

Pt Auuri 33



ATOM

# DEIGHTON

# PLACE

I have always kept my eyes open for authors who combine wit and authenticity in their writings, and by the same token I'm always on the alert for writers of spy stories, so it is refreshing to report that I have discovered Mr. Len Deighton... refreshing, because he has written two spy stories which are the antithesis of authenticity and wit.

In fact, so realistic are they that one almost thinks that the typesetter actually worked off War Office files.

I discovered Len Deighton quite accidentally....I was perusing the BBC publication RADIO TIMES, and saw that the author of a fairly mundane-looking TV play was the aforementioned Deighton and the RADIO TIMES gave the information quite gratuitously that he was the author of two spy books "whose

anonymous spy out-Bonds James Bond." This was recommendation indeed, so I ascertained the titles of his two books...Secret File No.1...THE IPCRESS FILE and Secret File No.2. HORSE UNDER WATER...and when I called at the book sellers he remarked that he'd sold out of the books, that there was a brisk trade in them, and that I would have to order. Unfortunately, I got the second book first, and being impatient I read it before I was able to get Secret File No.1. I wish I had waited, and read the books in order, because the second is a sequel to the first, a direct sequel. I'll not be a sadist, though, I'll review them in order :-

## THE IPCRESS FILE.

I don't want to divulge plot details, but I will say that this is a complicated story. You've got to pay attention, it's no good reading it if you've got TV on, or if the wife wants you to make love to her. This book requires your undivided attention.

Before you know where you are, the anonymous hero ( the book is written in the first person ) is in Beirut with a couple of other operatives, laying ambush for some international crooks who had previously kidnapped a top British scientist who is en route for Redland.

The spy is on guard on a road, someone else is doing the dirty work on the crooks car, when he sees another car approaching. Using his initiative, he bombs the approaching car, which blows up, killing the occupants, who, unfortunately, were American secret service men following the crooks. He is philosophical about this, and returns to London. Later, he goes to a Pacific atoll to witness an atomic explosion. Funny things happen here, which results in the hero being captured by the American secret service ( he doesn't know why ) who recall that earlier he bumped off two of their number. He gets beat-up and roughly handed, which he mentions as being ' a normal American interrogation'. Somehow he is kidnapped from the American secret service, and when he wakes up finds out he is being guarded by a Mongolian. Mystery follows mystery, unless you've paid attention you'll be utterly lost. The denouement is also complicated, and as I say, a mystic figure who emerges at the conclusion is the villain in HORSE UNDER WATER.

## HORSE UNDER WATER.

There is a mystery about this book even before you start to read it. The front cover is superb....a photographic potpourri of a skull, sea shells, bullets and an encrusted Iron Cross. The inside and back covers are black. A pseudo rubber stamp announces the book is DOWNGRADED TO UNCLASSIFIED, and then, on another page, it gives SOLUTION with 58 three or four letter words such as 'Aid...frog...Beep...Fado, etc' and some abbreviations D.D.....U.....A.I.T.C., etc'. Now I've read the book, and it's completely incomprehensible. Now I recommended this book to a girl in my office, and she got a volume before I did, and hers had a crossword puzzle in it. BUT....some of the words in this crossword puzzle had longwords, some with eight or ten letters in them, so this list of solutions doesn't apply to that specific crossword. Actually, whilst the hero is travelling to and from Spain ( where a lot of the action takes place) he does crosswords, invariably getting the clues wrong. Another thing, there is a full page facsimile of a letter written in the House of Commons in 1941, referring to factories in Vichy France and Latvia, and signed 'Henry'.

Henry is the villain who appeared at the end of THE IPORESS FILE and who the anonymous spy tackles in HORSE UNDER WATER.

The spy has improved his lot in HORSE UNDER WATER. In the previous book he shared an office...there were references to cold cups of War Office tea, and filing systems, etc, all very realistic. In HORSE UNDER WATER his own flat seems to be his hq, which he appears to share with a female clerk. The main plot concerns a secret station he sets up on the coast of Portugal ( did I say Spain up there...? I meant Portugal.)...to discover the where and whyfore of a U-boat which was sunk off the coast. He commutes between London and the secret station, and all the time Henry lurks mysteriously in the background...and eventually comes the time when the spy confronts Henry.

