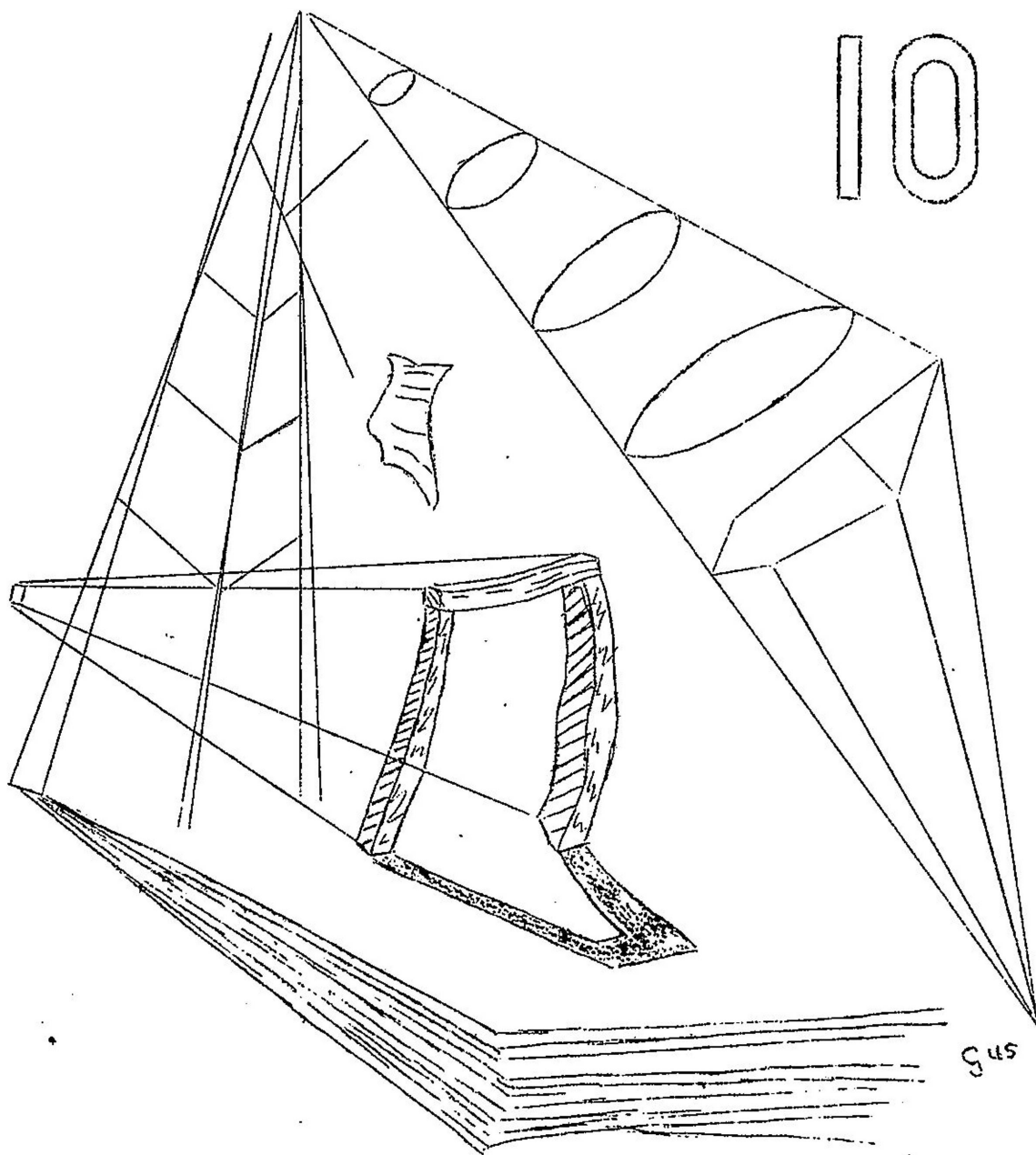


# BINARY

## 10





This is the second issue of BINARY, intended for the 32nd mailing of the Off Trails Publishers Association.

