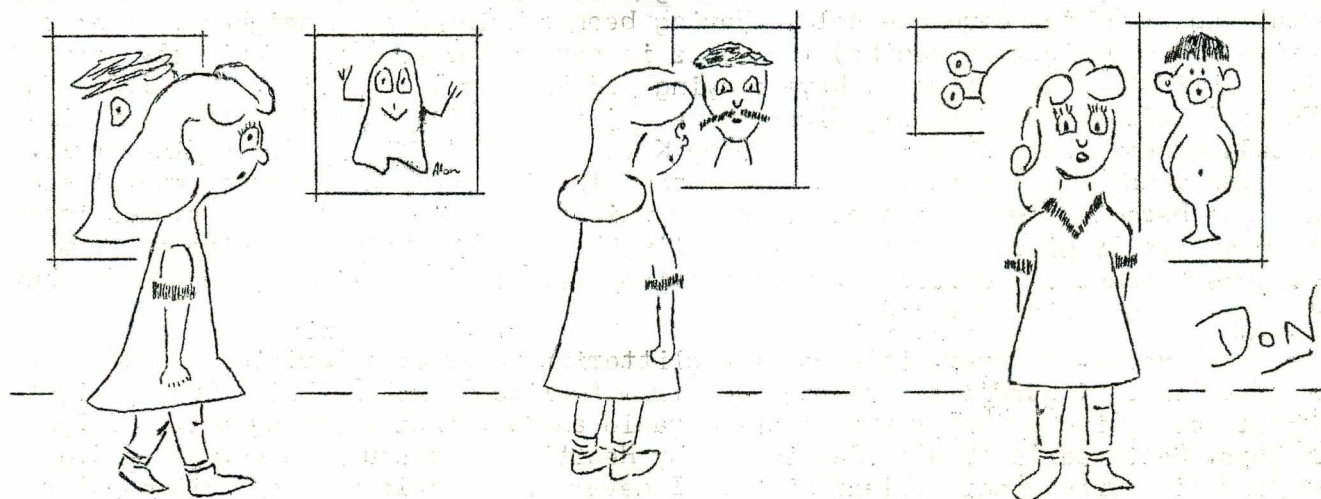
1. The Merseysippi Jazz Band playing "Will Ye No Come Back Again" for Dave Newman.
2. That evergreen for Harry Warner who has recently topped the FAPA Laureate Poll, "Time After Time."
3. Harry Davidson's "Excuse Me Waltz" for BSFA Officials.
4. Danny Kaye and the Andrew Sisters singing "It's A Quiet Town" for the manager and staff of the George Hotel, Kettering.
5. Ethel Waters singing "Go Back Where You Stayed Last Night" for those hitchhiking fen who turn up at ten past midnight.
6. A private recording of Miss Dorothy Hartwell singing "Blues for Jimmie".
7. Max Bygraves singing "Things Ain't What They Used To Be" for John W Campbell Jr.
- and 8. "Tracer's Theme" for all the fanzine editors who use Rotsler illustrations.

And your eight records?

penelope fandergaste.

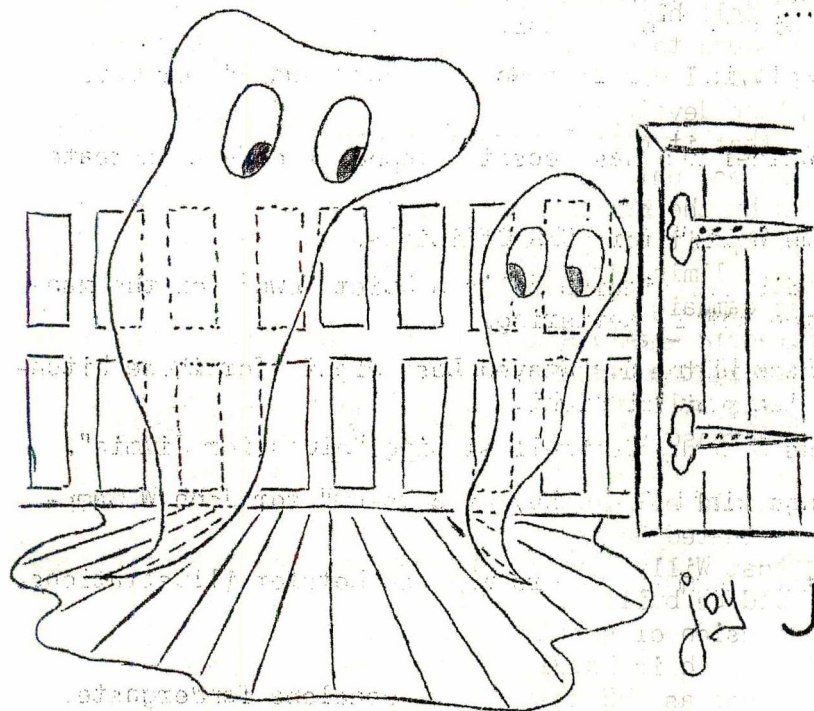
NICOLA BELLE

BY DON ALLEN



MY DADDY HAS SUCH
FUNNY FRIENDS.....!