Maybe this precis has put you off from reading the story. It shouldn't, it's only a rough sketch, and I haven't mentioned yet what I consider the high spot of these books...the very high descriptive details. I always liked the Raymond Chandler exaggerations... 'His shoulders were as wide as a garage door' sort of thing. Len Deighton takes this to the ultimate. Every page features what the READERS DIGEST quaintly calls 'Picturesque Speech.' I think his best one is about a Lieutenant who joins his station in Portugal. He knocks the door, but the spy only allows him to open it very slightly. He doesn't know its one of the Gibraltar naval staff come to join him :-

"Look here, sir, here" he said through the crack, his big blue eyes wet with anxiety. "It's about the..." He paused and hissed the word 'sub.' By now the door was so nearly closed that he was playing it like a woodwind. '

Like the style? Here are a few more out of context... 'The sea was kicking idly at the beach....the green skirt of the sea dashed its frilly petticoats at the yellow rocks... his finger was like a bent cigar... the house was richly furnished and I didn't have to be asked for dinner to know that the cruet wouldn't be plastic...he walked slowly across the room, the rich Persian carpet switching off the sound-track of his foot-falls... around her were scattered the brightly coloured record sleeves that are the folk art of the new world...a Viscount (( aeroplane))) came down the GCA talkdown, its white, red and green lights peep-boing the traffic pattern... it was then that the blast sent me across the pavement like a tiddly-wink... and so on. Some were so superb that I almost applauded whilst reading the book.

Those few snippets suggest another unusual preoccupation with Len Deighton...his need for mentioning colours every few lines...often several colours in one line...also, and this is interesting, he very frequently uses the actual word 'colour'. This isn't a specially chosen paragraph, but it will give you an idea of what I'm getting at :-

'Each year the building with the bell is painted a mustard colour and the bar next door a deep tomato red, but the sun bleaches them lighter every day until the colour all but disappears. Inside the bar the star-patterned tiled floor joins the star-patterned tiled walls. The sunlight that lies inside the doors like two white mats reflects coolly among the marble-topped tables and crippled blue chairs, and the framed colour pictures of Glamis, the Tower of London and the Queen with Salazar. In happy co-existence is a big sleepy ginger cat and a noisy white cockerel named Francois.'

But no other contemporary author, not even Ian Fleming, can inject that all-action technique when the situation requires it...I mean of course authors of the private-eye-super-spy medium...which Deighton manages to do. Allied with this vibrant touch is humour, personality, acute observation and authenticity. Read this for example :-

'I stood there unhappily, my feet were wet and made little sucking sounds. I felt Murray touch my elbow with the cold metal jemmy. Looking round I found him pretending it was an accident. I took the hint. The side window was higher than it had looked from the road. Reaching up with the sticky brown paper I smoothed it across the glass and a little syrup ran down my wrist. Murray stuck the jemmy into the woodwork, but it was locked right enough. The window to the left was barred so he hit the brown paper covered pane with the iron. A muffled syrupy crunch and then the broken glass fell inwards hinged on the brown paper. Murray was groping for the fastenings as we did a Charleston in slow motion on the flower-bed. The window swung open and Murray dived head first through. I saw the soles of his hand-made shoes (eighteen guineas) with a small sticky rectangular price tab still affixed under the instep. I passed the army pistol into his hand and followed.'

The fly-leaf of the books tell us they are but the start of a 'planned series'. Also, they are due to be filmed. I've placed a permanent order with my dealer for all Len Deighton books, and can only say that I am looking forward to the next book much more impatiently than for the next James Bond book, and from what I've said about James Bond in previous PP's you must get some idea of my enthusiasm. I don't know whether the Deighton books are published in America, but I would urge you to try and get them. You'll get a rare literary treat, I promise you.

John Berry  
1964

\*\*\*\*\*  
The latest mailing is now long overdue...as I'm preparing this issue without my customary planning, I don't know what comments I shall be making re the mailing, so whilst I've got this space I'll use it to tell you this is POT POURRI #33, publishing date 15th April 1964...printed and published by John Berry, number 31, Campbell Park Avenue, Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland. \*\*\*\*\*

# THE POINTS IN QUESTION!

In this world there is little you can be positive about. If one fact can be produced and proved beyond doubt, there is always someone to come forward and disprove it. There is one infallible science, however and I have the honour of being one of the few people in the world who knows all about it. Well, when I say 'few' there are thousands of absolute experts, but when compared with the worlds population we can be summed up as the 'few'.

I am a fingerprint expert.

Some people who know me, and my ways, are rather surprised to hear that I am an exponent of the only infallible science in the world. (I have no fear of repeating myself on this score.) Indeed, on the word of a fingerprint expert often alone hangs the responsibility of whether or not a man shall go to prison for years. It is a truly terrifying responsibility to have, and it all depends on the fact that, say, a head-hunter in Papua could not have the same pattern of minute ridges of skin on the tips of the fingers as, say, as Eskimo. If you think about that for a moment, you're bound to come to a certain conclusion. Admittedly I have travelled in several countries, but I have never seen an Eskimo or a Papuan. I admit it. How, then, do I know it is impossible for these two diverse natives to have different fingerprints? For make no mistake about it (I know what I am going to suggest now could never happen, but it is necessary in this context to make a hypothesis in order to shatter it)...if it did happen that two persons were found to have the same fingerprint, never again could the fingerprint system be used as a method of identification...and all the millions of convictions proved in courts all over the world would have to be nullified. And there are many cases of people being executed when the only concrete evidence has been that of finger or palm prints.