It is published by Joe Patrizio, who is now permanently fixed at 22 Eaton Rd., St. Albans, Herts.

Credits for this issue go as follows:

Cover by Gus Poll put onto stencil by me. The same combination takes care the heading on this page, and the illo at the end of my mailing comments. I did the heading for the m/cs.

Gus put the Chromium-Plated Wilderness heading onto stencil, and his first attempt at

putting artwork onto stencil can be seen by looking at the full-page illo. I'd like your reactions to it, I think it's good, but then I may be biased seeing as how it's appearing in this 'zine.

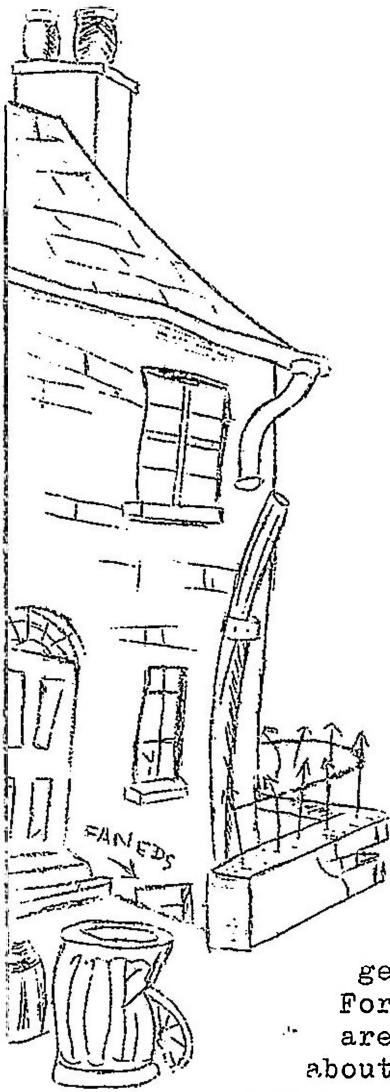
Duplicating this issue (and last issue, although I forgot to mention it) is by CAPress. Yes, Auntie Ella to the rescue again, for which my undying gratitude...I mean it too.

Now that the work is done from now on will be devoted to general chatter.

For the first time ever, I am composing onto stencil. There are just a couple of things which I know I am going to talk about, but the way they are going to be put down is anybody's guess. I'm doing it this way because, as usual, I am pushed for time. This state of affairs stems from the fact that (as the observant ones of you will have noticed from the top of the page) we are moving again. For the last six months we have been living in a flat, but after the terrible winter we have just had, we decided that a warm, comfortable house was absolutely necessary before next winter. We have managed to find a really fine little house in St. Albans, which is a City situated about twenty miles north of London, and about eight mile north of where we are now (but where we will have been when you read this). St. Albans has a population of about 58,000 and is famous for its cathedral, and the remains of the Roman city of Verulam. When I get to know a bit more about the place I will probably do an article about it... I'm sure you would simply love to know about it.

As far as I can tell from the stencils, I feel that this issue of BINARY is a big improvement appearance-wise on the first. A great deal of the credit for this must go to Ted Forsyth who lent me a number of stylii with which I have cut the Illos in thish. Last time I sat down to cut them armed with a screw-driver, two pencils, and a meat skewer, and they all finished up being cut with the pencil.

I'm going to do a rather abrupt finish here, as I've come to the end of the stencil, and I really haven't anything else to say. See y'all Next time



Joe  
Patrizio

I imagine that the following article is something of an innovation for OMPA, and the fact that you are getting something different is due to Anne (who I may have mentioned before).

For the past few years Anne has been a group organizer of War on Want, which runs refugee relief funds on a national scale, and when I got to know her I learned all about this organization.

War on Want is similar to most of the other organizations throughout the world, putting their time and energy into a job which they feel is really the responsibility of the government, but never grudging one second or ounce of energy spent on projects. Their proudest claim is that every penny donated goes for the purpose of donation - no expenses are taken out of the money they collect.