"Death seems to run in my family...
...everyone seems to have caught it for generations."
....GCF



THE LI'L PITCHER

JOY K CLARKE

It appears that I threw dismay and consternation into the serried ranks of American Fandom with my three-best-and-three-worst-and-what-is-really-needed sections of the last column. First of all, I'd better explain the name winkle-picker shoes. We have a subtle delicacy much enjoyed over here. It is extremely unreasonable of the British to sneer at the French for eating snails, for most of us enjoy winkles. Winkles are a seashore version of snails, approximately half the size of the French snails, and of a dark blue-grey shell with a deep brown-black flesh. These are sold ready to eat by the pint. Most fishmongers stock them, however far inland you might live. A little hornlike cap sits over the aperture of the shell and you use a pin to remove this and to 'winkle them out' of the shell. The winkles come out in a little spiral shape and are eaten straight off the pin.

You can now see that a winkle-picker shoe is one with a point..but that's not all. Winkle-picker shoes are those with really l-o-o-o-n-g points and these are the kind that horrify me. (I don't wear pointed shoes at all, but I don't object to the short one's). W-pickers have points about SIX INCHES LONG, BEYOND the toes!!

Do you remember the old Andrew Lang Fairy Tales with their wonderful pictures of princesses and enchanted woods and - yes, witches? Who used to wear high crowned hats and black stockings and long pointed-toe shoes? The only difference between them and present teenage fashions (which all the above are) is that the hats aren't quite so pointy (though the heads inside might be) and the dresses are considerably shorter. I wonder if they like being thought of as witches?

Oh yes, please don't jump on me as not liking Beatniks - I didn't list them as one of the three worst - I listed the CULT of the beatnik which in my dictionary should mean those who treat beatnikism as a type of religion and way of life but do not necessarily truly believe it. Therefore, those who are true beats - if that is how they feel then that's their life in my opinion: but the cult is unnecessary, a form of snobbery, slovenly and disease breeding. Anyone who wishes to argue this should argue first that dirt is not disease breeding, if they can.

And now to play at quarter-staff with our American Representative in Astronomy. He don't like my choice of Velcro - tell him mothers, just tell him. And he a father, too! I wonder if he leaves Jean to do up all Sam's and Very's clothes? Grr, men. As for the Hovercrafts - no, I didn't mean the air-supported ground vehicles but the semi-ship, semi-airplane developed here in England which works on the same principles. The advantage is that it can go from beach across the ocean on to beach. This ensures ease of loading and unloading: it is not affected by sea conditions because the sea is flattened by the cushion of air: it can carry heavier loads, faster, more cheaply and safely: it will eventually put cross-channel trips in the category of a short bus-ride, eliminating both the Cross-Channel Bridge and the Channel Tunnel (currently being campaigned for) in the process: cross-ocean trips will go in the coach-trip category - at 100mph carrying several hundred passengers and heaven knows how much freight a large Hovercraft will reach the US from here in just over a day. Travel costs will be lower and, through ease of travel, understanding between people will increase so much that I can't even imagine all the benefits it will have.

Andy complains that a sf fan should eliminate space-travel - but we haven't got it yet, only satellites. I eliminated Sputniks etc because I am a sf fan. You know, I know, all sf readers know that Willy Ley and others have put down in black and white full details of what should be built, probable cost, etc. For us it's not an innovation but the final extension of something on which people have been physically working since 1940 odd. Which is hardly in the last ten years. In the same way I put down a social conscience as THE most important thing and then eliminated it because it was simply a feeling, an intangible, and, what with Buddha and Christ, hardly an innovation. Silicones admittedly were present and known before 1950, also, but they had no uses and were not thought of as usable. The innovation lies in the development of silicones for a purpose.

I think Andy also misses the point I made about TV, typers, tapers and dupers: we have them, yes, but they are not cheap and communication between people (and I am not considering fans only) is essentially served by cheap communicating devices such as the above. With the exception of Velcro and Silicones nearly everything I mentioned is of use in communication and till the meanest person in the world is able to communicate with his fellow men, there won't be much in the way of peace.

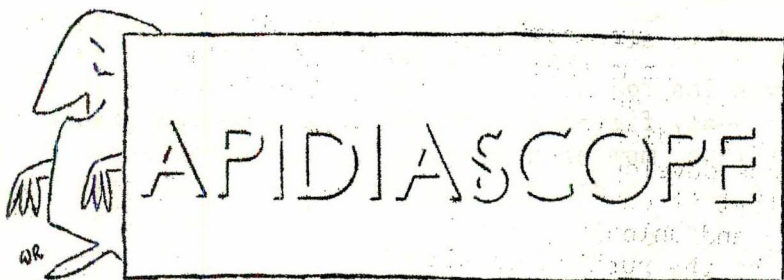
Finally, Andy himself advances such things as the photomultiplier (which is outside my knowledge, I'm afraid) and the 200inch scope, computers, radio astronomy and transistors. I think his time scale has gone kaput...I worked with transistors and computers during the war...the Jodrell Bank telescope is not, I believe, the first of its kind...and the 200 inch predates even that!

Watch The Birdie!

Over here you know, they're building a new US Embassy in Grosvenor Square and, from what I can see over the top of the hoardings, it might be going to look interesting. They've a little gap just below the topmost part of the roof where they're going to stick a Golden Eagle, 35 feet long from wing-tip to wing-tip and oh dear, the fuss it's caused. The British are howling at foreigners sticking up enormous national emblems all over their country and so on. I can't imagine why all the fuss...within two years the Americans will be screaming to have it down.

There's a whole slue of pigeons sitting up on the roof just waiting for a roosting place and after all who wants pigeon droppings all over their national emblem?

joy k. clarke



RESULT OF APIDIASCOPE 1

Having been a hanger-on in fanzine fandom for 20-odd years I can't confess that the small number of entries for APPY 1 was disheartening; procrastination is the active fan's bete noir. (Which phrase would itself make a nice entry for any future competition requesting fannish proverbs). What did

rather astonish me was the fact that out of the vast US readership of App, stretching from Seattle to Miami and halfway down the Grand Canyon, only one (count it - 1 -) entry was received.