So how does it come about when I can state with absolute authority that it is impossible for, say, an Australian, an Argentinian, a Russian a Virgin Islander, a Chilean, an Alaskan, etc, to have the same fingerprints? I have never met anyone from these countries, yet I am completely and utterly CERTAIN that what I say is an undisputable fact. No one in the world can possibly have the same fingerprints as any other person.

It's alright for me just to state that. But I've got to prove it to you.

So I'll just do so to your complete satisfaction.

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

I've got to give you something to consider. It's no use giving you facts without letting you apply them to a situation. So you've just been coned into serving on a jury. It's a case of shop-breaking and entering and larceny. One man has proved that he locked up his shop one night. Next morning he found it ransacked. Fifty thousand cigarettes were missing.

He gave no one permission to enter the store during the night and take anything.

Next witness is a detective who says he went to the shop as a result of a complaint. He examined the scene. He found that where a window had been shattered, there were fingerprints on bits of broken glass which remained in the frame. Very carefully, he removed the whole window frame, and handed it to, er, ( let's make this intimate ) Lieutenant B. Pelz.

Third witness is a certain Officer Toskey.

He states he took the fingerprint impressions of a certain Cornelius Sludge on Form FP 9a, and on the same date he handed the form to Lieutenant Pelz.

Final witness is Lieutenant Pelz. He is tall, broad, sun-burned, handsome, sartorially elegant, and with a polished diction. In other words, a typical dactyloscopist.

He gives his name, and in response to questioning by the DA he gives his experience in the Fingerprint Department...17 years. He confirms he received the window frame with broken glass bearing fingerprints from the detective. He also admits receiving Form FP 9a from Officer Toskey.

The DA then asks Lieutenant Pelz if he had carried out any comparisons between the fingerprints on the broken glass and the finger impressions on Form FP 9a.

Pelz says he has. He says he found they agreed in sequence of ridge characteristics, and he is certain that the person whose finger impressions are on Form FP 9a is the same person who made the latent 'prints on the broken glass.

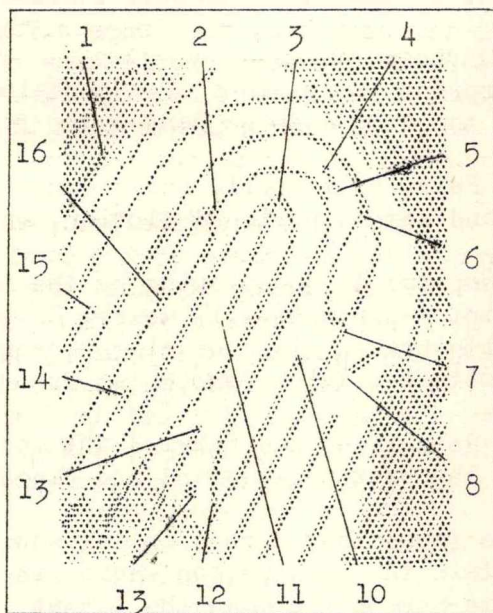
The DA lets this sink in to the jury, who appear a mite bewildered. Then he prods Pelz. He asks him what he means by 'ridge characteristics'?

Pelz collects his thoughts for a few seconds. He's been through it many times before, but the responsibility he has to put over an alien subject to the jury is no mere passing thing. He knows his evidence is absolutely conclusive, and this could be a stumbling block, because Cornelius Sludge isn't a badlooking boy, and one of the jury might think he should get a sporting chance.