I want your reactions to this article (which first appeared in the British Weekly, July 6, 1961). If any of you can give one good reason for letting even one child die, much less the thousands that are, I would like to hear it. Personally, I'm appalled at the couldn't-care-less attitude of the so-called civilized countries, and some of the arguments to justify this attitude make me sick.

Fans keep on telling each other that one of the things that distinguishes them from other groups of people is that they have a social conscience. O.K! --Show me.

## THE CHROMIUM-PLATED WILDERNESS

I work in a London office, and like thousands of others, I often go for a walk at lunch-time through the streets and squares with all the lovely names... Red Lion, Kingsway, Longacre, Covent Garden, Henrietta, The Strand, Trafalgar.

The other day, the sun shining and the fountains rising high among the plane trees and memorials to dead captains and kings, the leaves shifting in what wind there was, the bronze eyes staring, the pavements crowded, I went down into the crypt of St. Martin-in-the Field to see the World in Want exhibition....and for a time there, I walked through the agony and shadows of other places with other lovely names - Algeria, Angola, Hong Kong, Koria, the Congo, Bombay, Gaza... trod the lower pavements of hell with the whimpering of children in my ears, their helpless eyes upon me, their hands urgent for bread, for life, for hope, even for death as a mercy.

A boy, his ribs stark, his belly swollen, his thin arms brittle as charred wood, sitting by the dead or dying body of his mother in the dry grass of Africa - she may only be sleeping, but has little to wake for...

Two squatting and verminous in a filthy gutter, soup bowls empty, and none to come, not today, not tomorrow...

Another boy with yaws, his face a growth of erupting red berries, already stinking with putrescence...

Lepers corroded and bestial, their fingers hands toes and feet rotting away, leaving soft stems of pain, the mind and spirit decaying with the flesh, the clouds of flies swirling and settling as hands without hope paw and scratch...

The eyes of a girl with trachoma weeping into the futile night of blindness...

Another with tuberculosis, one of millions, her eyes dull with weakness, her mouth too slack to hold its spittle...

And other millions elsewhere - a shilling booklet will give you all the facts: poverty, ignorance, squalor, exploitation, levels of calorific intake, the incidence of hookworm, cholera, smallpox, malnutrition, and the statistics for death by starvation and the lack of love.

Get that booklet, *The Ancient Enemies* by Derek Walker, read it and let it break your heart... and then listen to the children whimpering in the world we have made for them, a world in the valley of the shadow of death - the death we have been told about, the flash, the blast, the fire, the burning, the eyes bubbling in their sockets, the lungs filled with flames, the skin searing around the agony of flesh: and the other deaths no man has yet dared to tell us about... O God, the children, the children, the broken doll in the ruins, the screaming in the rubble, innocence no defence, of such being the Kingdom of Heaven being born, living a short while, and then dying in the chromium-plated wilderness we call Peace.

There were eight other people walking there with me, and we seemed to avoid meeting, looking away to preserve our private agony - or was it shame?

At the exit was a box for money, and a woman emptied her purse of change into it, and then went up the stairs quickly so that I shouldn't see her crying. I gave her time enough, and then went up myself, back into the outer darkness we call sunshine.

Across in Trafalgar Square the living fountains still rose high among the plane trees, and people brought dried peas, a tanner a bag, and fed the strutting pigeons, tore them crumbs and crusts and bits of cake. A mother and father and two children strolled by, sucking ice cream. Along the kerb was a man selling strawberries from a barrow and he had a small queue waiting, girls mostly, girls in their summer dresses fresh and cool, the fruit luscious, the money pitched into a arm heap behind the scales.

On the corner another man sold the mid-day papers, headlines loud with the latest murder, the inside pages detailed with the runners and riders for the afternoon's racing, the odds and form and the tipsters' selections - and there, all the time, a thought and a few stone steps away, the misery and shadows of a world in wait, the slow murder of our brothers and sisters, the unspectacular death of children...

And I walked from there back to work through the streets and squares with all the lovely names - through the lunch time crowds of people as well-dressed as I was, as well-shod, well-fed, past the cafes and restaurants and tea-shops and food-stores and confectioners and bakers and everywhere people seemed to be eating and drinking and laying up treasure where their hearts were also.