In as much as that lone entry was comparatively 'straight' compared with the British, I can only assume that in the US the type of competition that we're pioneering in fanzines hasn't become the ritual accompaniment to reviews in literary and political weeklies that it has over here. I think an examination of the entries printed here will be of more explanation than I could give.

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

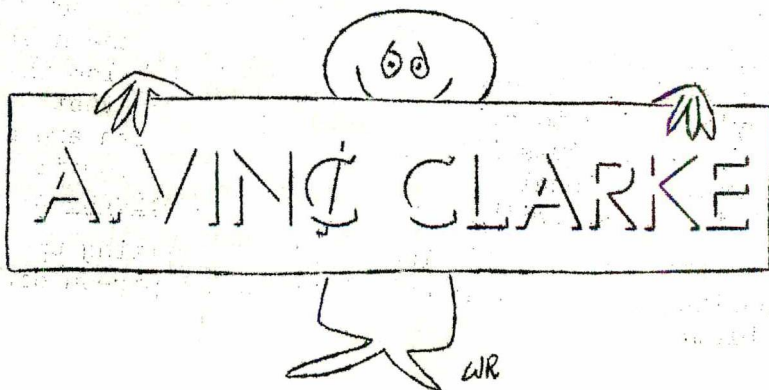
Entries were rapidly divided into those with references to fannish characters and those without, the latter being given some preference as being the more difficult to write. Of the former, Ken Cheslin had a couple of nice touches:

"Miss Parker was just about to light her pipe when the maid with Mr NGW for some reason squealed and bolted for the door with Mr NGW laughingly pursuing her. It so happened that as the maid pushed past she jogged Miss Parker's arm, thus sending a lighted match flying through the air on to one of the drapes. Your drapes, Mr Manager, must have been extremely dry because it immediately caught fire.

"Even then a great fire could have been averted but the barman, may he rest in peace, siezed the first glass he saw and threw the contents on to the fire...if he had used any other drink than Mr Clarke's all might have been well. As it was...the bar promptly went up in flames..."

The injured complaint concerning the dry drapes is nicely echoed by Alan Burns:

"I read with interest your note in which you explained that the sponge I inadvertently left in my room was destroyed during the fire...I trust that the insurance you have will cover the cost of replacing the sponge - in add-



ition to rebuilding your hotel."

Donald W Anderson also inclined to attack being the best form of defence:

"No doubt you are sufficiently insured to cover the loss, and you may rest assured that no mention of faulty fire-detection systems or empty fire extinguishers will be made by any member of my group, to insurance investigators."

Don airily evaded the question of how the fire started, and Alan Burns, though good, was rather weak on this point also:

"That there was a flaming punch made during a room party may of course account for the fact that there was a certain amount of smoke...in evidence around the Hotel..."

This was also Ron Bennett's weak point, in an entry otherwise good enough to gain an APIDIASCOPE CERTIFICATE OF MERIT, the only one awarded this time out; the fact that Ron's letter was perfectly laid out and written on BSFA paper did not influence judging:

BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

The Manager,
Sandrengham Hotel,
Lanchester Gate,
London W S W 19.

77a South Way
Harlow
Harrogate
Yorkshire
27th April 1960

Dear Sir,

I am in receipt of your letter of 23rd inst.

We science fiction enthusiasts have been holding our annual conferences both here and in the United States of America for over twenty years, but never before has any hotel in which such a convention was actually taking place suffered any serious damage.

In so far as your hotel was burnt down because of our convention taking place there, I am instructed by my committee to apologise for this unforeseen occurrence, but the facts uncovered by our solicitors' investigators show that one of your employees was directly responsible for the damage, and no doubt you will look further into the matter.

To end our first day's programme, we had arranged a display of futuristic weapons, during which display there was some merry-making in which two members of the waiting staff joined. One of them seized a Dan Dare ~~AA~~ water pistol from the display table and fired its contents at a group of convention members in the corner of the room. These half dozen convention attendees were playing ~~by~~ a friendly hand of a card game called "hearts", and were smoking at the time. The water pistol fired at them was, as every convention attendee knew, a display item only and was filled with paraffin.

Because of this gross negligence on the part of your employee, our convention came to a sudden end and the second and third days' programmes had to be cancelled, resulting in an estimated loss to the Convention of £50.0.0d., for which sum the Convention Committee is holding the hotel trustees responsible. We have placed the matter in the hands of our solicitors and future communications should be addressed to them.

Yours faithfully,

J. Augustus Bickerstaffe,
(Chairman, 1960 Convention Committee)

For sheer blatant evasion of responsibility in a perfectly good fannish context, I must, however, award this competition's DIPLOMA, the first prize, to GEORGE LOCKE, brightest light on the British fan-writing horizon since John Berry, for an entry that had everything except a demand for compensation:

The Manager,
Sclerotic Hotel.
(At present residing in Littlehampton.)

Dear Sir,

We feel, as Chairman of the Committee organising the Convention recently held at your hotel (August 1st - 4th) that it is only fair to inform you that the hotel was burnt to the ground on August 3rd, inst. We offer our sincerest condolences, and trust the knowledge will not spoil your holiday.