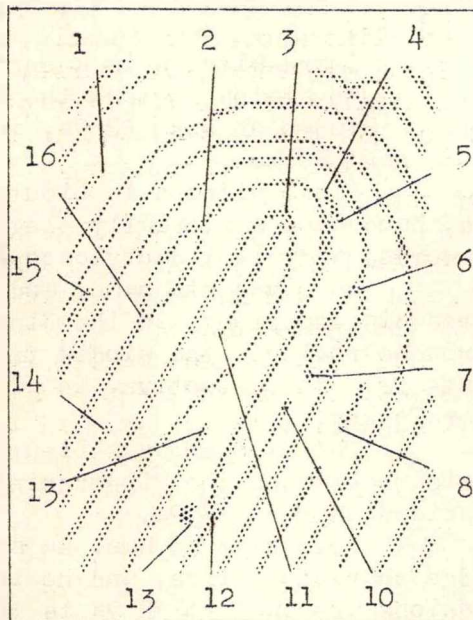
"The ends of the fingers ( as well as the length of the fingers, the palms, and the soles of the feet, even the toes ) have small ridges of skin on them. These ridges form patterns. You've heard of loops and whorls and arches and tents. Forget it. This isn't important. The patterns I am referring to are characteristics formed by the ridges. Sometimes a ridge stops abruptly. This is called a termination. Sometimes it breaks into two ridges, or two ridges combine to make one, rather like points on the railway. Sometimes a ridge breaks into two, then closes again, forming a small characteristic aptly called a lake. I produce two photographs. One is an enlargement of a latent fingerprint on the broken glass...the other an enlargement of the left thumb impression on Form FP 9a. On each enlargement I've shown sixteen 'ridge characteristics'...note that they are the same characteristics...but more important, they are in sequence with each other. This simply means that the relationship between the sixteen points on each photograph is exactly the same. I'll simplify that even further. Point One on each enlargement is a ridge termination. Point Two is a lake. Now between Point One and Point Two three long ridges intervene...I must stress these characteristics agree in such a sequence, all sixteen of them on each photographic enlargement."

PHOTOGRAPHIC ENLARGEMENTS.

Imprint on  
Broken Glass.



Left thumb impression on  
form signed 'Cornelius Sludge.'



The enlargements are passed round, and are scrutinized by the jury...the DA, looking rather smug, sits down, and the defence lawyer, who knows his client did the job, and has often battled unsuccessfully against fingerprint evidence before, crosses to the Lieutenant.

"Tell me, Lieutenant," he says, "are the photographs the same?"

This is a loaded question...the one all fingerprint experts dread, simply because it's a question which cannot be answered by 'yes' or 'no'. Obviously the photographs are different. The one on the left is broken up...it was a chance imprint...the one on the right is on paper...taken by an expert. And yet what they portray is the same. And to say that they are not the same, whilst being the truth, could (and often has) print in the mind of a jurist the fact that the photographs are not identical....QED...how can the fingerprints be identical. Conversely, to say they are ~~the~~ same photographs just makes you out a liar, because anyone can see they are not identical....look at the dark smudges all over the left enlargement.

"The enlargement on the left was....."

"Just say 'yes' or 'no'."

"Yes and no."

"So you say they are the same and they are also different !"

"I do. Same subject matter...two different photographs of it."

The lawyer asks lots of other questions. He is fighting for his client....on occasions ( very rare occasions ) he has gotten a 'not Guilty' plea when fingerprint evidence has been given...due to a variety of reasons...being able to swing in an alibi of legitimate access, the print was made

by his client at a previous time...he had permission to be there....even on a couple of occasions he'd bewildered the jury by the same argument he was working on at the moment....if two photographs were different, as admitted, how could they be the same?

He sits down, the DA smirks and waves re-examination. The Judge tells the Lieutenant he would like the jury to hear a little more about fingerprints....how the Lieutenant is so sure that no two fingerprints are alike when, for example, he's never seen his, the Judge's, fingerprints. The Judge knows, of course, but he feels the jury should know of the infallibility of the fingerprint system, or at least, let the expert try and put his facts over...it is sometimes rather unfortunate that it is not the system which the jury gives a verdict on, it is the personality of the expert.

"The fingerprint system, as a means of identification, was first used in India by a British Civil Servant at the close of the last century, and it started in Scotland Yard at the beginning of this one. Obviously the system depends on the fact that no two persons can have the same fingerprints. I, personally, have examined millions of fingerprints in my years in the department, and I have never seen the fingerprints of one person be the same as those of another. I have taken and examined the fingerprints of Identical Twins many times...and unlike a common misconception, they are not identical insofar as their 'prints are concerned. Someone has worked out a mathematical probability of the chances of two 'prints being identical. It is said that the possibility of, say, Point 1 being in the same place on another finger is one chance in ten. I have shown sixteen points...this works out at 10 to the power of 16...and I can tell you this works out at fifty times the world's present population. I may add that, personally, I don't even agree with the mathematical probability. Finally, I must say that every police force in the world uses the fingerprint system as a means of identification. In this country, probably more than in any other, fingerprints are used extensively for identification in many other fields than police work....banks, the military...we even have our thumbs on our driving licences...and in all these years, no expert in any country in the world has ever seen the fingerprints of one person being the same as those of another. That is why I am certain the fingerprint on the broken glass was made by the person who signed Form FP 9a ' Cornelius Sludge.'"

