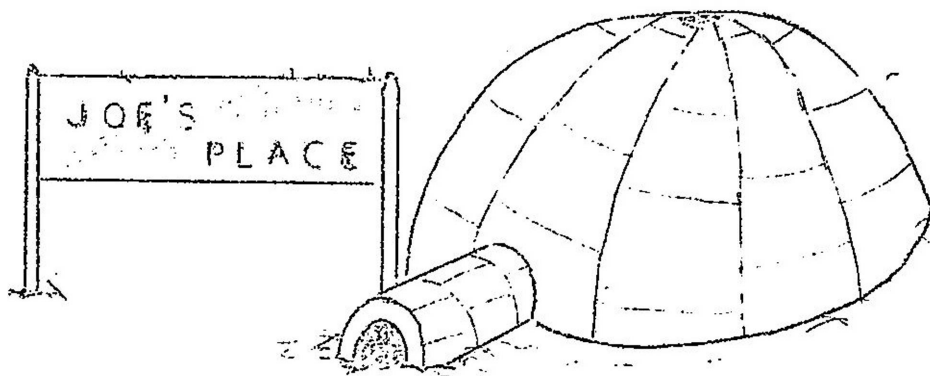


101

BINARY



This is BINARY 101 (the 5th issue, if you can't think in anything other than decimal), produced for the 59th mailing of the OFF-TRAIL MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION, by Joe Patrizio. Just in case anybody out there wants to get in touch with the aforementioned person, all correspondence should be addressed to 22 Eaton Road, St. Albans, Herts.

Some of you may be wondering why I didn't turn up in the last mailing after specifically stating that I would be there. Well I have an explanation, yes, nonestly, a real one..my father-in-law changed his place of employment. There, I bet you naven't heard that one before. Actually it's true. I had most of the material ready to go on stencil for the last mailing but just at the last moment, Bill moved to a new job where ne hasn't got access to a duplicator, and then it was too late for me to arrange anything else..that's my story and I'm sticking to it. But to make up for it (and incidentally, to save my memoership) here is the biggest issue of BINARY ever - my, aren't you lucky (or something).

You may find that there is a remarkaole continuity (OK then, sameness) about this issue, and this is explained by the fact that it has all been written by me (so there will be no buck-passing this time, old lad). Duplicating is by CAPress, if Ella says yes when I ask ner..thank you Ella.

You probably don't realize it, but this a very different Joe Patrizio writing this, than wrote the last BINARY, a year ago. Such a lot has happened that when I look back it seems as if all that just couldn't come about in so snort a period of time.

The most important thing to happen was the birth of Andrew, our son. Even now it is a bit funny to say 'our son' - yes, I know he is, but I've only just about got used to the idea. He's seven months old now, which is an interesting age, as he can play with us, pick things from around him, sit up and take notice, but he is still static. Now I could spend a considerable amount of time and space telling you how amazingly intelligent and good looking he is, but I'm not sure I could do him justice - and anyway, anyone who knows his parents will know exactly what I mean (anyone who doesn't know his parents has my

sympathy.

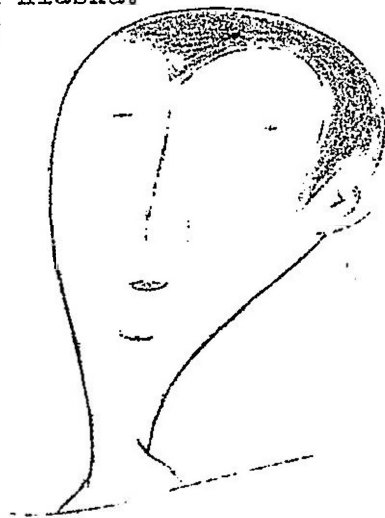
Another, very important thing which has come about since I was here last, is that I have changed my job. Not only have I done that but I've changed the sort of work I used to do for something a bit nearer my heart, so to speak. In case you don't know, I used to be a designer with a computer firm - you know, the big job-consuming monster gurgling away to itself in the corner - but after a while, the work I was doing became very boring and I looked around for a change. What gave the final push was that the firm amalgamated with another, larger company. A most unsettling time this, and quite a lot of people moved on. However, what it boils down to is that instead of a 1½ hour safari through the heart of industrial London, every morning, I now take a 10 minute stroll to get to work.