After due investigation, we found that the fire was caused as follows:

As you are undoubtedly aware, it is the custom at gatherings of this nature to hold a fancy dress ball. On this occasion, the theme of the ball was inspired by the recently discovered fact that, on the planet Venus, there is considerable precipitation. At 10.15, it was suggested that a ritual appropriate to the occasion be held. This is known in some circles as a rain dance. A member well versed in such matters organised this; the stage was prepared and the ritual carried out with precision, as, indeed, it can only be to obtain success. As you may know, a catalyst is necessary to bring the proceedings to a satisfactory climax, and the most suitable catalyst is, of course, a flame. A very small flame was provided - a few professional magazines were laid in the middle of the floor and ignited - and the climactic dance commenced. At the moment the rain was due, the flames had touched off one of the curtains, and were rapidly spreading. Of course, you realise that the climax of the ritual consisted in the rain quenching the flames?

After a few minutes it became apparent that it was not going to rain and the fire department was called in, but it was too late to save the building.

Subsequent meteorological investigation revealed that the 15th of July (St Swithin's Day) was, in fact, rainless, and, of course, no rain falls in the forty days subsequent to this.

We regret to inform you, therefore, that we cannot be held responsible for the damage to your hotel for what was, of course, an Act of God.

Yours F.... etc.

In finishing, though, I must mention one entry so well done that it would have walked off with the Diploma if only the author had kept to the 400-word limit. We must, however, have a limit, otherwise the good big entry will always win over the good little entry. To Chuck Harris, then, congratulations and a Special Honorary Mention for the following superb piece of Harrisiana:

Sir,

As Convention Chairman of the British Science Fiction and Friends of Flying Saucers League, I wish to extend to you our sympathy for the blaze which destroyed half the hotel and the house detective. This is a tragedy unparalleled in the history of British Science Fiction Fandom, and we too have suffered grievously. Apart from the unfortunate demise of Mr Tubb (and how clever and touching it was of your bar staff to send a wreath of rosemary), we also lost an irreplaceable Gestetner flat-bed and eight reams of quarto Old Gold duplicating paper for which your insurers decline to accept responsibility. Our League Solicitor, Mr Raybin, is contemplating proceedings to attach your personal banking account as regards to this, but he hopes, he sincerely hopes, that a step with such unpredictable consequences will not be necessary.

We have now finished circularising our members pointing out that you have suffered a grave financial loss due to the fire, and I am happy to say that they have reacted in a typically warm-hearted and generous fashion. We are enclosing a cheque, payable to you, for 13/5d. This is an ex gratia gift of the entire proceeds of our Monster Raffle for the smart pull-over with a rocket and solar system motif donated by our Mrs Thorne, --Medway's Queen of the Needles. We have also unanimously elected the house detective's wife as an honorary life member of the League with full privileges. A regular copy of the official organ, HECTOR, will be forwarded to her commencing with the current issue.

We are sorry that the holocaust took place whilst the convention of our little literary group was in progress, but we must repeat that the actual cause of the blaze is as much a mystery to us as it is to you. The remark by one of our Irish members that "We heard the

staff were asking for a raze, so we gave them an illuminated address" was spoken as it were, in the heat of the moment. It has no more bearing on the subject than the repeated promises of the late Mr Snodgrass to "make things bloody hot for us with the Hotels Association." As our Mr Russell has already pointed out to you, the most obvious explanation is that of Spontaneous Combustion. We find it incredible that your Insurers should term such everyday happenings as Divine intervention and claim that they are not liable under the "riot, civil commotion, earthquake and Act of God" clause, and we strongly resent the insinuation about Sodom and Gomorrah. We are sure that if you draw their attention to the untold factual instances of spontaneous combustion as listed in "The Complete Works Of Charles Fort" (a copy is available in the League library at 6d per 5 days plus postage) they will reconsider your claim. I suppose you wouldn't have any idea if there has ever been a rain of frogs at the hotel?

Finally, it has been decided that, as a mark of respect, the convention held at your hotel will be known throughout World Fandom in future as the Con-flagration. We felt it was the very least we could do.

Warmly,

H. Snoopwhistle. (Miss)

Thank you, one and all. Try again, won't you? British readers should note that the deadline for Apidiascope 2 "In 400 words or less, give an extract from Little Red Riding Hood as it might be written by Van Vogt, E E Smith, EFRussell, Bradbury or Grendel Briarton" has been put back to May 30th, 1960 because of the effect of the convention.

And for all readers, here is the next competition - another fannish one this time.....

APIDIASCOPE 3 DEADLINEJUNE 30th.

A recent British hit-parade song, with a typical combination of a naggingly intrusive tune and eminently forgettable words (sung in a Cockney dialect) was entitled "Fings Ain't What They Used To Be" American translation: Things are not as they were. This song has already had two sets of words, one of which appears on the right (highly illegally) and the other consisting of highly illegal phrases (when transmitted through the post). Competitors are invited to compose a third set of words in the same form and using the title line and the sentiments contained therein...tho' not necessarily in dialect. The viewpoint need not be the present, but the application should be to fandom.

