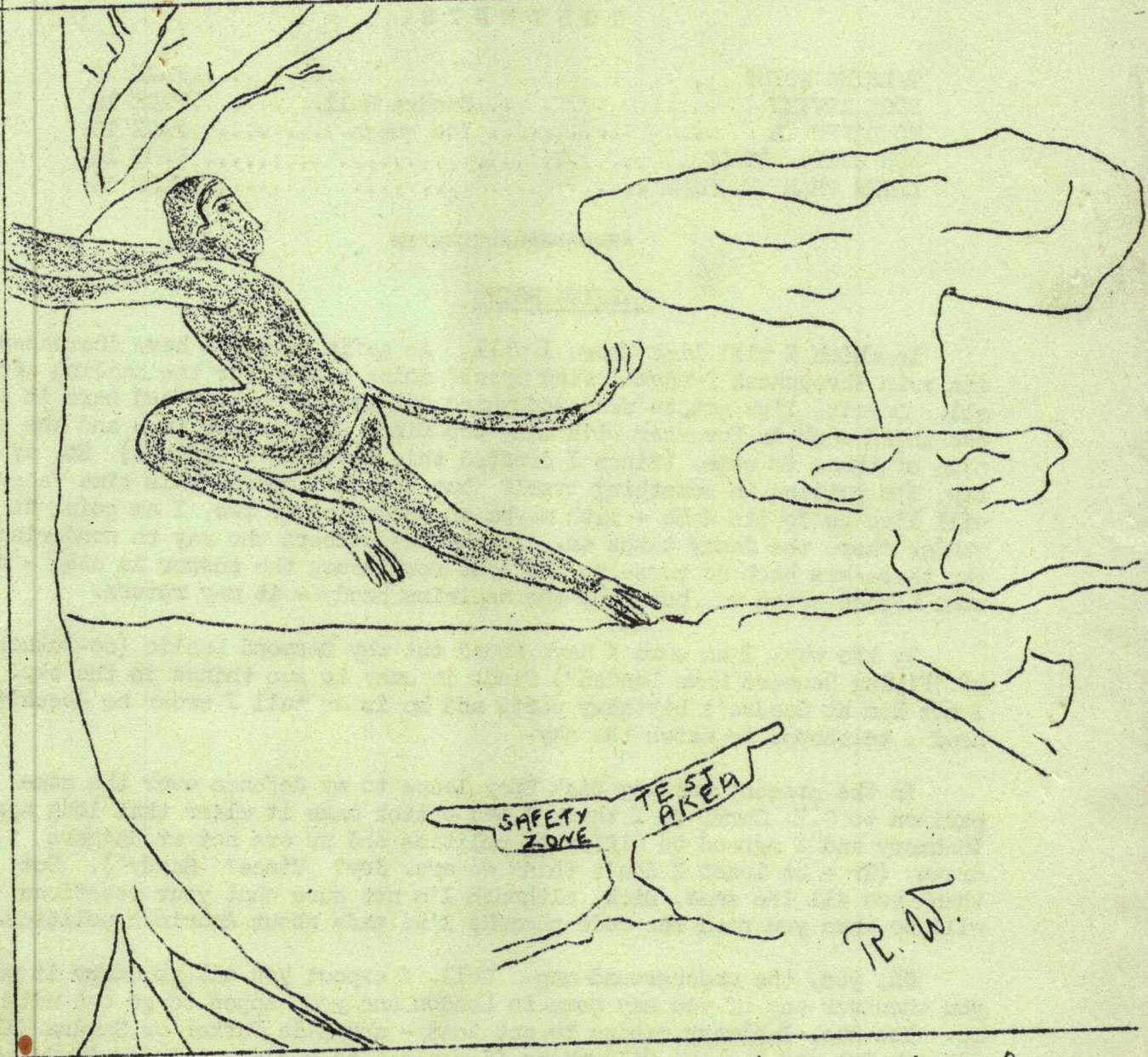


# VAGARY 10



Well, there goes the last of them! I wonder if  
it's worth starting all over again?"



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### TALKING POINT

In which I will list where I will. As gafia seems to have increased its grip throughout fandom I find myself doing a zine for the mailing after all. Dammit, I've got to send something out to the members and here it is the third week in November with only two zines - two zines in - and the promise of three to come. (Since I drafted this three have arrived). So, as I say, I'm putting in something myself but I warn members, this time Vagary will live up to its name - with maybe an exception or two, I am going to wander where the fancy takes me. To the few members who may be wondering why there has been no verse in the last few issues the answer is easy - the muse has deserted me, but keep the aspirins handy - it may return.

By the way, I am sure I have found out why Desmond Leslie (co-author of "Flying Saucers Have Landed") finds it easy to see things in the sky. I met him at Sandra's birthday party and he is so tall I swear he doesn't need a telescope to watch the sky.

In the present mailing Dick Eney leaps to my defence over the comparison to G.M. Carr, so I think I had better make it clear that long ago Inchmery and I agreed to differ on politics and we are not at daggers drawn. (Er - at least I don't think we are. Joy? Vince? Sandy?). But thank you all the same, Dick, although I'm not sure what your reactions will be when you read the rude remarks I've made about American politics.

Oh, yes, the underground map. Well, I expect you all to carry it with you whenever any of you may come to London and you happen to go out with me. You see, I always manage to get lost - ask Ella Parker or Sandra Hall, or even Bob and Barbara Silverberg (I managed to mislay a cinema in Curzon Street for them, and it was Barbara who found it eventually). Mind you, I never seem to get lost when I'm by myself - it's you other people nattering that distracts me (when you can get a word in edgewise, that is).

I see someone has asked me again the question I asked several Vagaries ago. Why are the most ardent feminists so damned masculine?

However, for some reason or other the people who thought about it started talking about babies and I never did get the answer to the question. I wonder if the latest questioner will get one?

I also observe that Archie makes mention of the fact that some country dancing and music can be traced back to my temporal territory, by which I assume he means mythology. He is right when he says that some of our music goes back for centuries. That lovely song "Greensleeves" for instance - Henry VIII has been credited with composing it. He may have put the words to it, but the music is far older. But the oldest song of all is sung all over the world and is usually regarded as a student's song. The song is well over two thousand years old and became a Druidic chant, then the Christians attempted to alter it to their religion with the result that it is the weirdest mixture of pagan and Christian verses. Of course you know it - it's "Green Grow the Rushes, Oh!" The first verse "One is one and all alone" suited both the pagans and the Christians for the Ancient Celts regarded their god as one-in-many and many-in-one and the Christians believe in one God.

Verse number two "Two, two, the lily white boys, clothed all in green, ho! ho!" goes way way back. Before the Celts arrived, in fact, when the small dark people of these islands worshipped the Barley Mother, and the Corn King danced round the cornfields to fertilise the earth. He was accompanied by boys who daubed themselves with white clay and clad themselves in greenery. The third verse "Three, three, the rivals" may refer to the struggle between the kings of the waxing and waning year for the favours of the Moon Goddess, but I am not sure of this.