The Judge nods, and Lieutenant Pelz leaves the witness box. He carefully stows away his documents, and listens reflectively as the DA, the lawyer and lastly the Judge have their say. He has had one or two 'Not Guilty' verdicts...he feels that he has let the system down when this happens. Perhaps he has...the system is only as good as its advocate...an unfortunate state of affairs, but, on the other hand, justice....merely justice. If the twelve jurists don't believe him...if the Judge and the DA and the lawyer aren't really impressed with his evidence, he has the consolation of knowing that one other person than himself is utterly convinced of the infallibility of the fingerprint system...the criminal in the case...he knows it works. If he does walk out a free man....not an innocent one, but a free one, he will very seriously consider the use of gloves when committing his next criminal venture. The expert knows this too, and, secretly, feels rather proud of it. It is, after all, the ultimate confirmation of the infallibility of the system he works with, lives with....even occasionally dreams about.....

John Berry 1964



# WHAT'S WITH

To start with, I'd like to write a few hundred words about the new TAFF campaign which recently started....the vote for a fan from Britain to go to the U.S.A. in September for the PAC-IFICON in Oakland, California.

# BERRY?

Normally, the fans who have had their names placed hopefully on the form all have some merit...it's just a matter of luck, whoever manages to garner the most votes wins TAFF and although perhaps it wasn't your own particular choice, at least you knew a worthy fan was going.

But the current two applicants create, to my way of thinking, a most novel comparison...one couldn't be more worthy of getting the \$3333, the other, as far as I am concerned, is a complete nonentity. I'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF HIM....

I'll dispose of the nonentity here and now. For all I know, Phil Rogers is an awfully nice chap, but like I said, until this new campaign started, I'd never even seen or heard tell of him. I freely admit that I'm not so active in fandom as I was some years back, but I still write for lots of fanzines, and still get all the British fanzines being pubbed (mainly because there are so few being pubbed, and I'm appearing in them) and nary a word of Phil Rogers have I seen. He is, I see, current chairman and founder of the British SF Association, a body with which I've never had any connection. I'm not prejudiced against Rogers, but in all my TAFF talks I only give you the information I have available. I might add that I wrote to a member of the Liverpool Group and asked them for a handout re Rogers, so that I could incorporate in my chat, but I didn't get any reply. So that's that.

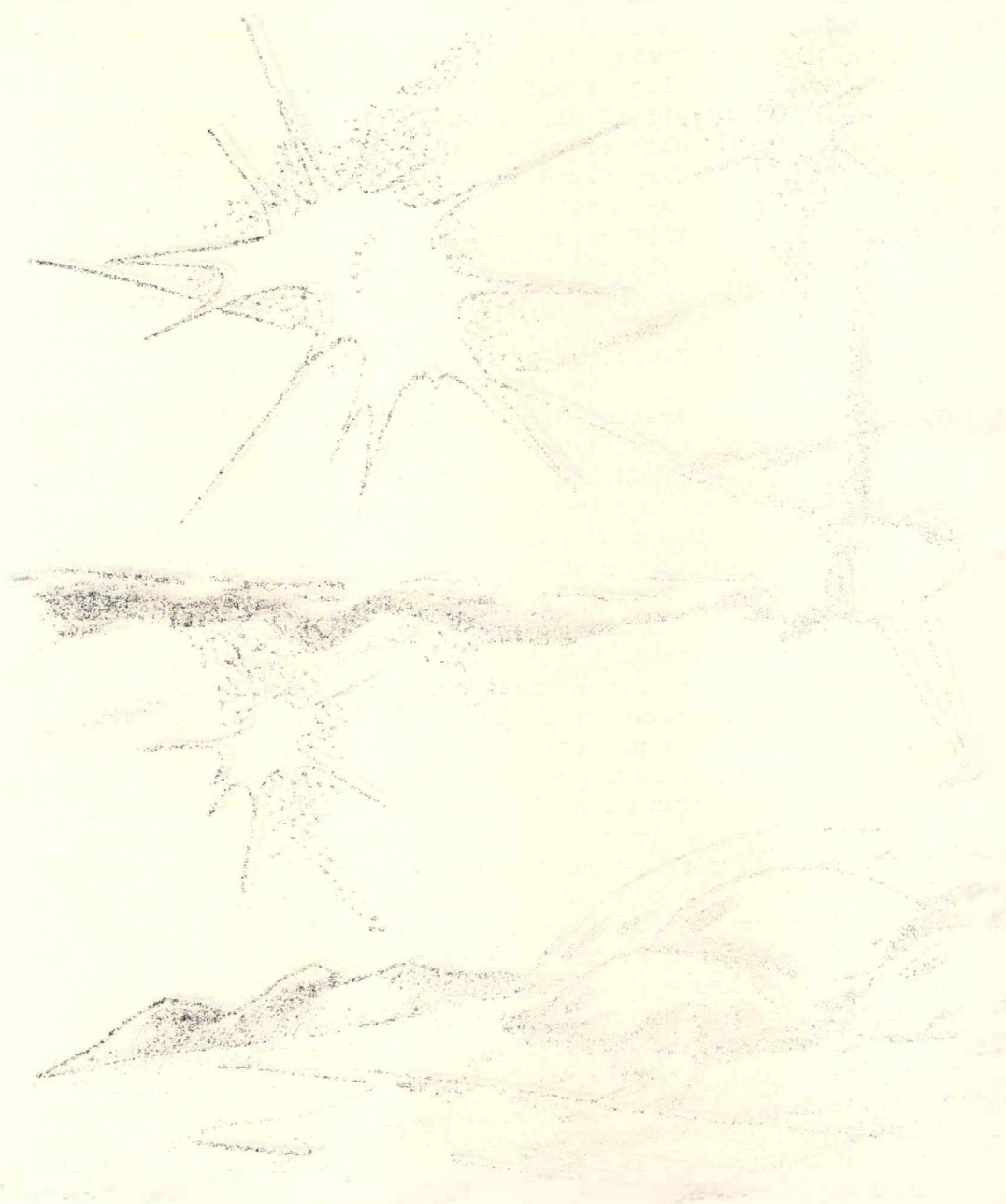
The other applicant for the honour of representing British Fandom is Arthur Thomson....ATOM. All you SAPSites are familiar with his work. During the years I've been in SAPS he's appeared on countless front covers, and his interior illos have been also countless. And so it's gone on all over fandom. Since 1954 he has done more artwork than anyone else, and as you see by the ATOM cover and full-page illo in this issue of POT POURRI, from the depths of his artistic brain he's still digging up most original and inspiring illustrations. For many years he's also done what no other artist has consistently done, he's illoed whole issues....HYPHEN, ORION, RETRIBUTION, VERITAS, etc, etc, and he has never been known to refuse any faned request for artwork. His whole life has revolved around fandom, he has always been a most ardent conventioneer, member of the London Circle, visitor to Irish Fandom...there just isn't any limit to what he's done during the last decade. It is unnecessary for me to urge you to vote for ATOM. I leave it to you,