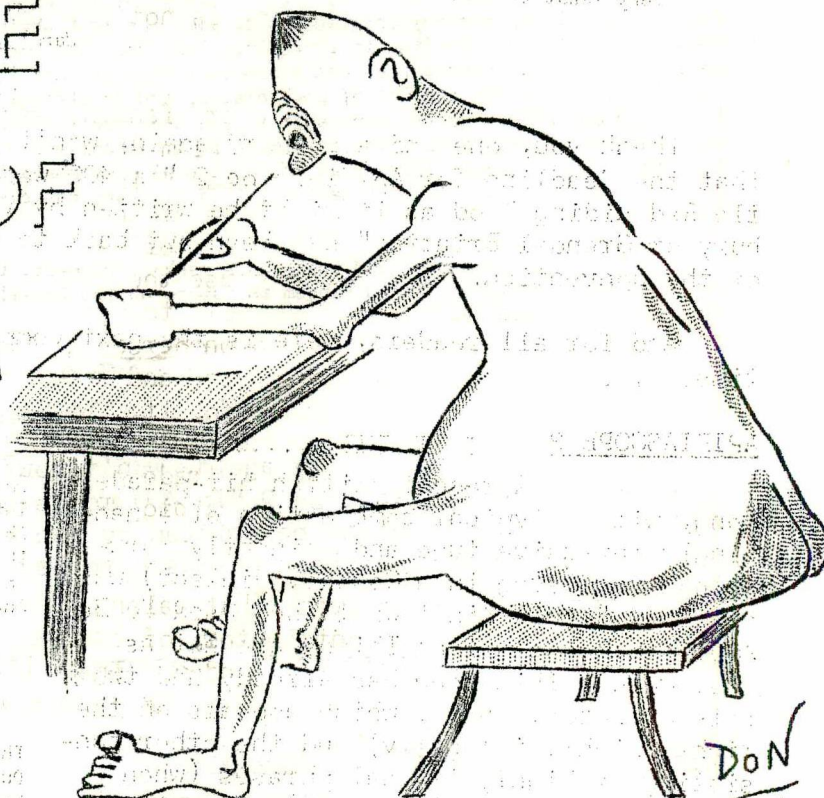
Note: We follow the prozine custom in announcing that entries may be submitted for publication under a pseudonym, and names will be kept strictly DNQ by Inchmery. Also, there is no limit to the number of entries that may be sent in by any fan to any competition.

a. vinx clarke.

They changed our local Palais
 Into a bowling alley
 Oh, fings ain't wot they used to be
 There's Teds with drainpipe trousiz
 And debs in coffee 'ouses
 And fings ain't wot they used ter be
 There used ter be trams, not very quick,
 Dodgin' from place to place,
 But now there's just jams, 'alf a mile thick,
 Slaying the 'uman race -
 I'm walking
 They stuck parkin' meters
 Outside our doors to greet us
 Now fings ain't wot they used ter be
 Monkeys flying rahnd the moon
 We'll be up there with 'em soon
 Fings ain't wot they used ter be.
 Once our beer was froffy
 But now it's froffy cooffee
 Well fings ain't wot they used ter be
 It used to be fun, Dad an' ol' Mum,
 Paddellin' rahnd Southend,
 But now we have fun, never mind chum,
 Paris is where we spend
 Our outings.
 Grandmas try to shock us all
 Doin' knees-up rock'n'roll
 Fings ain't wot they used ter be
 We used to 'ave stars, singers 'oo sung,
 A Dixie Melody,
 They're buying guitars, plinkety plunk,
 Backing themselves wiv free
 Ghords only
 Once we danced from twelve to three
 I've got news for Elvis P.
 Fings ain't wot they used ter be!

THE SIZE OF FANDOM

CANTALOUPE
FLABBERGASTE



One of the things fans are always worrying about is recruiting new fans. One of the reasons the BSFA was founded was to attract new fans through the prozines. Fans often bombard their friends with fanzines in an attempt to get them interested in fandom. And almost every month someone publishes an article or a letter asking "Where is the new blood coming from?"

It's a good question, and I can understand why many fans are worried about it. But I think we've been greatly overestimating the problem, if it can even be called a problem. And I think that recruiting efforts might even hurt fandom if they are overdone.

Now, just what is the problem? Fans drop out of fandom, and others should replace them to keep fandom at its present size. Also, in order to prevent any stagnation in fandom, there should be a steady inflow of "new blood". (I'm not quite sure I care for that metaphor, especially in this context). The problem is getting these potential fans into fandom. To do this, a number of methods have been tried. The major large-scale project has been recruiting through the prozines. The BSFA is the outstanding example of this, but it has also been tried by the NFFF, independent conventions and Worldcons, and fanzine publishers. I personally was hooked by a combination of con attendance - which I became interested in through prozine ads - and correspondence. In addition, there are hundreds of individual efforts made by fans to convert their friends. These are often successful, and sometimes outstandingly so (such as Toronto fandom's discovery of Les Nirenberg) but more often they are doomed to failure because even the most fannishly inclined people don't want to put the time, effort and money into something as apparently worthless as fandom.

What I want to discuss, though, is not how to make a fan out of everyone in the world - but whether to.

There have been many stories where fandom was a world-wide, or at least much more popular hobby, than it is now. From Bloch's "A Way Of Life" in FANTASTIC UNIVERSE to Berry's "Sage and Onionheads" in CRY OF THE NAMELESS. These stories are often amusing, but everyone smiles at them and then shrugs and goes on to read something else. This is because such stories are obvious fantasies; no one can imagine fandom being so popular because the fannish personality is so rare and because there's no way for so many people to become interested in fandom. But there is another reason. Fandom is based on personal contacts. It's no longer a situation where someone publishes a fanzine and a few of his friends send contributions and 50 or 100 people send him money for it. Now a few send money and more send letters of comment and trade fanzines and contributions. There are even a few fanzines which accept only comments, trade or contributions. The trend seems to be obvious; fandom is turning into one big APA, and it's getting harder and harder to just pay your way in.