"Four for the Gospel makers" shows the beginning of Christian influence, but "Five for the symbols at your door" refers to charms to ward off evil spirits from a house and keep the good spirits in. "Six for the six proud walkers" agains goes back to those small dark people, for when they decided to make war on a neighbouring tribe some of the men did a dance in which they wrapped their legs in straw and bound it into position with thongs, so that their dance was high stepping and stiff legged - hence the proud walkers.

"Seven for the seven stars in the sky" - the Pleiads, of course, and this proves how old the song is, for there were originally seven Pleiads, but one disappeared in Classical times. "Eight for the April rainers" - rain was needed in April and the ancient priests used to try and obtain it by magic. "Nine for the nine bright shiners" - the sun, the moon, and the seven known planets. Oh, yes, contrary to what many people think the Britons did know something about astronomy before the coming of the Romans. They were not fur-clad wood-painted savages, (wood was used as a tattoo - and are modern men savages because they get themselves tattooed?) - the word "Brython" meant cloth-clad. Thereafter "Green Grow the Rushes, Oh!" is taken over by the Christians for the last three verses.

Books - I obviously did not make myself clear a mailing or so back when I referred to D.H. Lawrence - especially in reference to one of his his novels I called "that book". I said that a girl who had read the unexpurgated version in Egypt sat and repeated it to me until I was so revolted I stopped



her. No doubt the overseas version went into more detail than DHL did, but the thing that revolted me was hearing a girl say the sort of words that if a man accidentally letsslip in mixed company he apologises. That's what I found in the Forces, anyway. No, I am unable to read the book now, because if I did, the sound of that high sweet voice mouthing obscenities would get between me and what I was trying to read. Doubtless "From Here to Eternity" was franker than Lawrence's book, but the obsecenities in it didn't disgust me - they bored me. Noel Langley himself can be very forthright at times (but without having to use certain words) and if any members have not read Langley I personally recommend him. He is wonderfully funny, but he also wrote one of the most moving books I've ever read. It was called the "Music of the Heart" and I believe it is what is known as a picaresque novel. Despite their strange occupations his characters were painfully real - funny, pathetic and very, very human.

I said I wouldn't talk of films, but John Roles' mention of the "Ten Commandments" reminded me that I had seen it. I agree with him that the spectacle was magnificent and like him I wasn't moved in the religious sense. The attention paid to detail was excellent, but without looking up my books, I think they had the dynasties just the teeniest bit mixed up. As for Ann Baxter's nylon nightie - the ancient Egyptians could weave linen so finely it was transparent. It was also the first time I had seen Yul Brynner and though I would not drool over him he seemed convincing to me. Someone told me he was miscast, but not having seen him before I wouldn't know. But come to think of it, he does vaguely resemble the Sphinx.

Still on films - "Dracula" I did not see - I was thinking of going along for laughs, but glancing at the stills outside the cinema, I wasn't sure whether I would laugh, so I shirked it. "Blood of the Vampire" I mentioned in Sulfuryc and those views stand. The film with it was an oldie called the "Black Panther" - I don't know why as it only appeared twice and Sabu stopped it eating one member of the cast. This was a pity as it should have been allowed to eat the lot before the film got going - or tried to get going. The dialogue was appalling and the acting was worse and I hate to think what John Roles would say about what they have done to his beloved India. I think the part of that programme we enjoyed most was when the four of us came out of the cinema and walked up and down the queue telling the people it was lousy and not worth waiting for.

Now will someone please, please tell me why the good science fiction films always have horrible great spiders in them? I saw the "Incredible Shrinking Man" without knowing anything of the story. The general opinion was that it was a good film, but quite suddenly I am confronted with a screen size spider. I can't stand the things! So I am not sure what happened in some parts of that film. One Thursday in the Globe we were discussing "The Fly" and someone said that the Rialto, at which cinema it was showing, was offering £100 to anyone who could prove it could not happen. We decided to go and see it, but the reviews did not appear until Saturday in my paper and I did not have time to read them before I went up to town. "The Fly" was packing them and I did not stop to look at the stills outside the cinema. If I had done so, I doubt whether the other two would have got me inside the cinema. The film was horrific, certainly, but the acting was

well above the average for the sort of horror and pseudo s.f. films that have been wished on us too often lately. When the film began most of the audience were prepared to snigger their way through it, but twenty minutes later they had shut up - a sign of a good film. I should have realised that a film called "The Fly" would be sure to have a spider in it somewhere, but it just didn't occur to me. The first distant shot of the spider I could stand, but when the showed a close up in Cinemascope my phobia about the damned things proved too much. It was either looking and being sick or not looking - I chose the latter and Ella and Sandra had to tell me afterwards what happened. Nasty, creepy crawly things - spiders, I mean. It has been said that once one knows the reason for a phobia one is cured of it. I know why spiders give me the screaming habdabs, but the knowledge hasn't cured me of spiders giving me the screaming habdabs.

We also saw two vastly dissimilar films later that month. One was "The Vikings" about which a lot of professional critics have complained because of its sadism. Heck, it was nothing but an adventure story and people in those days did behave like that (although I'd like to know where Kirk Douglas got the idea that the Saxons wore Norman chain mail and used Norman triangular shields years before the Bastard of Normandy poked his nose into England) and the cast were obviously having a wonderful time acting in it. The other film was "A Night to Remember" and it was excellently well done. In fact, it wasn't until the film was over that I realised all the time the Titanic was sinking the film had made no use of background music. If it did, I didn't notice it, which meant that for once background music had fulfilled its proper function of not intruding.

We went to see two films at the London Pavilion more out of curiosity than anything and when we saw who had written the script for them both we were horrified. What on earth does Jerome Bixby think he is doing? One was "It! The Terror From Beyond Space." And since when has Mars been beyond space? There were several shots of the rocket travelling through space and I assume the noise we heard as it sailed through a vacuum was the music of the spheres (Hyphen 11, first word, page 28). And it was the same shot every time - the background of stars did not alter. So what happens when the monster from Mars is roving about the ship? The crew members are caught one after the other and oxygen consumption goes up 40 per cent. For something that has adapted to the thin air of Mars, why did the monster need all that oxygen? It should have got drunk on it and eventually died. And why did the crew take so long to think of what a crew of science fiction fans would have done immediately they discovered they had a monster on board (make it pay its fare if it had been Burgess). The crew at last get into space suits and open all the airlocks, but even when the monster had all the air snatched from its lungs it didn't turn inside out.

As for the other film "The Curse of the Facelss Man", it had quite a good plot (better than "IT") but the other film had a slight edge on acting. This one was ruined by a needlessly dark screen, a lousy soundtrack, rotten dialogue and ham acting. Good actors and a better budget might have made something of the reincarnation theme but made the way it was the film was hopeless.