ATOM 4 TAFF

to your sense of appreciation to a modest fan...to your realisation that a true TAFF candidate should put into fandom much more than he ever expects to get out of it, and to such a fan the ultimate accolade



ATOM



is the winning of a TAFF ballot. Arthur, whom I've known personally for years, is worthy of this honour....he's worthy of it many times over. On the social side he's a wow....I can promise you wit, humour, repartee. His TAFF platform mentions (and I quote 'Sending ATOM to America will be a breakthrough in fannish communications comparable to landing a TV camera on the Moon.') what we can expect from ATOM when he gets back from the USA. Not only is he gifted with cartooning fannish physical features with a few deft pencil strokes, but he is also an underrated writer...he hasn't had the chance to flower in this field simply because he's never been given the chance...he has been inundated with requests for artwork, which has left his creative writing as a secondary field which he ploughs only when he gets the chance. But he is an astute writer, and a combination of this and his artistic skill should ensure a TAFF report to beat them all, and a more intimate one, too, featuring a multitude of easily-recognisable cartoons of fans, instead of the usual few clouded photographs or strained written descriptions.

Like, er, ATOM FOR TAFF.....

..\*\*\*

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

Re. space stamps. I'm writing this column before the latest mailing arrives, so I'm still not sure of what you all think about the hobby. I did get a letter of comment on FOT POURRI#52 from Robert Coulson which I'd like to mention, because he raises a most interesting point....

'One of the things which bothered me was whether to keep the "space stamps" separate, or put them in with the regular collection. I did the latter, partly because of the difficulty of deciding on the borderline cases - for example, I had kept from my earlier collection a set of Mexican stamps commemorating the inauguration of an astronomical observatory at Tonanzintla; the three sets showing...a) a photo of the spiral galaxy NGC 4594...b) a photo of the planetary nebula in Lira, and c) a diagram of stellar magnitudes. Now, are these "space stamps"? Then there is the French stamp commemorating Georges Melies, showing his head and a still photo from one of his movies which shows what appears to be some sort of super-cannon. Is this a "space stamp"? No; but it's obviously of similar interest to a fan. The US has another stamp which is a borderline case...it's a 1948 issue, the Fort Bliss Centennial. The central picture shows a rocket taking off. And there's another '48 one showing Palomar. I'll grant that the US has somewhat underplayed its space shots, but by the same measure, the Communists have overplayed theirs. The average person just isn't interested in space.'

