

# A PORRHETA



22 APRIL 1971



January 1959

# A PORRHĒTA - 7

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## ARTWORK HEADINGS FILLERS

BY Arthur Thomson  
A Vinç Clarke  
H P Sanderson

This is a product of  
Inchmery Fandom and  
is edited by H.P.  
Sanderson. But don't  
feel too bad about it.  
::::::::::HPS 41::::::::::

## EDITORIAL

Well, here we are again, late as usual. I normally have a good excuse for being late, and this occasion is no exception. In fact this time Inchmery has come up with what might be described as the most cast-iron excuse of them all. You'll read all about it in the Diary ... if you haven't done so already, that is.

The state of chaos that is Inchmery Fandom has now achieved a state of almost super-chaos, and the situation is not liable to improve very much for some time to come. However, Aporrhēta will continue to be published and a serious attempt made to get back to schedule. When this zine first started, one of the purposes was put down as 'letter substitute', and that might be taken to be the main purpose during the next few weeks.

We owe apologies to lots of people, having been FAFIA for the last month or more. There are unplayed tapes from the Dietzes, Willis, Pavlat & Eney (sorry, people, it's the noise factor you know...as well as lack of time and outright lack of energy). There are tapes I promised Boyd Raeburn most faithfully would be sent off to him weeks ago. There's even a tape here that has been owing to Rotsler for months. Bless you all - you and all the letter writers. We'll get straight yet!

You know, the editorial part of a fanzine is always the most difficult for me to write. I used to have the same trouble with FEZ. Not only that. Ever since I devised this layout for the contents page I've felt cramped when it has come round to editorial time. The solution to my problem was quite simple once I had thought of it. What was I short of?....Space. Why did I need space?....so that I could natter on to my heart's content. And where could I find space?....that's right, PTO

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# APĒ 7

Yes, it was as easy as that. Ah, genius. The only snag now is that I've got rather a lot of space to fill up....

In this issue you'll find all the usual columns and features. You'll also find, in the Diary section, one or two references to the Fan Calendar. Now originally I hadn't intended to publish any of the comments that I was hoping to get. After all, the Calendar was really the 'Inchmery & Atom' Christmas 'card' for this year. You don't usually publish letters from people who write to thank you for your card. However, one or two of the remarks that were made simply had to be published...and they have been. I hope you won't consider it too egotistical of me. The calendar was sent to 175 fans and they included all the readers of Apē so there shouldn't be anyone in the audience who doesn't know what I'm talking about. The way things worked out it was a good job we managed to get the thing finished in time.....so little else was heard of Inchmery Fandom over the holiday period that you might have thought we'd forgotten it was Christmas.

Apart from the usual features the next issue will contain a rather long article from Archie Mercer. Archie, you will discover, does not like stereo records. Or perhaps I should say that he does not consider the new sound to be worth the trouble. I think you'll find his piece interesting. There will also be 'A Letter From: G M Carr' which I personally found to be very interesting.

The only 'extra' item lined up for the March issue so far is a story by Ron Bennett....and Americans might care to note that Advanced Required Reading for this is any Barry Perowne story in recent issues of SatEvePost or the Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine. Oh yes, it's fannish, alright.

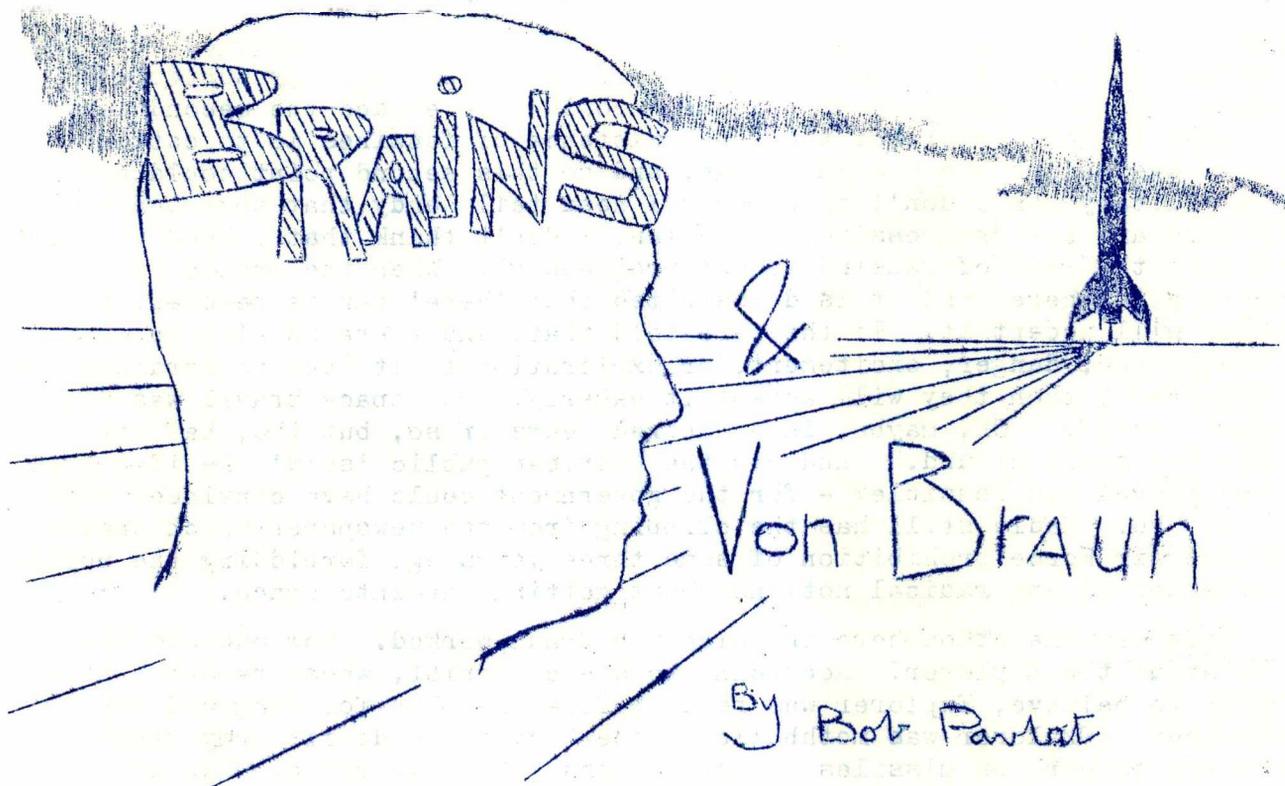
Come we now to the question of subscriptions to this priceless fanzine. Most of you had something to say on this matter and suggestions were fast and furious in arriving here. They ranged from the idea that I should definitely insist on a full sub -- through the theory that I should at least charge the postage involved -- to the fact that I ought to keep things as they are. I hadn't expected quite so much interest in the matter and was quite overwhelmed...especially by the kind femle London Circle-ite who wouldn't take no for an answer and insisted on subbing for a year.

To get everything into perspective, this is a rough break down of my spending. Apē involves three-twentysixths of my annual net salary. Divided this way it goes:

<u>Apē</u>	3
Clothes	2
HiFi Equipment	4
Records	3
Rent, Heating, Food & Papers	8
Cigarettes, Fares & Lunches	5
Magazines, Football Pools etc	1
	Total 26

So you see the expenditure on Apē is not all that great. I honestly don't want any of you to subscribe because I like putting out the fanzine without obligation. At the same time, if any of you want to ensure you will continue to get Apē even if you forget to write me a letter sometime, then you can always make a donation to Inchmery. I won't guarantee that it will be spent on the zine, but it will be appreciated!

Sandy



In a footnote in Apē 5 Sandy made an issue of the fact that the Jupiter had to be 'converted'. He is completely correct that it had to be converted, but way off base in condemning von Braun for this necessity. Let me quote from Donald H Menzel, Director of the Harvard Observatory:-

"In the field of missiles and satellites, the United States has clearly fallen behind Soviet Russia. The reason for our inferiority is simple and well known throughout the scientific and industrial world. High officials in the Defense Department have opposed pure research, especially in the missile and satellite fields. Active antagonism, especially from Secretary of Defense Wilson, stymied the efforts of scientists to develop a progressive program of missiles and space research. No enemy-planned sabotage could have been more effective or more devastating. Arbitrary budget cuts forced cancellation of vital programs not only of basic research but of engineering and development as well." ATLANTIC MONTHLY, November 1958.

There was, during Secretary Wilson's term of office, an atmosphere that you doubtless could not detect in England. I remember a statement by Wilson concerning basic research: "I don't give a damn why potatoes turn brown when they are fried." Well, frankly, neither do I. But that was Wilson's reaction to a question concerning basic research, not potatoes. If Wilson could not see a product - use the Army term and call it "hardware" - then he saw no use in it. A peculiar attitude for a former Chairman of the board of General Motors, but that was his attitude. He would not approve "impractical" research. And, hell, as little as two years ago thoughts about space travel were as impractical as - well, as why potatoes

turn brown when fried. That's point one. Point two is concerned with the military mind and the mass mind, rather than one person. By subterfuge, Wilson - or any Secretary of Defense - could have evaded the second issue and made it less important than the existence of fanzines is to cattle. But it was Wilson who was in charge, and so this second point could hold. As a military man I don't think that I need tell Sandy that some senior officers are not progressive. As a fan, I don't think that I need to point out that the mass of mankind is not progressive. When the public is told 'we're going here' and it is demonstrated that 'here' can be reached, the public will accept it. If they are told that, and there is also an element of challenge, danger, excitement, or exploration to it (and no hardship for themselves), then they will accept it eagerly. But space travel was "Buck Rogers" stuff. "Oh, maybe, in a hundred years or so, but (ha, ha) not while I'm still around." And was the American public 'sold' the idea that space travel was possible? - for the government could have convinced them of it. No. Madle still has the clipping from the newspaper which announces the Air Force prohibition of some three years ago forbidding the public discussion of any radical notions about getting man into space.

This was the atmosphere in which von Braun worked. How much do you know about the Explorer? According to one columnist, whose report I have reason to believe, Explorer was ready before the plan for Vanguard was announced. Explorer was mothballed - the Navy could do it; Army wasn't supposed to work on missiles of greater than 200 mile range. How do you think the Army got its conversion accomplished? How did they get the Explorer, the satellite itself, ready in such a short time? Hell, they were ready. They asked for 90 days time to launch the first American satellite. They succeeded in launching it on the 84th day after they were given the project. Where, oh where is Vanguard? That was announced before the Clev-ent-ion - September 1955 - three years ago and more. Success to date: one grapefruit and several eggs laid.