I suppose fandom must have an Aunt Sally and G.M. Carr seems to be it. Since the last mailing I have been told she is a grandmother so perhaps she won't feel indignant about the reference "(if she were capable of having children)" from someone who wasn't sure whether she was past the childbearing stage. All political and other opinions aside, suppose she had not been past the child bearing stage, but for some reason was unable to have children? To suggest that she was not capable of having children would be about the most hurtful thing that could have been said. Men are quick enough to get shirty when doubts are cast on their virility, but most of them don't seem to realise that most women can be equally sensitive over doubts about their fertility. No matter what the feminists say, it is a woman's natural function to have children and although nature has forgotten to implant a maternal instinct in some of them, the majority of women would admit that they would like to have children. I think that half the bitterness in many middle aged single women is caused not by lack of a man, but by the fact they have never been able to fulfil themselves completely by having a child. I should imagine that the women who will argue with me on this point are those who have not yet had any children. I know I haven't had any, but if I get married I intend to, if possible. If possible, being the key words as having being chopped around somewhat and also having a tendency to ovarian cysts, I have only about one chance in a hundred thousand of having a child, but if I ever get married I hope that chance will come off. ✓

The foregoing does not mean I am going into bat for G.M. Carr. I'm not. Although I said I was for the bomb being retained I think it made it clear that I was against "tests". This is where I disagree violently with fandom's Aunt Sally, reasons for which will be found elsewhere in this issue.

One last word about the H-bomb leaflet. When I commented on it a few mailings back I said "Blessed are the meek for they will inherit the earth - six by three feet unless they get cremated." I see Sandy is asking if I meant cremation by the H.Bomb. What else? If we disarm ourselves, we can't trust others to do so as well.

What really saddened me in his zine was his report that a mother refused to take blood from a 'black' for her son, despite the fact that if the boy did not receive enough blood he was liable to die. But the most sickening piece of news I read recently was that of a negro in Alabama being sentenced to death for stealing a couple of dollars. The sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, but that is just as bad. And this is justice in the "Land of the Free?" I thought the Constitution said that all men are born free and equal. What is the sentence in Alabama for a white man who steals two dollars? I hold no particular brief for coloured people, but surely justice should be tempered with mercy?

I haven't got the postmailings to the June mailing handy, but I believe it was mentioned in one of them that a girl was likely to turn Communist because she lived in a house without a bathroom - or it is this sort of thing that is likely to turn a person to Communism. Has every house in the Communist countries a bathroom then? and if they haven't are the occupants liable to turn Conservative? Two years ago I read a report that 51 per cent of the houses in the United States were without indoor sanitation - is

the United States a Communist country? No - if a person wants to be clean lack of a bathroom is not going to that person being clean, no matter what political creed is followed. Besides, why not move into a house or flat that has got a bathroom? Many of the rural districts in this country have houses without bathrooms or indoor sanitation and it is those districts where Communism has made the least impression.

By the way, did any of the London members get round to seeing the show of international political cartoons at Hulton House? It opened on October 16th and three of us went there in the late evening after the crowds had gone. The cartoons on display were from both sides of the Iron Curtain and though most of the Russian humour seemed to be heavy handed a few of the cartoons were really good. And again I was struck by a curious fact. The first time a curious fact had struck me was when I picked up a newspaper and glancing quickly at a photograph I thought it was Krushchev - a second look and I realised it was Eisenhower. The other side of the coin, one might say. It was the cartoon show that made me think that the USA and Russia are mirror images of each other - everything reversed. From the cartoons it seems that Russia holds the same opinion of the U.S.A. that the U.S.A. holds of her. The Russians do not seem to have unduly hard feelings towards Ike, but Dulles is looked upon by them in the way that Molotov was once looked upon by the West. Dulles, in fact, is called "Mr. Nyet." You see, the mirror image again. One country is disgusted with the western way of life - the other is horrified by the Russian way of life. The U.S. is disgusted by the fact that Communist children are encouraged to denounce their parents if they do not toe the party line, yet in the U.S. big business bosses write to wives of employees telling them to prod their husbands on to greater efforts and even try to get the children to do the same. Is this freedom? I would call it invasion of privacy. So Pasternak had to refuse the Nobel Prize for Literature because of pressure put on him by his own countrymen - and in Alabama a negro was sentenced to death, then reprieved and sentenced to life imprisonment for stealing two dollars.

One of the Russian cartoons had a very ironic thrust at Ike. It showed a huge robot cut away at the back and divided into rooms. All the rooms were busy except one. Other than a notice on the wall saying "President's opinions" it was completely empty. But it is Dulles who is detested - I wonder how he feels at being disliked by the Eastern bloc and large part of the West? The main difference between the two countries is that the Americans can hold free elections and the recent Democrat landslide has shown in no uncertain manner that the average American is highly dissatisfied with the present political situation in the U.S.A. Is it too much to hope that the next President will boot out Brinkman Dulles before he finally plunges the world into war? It was an American who told me that Dulles is one of the most hated men in America. If this is so, why can't something be done about him?

I sometimes wonder if it wise for a successful soldier to become a politician. So many of them who were once regarded as heroes have ended up being either despised or pitied. Churchill realised where his talents lay and left the army early, but think of some of the famous and successful soldiers of history who tried politics and what happened to them. Marius died detested



and so did Sulla. Ceaser fell at the hands of assassins and Cromwell was not even left in peace in his grave. The Duke of Wellington entered Parliament and ended up being stoned and pelted by a mob.

I know that some men have succeeded at both but they are very, very few. And a soldier would take a different from a born politician. A professional soldier is trained with one end in view - to defeat the enemy in war. Nearly all his adult life he is taught this and what happens when he decides to take up politics? He has no enemy so he subconsciously looks for one. It may be a country with whose views he disagrees or it may be the opposing political party in his own land. Again, since politics is usually something new to him he has to rely heavily on advisers and he does not always choose the best men. There is a rough code of honour in the military forces, but the soldier will seldom meet it in politics and he finds it difficult to realise that what he does is no longer a matter of integrity, but of expediency.

But I think the saddest spectacle of all is the man who acted like a politician while in uniform and then enters politics and acts like a general. Sometimes a good man forever falling between two stools and there is always the uneasy thought that when he falls for good he is likely to drag the country he is trying to serve down with him.

I have seen two really good shows in London recently. One was a one-woman show and she only made two appearances at the Festival Hall while on her tour. This show was Anna Russell taking the mickey out of culture and I don't think I have seen anything so beautifully guyed in my life. This is a good thing because as long as there is someone who can make us sit back and laugh at ourselves and our "sacred cows" there is hope for us. The crowning moment of her show was, of course, her analysis of the "The Ring" and when she announced she was going to do it a gasp of pure joy went up from the audience. I laughed until I cried and I know I shall never be able to see the "Ring" now without thinking of Anna Russell giving a Valkyrie yell or describing Siegfried as "So big, so strong, so brave, so handsome - and so stupid!" And there was that lovely throw away line when she was describing Siegelinde's peccadilloes. "She was going to desert her husband, which was immoral, to go off with her brother, which was illegal. Oh, by the way, you can get away with anything in grand opera - as long as you sing it. I think her humour and her sense of fun would appeal strongly to fans.

The other show was "Irma La Douce", a musical brought over from Paris and as soon as one of the characters walked on and said "It's all right - it's quite safe for the children" we settled down to an evening of outrageous fun. It was frank and it was naughty, but so funny that only a hardened prude could have taken offence. Since most of you have probably read the reviews in the papers I won't waste your time describing the plot, but if any of you are ever in London go and see it - I think you will appreciate it.