Personally, I feel all the stamps Buck mentions are space stamps, and should be filed separately with the space stamps. At first, mine were mixed up with my regular issues, but I've put them separate. Toskey has kindly sent me the two 1948 commemorations Buck mentions...I wonder, can anyone tell me the significance of the rocket on the Fort Bliss centennial, which I've drawn here on the left? Is it, for example, the place where the V2's captured from Germany were tested? My own space stamp collection now numbers 203 (on 2nd February 1964). Since Xmas I've obtained some superb space stamps, many of them expensive, which I couldn't really afford, but for all my faults you must grant me enthusiasm. Almost all were from Communist countries, I must mention a fine Polish Collection 'Conquest of Space' which features several American space shots. If I see you're interested when the mailing arrives,

I'll describe them in more detail.

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

This last ten days has pleased me enormously in the space shot field. The launching on 29th January 1964 of Saturn 1, resulting in the orbiting of an upper stage of many tons heavier than anything the Russians have done, at last puts the US ahead of Russia in the 'boost' category. Couple this with the superb accuracy of the Ranger IV Moon shot of 30th January 1964, landing close to its designated spot 33 seconds behind schedule, and things really look bright for the space potential of the US. I'm glad to see this, the gradual recovery after the early shock in 1957 when Sputnik 1 was orbited, has been unnoticeable but now readily apparent. True, the fact that Ranger VI didn't take any of the much-promised close-ups of the Moon was terribly disappointing, but we are told that another attempt will be made at the beginning of March, when this issue will be on the way to the States. Let's hope it will be a triumph. Incidentally, do any of you keep press cuttings of major space news? I've a special album for the Glenn orbit, and a hell of a thick one in the making, what with all these current shots. I also liberally sprinkle the pages, in the pertinent places, with space stamp duplicates. I know we all have our own idiosyncracies, but seriously, I would have thought our own particular microcosm to be almost 100% enthusiastic about this aspect of modern scientific achievement. I mean, it is only because of our optimism and farsightedness that we joined SAPS...it's true isn't it? ....like, science fiction was the magnet, drawing fans into fandom, from which SAPS sprung, and we all knew years before any orbiting that what is taking place today would take place. Hence my presumption that all fans are tearing out newspaper clippings like mad, and getting their handkerchiefs smeared in gum arabic as they ladle it judiciously from a big pot. That's what I'm doing, anyway.....

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

The race for the OEship has been rather bewildering, hasn't it? Must say that the missives which were attributed to Bruce Pelz but which he didn't send were in poor taste. Hell, I suppose it was a joke and all that, but I do maintain certain aspects of the false SPELEOBEM's, particularly the notorious 22.1 issue, were downright dangerous. For instance, the inference that Bruce was using University equipment for fanatic, and that he was smuggling in fans to the campus illegally, and had actually been 'caught in the act' by the Campus Cops. When SPELEOBEM 22.1 arrived, in the same post was a personal letter from Bruce to me, explaining that he was going to send me a fossil. He also enclosed a PILLAR POLL form (because of the time taken for the mailing to get to me, my vote was late last year) and thanked me for my remarks in a previous POT POURRI re his sterling work as OE. I wrote return to Bruce, asking what the hell was going on, and then fake SPELEOBEM 22.2 arrived.....then ACE OF NEXT #2 from Phil Castora.... finally (I hope) a genuine Pelz SPELEOBEM, complete with blue seal and embossed notary seal, saying that all previous SPELEOBEMS were fakes, and that he, Bruce, was still running for OE.

Five minutes work on the rubber-stamped addresses on the fake SPELEOBEM envelopes and the Pelz originals showed over twenty discrepancies. No need to run through them, but I'll quote a few on the next page to show I ain't just talking out of my hat. The discrepancies proved that Bruce didn't send SPELEOBEMS 22.1 and 22.2, therefore whoever did fake them (and Bruce thinks its Owen Hannifen, Phil Castora and, possibly, Ted Johnstone) should be ashamed of himself (themselves) not only for unsporting

conduct, but also for the money I've spent on aspirins and OPTREX, in my efforts to get the whole unsavoury affair sorted out.

A SHORT LIST OF DISCREPANCIES BETWEEN TWO RUBBER ADDRESS STAMPS, GIVING BRUCE PELTZ'S ADDRESS, AND USED ON REAL AND FAKE SPELEOBEM ENVELOPES.

FAKE RUBBER STAMP.

ACTUAL PELZ RUBBER STAMP.

