

FROM VINC CLARKE, 7 Inchmery Rd., Catford, S. E. 6... LONDON, natch. DESIGNED for inclusion in OMPA MAILING No. 12, June

1957. If it actually gets into it, that's my good luck, if not yours. Stop that deadline!

A word or two of explanation about the second-sides of these sheets is obviously called for as a preliminary. My office has the spendthrift habit of duplicating on only one side of their perfectly good duplicating paper, and, moreover, printing too many copies. The result is that the office window-ledge gradually accumulates a stack of unwanted lists until they are tall enough to topple over. Then they're burnt. Obviously, this blood-curdling proceedure had to be diverted to a better use

PROGRESS

Life has been one damn thing after another lately; no time to do anything. Joy and I have one of these new style duplicated letters started, and even that has been hanging around for a couple of weeks since anything was done to it. I have also started on the second part of DUPLICATING WITHOUT TEARS, but that'll have to go out as a post-mailing some time. I also still need some authoratitive stuff on one or two items.

DWT is about the only Project I've on hand now, apart from an idea or two for the CoN., but I still wish I had more time. Foo to these people who yak about not knowing what to do if they had no regular amployment...you know... "But if you won £75,000 on a football pool you'd only get borod." Thank ghod nono of my friends can be numbered amongst these crass idiots; my horo of horos is the Grasshopper before he mot the Ant. I admit that I can't envisage .. even in a fantasy 'zine ... any form of society that would allow me to do what I wanted without asking any recompense, but that would be my paradiso ... a sort of I-topia. Be dammed to the respectability of honest labour; I'd be a lazy louse and love it. Except that I wouldn't mind being a toacher of Grasshopper philosophy...you could call it the one-jump-ahedonist rule, or vincent omnia labor.

"O for the voice of that wild horn" ROB ROY

As I write these words Sandy Sanderson's new loudspeaker is melodiously uttering a KISMET selection; since he was bitten by the hi-fi bug a few months ago we have had music while we work, play, eat, etc and very nice too. This loudspeaker is worthy of some admiration alive or dead, anyway...it's a cubo about 3'6" on the side. Sandy's also acquired a tapo-dock, a now record player and various bits of oloctronic apparatus which make me realise how inadoquato by RAF training as an electrician was. The place is now surrounded by wires which must be sending out some really distorted waves... I've been expecting them to call around from Biggin Hill aerodrome any time at all, wanting to know what we're doing to their radar

But the major point in all this is that with the tape deck added to my old recorder we're expecting to go places in taperesponding and similar activities soon

Nettlefold & Moser, Ltd.
(Screw Dept.),
170-194 Borough High Street,
LONDON. S.E.1.

1st October, 1956.

PRESSED NUTS - ROLLED THREAD

	1/8"	5/32"	3/16"	7/32"	1/4"	5/16"	3/8"	Whitwo	orth
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rass Hex.	1/2d.	1/2d.	1/8d.	1/8d.	2/4d.	3/6d.	4/7d.	11	11
			STEEL		LUS 32½%	· ·			
			BRASS	P	LUS 30%				

METI MONTHLY ACCOUNT.

We now have the means to boat that irritating bugbear of the fan with a tape-recorder, copying and re-recording. With only one recorder you are left with an original tape and nothing clso; with two, you can copy a tape playing on one onto a fresh tape playing through the second machine, and so ad infinitum. We are intending to put various sound offects captured on my tape through the years...the sound of galaxies colliding in Cygnus, sound-track music from FORBIDDEM PLANET, Tod Tubb pleading for a drink etc. on

to a special effects tape.

It'll also be useful in another little strictly illegal project I have in mind; we have the music from MY FAIR LADY, the hit-show now so fantastically successful on Broadway, and which is not supposed to be performed in this country until March 1958. It's wonderful stuff, tunes as catching as .OKLAHOMA and words a darn sight more intelligent, and it's a shame that it can't be generally heard...the LP record is fetching about £7.10s. in the side-streets around Charing Cross Rd., I hear. When we get my own recorder up to scratch...Ron Buckmaster is giving it some professional attention at the moment...wo should be able to cut the music on tapes sent to us, from our master-copy. Shh-h-h-h! Incidentally, Inthink this new prozine on tape-recording is lousy, and am intending to write and tell the editor so...vill report if anything of interest occurs.