Perhaps some of you are thinking that this is a departure from Shakespeare, but I didn't desert the Bard. The Academy cinema in Oxford Street started a season of Olivier's Shakespearian films in August and proved so popular it was repeated. The three films shown were "Henry V", "Hamlet" and



"Richard III". The latter I did not go to see again, not being sure whether I could restrain myself from standing up in the cinema and bawling "It's a damned lie!" When I saw it the first time I nearly wore my choppers down to the gums through gnashing them. I did, however, go to see "Henry V" as I had missed it first time round. I think it was a little too theatrical (I know it was from a play) and being transported from an Elizabethan theatre and then having an invisible chorus tell us we must now use our imagination seemed to me to destroy the "Suspension of disbelief". "Hamlet" was by far the better film, despite the leaving out of some of the characters, although one or two close-ups of Laurence Olivier made him look like the son of Frankenstein's monster. The scene in the Queen's bedroom between Hamlet and his mother reminded me irresistibly of Orestes and Clytemnaestra for some reason or other.

In October, Sandra and I went to Stratford-on-Avon for the week-end to see Michael Redgrave play Hamlet at the Memorial Theatre. Why is it that although thousands of people go to Stratford on Avon every year there isn't a direct train there? Instead, one has to change at Leamington Spa into a most peculiar coach and I swear that the driver had a percussion band in the cab with him. When he wanted some cows to move off the line he honked a horn, when we approached a station he rang bells and sometimes for no reason at all he pressed a buzzer. Either he had a set of percussion instruments or else Gerard Hoffnung was driving the train and composing part of his Interplanetary Suite. Stratford itself is disgustingly commercialised, but what really annoyed me was the enormous number of redheads wandering about and as I was only there for the weekend there was no point in making a pass at them.

The theatre was really something, though. The acoustics were marvellous and although we were in the gallery we could hear the merest whisper and murmur from the stage, and the scene changing was done swiftly and silently (The Old Vic could take a lesson from this).

The play itself? Excellent - and I think Michael Redgrave is a better Hamlet than Laurence Olivier. Some critics did not seem to be sure of him when he played the part earlier in the season, but one of them has since admitted that Redgrave's Hamlet is now a "great." There was a fine cast, too, but I wasn't sure of Dorothy Tutin's Ophelia. It is an awkward part and there is really nothing for an actress to get her teeth into until the mad scenes. Dorothy Tutin did these scenes wonderfully well, but did not quite put it right over - one can always tell as there is never a cough from an audience when a scene really grips it. During the mad scenes there were still one or two coughs to be heard. Yet during the fencing scene at the end of the play there was an absolute silence - which only proves that people can restrain their coughs (and unwrapping chocolates noisily) in a theatre.

### "The Heart of A King"

It was an English queen who said she had the heart of a king. A few days ago (November 17th to be exact) marked the 400th anniversary of the accession of Elizabeth to the throne at the age of 25. (Odd that nearly 400 years later another Elizabeth should come to the throne at the same age). In



spite of her faults, Elizabeth was the best of the Tudors. Her grandfather, Henry VII, was a nasty suspicious mean monarch, her father did not keep up his early promise, her half-brother Edward VI died while still a minor, but had already shown signs of becoming a tyrant. Mary, her half-sister, a sad, sick, lonely and embittered woman, died hated by nearly all England. (She was the original of "Mary, Mary, quite contrary").

There was little love between the sisters. Mary openly called Elizabeth a bastard, claiming that her father was either Mark Smeaton, the Master of the King's Musick, or Anne Boleyn's own brother. Yet in spite of the fact that Elizabeth was born only four or five months after her father's marriage to Anne Boleyn, she had a better claim to legitimacy than Mary, for Mary's mother, Katherine of Aragon, had first been the wife of Prince Arthur, Henry VII's eldest son, and when he died while still a youth Henry VIII married her. To marry one's dead brother's wife came in the forbidden degrees of the Church, so from a religious angle it was no marriage at all, therefore Elizabeth could reasonably claim that it was she who was legitimate and not Mary. But Elizabeth was shrewd and she never committed herself for she lived too close to the shadow of the block. No doubt if Mary had not died when she did, Elizabeth might have been beheaded by her jealous sister for Philip of Spain, a handsome young man of thirty married to a woman several years older than himself, took a great fancy to Elizabeth. Mary probably had good reason to be suspicious of Philip's friendship with Elizabeth and in the end it was Philip's claim to the throne that turned their love to enmity. When he married Mary he was addressed as titular king of England, but he was never crowned.

The same year that Elizabeth came to the throne there died a man called Reginald Pole, a cardinal, and grandson of George, Duke of Clarence, and son of the Countess of Shrewsbury who was beheaded by Henry VIII. He became a cardinal without taking Holy Orders and he could have been Pope, but he chose to return to England during Mary's reign, which was a brave thing to do because he had a far better claim to the throne than any of the Tudors.

It was the year before Elizabeth's accession that John Knox published his blast against the "monstrous regiment of women", which was directed at the three Catholic queens - Mary of Scotland, Mary of England, and Catherine de Medici of France. When Protestant Elizabeth came to the throne, the country was treated to the spectacle of John Knox eating his words.

Elizabeth was lucky in that she had good statesmen, although they kept her very short of money - which nearly cost England the defeat of the Armada - the English ships ran out of ammunition. Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary of State, had one of the finest Secret Services in Europe, and it was he who got to the Venetian bankers first, thus stopping Philip borrowing from them as they were too heavily committed to England. Though even if Philip had succeeded with his Armada it is doubtful whether he would have sat on the throne of England in peace, as the current Pope had promised England to his own illegitimate son. Lord Burleigh was another statesman on whom Elizabeth relied heavily, but he was suspected of tricking her into signing the death warrant of her cousin, Mary Queen of Scots.



Talking of Mary, Queen of Scots, the Old Vic recently staged Schiller's play "Mary Stuart". It made hay of history, but it was a tremendous piece of theatre and they had the actresses to play the parts of Mary Stuart and Elizabeth. The queens were played respectively by Irene Worth and Catherine Lacey and at the end of the play there were roars of "Bravo" for both of them. At the risk of offending the Scots I say that Mary was in the wrong. What right had she to try to hawk a crown that did not belong to her, but to Elizabeth? And to give the English queen her due, she tried and tried to get out of signing Mary's death warrant.

It was after the death of Mary Stuart and the defeat of Philip that England's greatness started burgeoning. The seeds had been sown by Edward IV and Richard III, the credit was taken by the first two Tudors, but it was left to Elizabeth to bring it to full flower. It was the beginning of British sea power and one of the finest periods of literature. It was an age which produced Drake, Raleigh, Sydney, Marlowe, Bacon, Drayton, and the incomparable Shakespeare. Will the second Elizabethan Age breed such men as these?