Letter 'C' in Bruce thus C

Letter 'C' in Bruce thus C

Letter 'O' in Box thus O

Letter 'O' in Box thus O

Letters 'OO' in Westwood thus OO

Letters 'OO' in Westwood thus OO

Letters 'ZA' in Plaza normal

Letters 'ZA' in Plaza elongated due to pressure applied when stamping, denoting considerable usage.

Letter 'G' in Los Angeles thus G

Letter 'G' in Los Angeles thus G

Letters 'NIA' in California normal.

Letters 'NIA' in California elongated due to pressure applied when stamping, denoting considerable usage.

AND MANY MORE...

In conclusion, I feel I must express my admiration for the way Bruce handled the affair, both in his swift action to decry the forgeries, and his restraint in admonishing whom he feels certain are the culprits.

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

Saw Echo II last night...8th February 1964. On the previous night I'd been watching a late night tv programme THE SKY AT NIGHT, it mentioned that ECHO II would be seen over England at 6.54 pm on Saturday night, the 8th. I went out at 6.45 pm with son Colin. It was slightly misty and only a couple of stars were visible to the west. Exactly at 6.56 pm Colin saw it...he'd been frequently looking at the two bright stars, and suddenly saw one, equally as bright, between them. It moved much slower than I had expected...it came from the south and went due north, and was visible for about fifteen minutes. The tv programme had mentioned that the launching vehicle was a moment or two behind it, but although I waited for ten minutes after ECHO II had gone, there was no sight of it....but I did say it was a misty night, and I suppose I was lucky to see ECHO II.

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

At last the 66th mailing has arrived...it's taken much longer than ever before...I don't quite know why this should be, probably the vagaries of the GPO. I was pleased to see the response to my space stamp article, since that article was pubbed in, er, PP#31, saving space stamps has become all the rage in England, especially in Birmingham, my old home town. I must now refer to it as 'Astro-philately'...and two articles have been published in the new Birmingham genzine ZENITH. I've already made a good investment with the giant Russian space stamp I illoed in PP#32...it cost just over one dollar when I purchased it, I note in Gibbons 1964

stamp catalogue that it is now valued at 16/6d...about \$2.15. I guess my whole collection must be worth quite a bit.

I've lent the mailing to Madeleine, to read her egoboo, so I'm quoting from memory, but I think Jim Webbert was writing to me re stamps, no word to date, Jim, although this is the end of February. I must also offer sincere thanks to the SAPSite who very kindly included the flexible 33 r.p.m. record....my young daughter salvaged the mailing before I arrived home, and triumphantly met me at the door with the record. I've no idea who enclosed it, but gee ta, anyway.

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

Another of my interests at the moment is trying to compile a complete list of all satellites since the original Sputnik 1 in 1957. This may seem an ambitious project, but already I've comprehensive lists for 1961 and 1963. A slight frustration, though. Bob Shaw works on the publicity side of the aircraft firm of Short Bros. here in Belfast. Occasionally he lets me have aviation periodicals from his office, magazines from all over the world....soooo. the 1961 list of satellites is in German, the 1963 flights in French. I'll get round to it, though. This leaves me the years in between. I have the dates of over 50 major Russian launchings, but if someone can help me with American data, I'd be pleased. Possibly there are semi-technical books about rockets and satellites on sale, giving the data I require, if so, please send, I shall reciprocate according to the senders tastes. My project is to eventually publish oneshots for each year, giving brief facts about the launchings, and incorporating illos of the space stamps issued to commemorate the events. For American space stamps, I shall be relying heavily on Paraguay, Poland, Hungary, etc. Ironic, ain't it?

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

The latest American export to hit the headlines here is the ballet dancer cum wrestler Rikki Starr. I saw him on TV, and he's a wow. He appeared in the ring in Belfast at the weekend, unfortunately, it coincided with my night for playing SOLO, so I couldn't attend to see this sensation. His gimmick is to appear effeminate. He does the odd entranchant ( I think that's what it's called, leaping up in the air and kicking the heels together) and, adroitly dodging rushes by fearful apponents, delicately pats them on the bottom as they fly past. He is the essence of grace and, let's face it, beauty, but from the appearance of his superb physique, I wouldn't be the one to call him a pansy to his face. I wonder, am I becoming decadent, listening to the Beatles, and making TV dates with effeminate wrestlers ?

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

So I think that's it. No mailing comments, sorry, just a general comment that I'm still as keen on SAPS as when I thumped out PP#1, and I hope, in the next FP, to feature a loooong article on the Wally Webber visit to MON DEBRIS. I'm not able to go to the BritCon, but we'll have a little Irish Fandom Con when Wally comes....so.....cheerio,

John Berry  
1964.

\*\*\*\*\*

LIKE, ER, DON'T FORGET.....ATOM FOR T\*A\*F\*F\*

\*\*\*\*\*