The new work I'm doing? Well, it's writing handbooks (instruction manuals, US readers note) for electronic test equipment. This means that in a way I have joined the ranks of pro writers. Sure I've cheated a bit, but that's me all over.

An interesting aspect of my new is that I have learned quite a bit about the printing industry. Nearly all our books are done litho although some are printed and others even duplicated, and while we have a layout expert in the department, I do have some say in how the handbook will finally look. This allows my artistic emotions to run riot (almost) and I'm forever on the lookout for new even more flamboyant ideas to incorporate into the books.

Well, let's stop talking about me and have a look at the world situation. When one starts along these lines the first thing which comes to mind is the visit to the U.S.A. of the Beatles. And how did you-all over there like our latest export? We heard, and saw on TV, the great reception you gave to the boys, and it made us feel all proud that they were British. Tell me, why did you send them back? The more I think of it, the more I feel sure that they would have been a riot in the middle of Nevada, Oklahoma, or even Alaska. There are hundreds of thousands of us who would gladly have let you keep the flaming Beatles and their horrible bloody row for ever and ever, Amen. It really amazes me how any group of such limited talent can command the adulation they do. I suppose it is due to the wonders of modern PROs.

I thought it was marvelous, though, that we sent this type of group over to you - poetic justice is the only term for it, and it serves you goddam right. But this isn't all, I see from today's paper that the Beatles are planning another US tour to take place in August or September. Good luck to them..and you.



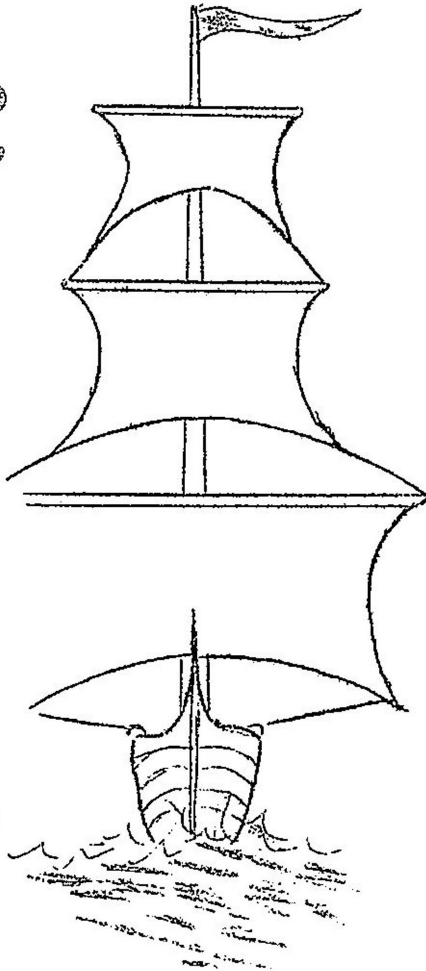
Since Andrew arrived on the scene, we haven't been able to get to see any films; that's the main reason there aren't any reviews in this issue. However, I would like to mention one film we saw recently; From Russia with Love. We didn't go to see the first of the Bond series (Dr. No) as it didn't seem much like our cup of tea, like, but having listened to the raves of various people we decided that we would see this one. Now we are sorry we didn't see Dr. No. FRWL isn't a great film, but it is a very enjoyable one. As everybody should know by now, the film doesn't take itself very seriously, and when you think of it, this is a good thing; if it did the whole thing would soon become ludicrous and boring. As it is, Connery does well as Bond and goes around doing the most outrageous things with an off-hand flamboyance that is quite believable. I strongly recommend this film to anyone who doesn't demand a message with everything he reads or sees. Personally, I can hardly wait for Bond's next film, Goldfinger.