Sandy says "If (von Braun had) been able to trust the Russians he might have gone to them." And I say that if the Indians had distrusted us as they should I'd not be an American. Only von Braun and God know why von Braun preferred to work in America rather than Russia. Perhaps he thought we'd be stupid enough to allow him to do the space research that I believe he wanted to do. Proof of my belief I don't have. But look at what Willy Ley has to say in ROCKETETS, third printing, copyright January 1945 (during the war): Nebel, a wheel in the VfR, informed the German Army on certain rocket matters, apparently in an attempt to get Army money to spend on research. A "probably faked" burglary attempt was made at the VfR center, followed by a fingerprinting of all present. "Then Count von Braun, a member of the board of directors of the VfR, was made to resign and to accept a commision. Then a demonstration was ordered, to be made at the army's testing ground at Kummersdorf....All of those who knew about it, except Nebel, prayed for failure. It turned out to be a brilliant success." ("All" doesn't necessarily include von Braun. It seems, however, highly likely that he would be praying for the failure of an Army attempt to get into the missile field in view of his status. The above is quoted from pages 151-152. There's a little more on page 152, but it doesn't seem

to be very helpful at all.

And, you know, I couldn't agree more than I do with the reputed von Braun statement "A pity it has landed on the wrong planet." That was the pity. Perhaps someday Sandy will read J.F. Bone's "Triggerman" which appeared in aSF December 1958. The ending is: "French chuckled. It might not be in the best taste, and it might be graveyard humour - but it was a healthy sign." The "joke" that French laughed at was a statement that Washington had not commented" on certain U.N. proposals - Washington had been destroyed. Similar, yes. Fiction, yes. But the fact that it's a healthy sign is not invalidated because it is "graveyard humour" in a work of fiction. I wish, as an American, that I could say that it was a pity that the atomic bomb landed on the wrong planet. I can't, you know - atomic bombs are good exclusively for going bang! in no uncertain terms. They landed where they were intended, and on the right planet. But missiles and rockets - they can perform a multitude of purposes. A military man is forced to think of them, in terms of present times, as bombardment rockets of one sort or another - tactical, IRBM, or ICBM. But what...? Now what kind of a man would say "A pity it has landed on the wrong planet?"

Bob Pavlat.

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Further extracts from Bob's letter - on Apē 5

Can't place Barry Hail, but I will say that I enjoyed his column on TAFF and conventions very much. Found myself agreeing with him all over the place. Ditto the Whelham item (~~on von Braun~~), except for that inane closing paragraph. Man, doesn't he know that Russians and Cypriots and idiots and savants and barbarians and.....and just about everybody has families? Bennett good, though short. I wonder how this experiment of having his conrep printed in many and varied fanzines is going to work out. I know I'll miss many sections. Old Mill Stream and The Li'l Pitcher continuously enjoyed, though no marginal notations this time through (save for that comment on Texas vs. Alaska.) (~~Not included here, but see this issue's Diary for Bob's latest information on this matter~~). And Atom's Alphabet is hugely entertaining. Has anyone commented on the cover theme Atom is using? It's good; I wonder how long he can hold to it.

You are an interesting person to argue with.

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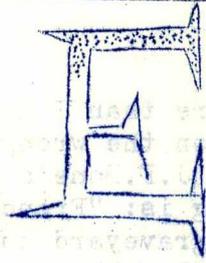
The above comments were left out of the Diary in Apē 6 due to lack of space but I don't want to deprive my contributors of their egoboo. Thanks for the letter, Bob, and your piece on von Braun has given me much food for thought. You have changed my original opinion considerably. Sandy.

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One of the advantages of being late is that I can find room here to mention the latest Russian achievement, the Planet III rocket. Perhaps this will convince the West that a unified effort is needed instead of inter-service rivalry. We can only hope.

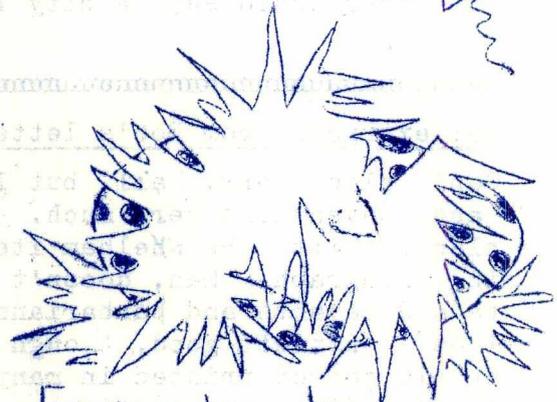
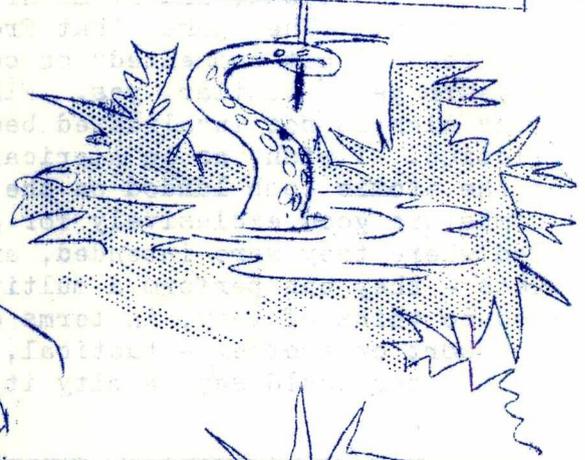
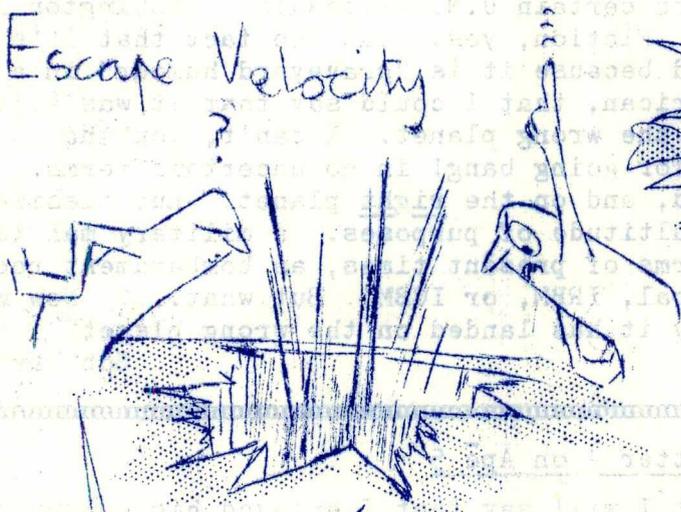
S&y

Sf A to Z  
by Atom



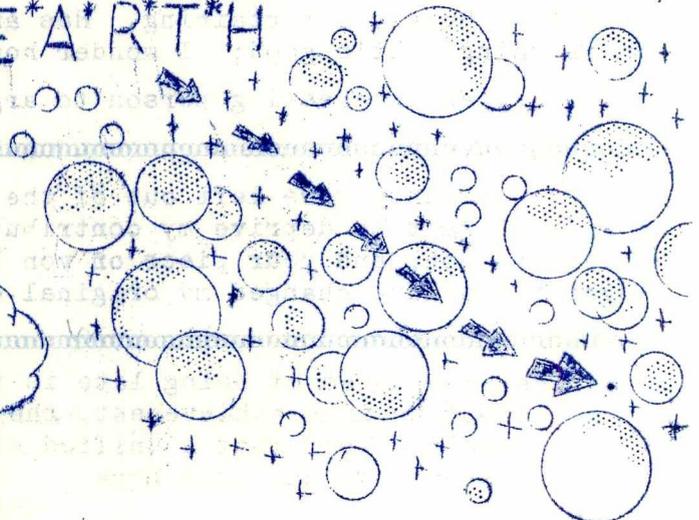
Evolution →

Escape Velocity ?



Egg plant  
(see:- Grunch over here)

E\*ART\*H



Egoboo

F



Faan



Fangine Faw



Pro Faw



Sercon Faw



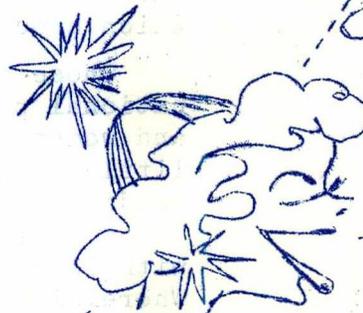
BNF Faw



Convention Faw



Forry Ackerfaw



Femme Faw

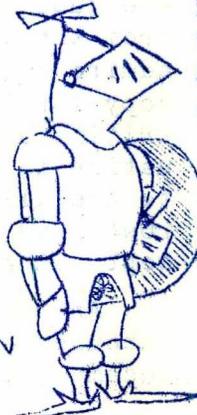


Neo Faw



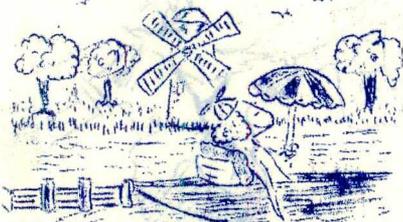
Fake faw

WSFS Supporter Faw



Antedeluvian Fandom Faw

# THE OLD MILL STREAM



A COUNTRY COLUMN  
OF CITY LIFE

Penelope

Fandergaste

I grovel on the floor, right among the little puddles of water caused by the cat bringing in snow balls to throw at the mice. I bang my head on the wall with the agonies I have caused. I have to admit that Fandergaste is a fake. No, I don't mean the Hood/Hardy mistake of a couple of months ago. It's my remark last month that any one of you could set up as a reliable weather prophet. Why, there I was, all ready to put patent weather forecasting sets on the market, with a little spot on Radio Luxemburg just like the Pools Experts. But, as I say, I'm a fake. There I am praising November for its fine weather, and all we've had is fog and fog and fog.

I'm afraid now to open my mouth. That's the trouble, I suppose, with having an editor like Sandy quoting deadlines to me everytime we meet. The upshot is that these columns are written three or four weeks before you actually see them in print. Which is my way of pleading for your forgiveness at my lousy weather forecasting.

I'd hate to start even hinting at what is going to happen this month. In fact now, I just dare not do it. Which means that the item I had lined up for you on party games in the snow will just have to wait until all this is forgotten. Meanwhile, I will tell you something about writing columns. Which should be very illuminating.

Those columnists who turn up every day in the national papers, full of bounce and verve are men and women to be admired. Of course, they have their little snippets of news to deal with and copy comes readily to them. I've no time for people like Nancy Spain who writes about her latest dinner date with Tommy Steele, Gilbert Harding or the Duke of Whereisitnow. Nor am I a particularly avid fan of those society gossips like William Hickey, whoever he might be at the moment. Film and sport gossips are just as bad, usually sinking to personal details from the lives of personalities. No, the people I admire are those little Damon Runyans who turn out copy for the evening and provincial papers, usually writing an entertaining twist on a problem or situation in the news. And Runyan was the columnist to end all columnists, of course. Why, a taxi-ride round New York, in the company of Walter Winchell, kept him going for days. Poetry, sheer poetry.