It is also becoming apparent that talent has become more and more of an essential in fandom. The non-contributor, of course, is tolerated and even liked, but he's not an important part of fandom. The BNFs aren't even the people who are on convention committees any more, but the people who write the best material and publish the best fanzines.

Now imagine what would happen if every fan converted one friend a year to fandom and 50 people a month became interested through the BSFA or NFFF. The individual fan would probably never even hear of nine out of ten of these fans. The neos would never get a chance to prove their abilities because nobody would have time for them.

If fandom increases by one-half of its own size every year -- or one-third -- or even one-tenth -- the rate of increase is too great. And if you get that kind of influx into fandom, that's exactly what's going to happen. The results would be disastrous. Old fans, BNFs and established fans would withdraw into their own closed groups for fear of mass invasion. George Spencer's "The Patriarchs" might come true. You can see what I mean.

Not only do too many cooks spoil the broth, but too many fans spoil the fun. There are enough fans coming into fandom now without mass recruitment.

--Third of an indeterminate, sedative series.

cantaloupe flabbergaste.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Please don't attribute these sentiments to me! Personally, I wonder if fandom doesn't have its own inbuilt recruiting regulator? I mean, once the number of fans falls below a certain figure the ones who remain become concerned about recruiting. Being relatively few they organise efficiently and go after new blood. As the number of fans begins to increase so concern over recruiting drops and recruiting activity slows down. At the same time the number of new fans begins to gum up the organisation devised to find them? Comments? hps.

DEAN GRENNELL

Those of us who have had the privilege of knowing DAG over the years know also of his vast range of interests and the collections that go with them...4 or 5 typers, guns, cameras etc. But most of all we know of his ability to write about any of his hobbies (each one more than enough for a normal person) in a very entertaining manner. In the continued absence of DAGs column -- he's been busy -- the following brief quotes are taken from BLEEN and H00G! 1954/5.

On Photography: This is old stuff, of course, to press-fotogger Warner and one-time Big Name Salon Exhibitor Danner who made the "Most Prolific Exhibitors of the Year" list in American Photography Yearbook for several years there back in the 30s. But if they'll have patience, I might continue to run on a bit about it for the benefit of the less-knowing ones.

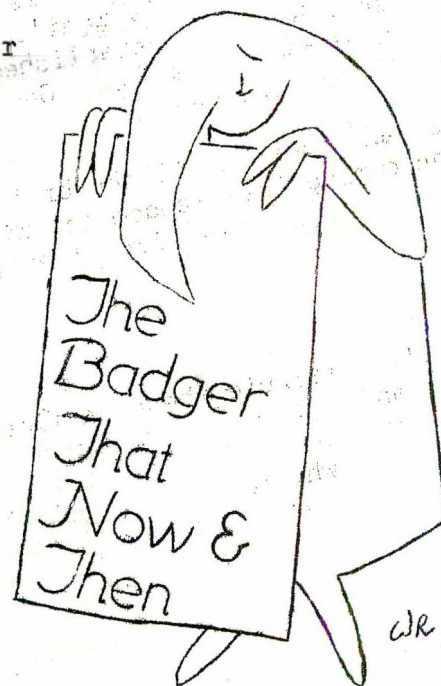
Disregarding the commercial photog whose subject and technique is usually not governed by choice, photographers break down roughly into two schools. You might call them the "f64" bunch and the "available light" exponents.

The f64 photographer considers that the image is everything...it matters little what the subject may be, so long as every last bit of detail is microtome-sharp from the nearest to most-distant point in the picture. A really rabid f64 man scorns any camera of lesser caliber than 8x10, preferably with either a Goerz Dag-or or a Zeiss Apo-Tessar lens. He uses a slow, ultra-fine-grained emulsion such as Panatomic-X (yes, there are people who will use Panatomic-X for contact-print filmsizes) and probably a pyro developer. He goes about with a station-wagon full of tripods, reflectors and whatnot and is willing to spend a half a day on one shot of some lichen growing on a rock or the butt ends of an old rail fence against the sky (artistically darkened with deep-red Wratten 'F' filter). To friends who, examining one of his prints, ask, "What's it of?" he snorts, indignantly, "Who cares? Look at the detail!"

The other extreme cares not a jot nor a tittle for print-quality, H&D scale, or anything else. He is out to capture the fleeting moment, his aim is to Portray Life. He favours the Leica, the Contax or maybe one of these Latvian spy-cameras, the Minox. Speed is his mania and his god. Fast films, fast lenses, super-duper-hellish-fast film developers...he thinks nothing of developing 35mm film in straight D-72. So it's grainy? So who cares? Look at the expression!

Most photographers, the writer included, fall somewhere midway between these extremes.....

On Cinemas: I used to know a woman who would describe the plot of a movie she'd seen a month or so before, in infinite detail. It was unutterably boring. A propos of that, I think Tucker will bear me out that seeing the same movie over and over is sheerest torture. Even a good one is nauseating after 2 or 3 performances and a bad one.....!



Circa 1941, I augmented my meager earnings by working nights as an usher in a Racine (Wis.) theater and I still have mental scars from enduring 14+ performances of "How Green Was My Valley". It played for a solid week and I got so I could render whole passages of the script verbatim. Thirteen years later, I can still hear those mine-whistles blowing the signal for the cave-ins. But I didn't mind when we'd get bands on the bill. That was the Golden Era of the "Theater Date" when bands would tour the country, playing one or two engagements from the stage to an audience seated and listening. I still say that that was the way to enjoy a really good dance-band rather than on a crowded, scuffling dance-floor. I saw Harry James and Will Bradley and Tommy Dorsey and Benny Goodman and Glen Miller and all the biggest names in that heyday of the dance-band. And all for free too! That was a faint psi of nostalgia you just heard.