Through the open door of a public house I saw men and women sitting on stools at the snack bar in the gloom, eating sandwiches and pickled onions, drinking, smoking, laughing - and I saw grain which could have made bread made into beer, land which could have grown it given over to tobacco, and heard the sound of whimpering.

There were other public houses, other snack-bars, other sandwiches ham, cheese, soaked salmon, anything you fancied; and little places offering you all manner of national dishes - French, German, Italian, Indian, Chinese, anywhere you had a mind to and money for... no children squatting naked in the gutter with empty soup bowls to put you off your food, the managements knew better than that.

I passed a cinema selling three hours of epoch-making triviality in breath-taking technicolour for the price of enough milk to give fifty

children a large glass of milk every day for a week - and theatres exchanging laughter set to music for the price of enough antibiotics to cure ten weeping girls of trachoma.

I saw pornographic book-shops selling the promise of lust indulged at so many shillings a time, so many glasses of milk - and doorways into strip clubs, the photographs proud with flesh... no children nuzzled there, the breast being for filthy imaginings, no babies found warmth, birth being a matter of contraception.

I passed other shops selling all the things we are never having so good, so often - cars, caravans, television sets, portable radios, tape-recorders, hair-dryers, wrist watches, rings, bracelets, silk stockings, nylon this and terylene that, gold plated something other ... and saw advertisements for nearly everything else, satisfaction guaranteed on a money back basis and easy credit terms...

Advertisements for Holiday Camps and Tours abroad at so many guineas a day, so many treatments of penicillin - but not to Angola, not Hong Kong, there being no round-the-clock fun and games in a Refugee Camp, no magnificent scenery to speak of where tuberculosis culls the eyes, no music where lepers rot, no Romance in hook-worm and cholera, no beauty in smallpox, no escape from such life except in death.

And so back through the richness, the streets increased with goods in this city having need of nothing .. and round the last corner and across the square as the vapour trail of a bomber slid high overhead, sweeping in a curve to the east, rehearsing a war at so many millions a day.

Poverty or deaths? What difference does it make?