And then there was Benchley, with his heavy and laboured printed wit in those columns before he became a film star in Disney's Reluctant Dragon.

He could - and did - write an interesting column on the contents of his pockets. Of course, this type of writing is not new in fandom. Only a couple of years ago, we had a spate of fanzine columnists writing about a fannish equivalent, the room in which the said fan contributed his pieces to the fannish world. And that's a straight parallel with any mundane person's pockets. If you don't believe me, just have a look at the rubbish around you.

This column is rather a different kettle of fish, which are, I gather, copyright by Archie Mercer. Fan publishing is no overnight business. There is no question of writing copy and turning it straight over to an editor who in his turn will hand the golden words on to those ever hungry printing presses. All the actual printing and publishing side of the business has to be done virtually single handed, and alas, as fans have been moaning for years, there are only so many hours in the day. This means that some topicality is lost. Even publishing fans like the Berkeley giants, who put out a news fanzine, appreciate this time factor. By the time the presses have rolled on a news item, it's odds on that the old air letters have been winging across the Atlantic and by the time news reaches these shores, it is history.

Yes, topicality is lost. The contributor has to take this into account which cuts down his choice of subjects. News of the moment, like the latest M.C.C. failure in Australia, is of no import to the fan columnist. He has to be a little more resourceful than that, which is a strain. He can always review films, of course, but Alan Dodd seems to have that particular market well cornered.

For the Old Mill Stream, I usually keep notes on the back of an old envelope. If it's an envelope from George Metzger, there usually isn't room on the front. This envelope I keep handy, like in my tobacco pouch, and as random thoughts cross the empty wastes inside my head, leaving footprints in the grey sand, I dig them up and jot them down on the said envelope. And when Sanderson starts getting nasty and threatens to cut off the electricity, I sneak a few sidelong glances at the envelope and get down to business. You almost had some originality this month. I got the Old Mill Stream envelope mixed up with my laundry list.

Of course a columnist is always thankful for suggestions. If only people would write and say "Penelope, dear. What is your view on such and such?" it would help, even if only to quote their letters and say that I have no views on the points in question. Knowing how some fans might react to this implied invitation, I'd be hard put to it to understand their queries.

One note I did jot down with some interest was Sid Birchby's mention of the Dave Kyle recipe book and what he, Sid, could do with that as a column subject if he were Penelope. Of course, he's not. He paid good money to make that clear. Ah, these wild and impetuous provincial fans! But Sid did make it quite clear that he could go to town with this idea.

Now, suppose you were Penelope. How would you fit the Dave Kyle recipe book into your column? Would you treat the whole thing as a joke and make

up a recipe like "SNOOPBERRY WARTCAKE", or would you contribute something serious? This is a problem in itself. Why send serious recipes when any favourites would surely point to one's hidden identity. One can just see the gossip travelling the rounds if I presented a recipe for Chelsea Buns, Cumberland Currant Cake, Everton Toffee, Felixstowe Tart, Irish Barmbrack, Kentish Oastcakes, Lancashire Hot Pot, Yorkshire Pudding, Manchester Tart, Leicester Pudding, or Northumberland Griddle Cakes.

So it would obviously have to be an attempt at humour, wouldn't it?...  
.....Dave, just be wary of any recipe which contains an almond flavouring.

But I can't help feeling that any nasty remarks aimed at Dave (or any fan) would hardly be in keeping with the spirit of the New Year. Wouldn't it be a fine thing if each and every fan made a fine and fannish New Year Resolution to be nice to other fans whenever possible? It would be all too easy to make up a few weird resolutions like being kind to tame crocodiles, but it would be a deal nicer if we could work to make 1959 a bumper year in fandom. Can't you imagine a fandom without New York feuds and with Gem Carr and Ted White falling over themselves in attempts to be nice to each other?

On reflection it has been a mixed 1958 hasn't it? The year started out in fine style, with the promise of the South Gate Convention, a promise that was fulfilled, in conjunction with the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund sending over a delegate for the second year in succession, a wonderful achievement. There has been the introduction and steady improvement of Ape, and old favourite fanzines have been seen in issues of quality, Hyphen, Inside, and Oopsla. The British Science Fiction Association was formed, following a remarkable performance in chairmanship by Dave Newman at Kettering. That was 1958, a year which also saw the biggest wrangles in the history of fandom as well as the deaths of Henry Kuttner, Cyril Kornbluth, Laney, Vernon McCain, Ping Searles, Kent Moomaw and E.E.Evans.

Pour yourself out a drink and let's have a toast. To 1959 -- a better year.

Back up there I made reference to the Berkeley publishing giants, Ron Ellik and Terry Carr who, for the best part of a year, have been putting out a regularly appearing news fanzine called 'Fanac'. Recently Inchmery and Berkeley have not been seeing eye to eye on the matter of what constitutes news, but that has nothing to do with the point in question at this moment. And that very point which is in question? It's this: in the issue of Fanac dated 5 December 1958, there appears the interlineation, "FANAC is indispensable," a statement which is signed "Penelope Fandergaste." This reference in Fanac is a fake, and what happens if fake Penelopes start springing up all over the place? Do I bow down and out of the scheme of things and let others take what little credit I may have accrued during the past few months, or do I scream blue murder (which seems appropriate with this colour ink). Or, is this just another attempt to discover my identity? Fandergaste is wary - anyone looking like a GDA man in disguise will be sent packing with a sheep flea in his ear. Meanwhile, let's put things straight as far as we can. Fanac is indispensable.

Penelope Fandergaste.

# HIDDEN TALENTS



## SYNOPSIS

Two unusual events occur in fandom at the same time. SANDFIELD makes some enquiries regarding the musical abilities of fans, and HARRIS announces his intention to publish 'THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ROBERT MADLE'. Sandfield, discovering a wealth of talent, makes arrangements for a concert to be rehearsed at the 1960 Kettering Con. This is a great success, and he latter combines with Harris, the intention being to hold a public concert to raise funds for the research on Madle. The scene is the Royal Festival Hall, October 14th, 1960, and the British Fandom Symphony Orchestra is about to come on stage. ETHEL LINDSAY has already entered the scene as the story is taken up by JOHN BERRY who is in the audience due to a staple-poisoned right forefinger making it impossible for him to play the triangle with the Orchestra.....

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Miss Lindsay guided the neofans to the audiences left where, under her careful direction, they placed the instrument in a precarious position near the edge of the stage. Ethel stood looking downwards, mute, composed,

happy that at last her musical talent was about to be revealed to the public for the first time. True, her adept use of the enema was acknowledged all over the country. But with the Cracked Bed Pans.....?

The audience gave vent to their feelings in different ways. With Miss Lindsay it was polite, perchance puzzled applause, sprinkled with the odd strangled sob as someone was led away. And, to be frank, the String Section didn't excite too much attention. Most of them had reasonably mundane violins, although here and there a home made one was prominent - and there was a 1/9d one from Woolworths. NGW spoiled the overall effect of generality by having his violin under his left arm and the bow, horse-hair and all, wrapped round his neck. Rumour was rife in the orchestra and the audience that a certain BNF had done it, but as NGW revealed to everyone, bewildered by the apparent interest as he was, it was a bow tie, wasn't it, and he had been told to wear one. For the record, the violinists were Harry Turner, H.P. Sanderson (with, strangely enough, a quiver of spare bows slung over his shoulder), EFR, Fred Smith (kilt akimbo), Eddie Jones, Dave Newman, Ella Parker, Ron Bennett and Don Allen.

The viola section drew scattered applause. After all, a viola is a viola, even when played by Cedric Tweep. It was obviously bad taste on his/her part to carry a banner announcing the fact that he/her was prepared to offer 'Three Cheers For The Wolfenden Report'. And strange as it may seem, there was only one viola player. Tweep stood to the right of the strings and next to him, on the right, appeared Bentcliffe and Marriott!

The arrival of these two brought forth from the onlookers what I can only describe as a vibrant hum of befuddlement. A large ebony pianoforte was pushed into place by Eric Bentcliffe, and behind him, offering encouragement, was Shirley Marriott. She was dressed in a provocative gown, and held a bunch of grapes in her right hand and a light metal frame in her left. Satisfied that the pianoforte was in the correct situ Bentcliffe opened the lid, swung it through an arc of 180° and propped it up, horizontal to the ground, with the metal framework. He helped Miss Marriott to climb onto this platform and, running her fingers rhythmically through the wires in the bowels of the pianoforte, she revealed that the harpist and the pianist were combining together on one instrument. Bentcliffe sat on the piano stool (an orange crate) flexing his clever fingers.

The arrival of the percussions caused the audience to really show interest. One or two ardent music lovers stood on their seats to get a better view, although Sir Malcolm Sargent and I didn't need to follow suit since we were in the front row.

First in the procession came Miss Roberta Wild, famed far and wide as an exponent of the Glockenspiel. She was pushing something about the size of a tea-trolley, covered with a large off-white sheet. She seemed to be terribly self-conscious, and slunk furtively to the rear of the stage -- as well she might, for as some of you know, my guess was correct. It was a tea-trolley. As she confessed tearfully to her psychiatrist the following day, she didn't know what a glockenspiel was!

Walt Willis followed her, his two polished saucepan lids shafting the

light in a most effective way as he held them high. Vigorous applause greeted this famous character, and to a persistent chant of appeal from the throng he created a precedent by advancing to the front of the stage and appealing for hush. The audience quietened and craned forward with eager anticipation as Willis held his head to one side, closed his eyes in sheer ecstasy and clanged the lids together, a vibrant, fantastic, ethereal, utterly horrible noise. The first of several severe strokes amongst the onlookers occurred at this juncture and the victim was carried away, a loud cry of "Giv 'im an asprin, och aie" from Miss Lindsay following him through the doors.

Joy Clarke looked particularly pleased with herself as, bearing a small blue triangle and a little tapper, she sort of waltzed into place next to Willis.

Messrs Whelan and Hall, carrying the Fish Rack between them, staggered in. Each waved a fat-ladle with his free hand and, smelling highly of fish and chips, they parked themselves next to Joy.

A noise reminiscent of a junk shop doing a midnight flit announced the appearance for the first time on any stage of Archie Mercer and his Malleable Irons. Two neofen carried a pole apiece, and slung between them was a long rope to which were fastened various impliments, viz, a rusty cycle wheel, a bent poker, the frame of a pram cover, a Gestetner cranking handle and three brass monkeys in accepted attitudes - in that order. Mercer was heard to express the opinion that he hoped there would be a solo spot for him. That was the first inkling I had that there hadn't been a rehearsal.