And now to talk of something completely different. Some time ago I boarded a bus in Catford and went upstairs for a smoke. As it was a Saturday there was a fair number of people in the bus, most of them feeling edgy after shopping in crowded streets. A little girl was on the top deck with her mother and before long I think about the only person who wasn't wanting to strangle her was her mother. Up and down, up and down the aisle she went, bawling and screaming at the pitch of her lungs, and if there is a noise that maddens me more than anything else it is a high pitched screech. Faces scowled at the little girl and her mother tried to quieten her, but it was no use. Just as it seemed that several of us were about to take a deep breath and yell "Shaddup" the child went up to her mother and started singing "Happy Birthday to You." When she paused her mother said "But it isn't my birthday darling." "I know it isn't, Mummy, but I love you." The scowls disappeared like magic and were replaced by tolerant smiles, and her mother hugged the girl. That child will grow up driving people to the point of madness and just when they decide they will break her neck she will smile sweetly or say something so charming and guileless that they will find themselves forever forgiving her.

While I have been working on these stencils at odd intervals some more mailings have arrived and there are some pertinent remarks made about all the feuding and fussing that has been going on this year. It can get confusing, though. Some of us have been taken to task for naming names and it is also cowardly not to name names. You just can't win. However, the comments made very much to the point and I think it is about time that all this feuding came to an end - particularly the international feuding. A number of fans seem to have gone gaffa this year and it isn't really surprising. After all, Fandom is Just a Goddam Hobby (I got that in one second, by the way) so why take it so deadly seriously and take all the fun out of it? Would it possible for us all to make a New Year resolution and vow not only to stop all this carping and bickering and cut ourselves down to size? We are none of us big fish in a little pond, but tadpoles in a very small pool and I think it is now time for us to remove the scum from the water. Agreed?



SECRET PLACES OF THE LION

by

GEORGE HUNT WILLIAMSONReviewed by Sandra Hall

This book could be sub-titled "History As You Like It." Much publicity was given to its launching by Dr. Hunt Williamson, one of the witnesses of the Adamski saucer contact, but the book itself is a disappointment. It is a heterogeneous conglomeration of miscellaneous matter. Quote: "The 'angel' Gabriel appeared to Joseph in a 'dream'. Actually Gabriel was in charge of a space craft and he contacted Joseph telepathically through the magnetic force field of the ship." This is Dr. Hunt Williamson's interpretation of the Biblical flight out of Egypt.

I think that this is likely to do far more harm than good to the case for the flying saucers. Newcomers to the dispute will probably condemn the whole subject without bothering to investigate further. Dr. Hunt Williamson never quotes his sources of information and this fault, which marred "Other Tongues - Other Flesh", becomes even more apparent in this latest book of his. Rewriting history may be necessary, but this book reads as though it were written by one medium, a women's psychic circle, and a first class clairvoyant, with continuity by Hunt Williamson himself. The author should be reminded that mediums, clairvoyants and those who remember past incarnations are sensitive people and the most easily influenced by other people's minds.

I am the last person to argue the fact that the gods of antiquity were space visitors, that the perfected human mind is capable of causing bodily levitation or even that reincarnation is a fact. At the same time I challenge Dr. Hunt Williamson to name his sources of information and to produce some historical proof to substantiate the statements made in his book. Until he does so, neither this book nor any others by this author should be taken seriously.

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Drat the girl! She didn't give me a long enough piece to fill up the stencil. (Bobbie here, by the way). Sandra by the way has experienced two U.F.O. sightings. It happened when she was living in the West Indies and she said that one was a very good sighting and the other one was doubtful. Talking of reincarnation I was asked recently if I believed in it. I had never given the matter much thought but after reflection I said that at times I had a vague feeling that I should be carrying a sword and what's more it was my right hand that wanted to grasp it. Yet someone once told me that I was the most completely left handed person she had ever known. That isn't quite right as I am ambidextrous in a few things. If I am a reincarnation of someone I should imagine it is of someone from Ancient Greece, Ancient Rome, Ancient Britain or the Plantagenet period. Though I have such a violent horror of even reading about torture I suspect that if I've lived before I was probably a heretic or a witch - or both. And no cracks from you lot, either. Have any of the members views on this subject or are you all sceptics? Me, I've got an open mind on most subjects.



TO DAFFODIL  
ON PERCEIVING HER AT HER RUMINATIONS IN THE EARLY MORNING  
 (Pedigree: by Westminster Bridge out of Lonely Cloud)  
 By William Wordsworth

Earth has not anything to show  
 More truly rural than a cow.  
 Dull would he be of soul who could  
 Pass by a cow, in field or wood,  
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
 A-ruminating at her ease,  
 Without such touching majesty  
 Flashing upon the inward eye.

This cow doth like a garment<sup>‡</sup> wear  
 The beauty of the morning air.  
 Rump, udder, back, belly and horn  
 Lie open to the fields at dawn.  
 Never did sun more bravely steep,  
 In his first splendour, horse or sheep.  
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm  
 So deep as on a dairy farm.  
 I gazed and gazed, a little soft,  
 Until she raised her face aloft  
 All bright and glittering in the dew,  
 In vacant or in pensive mood.

<sup>‡</sup> obviously a jersey.

No, I didn't write this - you have a guess.

~~XX~~

But for the following I am responsible.

NOR CUSTOM STALE

I know a great lady. And I am not alone in knowing her, for in all the far corners of the world men - and women - often think of her and perhaps wish once more to run to her and hide in her voluminous skirts.

Her age is uncertain, but of her charm there is no doubt. No one knows for sure the number of her children, and her children by adoption are many and varied.

For some years now she has shown a tendency to spread rather rapidly, but the dirty, silver-grey girdle across her middle still accommodates her, and she is loved none the less for her untidiness.

Like a wise mother, she understands her children. If they wish to



be alone they can hide in her skirts - if they wish to be sociable she will turn her gayest face to them. And being wise, if her sons and daughters wish to travel to the far countries, she will let them go, but being a mother, she will welcome back her wandering children, no matter how long they have stayed away from her. Many of them feel the tug of the invisible umbilical cord and when they return at last and rest on her bosom, listening to her great heart beating, each thinks "It is good to be home again."

She has an unquenchable spirit, which even a war could not destroy. Some of her children died and she received many blows during the war, but at the end of it all, she emerged tired and tattered, but with her sense of humour unimpaired, and her surviving children loved her more than ever.

She has no favourites, prince, peasant or grand duchess - she will welcome them all with the same impartiality. There is no room for hate in her heart. Sometimes her children will bring strangers, or strangers will come to her uninvited and though they have no wish to be friends, she will give them the same welcome her loved ones receive. If the strangers remain cold and aloof she, too, will be aloof, but when they leave she will not pursue them with hate. She will forget them and very soon her children will forget them, too.

She is a very busy lady. All the week she hustles and bustles and hums, but at the weekend she will relax and she can change her mood to suit her children. The busy working days are forgotten and on Saturday she dons her gayest clothes. It is a time for jolly vulgarity and she will wear her gauds with an air, and laughing at and with life itself, she will lift her bright painted face to the world without losing one whit of her charm. Course at times she may be, but on Sunday she can change her mood and be a very gracious lady, muting her gaiety yet retaining her charm while her children relax.

Like Walter Pater's Mona Lisa she is all things to all men - and women - and if anything should happen to this very lovable charmer, her children, her adopted children and the many friends scattered throughout the world would be desolate, and the terrible sense of loss would remain with them until the end of their days.

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."

London!

Your servant, ma'am!