On Guns: I've never owned a flintlock or fired one either, for that matter. I have a purely arbitrary standard a gun has to meet before I keep it. It must be a hand-gun (i.e. pistol, revolver, etc) and it must be capable of hitting a gallon jug at 100 yards with fair frequency...say, a minimum of 3 out of 10 shots. Only shoulder-gun I have at present is the old tubular magazine, bolt-action Springfield .22 my Dad bought me when I was a kid and no amount of money could buy that from me despite the fact that I haven't even had the bolt in it for 2-3 years now. The hand-gun collection, right now, is down to three specimens: an S&W .22 Combat Masterpiece with a 4" barrel; a nice commercial-grade .45 Colt Automatic (not a liberated Army weapon) and my pride and joy, the S&W .357 Magnum with 6½" barrel.

Wrai Ballard was talking about duelling, as applied to shooting for keeps with black-powder flintlocks. If you should ever tire of the solemn perforation of bullseyes and crave some of the excitement of duelling, without the messy chance of shedding corpuscles, you might like to try the System of Bloodless Duelling as practiced under BDSA rules.

The BDSA (Brandon Dump-Shooting Association), in the days of its glory, would bring together on a Sunday afternoon from two to five members, each with from one to five hand-guns with from 50 to 200 rounds of ammo for each weapon. It was deemed a faux pas of deepest dye to leave with a round of live ammo in one's possession but after a while one can tire of merely standing up a bottle and shooting at it. We tried seeing who could break it first but we were so evenly matched that two or three shots would bang as one and the bottle would break and then the fight would commence. So we hit on the idea of each man having a bottle of his own to shoot at. The way it finally boiled down, two guys would stand back to back with guns loaded and pointed upwards. Off to one side by about 40 paces would be a pair of quart fruit jars, side by side and about a yard apart. At a signal, the two combatants would step forward three paces, make a quarter turn and start shooting at the jar that represented their opponent. First one to break his jar was the winner and he got to challenge some bystander for another bout. Once in a while we'd have a "Battle Royal" wherein four or five members would line up side-by-side and shoot at an equal number of bottles. The one whose bottle was the last one standing would be the winner. Trick here was to shoot at the other guy's bottles in descending order of skill.

This, to our way of thinking, was practical hand-gunning. Shooting slow-fire at a target is fun, but monotonous. Here, you had to be quick, but fairly cool and accurate. A quart jar at 40 paces isn't such an easy target that you can hit it snap-shooting. But when you have another fellow to beat and you know he may get off a lucky shot at any minute...well, for a completely new experience in shooting, you might try it.

dean a. grennell

GEORGE
LOCKE

The search by the SFCoL for a clubroom has already given rise to one extremely funny article by Atom in the club one-shot produced for the Easter Convention and still available through Ella Parker at 1/-. Here now is a different view of that same incident.

THE HOMELESS

The first snow of winter was scuttling away from the icy clutch of an east wind -- it whipped angrily around the statue of an enormous red lion at the main entrance to Waterloo Station and settled in the upturned collars of a group of miserable mortals, homeless and forlorn. There was Little Sandy, frail and cheeks bitten thin by countless weeks of exhausting stencil-cutting in the Aporrheta workhouse. There was Arthur, of the agile stylus and snow-burnt nose. There was Jimmy Groves, looking old beyond his twenty-odd years, and Ella Parker, head naked to the wintry devils. There was soldier Don - and there was the Mother.

My thoughts drifted away from this brave creature, Joy Clarke, to rest upon the vision of cold, shivering little Nicki and an ever watchful, tender Vinz, huddling somewhere, hoping...hoping...

Hoping our quest for a room to shelter the SFCoL would be successful.

We were waiting for the Potters - the Punctual Potters. Eventually, we feared that they had succumbed to the perils of a snow-covered Brenschluss, but we left a painfully-scrawled message informing them we would try and find temporary shelter in a cafe nearby. Arthur - upon whose influence with the street ~~girl~~ maps of London we were relying - led us to the cafe, and, for a long moment, we gazed into the warm, friendly dining room with all the warm friendly people. Would we be allowed to enter? Would we be able to afford a little sustenance out of the SFCoL club funds? "Can we?" we asked Little Sandy our Treasurer. He looked dubious. The wind howled; the snow flailed our unprotected faces.

"In we go," said Arthur Thomson boldly. We followed him, nervously, seated ourselves at an empty table, trying to look as though we possessed visible means of support for our sensitive fannish faces, to satisfy the policeman lurking nearby. Apparently we'd all had the necessary face-lift for he ignored us. We mustered our resources and found we could cover the cost of a coffee each so long as we all drank the cheaper substitute, tea. After a while, we thought of the Potters, and noble Arthur volunteered to brave the elements and hunt for them. A minute later he returned with the two late provincials. They were blue with cold and shivering. It was awful to look at them. To look at Innocent Sex Kitten Irene, and delicate Ken with the weak heart and consumptive feet. They sat down, faces biting back the shrieking pain of frost-bite.

"We must not dally long," Arthur said. He dragged out a tattered map of the Waterloo District, and laid it on the table. "We should split up into three groups and explore these three areas...We must, of course, have one member stay here to wait for your return and do the collating of your findings. It's a very important job, one I think can only be handled by an artist...I know," he went on excitedly, "I'll stay behind. The perfect job for my talents."