The Brass Section didn't evoke too much enthusiasm, because, as far as the onlookers could see, there was nothing unduly unusual about them. Ken Bulmer had a hooter from a 1907 Chevrolet with the words 'Brigid Bardot' painted on it. He stood on the space on the stage reserved for the French Horn. John Brunner, rather more aesthetic, preferred to flaunt a decent looking trombone, although at the time only he knew that the previous owner had allowed spittle to rust and the extension wouldn't extend leaving the only note playable as a rather vulgar F sharp. Alan Dodd strolled on behind Brunner, with worried creases on his forehead.

"Where's your tuba?" Bulmer hissed, and Dodd replied in a stage whisper that I know for a fact Sir Malcolm heard (that's when he first produced the hip flask) "Yeak, you keep saying that. But what I want to know is, a tube of what?"

The audience seemed disappointed at the four trumpeters, who were smartly attired in full evening dress. In fact, they appeared on the stage backwards, protesting vehemently to Laurence Sandfield, who, in turn, pleaded, cajoled and swore. It transpired when the case came up at the Queens Bench Division later that they were in fact bona fide members of the London Symphony Orchestra who had been lured to the Festival Hall on the particular occasion under false pretences. But one had to admire Sandfield for his initiative. I mean, he had to have trumpeters, didn't he? They filed uncertainly behind Tweep.

Finally the woodwinds shuffled onto the stage and trooped round to the audience's right. The flautists were James White, Terry Jeeves, Arthur Thomson and Paul Enever. The single oboe player was covered with a white sheet, with small eye holes in the head piece, rather like a refugee from the Klu Klux Klan. According to the programme, the oboeist was Penelope Fandergaste, so there was of course some reason for the covering. More than one observant fan noticed the coincidental fact that Sid Birchby was not in the orchestra and nodded their heads sagely as they looked at the hooded oboe player. Willis was heard to make a remark about oboe-sexuals!

Bob and Sadie Shaw and Madeleine Willis comprised the bassoon trio. They were the happiest of the whole orchestra because they couldn't play a note and Sandfield knew it -- but they looked the part, and they balanced the orchestra, and one never knew.....

I don't think that words can describe the silence that awaited the conductor, Laurence Sandfield. Maybe Hemingway or Maugham could essay a paragraph or two about it. There is, as you will readily admit, silence and silence. But this was S\*I\*L\*E\*N\*C\*E! The audience seemed completely hypnotized -- just a mass of bulging eyes (in many cases bloodshot ones) lancing stagewards, and in return, the orchestra glared challengingly towards their potential listeners.

Even the girls who had been walking down the aisles shouting 'Chocolate ---Cigarettes---Fanzines---' were hushed by the overbearing atmosphere of it all.

Then Sandfield walked on, and the spell was broken. The neofannish cheerleaders in the audience got the rest going, and Sandfield took his bow.

I couldn't help thinking that his trousers were just a leetle too short (unless shin-length black stripes are all the rage) - and his tails were just a mite too long (I mean, you aren't supposed to wipe your feet on them are you?) - and his stiff shirt front was just too ostentatious (after all, they aren't supposed to roll up at the front under the chin like a cabbage leaf, are they?).

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began. "In conjunction with Mr Charles Randolph Harris, of Vargo Statten fame, it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you the British Fandom Symphony Orchestra."

Polite and somewhat restrained clapping showed they were anxious for the performance to proceed.

"The orchestra will play the Planet Suite, by Gustav Holst. The seven parts of the suit are, as you know, Mars - the Bringer of War, Venus - the Bringer of Peace, Mercury - the Winged Messenger, Jupiter - The Bringer of Jollity, Saturn - the Bringer of Old Age, Uranus - the Magician, and Neptune - the Mystic.

"The first, and my favourite, is Mars. The relentless and fundamental hammering of the 5/4 rhythm shows better than words the utter ruthlessness and stupidity of total war. You will especially note the chromatic wail of the trombone, performed with an undefinable technique by Mr Brunner, and then the tuba---"

"Pssst" came from the depths of the orchestra.

Sandfield coughed, and turned his head, reminding me so very much of a penguin looking over its shoulder to see if a seagull had swiped its egg.

"What's wrong?" he hissed.

"No tuba," came back the forthright reply.

"Get one" he snarled, his teeth showing like a row of tombstones on a moonlit night.

Sandfield turned to the audience once more. "A slight technical hitch," he beamed to the assembly, as a protesting wail from the centre of the orchestra culminated in a despairing cry of "a tube of what?"

Realising that he had to ad lib for a while, Sandfield stuttered and continued... "-----and at great personal expense we have secured the services of Miss Wild on the Glockenspiel, in Jupiter. Such superb scientific skill is hard to...."

The doors at the rear of the auditorium opened and closed, and Alan Dodd, with his arms affectionately clutching a highly polished tuba, raced down the centre aisle and vaulted onto the stage, disappearing into the innermost depths of the orchestra. The rear door opened and closed once more, and a fat little man with a bewildered expression entered, attired in the uniform of the Salvation Army. He had a sheet of music in his hand and looked aggressive. He walked menacingly towards the orchestra, his hands flexing at his sides, rather like Gary Cooper in 'High Noon'.

Like silent manifestations of the underworld, four GDA undercover agents in evening dress swooped on the frustrated musician, and gripping a limb each, bore him away.

Larry Sandfield raised a hand to hush the audience. Once again silence -- that silence -- gripped the hall and wouldn't let go.

Slowly, majestically, Sandfield turned his face to his proteges and tapped his baton twice on the side of the rostrum.....

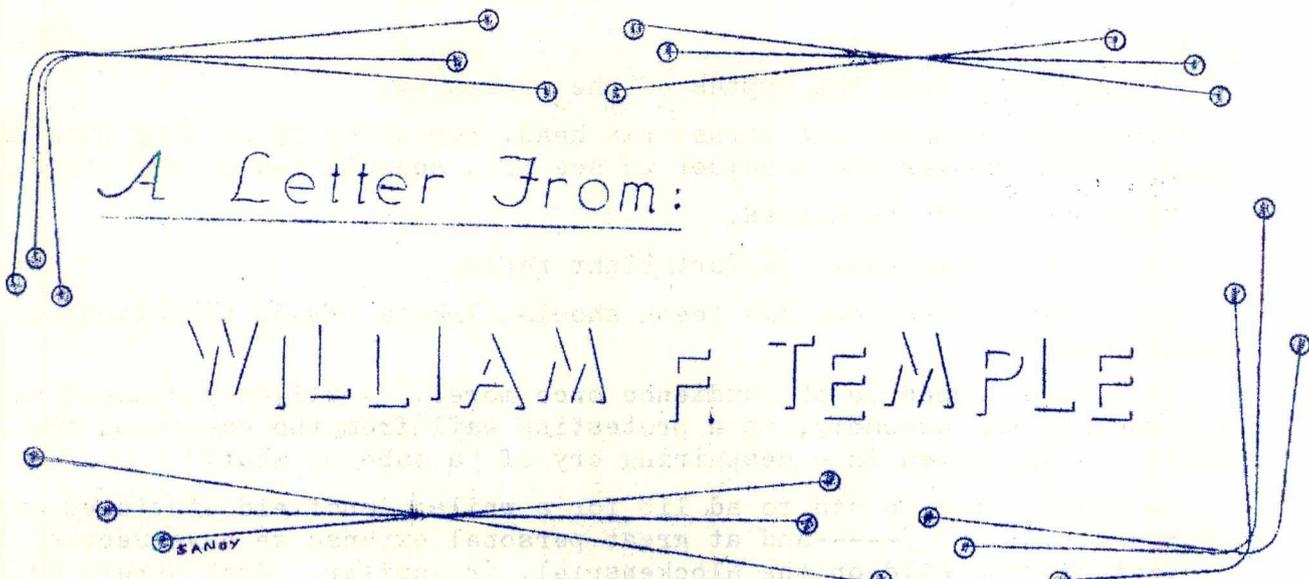
To Be Continued.....

John Berry.

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### Housey-Housey.

On one or two occasions we have mentioned Roy Brooks, whose adverts of houses for sale form one of the most amusing sections of the Observer. The latest is as follows: RICH GOLDERS GREEN DETACHED RES. IN LOVELY BIG GDN; £5,995. TRY ANY OFFER FOR QUICK SALE (altho' Solicitor, a Science Fiction type, places it in the £8,000 class)...decor O.K. - or horrible according to your taste.' Now I wonder who that solicitor is, and why Mr Brooks should have made a point of mentioning the sf angle? Perhaps he is a fan - his sense of humour would appear to qualify. For instance, from the same paper...."Superior S.Ken. Mews Cottage, honestly rather better reconstructed than the average type of loose box for Yahoos ...Res. of the gentleman responsible for patenting perpetual motion machines and antibiotics - advertising, not he, is responsible for abuse of latter".



A Letter From:

WILLIAM F. TEMPLE

Sid Birchby's disclaimer concerning Penelope Fandergaste was a waste of money so far as I'm concerned. Obviously Penny is a she. Maybe She herself. The Old Mill Stream, aptly titled, is just a Stream of Unthinking Thought, directed nowhere, inconsequential as feminine chatter, which it is. Entertaining chatter though.

Experimentally, I'm going to borrow this technique and let my typewriter say the first thing that comes into its head. Then perhaps I can be entertaining too...

The first object in the flow from the uncritical subconscious is a title, The Borrowers (note word association with "borrow" above)....Been hunting unsuccessfully for a copy of this interesting-sounding fantasy, ostensibly written for children but in fact of much wider appeal, praised by C.S.Lewis and John Cowper Powys.

A review says: "In uncountable family households it has introduced a new explanation for the incessant disappearance of articles --- the scissors, pencils, gloves, tin-openers, telephone pads --- that goes on wherever fiendish children live. The Borrowers have been pillaging again.... a breed of manikins who live behind the wainscoting of an old house near Leighton Buzzard....Working-class weenies....their life in the dim plaster-and-lath recesses is one of furtive, grinding insecurity. They live like fearful outlaws on the thin pickings from "the human beans" whose giant footfalls and shadows constantly hang ominously over them....Their rather pathetic miniature reproduction of human life -- the pink blotting-paper carpet, the swiped dolls'-house chairs, the fire-grate made out of an old cog, the framed foreign stamp pictures, the network of defences across their passages of squares of wire fly-swats locked by safety pins..... Beautifully written, without gush, original, precise in detail, richly comic in characterisation, yet sad, ominous and strangely realistic..... Behind the book, the idea of little people overhung by things like wars and Fascism, and still trying to live a decent life."

I have hopes of it. It sounds in the E. Nesbit class. Some of her

fantasies still hold magic, like The Enchanted Castle, with its eerie Ugly-Wuglies, grotesque assemblages of broomsticks, crumpled paper and old clothes, who come alive and stomp around speaking an odd consonantless language with their paper tongues and roofless mouths.