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For I have been London's lover for thirty years,  
And how I've enjoyed it! Never has London hid  
Her laughter from me. Now I like her tears

As well as ever I did.

She's lost her looks a little? She isn't dressed

With the splendour of yore? Well, nobody cares a damn;

She's still herself, she's London, she's still the best -

And anyway, here I am.

"Londoner". Hilton Brown.



LATER THAN WE THINK

A few weeks ago I had a Conrep published in Femizine in which I made one or two comments about the Aldermaston march. I also said that Dr. Paul Hammett who was at the Con, had many sensible to say about the horrors of the H-bomb, but running straight from my other comments it may have sounded as though Paul was as much in disagreement with a protest march as I was. This, however, was not the case and Paul sent a letter to Femizine saying so, Ethel forwarded it and I made a copy of it before returning it to her, because I think what Paul says in that letter about the dangers of nuclear testing should be disseminated as widely as possible. It is for this reason that I am quoting some of his letter in Vagary as well, plus another letter that he sent to me later. I think I made it clear in the last issue that I think it pointless to try and get the Bomb banned, but that I considered there had been more than enough testing. Anyway, here are extracts from Paul's first letter.

".....First of all I have no antagonism towards the people who marched to Aldermaston on Good Friday in order to register a protest against a weapon they feel constitutes a very real danger not only to themselves but also to the rest of humanity. I. personally, feel they certainly have a very good case, because whether or not the bombs in themselves are merely more deadly, but not necessarily more "wicked" weapons than pre-1945 chemical explosives, there is, at any rate to my way of thinking, an ever present risk that some neurotic goon - Russian or English speaking - might decide to use the weapon from sheer pathological funk "before the 'other side' does." I have no really very strong views on the actual keeping of the bomb, though obviously I would rather no nation had it.....

.....But, while I am against explosives in general and nuclear weapons in particular, even to the extent of having no strong views on which should be outlawed first, the 'conventional explosive chicken' or the 'atomic egg' provided the lot is scrapped to the great benefit of both your pocket and my nerves, while, as I say, bombs are no good to you, me, or the vast majority of mankind, but only to a tiny number of people who profit by them, my main objection is to the criminal 'test' explosions which are slowly but surely poisoning this planet, atmosphere, hydrosphere, and lithosphere - the lot - by the gradual but inevitable accretion of long halflife fissionables constantly being added to our natural quota. In plain English, we are continuously increasing the statistical chance of serious damaging to your GONADS, as well as your neighbour's five thousand miles away. We are producing pitiful baby monsters, some of whom even have the misfortune to survive intrauterine life. I have delivered some myself. I know. I could not, of course, prove which of the teratoids (monstrosities) are due to natural background and which to artificial (test) radioactivity, but there is no doubt that a significant proportion are due to manmade radiation, if only because of the statistical occurrence of teratoids within the last ten years. The increase is only a small one, a few per cent, but there is a world population of two thousand million, and a few per cent of a thousandth of that number is quite an unnecessarily large number to subject to this obscene baptism of neutrons. (I read some months ago that an expert said that only one per cent of the world's population would be affected by radiation. A slight figure until one considers that it works out to over twenty million people, nearly half the population of Britain. Bobbie).



I have not touched on the subject of the blood dyscrasias, for example, the leukaemias, the aplastic anaemias, the polycythaemias, the leucopenias. Do you know that not one national paper has had the courage to collect and print comparison statistics of deaths attributable to radiation over the last twenty years?...."

(In the spring of 1955, the Daily Telegraph did publish an article on the long range effects of radiation and the writer of the article pointed out that as a gene affected by radioactivity is recessive, the full effects of present folly will not be known until between the tenth and twentieth generation from now. Bobbie).

".....The dreadful thing is that the effects of our stubborn and reckless contamination of our sorry planet will not be seen and evaluated in their full entirety for the next ten to twenty years, during which the "nuclear nations" may on one pretext or another go on adding to the awful total, while possibly other aspirants to the dubious status of world nuclear poisoners, such as for example the French, might insist in flinging in your face and mine their own filthy quota. If we had that sensible thing, a World Government, this sort of thing would certainly not be permitted, but then the 'need' for nuclear tests would not be contemplated....."

The foregoing extracts are what I consider the most serious parts of Paul's letter, but I have no doubt that Ethel will publish it more fully - I hope she does, because although it means some of you will read the remarks twice there are some who will be reading it for the first time and I think the more people who know of what we are allowing our politicians to let us in for, the easier it may be for something to be done about it. But I still think going on a march is the wrong way to get something done, for reasons which I shall state later.

The newspapers are, however, publishing more about radiation now. Maybe some of the British members read in the papers how, when it was discovered that a certain naval officer who died of aplastic anaemia had been at the H-bomb tests in the Pacific, an inquest was ordered. I have in front of me a report of that inquest. An open verdict was returned on the officer and it was decided that the cause of his rare blood disease was unknown. The carrier on which the lieutenant served as a radar officer was 25 miles from the centre of the explosion and was "closed down" as a precaution. The ship had special instruments to detect any change in the rate of normal radiation and there was none. As an added measure, all the crew carried film which was examined afterward and none was found to be contaminated. 400 miles from the explosion the ship had crayfish expeditions and some of the fish were tested for signs of contamination and then eaten. But not every fish was examined and it was agreed that it was possible for a contaminated fish to swim that far. The officer's duties on radar were also taken into account and it was stated that he had .02 per cent strontium in his body and it was normal for anyone to have .02 to .05 strontium in their bodies. Figures were produced stating in London in 1956, 128 men and 138 women had died of aplastic anaemia and not all those death could be attributable to radiation. Yet this officer had had no record of illness until 1957, which was the year he attended the tests, and as soon as the naval surgeon found out that he had attended the tests he correctly diagnosed the lieutenant's sickness as aplastic anaemia.

But what really alarmed me was the fact stated at the inquest that we all have between .02 and 05 per cent strontium in our bodies. Has this always been so or only since 1945? And the same surgeon who diagnosed the illness when asked at the inquest "Do you agree that one of the most alarming aspects of radiation is our ignorance of it?" replied "I could not agree more."

One of the political parties has called for the latest figures on radiation to be published, as the present figures are only up to the end of 1957. This year there have been more nuclear tests than in any other year with widespread reports of contamination and evidence was available to show that radioactivity was rising by one quarter to one third yearly, particularly in the wetter parts of Britain.

It has also been reported that radioactive dust is now a regular component of London's atmosphere (where over 200 men and women died of aplastic anaemia in 1956). By direct inhalation and by deposition on the ground this dust can be assimilated in our bodies, but the present level is extremely low and well within the safety limits. (Which are what?) But these components are long lived and radiation just doesn't dissolve - it accumulates. London's milk contains 'only 0.01 microcuries of radiation', but how many microcuries do we eventually accumulate of longlife radioactive waste? The water of the Thames is still causing concern because of pollution by the outfall works on the lower reaches. So it means that our water as well as our milk and air is contaminated. If this has happened to London, what on earth is happening to the people in Nevada and the surrounding states?

After receiving Paul's letter I sent him some back issues of Vagary so he could read what I said about the bomb and the tests. Here is the letter I received and it contains some very interesting information.