Well, I have just about run out of things to say, so I will wind up. I won't have a BINARY in the next mailing as the dead-line happens to be less than a week after I get back from holiday, but I will do my best to get a few pages into the September mailing. Letters of comment and material would be most welcome, but if you are not a member of OAPA you will still get BINARY whether you acknowledge or not (if I can remember who I send them to). If in the very unlikely event of your knowing somebody who wants BINARY and who doesn't get it, let me know and I'll send one, if I've got one left.

Late note: half the stencils of this have been duped on Ella's duper, the other half have been done by
courtesy of the Liberal Party, St. Albans Assn. *Jok*
and Anne who has put in a lot of work.

Atom for
TAFJ

Water Situation



And it came to pass that Man in his worldly pride defied the Lord, rejected his ties to the land and looked covetously to the sea.

The Lord looked down on Man and sadly spake:

"Man! why hast thou turned thy back on that which thou hast, and strive for that which thou cannot have".

Man did not look up from his work - the building of the boat which was to take him upon the water - but mumbled:

"Why can't I have it? I want it, and I'm going to get it, so there. Anyway, who do you think you are, ordering me about like you owned me?"

The Lord was rather taken aback at this and began to get annoyed:

"Well, I did cause you to come into existence, you know".

"Yeah, so you say" said Man..still mumbling.

The Lord was definitely annoyed, now:

"I've a good mind to make the ground open beneath your feet".

"Bully".

"All right, all right. Carry on...but I expect you'll come whining to me, as usual, when it doesn't work".

And with that He left Man, who carried on with his work without answering.

The boat grew, beginning to look like a boat should (at least, as much like a boat should to someone who hadn't seen one before) until -

"There! done it". Man stood back with a self-satisfied smirk on his face.

God, who happened to be watching, just grunted.

"Is that all you can say?" Man asked.

"Oh well, if it's constructive criticism you're looking for..."

"Fat chance I've got of getting any".

There was silence for a few seconds, and then God said:

"Are you sure you've finished it?"

An indignant yelp came from Man:

"Of course I am. Can't you see? What else can I do to it?"

"How are you going to get it to move?"

Man was very pleased with himself.

"Ah ha! you underestimate me - and not for the first time. I've got two things I can push it along with, in the water".

"Oh, you mean oars".

This remark was a bit deflating.

"What? Oars? Oh, is that what they are called?"

Then angrily:

"Well, how was I to know; I'd never seen any before I'd made them. Anyway, just watch how well they work once I get this thing into the water".

"Careful". God said.

"Huh!" grunted Man, and began pushing the boat to the water. Eventually a final heave, and there it was - floating. Man looked surprised, but recovered himself quickly and jumped into the boat - still it floated.

"There, what did I tell you". Man was jubilant.
"Now to get it moving".

He grabbed the oars and after some flailing, managed to get them into the water. A few splashes and the boat started to move.

"Ah ha! see". shouted Man.

Then he stopped his shouting as water started to ooze in through

the joints, and form a pool at his feet. He stopped rowing and the water stopped coming in, but as he tried to make the shore it trickled in again.

Man was almost in tears:

"What do I do now?" he asked no one in particular.

"I can't sit here forever - can I?" His tone was rather apprehensive at this last question.

God sighed, and said:

"You wouldn't listen, would you? Well, take heed of this lesson and remember - write it down so you will remember - As ye row, so shall ye sleep". 8