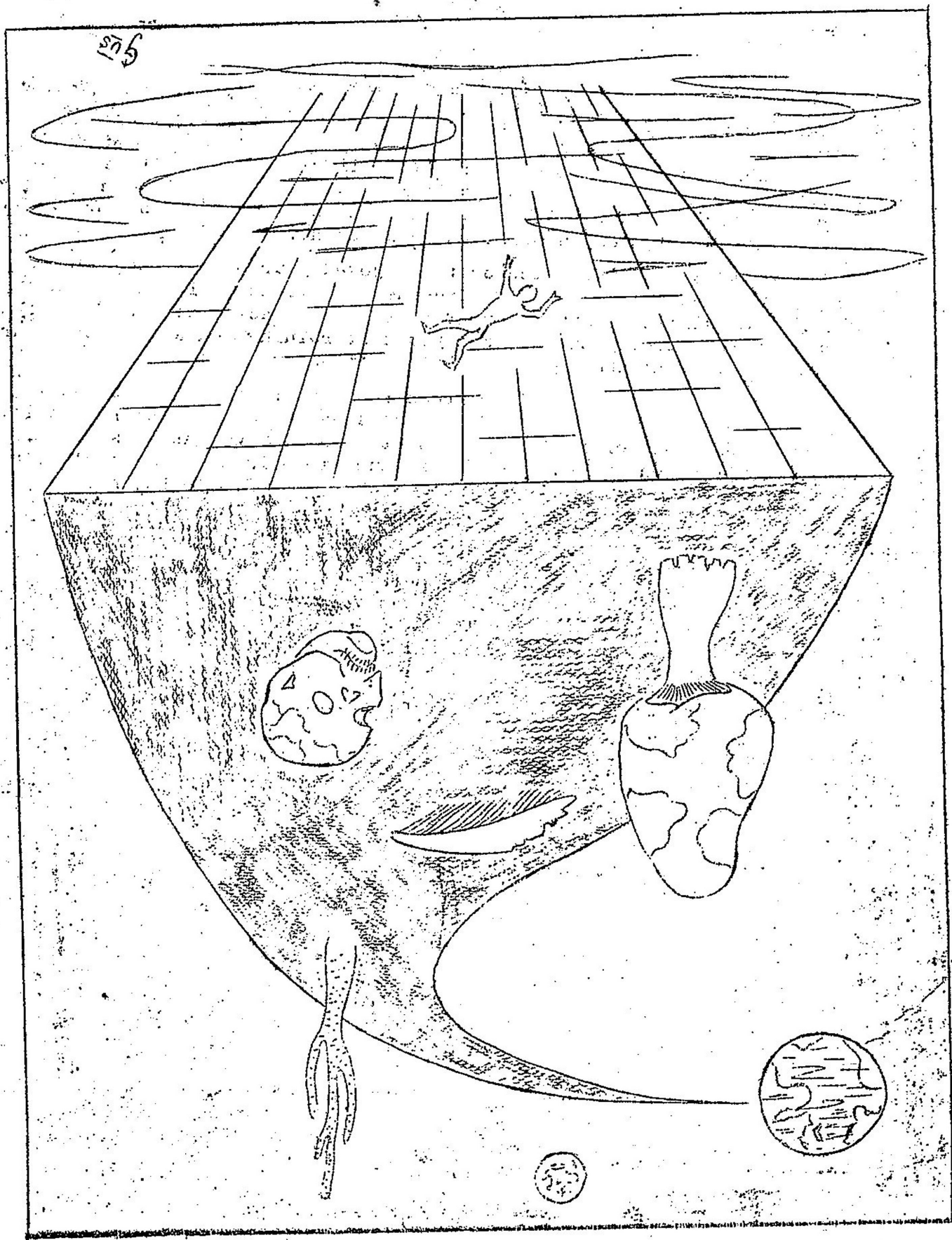
And all the time, in the haunted landscape of the mind, there were they which were an hungered, thirsty, strangers, naked, sick, those we have damned in the prison of our ignorance ... and also the voice of One saying "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

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I have just been reading of the reaction of the American Medical Association, to the King-Anderson Bill, which is to provide medical care for the aged. It seems to me that the doctors' morbid fear of socialised medicine is making them act in a most unreasonable manner. All this Bill does is provide for old people who may have to spend a longish term in hospital and who probably couldn't afford to do so without some financial help. From where I'm looking the whole thing still looks like a pretty watered-down sort of socialised medical aid as these people will still have to pay ten dollars a day for the first nine days they are in hospital.

I have always thought (obviously rather naive) that doctors helped the sick no matter what the circumstances, it seems that as far as some American doctors are concerned the Hippocratic oath only holds good if you can pay for it.

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# RESPONSE

Everything from now on can be taken as my thoughts, comments, reactions, etc. on the 31st mailing.

AMBLE 9..(Archie Mercer): Your life history is still holding interest. Funny your being posted in Edinburgh, I remember going to the King's Park during the war and seeing all the soldiers, and now it turns out that you might have been one of them..how quaint.

SotFESSaC..(Jhim Linwood): Enjoyed your mailing comments although I thought you tended towards fuggheadedness at times. I found my normal irritation at silliness made even greater by the fact that I agreed with a lot of what you were trying to say, but you kept ruining you argument by throwing out a generallity at the most inappropriate times.

OLLA PODRIDA 1..(Walter Breen): Perhaps you can explain the recent upsurge of interest in the Oz books. Personally I don't understand it. I have read only one of the series, and that when I was about six. The revolting impression it made on me has stuck to this day. I can't remember the name of the story but it was the one where the little boy hero turns into a princess at the end...ugh (to coin a phrase).

I feel that your equating of "slow learner" and "feeble-minded" is a bit harsh. Agreed that this is often the case but not always (and try proving it a general rule), a great deal of the blame must be put on outdated teaching methods, and overcrowded classes. I was very ordinary at arithmetic when I was at primary school and it wasn't until I started to learn Algebra that I really got the hang of what was happening in the former subject.