"...Many thanks for the issues of Vagary. I found them of interest indeed. However, I fear I shall have to cross swords with you over certain item. In Vagary 9 you write, under Mailing Comments on "Phenotype" "Pugnacious pacifists.....at Aldermaston they overturned a car with the occupants inside." From a press cutting(Daily Mirror 8.4.58) "Then people closed round the car. There were shouts of protest and scuffles. The car was rocked. In the car were Oxford University scientist Kennedy MacWhirter, his brother Norris, and Oxford undergraduate John Legh. Police cleared a way for the car and it drove off with an escort of motor cycle policemen." Upside down????? Infra, the same report goes on to say "A spokesman for the marchers said last night 'A car with loudspeakers was attacked by onlookers. So far as I have been able to find out, none of the marchers was involved in the incident.'"

From the Daily Express 8.4.58. "Legh jumped out, too, carrying a placard. In flaming red letters "Kruschev's Bunion Derby!" An angry crowd of 20 was swirling round. A woman flung herself against the bonnet of the car. Fists pounded. A woman screamed "Turn it over!" A man pointed to the Mercedes nameplate and shouted "Look, it's a German car." The crowd hustled the three men and tried to turn the heavy car over. Miss Pat Arrowsmith, diminutive, 27 year old organising secretary of the march, pushed through the struggling crowd, exclaiming "This is a non-violent pacifist demonstration. Show them out." Police pushed their way through. A man's nose was bleeding. To shouts



of "Fascists" the car was driven across the field, which was already filling up with marchers. Please note that the car was never overturned and furthermore, the "occupants still inside the car" were actually outside, making offensive personal remarks (Bunion Derby). Unfortunately for the persons with more equipment than sense the people round the car were evidently not pacifists at all, as their manhandling of the ex-occupants of the car showed, and bashed the car for good measure. In any case it is clear that the vanguard of the marchers only then began to arrive, so that the sensible lassie had to race ahead of her marchers....."

Had to race ahead of most of her marchers, Paul. Evidently some of them got there before she did, because if the people in the field had been those who only came to "watch the fun" they would not have touched the car, but stood to one side ironically cheering both factions. In any case, I didn't get my report of the incident from either of the two papers you mentioned. In the report I read, the men jumped back into the car after Legh had displayed his banner, but your reports only say that Legh was out of the car - as the vehicle had a loudspeaker there was no need for the others to leave and they couldn't have done because how did they drive the car away otherwise? But no matter how pacifist a demonstration is supposed to be there will always be the pugnacious ones about. And one of the spokesman said "So far as I have been able to find out, none of the marchers were involved in the incident." So far as he was able to find out! Would any of the supposed pacifists involved in the incident have admitted it. I know that John and Marjorie Brunner were on that march and I can admire them for sticking to their principles, but I think it a pity that John was not on the scene first, because he could have spoken to the anti-marchers in such a way that I doubt if they would have had the nerve to wave their banner.

However, I disagree with protest marches, because I think they defeat their own ends. No doubt 99 per cent of the marchers were ordinary sincere people, but to keep a thing like that going there must be a small core of fanatics - and these latter are capable of doing anything to someone who hinders them to their way of thinking. Besides, the weather was dreadful on that march and it seems to me that the people who took part ran a grave risk of catching fatal doses of pneumonia, bronchitis, etc., and how many of them have been cursed with rheumatism and other allied illnesses since? To achieve a purpose one should have a clear mind and when one is sick it is difficult to think straight. (The late pope with his one dogma and some weird opinions is an example of this). If the world is not to go to hell in a bucket we need clear-thinking brains, not martyr's bones. What good is an intelligent man, no matter how sincere, if he is in his grave? Although we Britons may not be Conservative in a political sense, we are conservative in other ways and when a whole lot of people up and march off to Aldermaston - or any other place - the rest of us are inclined to think of them as a lot of cranks and dump them in the same category as the League of Empire Loyalists, who have also defeated their own ends by being downright cranky at public meetings. No, there are more subtle and effective ways of gaining one's ends than to go galloping off on a protest march that is going to leave one wide open to hecklers and the other cranks of the opposition.

In any case, no matter how non-political a march is, politicians of various parties will be sure to edge in on the act. The march was well publicised

and John pointed out that the Communists who offered to help were cold-shouldered, but that didn't stop Krushchev suddenly bawling at that time for nuclear disarmament, and Gaitskell & Co. also jumped on the bandwagon. The marchers did not want them as it was a non-political demonstration, but just try to keep out some of those crumbs when they think it may help them to win an election.

Again the President of the campaign for nuclear disarmament is not renowned for saying something and sticking to it. I don't care if he is the great Bertrand Russell - to me he is woolly minded. Though from his eminence of "moral superiority" he now says ban the bomb, a few years ago he was all for a preventive war against Russia, whatever a preventive war may be. In 1914 he screamed at his fellow Britons for defending themselves against Germany, but while in the United States he supported the war against Hitler. No wonder most people say the word "intellectual" in a tone of contempt!

Bertrand Russell, of course, is not the only man who can come out with magnificently nonsensical statements. Lord Montgomery also belongs to that class. In his view one of the Western powers should possess the bomb and that power should be Britain. And what guarantee is there that this country will not produce a man with a Nasser or a Makarios complex? I know our politicians are supposed to have the gift for compromise, but I still say that we might produce a man as power mad as Krushchev or Nasser or one who is a bigger dope than John Foster Dulles. The two countries who should not have the bomb are the United States and Russia as, regardless of the fellings of the ordinary people in both countries, the politicians are at each other's throats and are likely to plunge the whole world into a final war. If Britain has the bomb on this side, then let Yugoslavia have it on the other. Yes, I know it is a Communist country, but it has the guts not to follow the Moscow line. Perhaps in this way the balance of power could be preserved. As for "clean" bombs - well, here is the rest of Paul's second letter.

".....I am very glad to find you in agreement with responsible thinkers on the subject of the tests, about which we know not nearly enough both as to short and long term duration and effects on living nucleoplasm, but that what we do know, makes it a matter of extreme urgency that everybody should stop tests forthwith. Are you aware that of circa 200 tests inflicted on the general human and animal population to date, the Soviet Government is responsible for a total of not more than 40, or actually one fifth of the total, which is bad enough of itself. The remainder is shared by the Good Old USA and Great Britain, the former being the biggest culprit in terms of number of 'tests' and therefore the number of neoplastic deaths all over the world, past, present, and future. These are "Western" figures. I would refer you to the Times for the breakdown on the distribution of nuclear explosions since 1945. Yes, the West undoubtedly leads if you can call that leadership. Another thing that shocks me, and leads me to conclude that we are no better than the opposite camp in crass hypocrisy, is that we leave it to the other side to be the first to propose and keep proposing the permanent cessation of these manifestly harmful tests. It seems that the best we can do in this respect is to sanction a temporary suspension only, for periods of a few months, possibly with an eye to resumption when it should or military sabre-rattlers. We call ourselves