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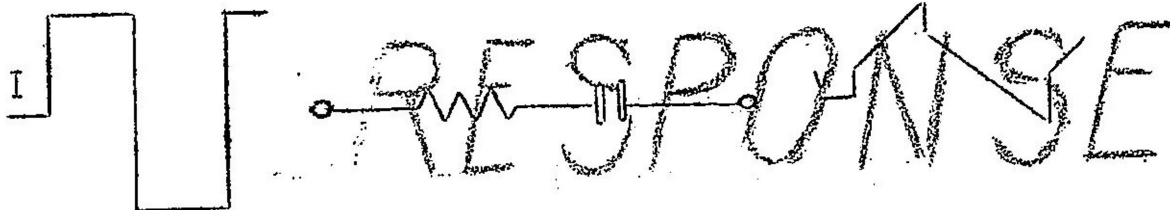
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If a good God made the world why has it gone wrong? And for many years I simply refused to listen to the Christian answers to this question, because I kept on feeling "whatever you say, and however clever your arguments are, isn't it much simpler and easier to say that the world was not made by any intelligent power? aren't all your arguments simply a complicated attempt to avoid the obvious?" But then that threw me back into another difficulty.

My argument against God was that the universe seemed so cruel and unjust. But how had I got this idea of just and unjust? A man does not call a line crooked unless he has some idea of a straight line. What was I comparing this universe with when I called it unjust? If the whole show was bad and senseless from A to Z, so to speak, why did I find myself in such violent reaction against it? A man feels wet when he falls into water, because man is not a water animal: a fish would not feel wet. Of course I could have given up my idea of justice by saying it was nothing but a private idea of my own. But if I did that, then my argument against God collapsed too - for the argument depended on saying that the world was really unjust, not simply that it did not happen to please my private fancies. Thus in the very act of trying to prove that God did not exist - in other words, that the whole of reality was senseless - I found I was forced to assume that one part of reality - namely my own idea of justice - was full of sense. Consequently atheism turns out to be too simple. If the whole universe has no meaning, we should never have found out that it has no meaning: 8 just as, if there were no light in the universe and therefore no creatures with eyes, we should never know it was dark. Dark would be a word without meaning.

from
MERE CHRISTIANITY
by
C.S. Lewis



Comments on the 38th mailing.

ERG: Your article abouts notes you have received from parents was most giggeworthy, but just a bit horrifying that there is such a lack of literacy about.

Congrats on having the most brilliant line in the mailing;
"I'm in favour of peace, but not bomb banning".

MEIN OMP-F: Welcome, and other such phrases of welcome. I read your 'zine with interst etc. (particularly etc) - Anne read it and liked it too, but then she's read Scribble (as I thought, the woman lacks discrimination). You know, perhaps having the total mass of humanity equal to the mass of the world wont affect our orbit - unless you've thought of some way round the law of conservation of mass.

HEX: Too short. Your ethical problem set me thinking (congratulations). Can one person be held responsible for doing something which would create a problem in everyone did it? Surely this depends on the circumstances and exactly what the thing is. e.g. throwing rubbish about. The individual must be held responsible, otherwise this sort of thing, as you say, would cause sanitation trouble if taken to the extreme. But this wouldn't matter if throwing rubbish about didn't appeal to the majority of people; unfortunately it does, and so if you didn't have the rules you would get the problem. Take another situation. Just think of the chaos if everybody decided that it was a Good Thing to walk backwards. If everyone did this you would have a problem. However the chances of this coming about is quite small (isn't it?)...so no ban on walking backwards. There you have the answer to your question - you prevent people from doing what they want to do, and let them do what they don't want to do.

SCOTTISHE: A fine mag. But you don't need me to tell you that - everybody else does it.

The last verse of Brian Aldiss's poem was revolting. Only an Englishman would have the nerve to suggest (?) that 'pause' rhymes with 'wars' rhymes with 'yours'..ugn!

My goodness, Socialist Ethel arguing for the USA; Tory Ian Peters arguing against - this is against the laws of nature. Oh Ethel, Ethel, I'm afraid you've gone too far. In the attempt to praise the USA you felt you had to resort to the denigration of your own fair land. This, I'm sorry to say, means that people are going to show you how wrong you are and in doing so will probably ignore the fact that there is a lot to praise in the US. The ability to criticize itself is not peculiar to America; TW3 did too good a job of it in this country, and even in France they don't do too bad at it. Considering culture; do you really believe that Amis is our best novelist? And going a stage further, do you

consider (as you implied) that 'culture' comprises novelists, pop singers, jazz, experimental architecture, SF and modern art? As for art, you seem to equate 'new' with 'good', a sad tendency of the present day. See what I mean about your original point being obscured? What I particularly admire about the USA is its Peace Corps (which we are now going to copy, and not before time) its dynamic attitude towards life, and its semiconductor devices.