GHODZILLA...or, pardon, GODZILLA

Went to see the First Jap. S-F. Film the other week, and found much of it curiously impressive. We were inclined to dismiss it as just another herror-s-f when it was announced, like THE PHANTON FROM 20,000 LEAGUES, and THE MOLE PEOPLE (I wonder if they have ever thought of one called THE SKUNK PEOPLE...cities panic as the terrible offluvium grows nearer, the army, nesses clamped by hastily secured clothes-pegs making a last desperate stand with attar-of-reses in their flamethrowers...where was I..?) but as it was on with THE SEARCH FOR BRIDEY MURPHY we went. TSFBM wasn't too bad, by the way, though they weren't objective enough to mention the various pieces of evidence which have accumulated against the authenticity of the recall.

GODZILLA, though, had somothing. The story is nothing; a montter arises from the sea near Tokyo, destroying ships, and on being attacked rampages ashere and wipes out 2/3rds of the city before the inevitable young scientist. this time Made in Japan. . . destroys it by an Invention which is Too Terrible to be allowed to be used in War. . . an attitude

which I wish some real-life scientists would copy.

The monster, Godzilla, is about 400ft high, built on the general lines of a barnacle-covered allosaurus with dersal plates, and is afflicted with one of the worst cases of halitesis yetknewn; after trampling through and over the city for some time it breathes misty vapor onto the wreckage, which promptly bursts into flames. For about ten minutes the screen is filled with an ergy of destruction as the thing looms over the burning skyline. It makes King Keng's earlier efforts in New York look downright harmless. One levely shot lasting about 5 seconds shows a wreckage-littered alleyway, lit by flames, and with two or three people trying to salvage things. There's a series of crashes and at the far end of the alloy a huge feet abruptly blocks out the view of the street beyond....

There is a general atmosphere about the film which leads me to believe that if one understood Japanese and saw the complete original it would probably have a strongly anti-H Bomb theme. In one scene an Expert is giving his opinion in a council-chamber that it was A- or H-bomb tests that originally aroused the monster, and another member jumps to his feet with an impassioned outburst, being promptly hustled out untranseleted. Dellars to you its the Communist member for the Lower Yang-Po district....

Another oddity is the dubbing they've done; to make the thing intelligible to the Western World a completely new character, an American reporter, has been grafted into the film. He is there to have things explained to him and to explain, via telephone or tape-recorder to his Editor, what the hell's going on when the human characters got a chance to do something. The actors aren't called on to register anything much except herror, which is apparently indicated by a slight widening of the eyes in Japan....

PATRICK MAWKISH

I've been surprised to see no reviews of SCIENCE AND FICTION in fandom so far. This new book by Patrick Moore isn't that new...about 4 months old...and is the first book on s-f to be published in Britain. It stinks. However, as anyone doing research is likely to be referred to it and as it does mention fanzines, alboit flootingly, there'll be a full-scale roview of it in the next EYE. Joy and I are fighting each other for the opportunity to do the review ...and a pre-publication copy will be sent to Moore. This poor man's Arthur Clarke needs taking down a peg or two.

Nettlefold & Moser, Ltd., (Screw Dopt.,) 170-194, Borough High Street, LONDON. 3.E. 1.

24th August, 1956.

SHAKEPROOF WASHELS - STEEL.

Internal Teeth - Type 12.									
No.	1204 6 B.A. 6/3d.	1205 5 B.A. 1/8" 6/3d.	1206 4 B.A. 6/3d.	1208 3 B.A. 3/16" 6/3d.	1210 2 B.A. 6/3d.	1214-1 0 B.A. 8/4d.	1214 1/4" 8/4d. per 1,000 List.		
No.	1218 5/16"	1220	1222 7/16"	1224	1228 5/8"	1232 3/4"			
	10/5d.	13/4d.	20/10d.	24/2d.	53/4a.	60/5d. pe	r 1,000 List.		
Ext	ernal Tee	th - Type	11.			,			
No.	1104 6 B.A. 6/3d.	1105 5 B.A. 1/8" 6/3d.	1106 4 B.A. 6/3d.	1108 3 B.A. 6/3d.	1110 2 B.A. 3/16" 6/3d.	1112-1 0 B.A. 8/4d.	1/4" 8/4d. per 1,000 List.		
No.	1118 5/16" 10/5d.	1120 3/8" 13/4d.	1122 7/16" 20/10d.	1124 1/2" 24/2d.	1128 5/8" 53/4d.	1132 3/4" 60/5d. pe	r 1,000 List.		
		SHAKEPROOF WASHERS - PHOSPER BRONZE.							
Internal Teeth - Type			19.						

Internal Teeth - Type 19.

No.	1904	1906	1910	1914	1918	1920	1924	
	6 B.A.	4 B.A.	2 B.A. 3/16"	0 B.A.	5/16"	3/8"	1/2"	
	11/3d.	11/3d.	17/6d.	26/8d.	34/7d.	44/-d.	102/-d. per	
							1,000 List.	
External Tooth Type 18								

External Teeth - Type 18.