But I've a personal interest in Nesbit. In childhood I lived within bow-shot of her old moated house, Well Hall, haunt of the Fabians, including H.G.Wells, and once home of Sir Thomas More\* who wrote Utopia and lost his head. Once I bought apples from her in the orchard which still exists.

This thing which makes her books and the Alice books and a handful of other children's fantasies still memorable and rereadable is the one thing unfortunately lacking in so much contemporary magazine fantasy and sf..... the element of poetry. Brunner's EARTH IS BUT A STAR, in a recent Science-Fantasy, is one of the few exceptions. It was most persuasive...

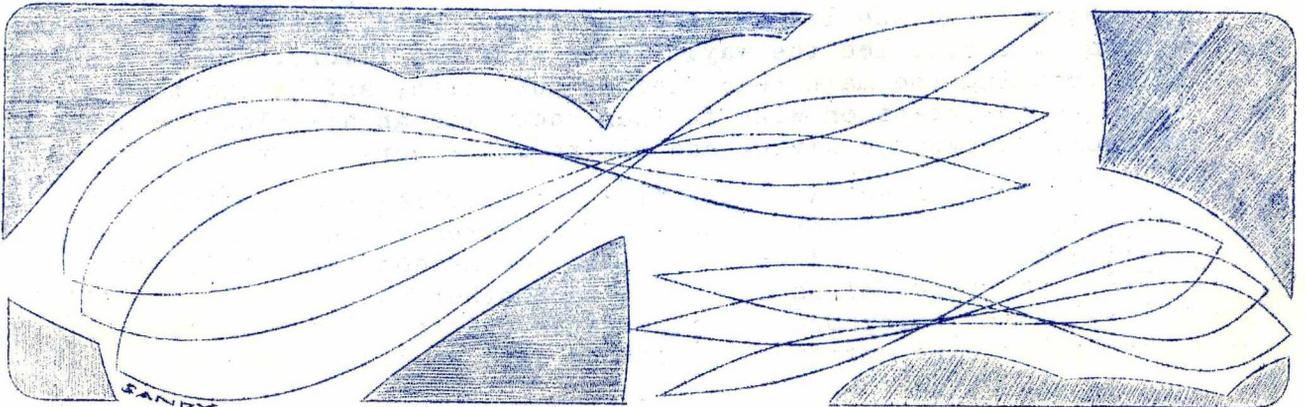
Principles And Persuasions ... another title comes drifting on the stream. Literary essays by Anthony West, illegitimate son of H.G.Wells and Rebecca West. He had some affection for his father, anything but for his mother. (He had plenty to say about both in his novel, HERITAGE, most unlikely to be published in this country while Rebecca lives.) His essay on Wells in this book is revealing and penetrating. He says Wells spoke his true beliefs about mankind in THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU, found them too depressing to live with, fooled himself with mists of words afterwards, and tried to face the truth again at last only when he was dying.

But he never understood son Anthony. He told him so when he was a child. And again his last words to his son were: "I just don't understand you." 'Then the light left his face. He...relapsed into his dozing state on the frontier between sleep and death. The last chance of communication was gone, and there was never to be another.'

Which reminds me of...But no. I'm damming this particular Stream here and now: it threatens to swell into a River.

Ys Bill  
William F. Temple

\*In 1535 -- see Atom's Calendar, July 1959.



# THE LI'L PITCHER



We'd been looking for a new flat for some time, but it was the end of October when I spotted an ad in the local paper for two, both over shops. I rang the advertiser - a sort of unbusinesslike but kind woman - and she sadly informed me that someone had already taken one flat and the other was being inspected. When Vinø rang later to check, it had gone. He was about to ring off when the woman said that there was a third flat which had not yet been advertised...it was in very poor condition, the furniture having suffered from the antics of the children of the former occupier. Vinø told her that it was alright - we would take that into account when we looked at it, and could we see it that evening? Somewhat reluctantly, and with further demurrals about its condition, she agreed and told us to ring the next door neighbour's bell for the key.

Hastily we assembled at New Cross at ten-to-six and hurried to the address which we discovered was over a good quality second-hand furniture shop that had a shelf of books outside. Score one in our favour. We rang the bell next door as instructed, but got no answer. Worriedly we continued to ring at intervals, while we prowled around the outside assessing possibilities. It appeared to be on two floors over the shop - which was still open and whose owner assured us that the McGraths were there and to keep on ringing. We had almost given up hope when the door opened and a little girl appeared. Three hasty and garbled stories poured out and yet, unfused, she said she'd fetch her mother. When Mother appeared we were somewhat more coherent and she let us into the flat. Vinø, with newly-bought-for-the-occasion torch, led the way. There were two floors, one with a living room fronting the main road, facing due north, and behind that a dining room and an extension wing further back with an all-electric kitchen and a bathroom. Above the living and dining rooms were the two bedrooms.

The all-electric aspect was terrific; the shambles the landlady had predicted puzzled us as to her standards. We weren't used to seeing places in such good condition for it was a king in comparison to most others we had examined. The three of us looked at each other and just said 'Yes!', so out we trooped to telephone our acceptance and to ask for confirmation by letter together with notification of the date we could move in.

A week went by with no further communication.

In desperation Vinø rang the woman. We had felt all along that getting the flat was too good to be true, and when she told him that relatives had wanted the place, all our fears were realised. However, she did say she had a spare house we could see, and Vinø said we'd make arrangements. Enter irate husband (the first time we knew he existed). Before arrangements to see the house could be completed the woman phoned Vinø at work and said that her husband had been upset at her letting the flat to relatives. We could have the flat and the relatives could have the house. Would we like to move in in two day's time. Explaining the necessity for giving a week's notice to our Catford landlord we arranged to move on November 8th, and sent off rent to clinch the deal. Two days later a rent book arrived and we breathed safely once more.

For the move, we decided to pack everything into our apple-boxes and label each one with the room to which it was to go. This failed immediately on arrival due to the extra flight of stairs necessary for **toting** things up to the bedrooms. We had a week, and we just about made it. There were an awful lot of boxes - there was an awful lot of stuff to go in them. Vinø had blithely arranged with the furniture shop - owning a 10cwt van - to collect our goods. By Friday night we calculated there was at least two tons of stuff to be moved, mainly dead-weight-paper in one form or another. Pamela and Ken Bulmer had volunteered to help us but in spite of our gratitude for the offer we turned them down since a young foetal fan, Peter Mantell, from Vinø's office had already promised to help. He lived in the area. Good job they didn't come too, for on Saturday morning up rolled John Newman complete with car and spoiling to help. This meant six of us tearing round and when we all finally collected in one room with a few boxes, the place looked as if it would burst. Considering that the room in question is as large as the living room at Catford - well, almost - this takes some doing, but then the furniture is large size too.

But before this, 8.00am on the Saturday morning, we were still at Catford frantically packing what we thought was the last of our goods. The van's first load went over to New Cross with Vinø following behind on the back of Peter's scooter. I collected stuff we'd need at once and John drove me over leaving Sandy in charge of more packing. At New Cross stuff was already a foot deep over the living room floor as John and I headed for the kitchen. No 1 necessity was to buy an electric kettle, so John took me on a tour of suitable shops. Eventually we had a choice of two kettles, and since one was double the capacity of the other and only 14/- dearer, naturally I took that one. It just about matched our fan-sized teapot (tho this is not as large as the Willis teapot and can only manage about eight cups at one filling!). John decided I needed lunch and gave me a slap-up meal at a restaurant before we returned in time to make coffee all round. (Well, I'm not keen on tea myself). The boys had had a scratch meal so we all felt capable of carrying on.

Vinø's main worry now was the age of the new place; would it be strong enough to take the dead-weight of all our stuff plus what was already there in the way of furniture? It was even worse when he discovered that the front of the building was supported by a girder above the shop front, which was itself supported only by a steel rod running down the middle of the

window. Boxes had to be piled in the centre of the room and not round the edges - just in case. That the girder supported the edge and nothing supported the centre, was a point we completely overlooked.

Our removal man, Mr Tilling, only managed two loads on the Saturday morning because he had an appointment for another job that afternoon. However, he did arrange to collect one load, lui-meme, Monday daytime, and also to go over Monday evening with Vinç for the rest of the stuff - the rest mainly consisting of Sandy's hi-fi equipment.

By Saturday night we were ready to flop down to sleep - but unfortunately our new bedding, sufficient to make up all the beds, had not arrived. The first thing we had to do was to set the beds up as close as possible to the electric fires. Then we could settle down with what bedding - and coats - we did have. This was surprisingly successful except that the layers had to be carefully preserved to ensure the maximum warmth.

Sunday was devoted exclusively to trying to create some sort of order out of the chaos that was our flat. But by Monday evening it only looked worse than ever. Tilling certainly collected some stuff on his own - I watched aghast as floor space, won at such cost on Sunday, began to disappear under various miscellanea....first from the edge of the living-room...then from the dining-room....and then from the kitchen. Frantically I lifted out handfuls of books and piled them in cupboards until I had an applebox empty enough for me to move. Frantically Mr T filled up the vacant space with yet another box. Eventually he stopped. Then as Vinç and Sandy arrived home I looked round horrified. Where were we to put the hi-fi cabinets and the bed-settee? First prize to the man who suggested moving some appleboxes upstairs. Like Mme de Recamier I reckined on the couch while Sandy moved box after box after box. And finally, there, in all its pristine glory, lay a piece of floor. Just about large enough. Put more magazines away in cupboards, pile more boxes on top of others, risk (the hell with it!) putting some against the outside wall - now we can get the rest in.

Vinç and Mr T returned and struggled up the stairs with Sandy's assistance. The bed-settee, in pieces, was manoeuvred round the corners of the staircase. The cabinets were in. (Not that the equipment would work, of course; all the transformers would have to be altered from 210v to 240v before we could plug in). Then Mr T retired in good order and fired his parting shot at the front door; "Let me know when you've got room. The landlord's left another table, a bedroom suite and two chairs with me to give you when you're ready."

You may not believe this, but the new flat is bigger than the old one. We have now got all the furniture in, the hi-fi is working, the kitchen is in 100% working order, there's still stuff to be unpacked, and we ran out of time a long way back. Some day we'll have the job finished, but in the meantime my advice to anyone considering moving house is just this.

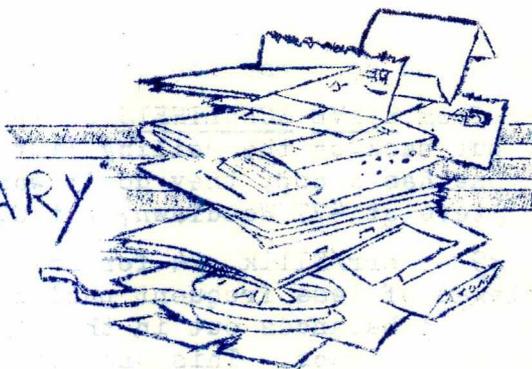
Don't.