WHATSIT: Your ship game was fascinating. When I get a few months to spare I'll have a go at making it. Merge the APAs? No, definitely no! It would be much too big, I'd never be able to read all the mailing before the next one turned up.

01

2xSIZEM: I didn't think much of your personal remarks about Ella's appearance. Sure, you are quite entitled to your opinions about Ella, just as she has about you, but to bring any differences you have with her down to the level of remarks about the way she dresses is just being petty. Anyway, you're not even accurate in your comments. So Ella dresses, well, informally when at home, but not when she goes out; in fact she's just like everybody else. But all this is beside the point; the point is that you have no right to try to dictate what people's attitude to dress, or anything else for that matter, should be (if it isn't affecting you, that is). If you are going to claim that you weren't trying to dictate anything, then why mention all this in the first place?

And you misquote Burns, too - yech.

COMPACT: You tell a really interesting tale about your new job - more? You've probably seen your boss's new ad on TV; the one that goes "When you think of baked beans, it's got two endings".

The comments you make about Fred Hunter's justified margins bring to mind the conclusions we've recently come to at work. Nobody notices justified margins; in fact the modern thing is to print books with unjustified margins.

LEFNUI: A well produced mag, this. A nice balance of material inside too. Fancy that now, an OMPazine with someone writing an article about SF in it. Len Bailey turned out a much better than average article on a subject that has all out been flogged to death. And it wasn't all destructive criticism either. I think that one of the basic reasons that SF is dropping in its standards is that nearly all the best writers realize that the bottom is out of the monthly magazine market, and are looking for some other field to sell their wares. So to fill the mag, the editor has got to accept stuff he normally wouldn't read there. Soon, everybody with any discrimination stops buying the magazine, which eventually folds...like the Nova mags.

01

I see that the top four magazines in the mailing, were British; rule Brittania, and all that jazz.

SOUFFLE: Was this really Souffle? There won't be anybody screaming after your blood this time; perhaps you've yellowed somewhat, or were you just resting.

I particularly liked your film reviews; They make interesting reading even if you haven't seen the film under discussion.

by their diary shall ye know them

I was given two diaries this year, and while I was looking through them I noticed something quite peculiar. One of the diaries is an ordinary little book with 'Diary' written on the front; the other one however, has the impressive title 'Business Man's Diary' emblazoned on it. It didn't take very much reading before I realized that anyone using a diary with proverbs in it, is being indoctrinated - moulded.

Whole philosophies are impressed upon those who have proverb infested diaries, and the philosophy depends on your occupation. The two diaries taken to substantiate my theory should be generally acceptable for this purpose, as they represent diametrically opposed points of view. The ordinary diary is obviously an all purpose book, containing nothing but innocuous information, designed for the use of the working classes; the Business Man's diary speaks for itself.

There is neither the time or the space to examine each proverb in each book and show how it is integrated into the overall scheme, so I will have to show you how my conclusions were reached by illustrating with a few specific examples.

First a brief look at the difference in attitudes to work. In the working class diary it is moulded by means of a mixture of cajoling and subtle threats - a pat on the back imperceptibly turning into a firm prod. This is clearly shown in the series: 'Well begun is half done'; 'By the work one knows the workman'; 'Industry is the keynote of prosperity'; 'Responsibility is a precious privilege' - these last two dangle the carrot, and now note the change in emphasis - 'Time flies, mind your business'; 'Nobody is indispensible'. There's no mistaking what that means.