democracies, when the pressure of public opinion and desire, however overwhelming, is blatantly ignored, or at any rate circumvented by our political appointees, by means of various shabby expedients. Had it been the German Government which twisted fact and scientific prediction in the same unseemly fashion that we do, I doubt we would have forborne to call it arrant militarism. Or does a criminal practice become any the less pernicious because we are the perpetrators thereof? No one here wishes to whitewash the Russians, who are perfectly capable of behaving atrociously when they so wish, but two wrongs never made a right, and a homicidal maniac is still a psychotic murderer, whether he be British or American, in or out of uniform, drunk or sober, illiterate or Physicist. (Dr. Teller, "Clean Bombs"), lies, I repeat Lies! He knows as well as I do that there is no such thing, that to detonate a deuterium, tritium or lithium hydride "H" weapon requires a fission "A" bomb to supply the necessary mega-temperatures and therefore, since this means a critical or minimum mass NO nuclear weapons can possibly disseminate less than the 'critical' quantity of highly poisonous radioactive fission products, whether the 'trigger' atom bomb be uranium, plutonium, neptunium, or even radioactive green cheese. Clean? These desperate neurotics are so intent on their hobby horses, doubtless hoping that the inevitable cancerous nemesis may strike their neighbours rather than their relations, friends and precious selves, these insane poltroons try to bamboozle public by saying that this or that nuclear bomb is 96 or 98 per cent 'clean' thus giving the impression that they have eliminated all but two per cent of their foul radioactive contamination, when what they have actually done is more or less add 98 parts by weight of relatively inert tritium to a standard megaton H-bomb (with fission A-bomb trigger) and thus attempt to mislead the unsuspecting public into thinking that the world population is no longer being poisoned to the extent of 10 to 20,000 dead victims per bomb, IN PEACETIME... which, since the total quantity of long halflife radioactivity remains the same, is certainly a fraudulent assurance. Yours till the holocaust. Paul."

There is no doubt that Paul has stated some grim facts in his letters and the politicians who want to keep on having tests must be stark, staring mad. As for the number of tests, I have a breakdown of figures up to September, 1958. Score for the United States is 1945 - two, 1947 - nil, 1948 - three, 1949 - nil, 1950 - nil, 1951 - eleven, 1952 - nine, 1953 - eleven, 1954 - three, 1955 - fifteen, 1956 - ten, 1957 - twenty four, 1958 - thirty. Total - 118. Score for Russia is 1949 - one, 1950 - nil, 1951 - one, 1952 - nil, 1953 - three, 1954 - three, 1955 - six, 1956 - seven, 1957 - nine, 1958 - twenty three. Total - 53. The score for Britain is 1952 - one, 1953 - two, 1954 - nil, 1955 - nil, 1956 - six, 1957 - seven, 1958 - five. Total - 21. That makes a total of over 200 detected tests altogether and 58 alone have taken place this year. It will be observed that America is the biggest culprit, with Russia well ahead of Britain for second place, but all three nations are guilty of polluting the atmosphere and killing thousands of people who have no part in their quarrels.

Paul has suggested a World Government to put a stop to this, but what sort of government would be acceptable to all the political factions throughout the world? A Communist World Government? A Republican one? A Democratic one? A Conservative one? A Socialist one? No, as the bomb promoters state that there is more danger of radiation sicknesses from cosmic

rays, luminous watches, X-rays and other stuff than from their tests, in spite of the fact that health authorities state that all radiation must be considered harmful and many diseases have been caused by it, and also that the tests have slted many thousands for a premature death, I think that the United Nations should all get together for once. The bomb is a fact so it is no use trying to ban it, but U.N. should insist on banning the tests and since it is a majority vote ~~that~~ counts in the Security Council and not the veto that same Council should suggest that all tests should be banned forthwith, and the first country to break this rule should be voted out of the United Nations, a trade embargo placed upon it, and no aid to be given if that country should be attacked by another. Even if the idea was placed before the General Assembly at least we would know which countries were sincere in their desire to stop the tests by whether they used the veto or not.

To assist the Security Council in doing this, is it possible for doctors from all countries should pool their findings on the effects of radiation and insist that photographs of victims of radiation diseases and of the teratoids that survive life - no matter how terrible the photographs are - should be published in every country? Prospective parents from all over the world would be up in arms immediately and the politicians would not stand a dog's chance - and even if they were torn to pieces by a mob it would be a quicker death than the slow wasting away caused by radiation. Men, especially when they realise the transient immortality they receive by transmitting their genes to future generations is in jeopardy, will want no more nuclear tests, be they men from behind the Iron Curtain or this side of it.

Little man, oh, little, little man, your immortality is at stake, so will you think again? For it depends on what you do now as to whether we are tomorrow's history or tomorrow's mythology.

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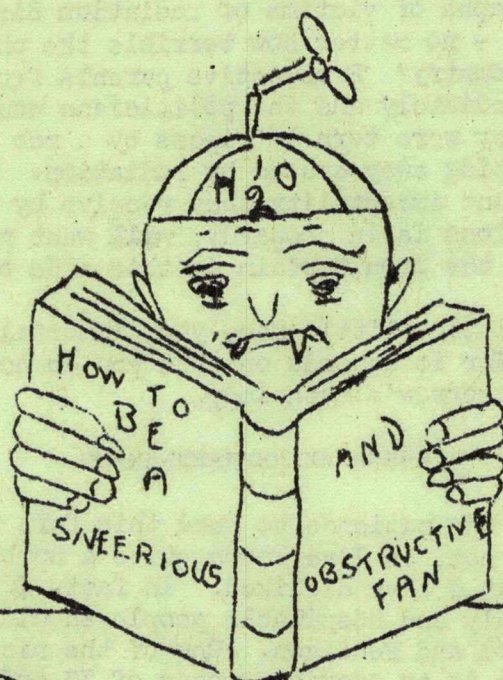
If anyone has had the patience to read this far, they may be thinking I am anti-American. I am not, as I've known quite a number of Statesiders and I've likked far more than I have disliked. In fact, I think it is a crying shame that such a friendly and hospitable people should be stuck with the clots at present in the Capitol and Pentagon. One of the nicest people I have had the good fortune to meet is an American woman of 76 and I only wish I had as much energy and joy-of-life that she has.

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And now some news that should get you all fair croggled. The joke is on me, by the way. I belong to the Civil Service Clerical Association, which is regarded as a Trade Union (which has never gone on struck yet). I have said in this issue what I think of protest marches and I am not withdrawing those opinions, but I have been doing these stencils at odd intervals so some news (and some Ompazines) has caught up with me. I see by today's paper that 40 of the Executive Committee of the Union to which I belong marched from Upper Belgrave Square to Whitehall to protest at the pay offer made by the Treasury a couple of days ago - they carried placards, too. Then it occurred to them to refer the claim to arbitration, but to give them their due, they refused to strike out of loyalty to the public. Other unions could note that.

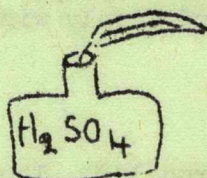


CONFEDERATION  
OF CREEPS  
CERTIFIED that



LAWS  
IN LAWS  
OUT LAWS  
WETZ  
LAWS

MACHIAVELLI  
FUGGHEADS  
FORUM  
HOW TO  
WIN FIENDS



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