CONVERSATION 17..(Lynn Hickman): I'm afraid I just can't understand your almost neurotic fear of the welfare state. Sure there are people who abuse the system, but any system is open to abuse, and that is no reason to refuse help to those who need it. So Newburgh is not against giving aid to those who do need it. Well, how are they going to decide who are the worthy and who aren't? And when they do give help to somebody who needs it then the system must work on some sort of socialist principles.

I was amused at your example of anti-welfare-statism shown by Italy Texas. If they didn't accept aid from the Federal Government then I bet that they worked together as a commune, perhaps?), and if this isn't true Welfare Statism then nothing is. But maybe we are just not talking about the same thing.



CHICKEN WAGON 1..(Biff Dammon): This one seemed to get a bit  
sterical at times.

ERG 11..(Terry Jeeves): Great idea having two authors discussing the same subject, I enjoyed it thoroughly and I bet that these articles are the source of a lot of mailing comments. Of course there's a lot I don't agree with in both these pieces and I'll deal with a few points now.

Ted Tubb is hardly prophesying when he says that Africa will become a "seething cauldron of intense nationalism", dammit! it's that already. The Lingua Europa that Ted talks about will be English, you can take that for certain. In Norway, for example, English is a compulsory subject in schools, and I know that it widely taught in other European countries, so it would be quite logical for it to develop into the common European language. Another point in its favour is its flexibility, and this together with the fact that it would be damn near impossible to get the British to learn another language anyway will swing favour towards English.

As usual John Rackham is interesting, and as usual he argues in what looks like, but isn't, a logical manner. e.g. "Almost everyone who understands just a little, realises that a calculating machine has to be small, or the linkage of concept loops is lost". This beautiful bit of wordage is inaccurate unless Rackham's idea of small is a lot bigger than mine is. Again, "..... calculations can be done faster than it takes the signalled result to travel from one part of the machine to the other". This isn't true either. What is true is that calculations can be done faster than output equipment can reproduce them, which is a different thing altogether. I agree with the result of Rackham's argument that computers will get smaller and smaller, but not with the reasons he gives.

Rackham's argument of a computer fitting 20 men into 20 jobs bears some looking into. The product he gives ( $20 \times 19 \times 18 \dots \times 2$ ) tells us the number of possible ways 20 men could be fitted into 20 jobs, it doesn't take into consideration, whatsoever, the suitability of the person for the job. He seems to miss the point that each man need only be tested once for each job.

Assuming the worse possible case, that of 20 men being tested for 20 jobs and no man being suitable for any of the jobs, and calling the testing of one man for one job an operation, we get 20 men being tested for the first job = 20 operations, 20 men tested for the second job = 20 operations, etc. Total:  $20 \times 20 = 400$  operations, which is rather less than the number of operations Rackham gave. If we had each job filled by one of the candidates, the maximum number of operations is 209.

I've gone on a bit here but you can take this as a measure of the interest I found in ERG.

ZOUNDS 7..(Bob Lichtman): Apart from question 3, I find your little quiz virtually unanswerable.

Q1. What full-time job would I most like to do?....This one depends on what mood I'm in at any particular time.

Q2. Make any changes I like, in the world?....In one week? I don't think I would bother as at the end of that time everything would go back to 'normal'. I might take every damned extremist politician and dump them at the north pole, this might help.

Q3. What do I think is an attractive fmz format?....Good use of colour, and clean pages, either multilith (preferable) or well duplicated.

DOLPHIN 1..(Elinor Busby): I think I've said it before, but I'll say it again, I like your chatty style of writing, and I'm glad to see it in OMFA

Women on a pedestal in 'Dickens' time? Never! The excessive politeness shown to women then was just a compensation for an otherwise second-class citizenship.

'Buchan' is pronounced BUCK un.

MORPH 26..(John Roles): 'I'm afraid I can only bitch about this one. I'm far from being the religious type myself, but I thought your Easter hymn was in bad taste, and not even clever.