On the other hand, the business man's proverbs are really helpful hints as to what he should consider good for himself, and what his attitude to his employees should be. The diary is sprinkled with such go-get 'em expressions as 'Business is other people's money' and 'It's easier to sell to the eye than to the ear'. The publishers of the diary, no doubt showing that there is no better teacher than example, throw in 'Order your 1965 Business Man's Diary, now'. A somewhat firm, although not entirely heartless, line is advocated in the field of industrial relations, shown by 'Correction does much, but encouragement does more', but there are sinister undertones, as in 'Want is the mother of industry'.

The business man, however, seems to need some justification for the sort of life he leads - he obviously feels a deep rooted sense of wrongness about his career, and this need of justification manifests itself thus; 'The misfortunes of the foolish are a warning to the wise'; 'A man without ambition is like a woman without beauty'; 'Evil to some is always good to others' - this one contrasts nicely with the equivalent in the other diary, 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good'.

Further, the business man is advised to caution: 'Swift decisions are better than none', 'Keep a look-out over his shoulder', 'A man's business are the men of his own house'. This worry doesn't affect the working man as everyone knows 'A man's house is his castle'.

The practical advice given to the business man can be of little use to the working man, and that this point is accepted is shown by the strong bias of the ordinary diary, to spiritual well being. 'Life is not measured by the time we live', and 'Every day is a lesson in living', we are told; 'Be just and fear not', and 'Speak the truth and shame the Devil', the way is pointed out to us - and we are even told that there is yet hope, 'It's never too late to mend', and 'Tomorrow is a new day'.

But don't get the idea that the business man wallows in his own corruption. No, no! he too is given some spiritual light, 'Generosity invents even a cause for giving', but just in case he gets carried away it is suggested that 'Our generosity should not exceed our means'.

In the end, however, who can say who is getting the best out of life, for while the business man has to be told 'Worry is not a necessity but a habit', the working man has no such trouble for he has been given specific instructions 'Happiness is a habit - cultivate it'.

Well, there you are. Can any one of you defy my findings? I doubt it. But don't lose hope, where there's a will there's a way; always remember that the price of freedom is eternal vigilance, and a man's a man for 'a that.

* * * * *



odds & ends

A TV newsreader talking about trained monkeys climbing trees to collect coconuts, told how they were controlled by " jerks, on the end of a rope".

At the Conservative Party Congress at Blackpool, last year, while Mr. Butler was making a speech about how the Tories were going to fight for the freedom of the individual, people in the body of the hall were throwing out (literally) members of the League of Empire Loyalists.. it figures.

Advert: For sale, genuine space-ship, complete with clockwork motor.

America's 3400 strategic aircraft aircraft and missiles can deliver instant death today equivalent to seven tons of TNT to each person on our planet. And the stockpile of nuclear weapons is twice that amount. The Sino-Soviet bloc, with its 370 major cities, could be wiped out 1250 times - even allowing for a 50 p.c. loss of attacking planes and missiles. The Russians, similarly, could eliminate the major cities of the NATO area 450 times - and America's cities 145 times.

American football statistics for 1962 showed that there were 20 deaths and 60,000 serious injuries. Ah well, I suppose it's nice to see the kids enjoying themselves.

The above snippets are plagiarized from radio, TV, the Daily Mail and the Sunday Observer.

Renee Martin does it in the built in cupboards at her council house in Farnborough, Hampshire. Schools inspector Frank Vaughan does it in a hole he dug beneath his front doormat. Cherry Leeds from Twickenham does it in her spare bedroom. And lots of people, they tell me, do it under the bed. *

During £6 million wool contract negotiations with Japan, visiting Japanese swimmers were given "honorary white" status by the Verwoerd Government.

From a letter in the Observer:
"Why do people who defend well-written pornography not defend badly-written pornography as well? Why can't we all read what we like?"

It seems almost as if a professional training were as important in this field as in most others. (Kingsley Amis on Science Fiction)

Members of Derbyshire area of the National Union of Mineworkers have so much money that they don't know what to do with it. They are considering buying a luxury hotel on the Italian Adriatic... this will take care of a small portio of the money. (Anyone for Socialism?)

* Relax, they're only wine making.

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