Joy K. Clarke.



INCHMERY  
FAN

DIARY



DECEMBER 1958

1st. Letter from TED PAULS. "Mercer, you Dawg - As a native born Alaskan (my mother was in Baltimore at the time, but they sent her a telegram) I challenge you. Alaska is not a trifle larger than Texas. It is two and one half times as large! I can forgive this error because you used an atlas. If you had used a Globe instead you would have seen this.#  
# Re the comments on my letter. What is 'Cor'? (An exclamation of surprise, from 'Gor Blimey' originally 'God Blind Me!'"...#)

Along with the letter came a copy of HI #2 (with a photo of Ted, and #3. These are chatty news sheets on the Fanac style running to a total of 10 pages. They suffer, as did #1, from pretty horrible repro, but I hope that Ted will carry on with them. Very few fans can look back on a perfect 'first fanzine'.

TWIG 11 - Guy Terwilleger - 15¢; published letters of comment; trades. I have been hearing a lot about Twig, and I wasn't disappointed when I saw my first copy. Best item is an account by the editor of a visit from Lars Bourne. Bourne himself has a tear-away criticism of Apē 1 which is most amusing in places. If I remember correctly I once had the temerity to criticise an issue of Brillig that he put into an OMPA mailing when he was a member, and this probably accounts for his spleen. Oh well, Apē 1 is too far away in time for me to take up space here pointing out the errors in Bourne's thinking.

TWIG 12. One of the nicest things about this zine is the use of colour for illos and headings. After that comes the writing by Guy himself. The first half of this is given over to the work of other fan-editors, although Grennell and perhaps Dodd are the only ones I really know. There's a small section given over to fan reviews and a brief (and obviously hasty) report on the Solacon by Honey Wood (to whom quote cards should not be sent). All in all Twig is an excellent zine and one you should try to get. The only bad thing from my point of view is the use of fan (as opposed to fannish) fiction....but then my dislike of this is a personal quirk that should be well known by now. I'm certain Guy will survive...

GAMBIT 23; 24; 24½; and 24.6 - Ted White - Free. News sheet type of thing, although we are told that every fifth issue will be 20 or more pages with letters of comment and the works. One of Ted's most annoying habits is the way he plays around with titles -- anyday now I am expecting to see a Gambit 29½ formerly Stellar c/w Gafia 24½ c/w FlaFan 4. He gives reasons for his composite titles, but they don't convince me. Apart from some

rather inane conversation pieces these zines are interestingly readable.

Letter from STEVE SCHULTHEIS on Apes 1 to 4 which arrived in time for him to be put back on the mailing list for No 6 but not, unfortunately, No 5. If anyone has a copy they don't want to keep they might consider sending it to Steve at 477 Woodlawn, Apt C, Springfield, Ohio, USA.

FANAC 29 - Carr/Ellick - 4 for 25¢ or 2/-d. It appears that one of the advantages of less frequent publication is that the issues are a little larger. It balances out in the long run, of course, but I prefer the more substantial Fanacs. This one has lots of fanzine reviews and a page by Ackerman.

OOPSLA 25 - Gregg Calkins - 15¢ - 8 for \$1.00. Just a trifle out-dated with the odd reference here and there to South Gate in 58, but it's the material that counts. Along with Hyphen and Grue this is one of the best zines being published today. There's Bloch on growing sour, Willis on the changing face of fandom, Hector Q Drainingboard and Mosher, John Berry on the Boy Scouts, Bill Morse on the Guards, and a nice big lettercol to finish the issue. With a formula like that you can't go wrong. Send for it.

SATELLITE 8 - Don Allen - 1/- (overseas, letter of comment or 3 for 2 pro-mags). Pieces on Inchmery, Austria, France(in general) and Paris. The key-note is the large lettercolumn, the editorial which is always interesting, and a piece by 'Envelope Blunderbust' that starts off as an extraordinary good take-off of the Fandergaste column but ends as a fannish item in its own right. I suspect this is Don Allen, but it has several Mercer-like touches. Commenting on a letter from me in which I say that I don't like pen-names, Don asks why I don't carry this policy into Apē. I would like to, but 'Penny' insisted on keeping her identity secret, and I wanted the column. Still, she can hardly be compared with 'Vitriol' who employed his pen-name to say a number of things I feel sure he wouldn't have had the courage to say otherwise. Might be wrong, though. Anyway, I certainly have no objections to 'Blunderbust'. An extremely good issue, this.

DETENTION - first progress report. You can get this by sending \$2.00 to Jim Broderick, 2218 Drexel Ave., Detroit 15, Mich. or else 7/- if you are in the UK, to Ron Bennett. Why not chip in your bit of cash to help the Detroit Convention in 1959? (Technical note - I haven't seen many Progress Reports prior to the London issues in 1957, but I think Harry Turner set a standard in layout and presentation at that time that has not yet been equalled. This present report is rather scrappy, but I feel the reason is that I've become so used to seeing litho- or photo-offset reports that a mimeo job comes as a bit of a shock. Future Detention reports will be photo-offset.)

3rd. Letter from TONY THORNE addressed to Vinç, in which he says that he is coming back into active fandom. Welcome home, Tony.

4th. Letter from BELLE DIETZ, who got hold of two possible meanings for APÉ - the first is more nearly correct, Belle. And you are 100% right on the other matter, but mum's the word, hmm? "The Li'l Pitcher is, as usual, excellent. I don't agree with Joy on one thing though. (Oh, hush, girl. You are supposed to be fawning, remember?...?) I understand

your distinction between sf fanatics and sf fans but we seem to be growing away from sf (at least from what I've seen in this country). The brand of your fannishness seems to be how many cons you've attended, and who you know, and not your collection or what sf you've read." (In the UK the accent is on fanzine fans...but the difference appears to be that our fanzine fans are also the club fans and the ones who organise conventions. In America the groups are much more distinct. I don't see any change in the 'away from sf' movement, but I often wonder how long fandom will hold together without sf as a basis. If many more promags fold we might soon find out...)

5th. Letter from HARRIETT KOLCHAK. "At the Cincon or Midwestcon I was about to speak to some Kyle fen and I was told, in so many words, to go back to my own table and that they didn't want me over there. Being a new fan I was quite shocked but found out later it was because they had seen me talking to Belle and Frank Dietz." (Yes, I imagine you would be shocked, as a new fan, to meet such treatment. But I wouldn't let it worry you too much. There are always a few ill-mannered bores in any group but if you stick around I'm quite sure you will find that this sort of attitude is not normal in fandom. At least, I've never yet heard of a division of opinion where people who want to know what is going on haven't been able to talk to both sides...)

Letter from BOB RICHARDSON. "I like Apē. True it gives your viewpoint on certain aspects of fandom, which usually run contrary to mine, but then it is your fanzine and one does like to read how the other half think. Besides, Arthur Thomson does a lot of illo work, so it's worth having for that alone. My main criticism of Apē is that it appears to be anti-BSFA. If you and the writers of some of the "I don't like the BSFA" stuff were members then they and you would have a legitimate grouse. (But Ken Bulmer is the one who has had most to say agin the BSFA, and he is a member. It's a long time since I mentioned the subject...)

8th. Letter from DICK ENEY, who also picked up the Alaska business and who goes on..."A fine issue, this -- Number 5 being up. Much disappointed to see that my private guess on the identity of Penelope Fander-gaste, Chuck Harris, is apparently ruled out...unless of course somebody's working a double bluff, which is always rather more than a possibility in Anglofandom. As it is, I suppose, working out Penelope's name would be more a guessing game than a problem in reasoning, since there's no telling which of 'her' statements are true...I mean in the general way in which the GDA chronicles are true; e.g. no way to be sure whether 'she' plays dominoes if not at the 'Pig & Pudding' then at some country pub; whether 'she' indulges in a pipe, perhaps not "old worn and tarry"...hm, now I come to think of it, I don't know enough of British fandom to either guess or deduce Penelope's identity with any chance of success." (Dick goes on to comment to Joy that Bob Madle was accused of not being a fan before he came over here, and to say that he was one of the established fans to come to Bob's defence with a leaflet, by name of TOOT!. Sorry, Dick, we never had the leaflet or heard any echoes of the accusations. But we're happy to take your word for it!...)

Letter from JOHN KONING. "Blue inking looks very nice. Very Grennellish and all. Seems that British zines are a bit smaller, page size, than their US cousins. (€A fact I've cursed many a time. Our Qto size is 10 x 8 in.€) Bennett is a dirty rotten liar! When I talked to him on the phone, and I asked him if he had stowed away on a Portugese fishing boat to get to the US, he calmly told me that no, he hadn't stowed away, but instead had booked passage on some insignificant little British packet boat, which resembled a fishing boat. Ghu knows in what strange light Bennett views the world when he considers the Queen Mary in this light. Or has he seen bigger ships? Or just watched too many sea pics in cinemascope? ## You have hijacked Cecil. You are thieves. By the way, how do you go about capturing an elephant such as Cecil. Mercer notwithstanding, no one has ever done it yet, except Ron, of course, way back when. (Way back when the world was young, and so was Grandpa Bennett). (€You must ask Ron sometime to tell you about the way he thrilled with terror to discover - on a visit to us - that London was being honeycombed with elephant traps. Unfortunately most of them are being filled in now, but by weird modern buildings, not by elephants...€) (€Oh, and thanks for the photo, John...€)

THE DEVILS MOTOR-BOAT 1 - Nick and Noreen Falasca - Free. It seems that after the Solacon Boyd Raeburn suggested to the Falascas that they should publish a fanzine, and this is the result. As a zine the reproduction is good but the design and layout are lousy. On the other hand if you consider it more as a oneshot than a fanzine then it just about gets by. The pages are almost all solid print - no illos at all. If Boyd is really serious about the Falascas publishing a fanzine as such, then he'll have to give them a little help I'm thinking. All of this relates to the appearance of the zine, of course. From the material point of view the zine is well worth reading. In particular Noreen turns in a very good piece of fannish fiction loosely based on the trek to the Solacon. She makes good use of over-exaggeration. You should get on the mailing list for future issues - perhaps my idea that we might get some more fanzine fans out of the WSFS mess won't be so far out after all.

9th. Th 5 - Jean & Annie Linard - Free. Being a very informal and infrequent chatter-zine designed basically to keep the Linards in touch with fandom. Which purpose it fulfills admirably as far as this group is concerned. Incidentally, Jean, that was a neat idea you had, addressing my copy to me at "Inchmery Xmas". We hadn't thought of it.