No. 1804 6 B.A.	1806 4 B.A.	1810 2 B.A.	1814	1818	1820	1824
11/3d.	11/3d.	3/16" 17/6d.	1/4" 28/4d.	5/16" 34/7d.	3/8" 44/-d.	1/2" 102/-d. per 1,000 List.

Contd......

I hope those OMPAites who wanted to see Comet Arend-Roland managed it. Joy and I were very nearly cheated; although we had a good view of the North Western sky...the only part of the sky we can see well...the house is horribly sited for star-gazing...the direction is towards the glare of Lendon from hore. I spent some hours trying to pick the thing out with a reflector, but although the latter magnifies, a lot of light is lost in the instrument, and it wasn't until I brought over a small refractor from welling days after the comet theoretically became invisible to the naked eye that we spetted it, and by that time it was just an egg-shaped blur of light. It's nice to live near Lendon, but on occasions like this I could wish for a Godzilla to stamp it flat.

The whole episode of the appearance of this comet gives at least one s-f fan a quesy feeling, though. How easily it could have been a WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE or BIG EYE type wandering world....

RECENT READING

Sam (John Christopher) Youd has Done It; his DEATH OF GRASS, brought out here several months ago without much in the fanfares or accolades except the Daily Mail Book-of-The-Month award, was broadcast on the BBC and began serialisation in SatEvePost and book publication in the USA and the film rights are being bought and probably PB rights as well...all the glittering galaxy which is the constant temptation of the fan-tempted to-be-an other-pro. The SatEvePost did it proud, too...a full page introduction headed THE STORY THAT SHOCKED THE EDITORS and all the trimmings.

The London EVENING NEWS gave Sam a 15-column-inch write-up, starting "This is the story of Samuel Youd (say it to rhyme with "food") who works by day in a City industrial diamonds information bureau...." and opined that the take for DEATH OF GRASS was about £35,000.

Sam has been sweating away at his typewriter in all his spare time for years and richly deserves success; it's a pity that DEATH OF GRASS isn't an outstanding novel but just happened to get the breaks. Lot's hope that all of us who'd like to do the same will be equally successful.

My own reading has been varied and spasmodic of late. Just finished THE INVESTIGATOR, the transcription of the record satirising McCarthyism which had a brief boom in the US some menths ago and helped the fight against one of the most unpleasant aspects of US politics; glad I had it from the library, though...7/6d would be too much for a book whose reading time is about 20 minutes.

I went down with something resembling influenza over Easter...just as well that we decided to save our money for the World Con and didn't go up to Kottoring...and in to two-three days I was in bod spized upon a little John Dickson Carr collection of Sandy's. I was tired of s-f, and if I had to get germs on books they needn't be my own. Carr, as you probably know, is a detective writer whose character Dr. Gideon Fell is in the Holmesian tradition. What I hadn't realised was that Carr has a comic vein, too, and one of the books (they were Penguins...I read six in 2 days) entitled THE BLIND BARBER is one of the funniest things I've over read..it had me helploss with laughter in several places. I den't care how incogrueus it is...I'm putting this with Bremah's Kai-Lung stories, Brahms and Symon, Benchley, Perelman and some of Anthony Armstrong books as first-rank humour, and highly recommended.

Francis William's DANGEROUS ESTATE is highly recommended for anyone interested in the British Press...it's history, development, present-day difficulties and what can only be described as the philosophy of newspaper-publishing. It's 25/-, though. In case you hadn't noticed it, John D.MacDonalds PLANET OF THE DREAMERS...the old TWS WINE OF THE DREAMERS, has been issued as a PB by one of the smaller firms, Viking Press What interests me is that the only blurb mentioned on it "imaginative..exciting piece of science-fiction.." is taken from a periodical of which I've never heard. BRITISH WEEKLY. Anybody heard of it? I don't like the nationalistic bias implicit in the title, it's reminiscient of EUROPEAN MONTHLY (?) which is a Fascist organ, but I'm curious.

Amongst recent 'zines MAG OF FANTASY & S-F June '57 is the most interesting since DOOR INTO SUIMER finished; Hight of Light by Philip Jose Farmor is a powerful-enough yarn for one to everlook Boucher's odd pro-religious introduction, and brings back memories of Hubbards Foar. A strong supporting cast includes a beauty by Shockley, Love Inc. I do wish some fan would publish a regular 'zine (impossibility No 1) giving details of not all the 'zines but those worth getting.

FAREWELL....more nattering in LAUNCHING SITE which should accompany this. A.V.

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