We looked around the little cafe, around at each other. At the Innocent Sex Kitten, at Delicate Ken, at the Parker girl, at Little Sandy, at Jimmy and soldier

Don. And, with one mind, at Thomson, sourly. We shook our heads. Arthur suddenly went into a fit of coughing. "My chest - my chest," he gasped.

We shook our heads. The Mother said nothing but looked old and tired and ill. Arthur thrust forth a robust and healthy hand. "See it? Blue. No circulation." We shook our heads.

He looked up to the heavens, held forth an arm. "Oh, ghod. Give me strength to survive these wintry climes. Give me...Arrgh!" He collapsed. "A stroke" said the Mother. Little Sandy shook his head. "Thomson," he said sharply. "There's a police officer looking at your car..."

A miracle happened. Atom recovered from his stroke and disappeared through the glass door. We decided that the Mother should stay behind and the rest split up: Parker & Thomson: Ken, Irene & Don: Jimmy, Sandy & myself. The route that we chose paralleled the river, where there were a multitude of derelict warehouses and cheap buildings. We kept our eyes open for empty-looking places and eventually found one above a shop. Whilst visions of happily-housed SFCoL fled through my mind, Little Sandy tried to enter the shop over which the empty rooms were. It was padlocked, though. Bitter disappointment. We reached a sleazy waterfront district which looked promising, but again we could find nothing. There was a pub, which looked inhabited and which might have known of a room. It was past closing time and we could not rouse anyone. We looked through the keyhole only to find a smoke-filled room indicative of Dark Deeds being plotted...

When we slowed down to a walk again we found ourselves near another empty house. I gasped: "Our last chance," and limped forward to investigate. The door had fallen down, which was very convenient as I had little faith in Little Sandy's abilities as a Raffles. I entered cautiously, stepping over a heap of bricks. "Useful for standing the duper on," I murmured. "And this blackened rafter - ink won't spoil it at all." Something went 'crack' and a couple more bricks added themselves to the pile, one of them striking my toe. I mouthed the appropriate word.

It began, suddenly, to snow heavily. I noted that the sunshine roof was open. "Fresh air," I shrieked in ecstasy...then stopped. Suddenly, with a feeling of awful doom, I knew this place was not suitable, after all. We were once more the homeless - we would return to the Mother and report failure. It would nigh break her heart, but there was no alternative... Little Sandy and Jimmy looked at me, eyes ashine with hope. I shook my head sadly. Little Sandy began to sob. Jimmy, brave, strong Jimmy, patted his tiny head with its thinning hair. "Maybe the others found something," he said boldly.

"But - it was so perfect," Sandy said. "Why is it unsuitable?"

"The window pane has a crack in it," I said. "It would cost our every penny to get it repaired..."

Feet dragging in the gutter, faces raw and bleeding, we returned to the cafe. We collected the Potters and Don on the way. They, too, had failed. Irene was taking it badly; she was giggling, intermittently, about Brennschluss and Combozine articles. Arthur and Ella were already at the cafe when we rushed in to the friendly warmth. "Have you found anything?" "What's it like?" "Room for a duper?" Then we saw the Mother, slumped over the table. Arthur and Ella shook their heads. Ella whispered: "She can't take the failure. We must pretend - for her sake - that there is hope." "We have one or two addresses," I said. "We could investigate further." The Mother heard us, raised her head. We showed them to her. She brightened. "Vinz can look them up in his lunch-hour."

We stayed in the cafe a little longer, made an abortive attempt to search another area around London Bridge which we gave up because it was getting dark, and then went our separate ways knowing that unless a miracle occurred the SFCoL would remain THE HOMELESS

george locke

Do you really think there'll be a second TAFF trip this year?

Well, that's difficult to say. I don't see why not, but it depends on fandom as a whole and the amount that fans are prepared to subscribe to the Fund. If they want a second trip this year then there will be one. If fans will send their donations now to either BENNETT or MADLE, then in another month or so we'll all know the answer. Cash and votes have to be in by June 15th...

Yes, well, that's another thing. There are these three candidates...

ASHWORTH, BENTCLIFFE and SANDERSON, yes...?

Well how do you figure the voting -- I mean should people plump for one or should they put all three on the list in order of preference?

The way I see it, it would certainly be best to put all three down - no doubt about that at all - but then nobody can know what some other fan is doing and so a certain amount of indecision sets in. 'Are such-and-such a group voting for 'X' only...and if so shouldn't I vote for 'Y' only in order to give him an equal chance?' It's a bad set-up in a way...unfortunate is perhaps a better word. It would be best if everyone assumed that everyone else was listing all three candidates, but.....

Hmm, I see what you mean.

Of course you also have to allow for the fact that some people, under some circumstances, genuinely find it impossible to vote for all three. Maybe they honestly feel that one of the three contenders shouldn't be on the list at all. (If it comes to that there might be people who think two or perhaps even all three should not be on the list). Such a person votes for the remaining two candidates only. If he thinks there's not much difference between them they go down as first and second, giving them three and two points. If he thinks there's a big difference he could put them in first and third positions, giving them three and one point respectively.

Do you think many fans are influenced by advertising?

You mean about TAFF or about a specific candidate?

Well, I was thinking about candidates, really.....

I'm inclined to doubt it - most fans probably make up their minds when the names of the candidates are first announced. I doubt if they change much during the months that follow. Of course there's nothing to stop them changing their mind if they want to, but I don't think it happens often. Advertising is really aimed at keeping the idea of TAFF in the (fan) public eye, as it were - and that, really, is all this page is meant to do.....