In the evening we went over to see Pamela and Ken Bulmer and Bobbie Wild. We being Vinø and I since Joy was unable to travel. We had a very enjoyable time - Pamela is a good cook, and I discovered, among other things, that Ken did not think much of Penelope, but he thought the serial by John Berry was going to turn out to be one of the best things John has done. I agree.

10th. Postcard from ARCHIE MERCER. "I am planning on putting out the first ish of a VERY occasional news-zine in (I hope) January. Provisional title - 'angloFANAC' (Stateside distribution to be handled by FANAC). Any news you care to contribute will be gratefully welcomed." (€ Right, anyone any news for Archie?...€)

THE SICK ELEPHANT 5 - G H Wells - 10 for \$1.00 and frankly not worth it at the moment. Not that I want to stomp on George too hard because everyone has to start sometime. The repro is patchy - four of the ten pages had unreadable spots - two large, two small, and from what I could see of the material it ranges from a humour piece by Skeberdis on how to write a factual article (I did very much the same sort of thing myself about six years ago) through fanzines reviewed by the editor (and I have to confess that I have only seen two of the ten mentioned) on to two pieces of very bad fiction. Wells asks for material and subs, in that order, which at least shows that he has a good grasp of the fundamentals of fanzine publishing.

11th. INSIDE science fiction No 53 - Ron Smith - 4 for \$1.00 or 7/6 and worth at least twice that amount. This is a fabulous zine indeed. The first twenty pages comprise a take-off of The Mag of F & SF handled by Dave Foley and Ron Smith (and Bob Leman with a one-page gem). 14 pages of very competent book reviews follow this and the balance of the mag is filled by Tucker, Willis, Bloch, and a lot more people. At 4 for \$1.00 it is a bargain. Send for a copy now!

Letter from RON BENNETT. "I read Apē on the bus coming home. We were a little delayed because of the icy roads, and so I managed to get through all but four or five sides. Which I've just read, now. A damned good issue. Look, mate(s), I've always the tendency to say that a piece is good, or that a fanzine is good, or that I've enjoyed it, but I never go into the degree of enjoyment or quality ascribed to the article in question... Thus: I enjoyed this like wow. ## What amazes me about Belle's report is her memory. I really did say those things, I think. Poor Joy. I hardly think it fair that Sandy cuts Joy's piece down to a meagre page and then belts thousands of half-page illos into the zine. Look at the space that could have been used, which could have been filled with meat mate. Consider yourself sat on, Sanderson. ## So Ashworth has taken up chess. The mind boggles at the thought. Just imagine if this had happened some three years ago, and Liverpool played Leeds or Bradford or whatever club Mal might join when he's good enough (now, now, Bennett)...you can see it happening... Bennett stares across the board at Ashworth who psneers back at him. Yes, it would be quite a thing to play against Mal in a representative game."

Letter from TERRY JEEVES. "PENELOPE. Sid has already assured me HE isn't the bod, and his advert makes me tend to believe him. I'm not going to join in the guessing game, but I couldn't help but smile at the two deliberate red herrings introduced for the people who do play. No doubt someone somewhere will be crossing out several more names from the crossindexedfandirectory and muttering...'THAT bloke doesn't live in the country.' (Penelope you louse, what two red herrings did you put in that I didn't see this time?...?) The column seemed to hunt around for a while in search of a topic and then when it settled on war and peace (or sex and sadism) I felt it stayed there too long. Not as good as here2-4, but still a worthy piece.## ALPHABET. Much as I like Atom AND his artwork, I think this item gives too much space to too little material. Pity, as normally I like loads of pictures (easier for me to understand). ## TALENTS. Berry back on form. Although he builds the whole thing from nothing, I enjoyed it far

more than many of his more elaborate works. Roll on further installments. I HOPE the (To Be Continued) is NOT a gag...## BEDTIME was Vinç at his best. What is more, it wasn't dragged too far, but just right. Only snag is that now not only will Priestley hate us, but Blyton as well....More. ## FANDIARY is still an interesting miscellany, but couldn't it be paragraphed or broken up in some way? It tends to be rather a load of print to face at one go. Will not argue with you over Triode, we thought it below par ourselves. As for this being a regular thing, well your opinion is as valid as anyone's. Oh yes, and tell Vinç that I didn't send the candle (damn it) so if it bore a sheffield post mark, blame Reaney." (¢ A nice letter, Terry, for which many thanks. The page-mass of the Diary section is my major concern at the moment, but I'm afraid that time and economics make it impossible for me to do anything about it for now..... Eventually I would like to pay a lot more attention to the layout in Apē - which is only average at the best at present, but since I can't do anything but make minor improvements at the moment without taking more than a month to put each issue together, changes will have to wait...‡)

Letter from CHARLES R HARRIS. "I am shocked to see that Bobbie Wild imagines me to be even the tiniest piece of Penelope Fandergaste. Surely even the most casual reader of Apē can spot those delicate nuances of style and those favoured keywords and similarity of interests that match those of only one other fan? Surely nobody could ever be misled by the laboured Enever parody combined with hackneyed phraseology of the earliest Ron Bennett material? Strip away the camouflage, sniff gently at the remainder, and there, like Venus rising from the waves, you will find Peter Reaney doing his usual female impersonation. (¢Not in THIS fanzine, you won't..‡) ## Speaking as an ex-fan I am happy to see that Mal Ashworth is showing a mordant interest in chess. Personally I chose the more traditional exits myself and have purchased a stamp-album and a horse, -- a high-horse, naturally, -- but far be it for me to decry any exit from the stagnant ranks of fandom. The shop that he is searching for, the one that deals only in chess sets, is probably Emil's in Burlington Arcade. The window display is consistently fabulous, -- Chinese, Persian, Indian, Russian, European sets in ivory, bone and wood, -- but the prices are well on the fabulous side too. Even George Charters, -- a red-hot chess player -- would find it hard to finance more than a couple of sets at once. ## It occurs to me that there may be other fans waiting to go AWOL but handicapped by not knowing where to obtain the lifeline that will lead them back to permanent gafia in the macrocosm..... Ethel, you could get that set of bagpipes from Henry Starck, 12 Kentish Town Road. And if you want a kilt and sporran to match, Scott Adie of 29 Cork Street has both in your size along with a fine assortment of skean dhu's suitable for wearing beneath the garter. Walter, J. G.Morley of 56, Old Brompton Road deals in nothing but harps: you could sit there strumming away for hours, and getting up occasionally to rattle the skeleton (buy it from Adam Rouilly, 18, Fitzroy Street) that you keep in your cupboard for old times sake. BoSh, there's a gourmet's paradise at 17, Orange Street, (just off the Haymarket). This bod sells Russian caviar, beche-de-mer, sun-dried turtles, and Chinese birdsnests. If you still felt peckish afterwards you might walk around the corner to Paxton and Whitfield

in Jermyrn Street and try a morsel of cheese. They stock 82 different varieties, and can be smelt 200 yards away on a warmish day. Madle, --you could get stuffed: try Gerrards, 61 College Place, Camden Town. Mention my name and ensure that the job is carried out by sturdy English craftsmen in the age-old traditional manner. Fawningly, Charles."

"P.S. Ape 5. Ask Archie who told him that "England's largest county is actually Devonshire." It ain't: there's no such place. Devon is NOT a shire and nyaaaaah to the BSFA."

"P.P.S. The calendar was nice."

"P.P.P.S. Save me any foreign stamps that you get."

12th. Letter from JOHN BERRY. "Walt Willis called in tonight and lent me his copy of Ape, as mine hasn't arrived yet. (≠Funny, they were all posted together...≠). This von Braun controversy makes me laff. Of course, the subject has been raised in other fanzines too, over the years, but from what I can see, no one has actually gone into the pros and cons of von Braun and America. I have. You may or may not know that I study aviation - have done so for years - and now that missiles and such have gained prominence I spend much valuable time studying them too - and of course, von Braun. If only people realised the stumbling blocks he had to face in Germany during the war (both he and his superior, Maj.Gen. Dornberger) they would come to appreciate how lucky we are that he didn't get free rein for his ideas. Political intrigues did almost as much to sabotage the V weapons as did the RAF raids on Peenemunde. The Germans don't get sufficient egoboo for their technical advances during the war...the Americans swiped a helluva lot of their experimental work and carried on with it themselves. The Redstone tactical ballistic missile being produced now in Alabama is but a development of the basic V-2, and of course, it is no coincidence that von Braun is the head of the Army Ballistic Missile Agency producing it. My theory is that the fantastic advances the Russians have made in aircraft design and rocketry (and no matter what anyone says they are way ahead of the Americans in rocket propulsion) is entirely due to the German scientists and equipment they captured at Peenemunde and elsewhere. Why worry so much about von Braun? The Russians got nearly everyone else, and judging by results they're doing quite nicely without him." (≠I don't entirely agree with you, John. The Americans got von Braun - and his team - which I believe is 140-150 strong. And of course they are still using him - and them. I don't know how many people the Russians got their hands on - it might have been hundreds or even thousands. But how many of these were true scientists and how many were engineers? Admittedly they gained from the grab. However, one of the things that worried the West when the Sputnik went up was the fact that the Russians followed it by releasing many of the Germans they held. It was then found that none of them had worked on rockets for about two years! This led to a lot of speculation and it was thought in many quarters that after learning all that the Germans could teach them the Russians actually abandoned many of the ideas and branched out for themselves, while the West stuck to the original German line. One of the things that has been holding America back is the need to develop a perfect system for feeding fuel in a liquid-fuel rocket motor. What if the Russians said to hell with the German theory that you

can't develop a sufficiently powerful solid fuel, and sat down and did just that? It might well be that in the long run liquid fuel is essential, and the Russians might now be using it, but while the West tries to put up a perfected rocket the Russians have had time to get in a lot of practical knowledge on body design and other problems. I don't believe the Germans can be credited with the Russian achievements any more than they can be with the American. Less, if anything. They gave both sides the initial push. The real answer, I think, is that Russia has approached the problem with a single-mindedness that is typical of their system, and has moved logically from step to step. In America, unfortunately, the available scientific knowledge is split, and the major aim of putting up a rocket is not so much a matter of scientific investigation as an attempt to see which of the Forces can obtain even bigger appropriations next year. And this situation appears to be as much a natural outcome of the 'democratic' system as the Russian situation is of the 'totalitarian' system. From my own point of view I prefer to be able to sit here typing this rather than doing two hours extra each day in a factory to ensure that the next rocket gets to the moon, but even so I can't help but think there is a hell of a lot of waste in the way that the West has tackled rockets... You see, I got carried away too! John has suggested that I should run off extra copies of the Diary each month and collect them together to make a sort of Yearbook. This is a very good idea, but not practical, I'm afraid. I work on a very narrow paper margin, and there are no spares of the first six issues. There will be a few spare copies of future issues - but very few. I simply couldn't afford to have a lot of paper tied up in a collection of monthly Diaries...)