The Lolita letters bored me so much I couldn't even finish them.

I'm afraid I didn't quite get whether you did or didn't know what Liberal policy is, if you don't then let me know and I'll tell you.

VAGARY 15..(Bobby Gray): I just won't be able to comment on all the things I want to in this mag as I don't have the time or space to do so, so I will limit myself to a few outstanding points.

Frankly, I don't like your attitude towards the nuclear disarmament groups. For a start, the CND doesn't, to my knowledge, organise sit-down protests..it is the Committee of 100 that does this sort of thing. But whether this annoys you or not, surely the question of nuclear weapons is important enough for any method that makes the public sit up and take notice to be a valid one.

I'm afraid your pro-Bomb argument won't hold water. Of course total disarmament is the ultimate aim, but to put forward the argument that because this is impracticable at the present time, then it's no use thinking about nuclear disarmament, is ridiculous. Surely we have to start somewhere, and the most logical place is with nuclear weapons. If we can get this done, the idea of disarmament will have been planted and we can only hope that it will go the whole way.

You go too far when you say that 90% of CND types are cowards. In fact you go further than this and say that 90% of idealists are cowards. Put this way I'm sure you can see that your tirade looks rather unreasonable.

What happened to page 12? I didn't get one.

I see you're for the death penalty too. It looks as if there may be some regret that some "well meaning old soul" didn't get up a petition asking for Hanratty not to be hanged, as there seems to be an increase in the opinion that he didn't commit the murder. But he was found guilty, and I suppose this really is the important thing. Yes, that's right, I'm against the death penalty as well.

Cor, I seem to have disagreed with you about everything, but don't let this fool you, I still thought it a first-class issue of Vagary. Although I don't have anything to say about them, I liked Bill's articles on witchcraft, and in fact I enjoyed everything in the mag, even though I agreed with virtually nothing in it. Keep 'em coming Bobby.

PACKRAT 4..(Jim Groves): Come now Jim, your defence of fur ranching is just not acceptable. It misses the point completely, in that fur ranching is an unnecessary evil.. You are breeding the animals simply to kill them for their furs, which are sold at inflated prices to women who could do something better with their money. The mink coat is nothing but a status symbol, and has no functional purpose at all. I have heard that if you take into account the time it lasts, a mink coat costs about £8 a week, which is a hell of a price to keep warm. Fur ranching to me is worse than fox hunting, and that is really something, but at least the fox does have an outside chance of getting away.

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Ted Tubb is trying to be fandom's Brendan Behan.....Ted Forsyth

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POOKA 12..(Don Ford): The control of the immigration of West Ind into this country isn't quite the same as the segregation of negroes in the U.S. In the southern states, negroes do not have the full rights of citizenship even though they are Americans. In Britain they do. The whole trouble is that they are coming into a country with a real housing problem, and a lack of jobs for which they are best suited. Most people believe that some form of control would be a good thing, but the government has been taking a real beating because there is a point of view (correct to a great extent) that the Immigration Bill which purports to control all immigration, will discriminate against the coloured people. Britain's immigration problem isn't a colour problem as the influx of people from Ireland is as great as that from the West Indies.

I think you are unfair to Broyles in slating his 'Who's Who'. I personally thought it was a good try and was only limited by his lack of experience in fandom, and the fact that a lot of well known fans didn't bother to send him any details, and this isn't Broyles' fault.

You may be interested to know that nearly all fans in GB are pretty well to the left, although by no means Communist. I am a Liberal, and I know of quite a few others so inclined although not established as such, most others are Labour. Come to think of it I haven't heard a British fan admitting to Conservatism.

OUTPOST 1..(Fred Hunter): When I think of the effort put into this cover I come all over tired, and stagger to a seat...a wonderful effort Fred.

SCOTTISHE 27..(Ethel): All I said about the last Scot holds good this one too. MachiaVarley excelled himself this time. A wonderful feature which will take some beating. The rest of the mag was well up to your usual standard..naturally.

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