Along with his letter, John sent a copy of his SAPSzine POT POURRI 4 - and having just read the editorial I see there is an objection to non-SAPS getting this before the mailing goes out. Sorry John, but as you say, I am a contributor and should therefore be entitled to a pre-publication copy. Also enclosed was a copy of THE COMPLEAT FAAN which will cost you 35¢ or 2/6d. It is well worth it - a batch of 10 of John's stories interspersed with his opinions on the best fanzine covers, illustrators, letter writers etc etc. The whole thing is beautifully produced and bound. In a section at the back John gives his opinions on many of the topics that have been discussed in fandom in the last year. For the first time for me he really becomes alive as a person rather than as the motivator of the Goon. I do not fully agree with everything he says - tho' our points of difference are few and unimportant, I think - but I'm glad as hell he finally got around to saying them. I prefer my favourite fans to be living characters.

Letter from VIC RYAN, who I imagine is pretty new to fanzines. Thanks for the comments, Vic, and yes, 15¢ = 1/-d. Call me Sandy, like the rest, hmmm?

Card from BILL MEYERS who points out that I could hasten the progress of the next issue of his Spectre by sending along an item for publication. I would like to, Bill, but we are having difficulty keeping up with Apē just now. Maybe a later issue?

Letter from WALT WILLIS. "Congratyuleations on the Christmas Apē. We'd been looking out for it since last weekend, but Madeleine said it'd probably be nearer this one before your labor bore fruit. Many a true word spoken

in gestation. What with all that moving (did you use a fantechicon?...or is that a meeting of BIS types in Archie's new caravan) it was quite a feat to publish this 44 page issue so soon. So neat and bright too. Youse is good fans. ## Congratulations on the calendar too, a noble production. You can see at a glance it is the calendar of the year. I shall hang it in the shade of Marilyn Monroe. ## Belle's account of the customs shed in New York took me back 6 years, but I was glad to see that the harrowing experience didn't subdue Ron. Like Cleopatra, customs could not stale his infinite variety. Only thing is, I think Kyle should have been there too. It isn't a real homespun New York welcome unless you have rival groups making you a bone of contention, with marrow escapes and all. I well remember the thrill I had to find both Kyle and Sykora waiting for me and to realise I was right in the middle of the continuation of the Immortal Storm. I half expected to see Samoskowitz lurking behind a pillar taking notes. ## Atom's alphabet was utterly superb, as was incidentally his cover. I specially liked JoCarr, Cons & dogs. ## Poor Joy, to be confined to one page: though mind you I thought she made better use of it than PF did of her five. I expect some of your more uncultured readers, if any there be, will be quite surprised to learn that our forefathers used to lob dead horses at one another. It's not generally known even that they worked their way up from dead cats, hence the origin of the word 'catapult'. This method of war was outlawed after Hannibal, as a weapon too terrible to be used, after he had developed a really big catapult for throwing elephants over the Alps...the first Intercontinental Ballistic Missile. By this means he won his way to Rome, but then it was reported to the defenders of the city that Hannibal's men had run out of dead elephants. "I always thought of them as maggots," remarked Scipio laughingly to Fabius, and they counter-attacked, flinging all the elephants back until they had obliterated Carthage. The only known modern use of this technique was the bombing of courting couples on roofs with dead dogs by Aldous Huxley, as described in Point Counter Point. (you go ask him feller Vinç). ## John's opus starts off well. The mental picture of Ethel and her eleven cracked bedpans on the stage of the Festival Hall is one I shall treasure. ## I agree with most of Williams' well written review of Honeymoon In Hell, tho' I thought he might have censured the fraudulent cover of the US pb, which quite misrepresents the title story. ## Nice to see ol' Vinç again with something of his quandom (not a typo, a portmanteau word for erstwhile Quandry fandom) sparkle. More, please? I sometimes feel that Vinç's subtle brilliance tends to be swamped in the torrent of energy from you fannish turbines. ## Ah, dear Diary. That was a neat interjection about members of the human race not carrying watches strapped on their genital organs. It's true for at least half of them, that's for sure. I don't seem to have anything apposite to say about either von Braun or Alaska, except that Russia seems to be getting on quite well without either. Cinemascope windshields was a fine phrase by Metzger and that was a terrific pun by H Ken B. I elevate my beanie respectfully. About Tucker's letter, I don't see that withdrawing from contact with unpleasant people is all that different from Bob's own practice of concealing his address so they won't visit him. Same reasons."

I agree about Vinç, Walt. Wish it wasn't so. The final item for today is

a letter from SID BIRCHBY, who thinks I should charge for Apē. He isn't alone in this, but the matter will be gone into in the editorial to this issue. He goes on..."I see where Bennett exchanged 'one of those large English copper coins' for 'an American dime.' Well done that man! A cool 900% appreciation. Re The Li'l Pitcher - sure, Joy, the 20th century hasn't a monopoly on secret weapons. What we do have sole patents on is mass-application secret-weapons. And I still say something we're doing is lousing up the weather. In the last three days we've had fog, smog, thunder and snow. Now it's raining." (←Ah, Manchester, I know thee well...→)

13th. Had a visit from ATOM today and he told us about his new 'modern' kick on art. "It's easy," he said, producing some of the best stuff I've seen from him. You'll find an example on the front cover of this issue - he said that he had sent a lot off to the States, and mentioned Guy Terwilliger. As if I wasn't envious enough as it was about Atom's talent, I also received a copy of Guy's TWIG 13 which made me realise as nothing else could, what could be done with colour and Atom's alien vegetation. This is the best issue of Twig that I have seen - there's no page 19 and page 12 was upside down on my copy, but it still adds up to 38 pages of enjoyment. Well, not quite, because 15½ were taken up by fiction which I don't like in fanzines (tho' the two stories concerned were well done) - still, you might find them enjoyable. The cover is by Adkins showing one of his typical 'Cartier-type' men and an alien monster that looks fresh from a Van Vogt story. I can't wait to see what Twig can do for an Atom illo in the way of colour.

Letter from PAUL ENEVER. "In the course of the ~~quarterly~~ half-yearly process known here as Tidying-Up-Your-Fan-Stuff I came across a letter I began to you last September, commenting on Apē 4. Damned glad I didn't send it because in it I said that as I was doing nothing at all for fandom I didn't want you to feel obliged to keep sending me Apē, much as I'd enjoyed it. Shows how low I'd sunk, don't it? Of course I want you to keep sending Apes - and any other fannish items which your (collectively) noble characters dictate that you should. After all, Apē 6 has been the direct instrument of my Return To The Fold, and though fandom may never have noticed what it was missing in my absence, I did. (←Welcome back, Paul. Your letter has really made me feel good...→) ## I don't faunch to know who Penelope Fandergaste is; it's too probable that when her/his identity IS revealed The Old Mill Stream won't run any more and that would be calamitous. I remember Joan Carr and FEZ. Who says humanity keeps other life forms in check? Certainly no biologist. All life forms (and that probably includes humanity) keep themselves in check ultimately. When cinnebar moths were introduced to Australia to check ragwort the silly things made such a good job of it they ate all the ragwort there was and then starved to death. Even the rabbits in parts of the same country ate themselves out of existence; true, every other vegetarian creature had perforce to perish with 'em, but that's beside the point. And if Penelope really believes that Man prevents other species from over-populating she should have my garden. ## I'll be in a better position to comment on John's piece when I've heard the whole performance. Didn't think he'd sing solo as to use the old triangle plot like that, tho. A bass business. (←How about you doing the Flat sequel?→)

PROFANITY 3 - Bruce Pelz - Trade, letter of comment, material or 15c.

Apart from a book review that tails off into a religious argument, this is quite an interesting fanzine. Four pages of letters, a four page Doddcoll, and six pages of fanzine reviews by Buck Coulson. Trifle unbalanced, not a thing to rave over, but pleasant. I like it.

Letter from DAPHNE BUCKMASTER. "Damn you and your regular regularity! The enclosed started somewhere between Apes 4 & 5...I began to feel as though I was vainly trying to keep up a running commentary with Apes falling all around me like the gentle rain from heaven. However I don't suppose you are averse to reading comments just because they are out of date. ## Reading through the letters, I come across a shocking remark from Buck Coulson; "...there is a tendency..to..admire the sharp operator. Even sometimes when the sharp operation is illegal as well as unethical." It is not so much the admiration for sharp operating - that's not news. What I'm referring to is the implication that being illegal is worse than being unethical. I think most of us can admire someone getting away with something illegal as long as it's not unethical - but - the other way round? Surely that would be indefensible? If not I'd like to hear a defence of it. (€Me too. Sorry to cut your three pages like this, but as you say, it is just a little outdated...#)

Letter from LAURENCE SANDFIELD. "I'll go straight to the item which naturally interested me most. Egad, the glory of immortalisation at the tip of the Berry pen! And a Dizzy disc between the teeth...and me a traditionalist cum mainstream fan. You know, John just didn't know how well he hit home. You see, my cousin Annetta (nee Bennett) is wife to Gerrard Hoffnung ...and you know what he's been doing in the musical world. (€Yes indeed. For the benefit of Americans, Hoffnung is a cartoonist/tuba player who believes that music can be fun -- and he holds annual concerts at the Festival Hall to prove it. Each has been a sell-out, and the last was the 'Interplanetary Music Festival'. The concerts feature such items as 'Concerto for two carpet sweepers and orchestra'...#) I think it might take a little more than a combination of Ethel and Walt's percussion to render me a Jazz apostate, but after this instalment I'm beginning to wonder. Hope it doesn't taper off towards the end. I think the most delirious imagery of all was the mental picture of J.B.Priestly with RET ll. (€Laurence was also one of those who thought I should charge for Apes, and the editorial is a result of his, and the other, letters...#)

Letter from ETHEL LINDSAY. "Tell Joy thanx very much for her plea for my D. L.Sayers. I shall await with interest the outcome! Trust Berry to think up a hilarious serial like that. This, I vow, is going to be good. Still, I must say sadly that it does seem a pity they can never think of me in connection with anything but bedpans. There are other things in hospitals! Honest fellas, I smell of (thanx to a generous male friend) Chanel No 5. Cross my heart I do! Vinç is like the horn of plenty, full of never ending pleasant surprises."

Letter from BARRY HALL. "I dislike the way you ((Inchmery in general)) keep taking it out of poor old Patrick Moore. Maybe he has said some daft things about science-fiction without knowing what he was talking about; maybe he

has written some juvenile sf - but none of us are perfect and Patrick Moore has shown himself to be a very decent chap in quite a few other lines. For instance, he stuck up a damn good argument for the exploration of space against some other mule-headed mutt in a recent TV programme, and held a very interesting and intelligent conversation on these lines. And even you must admit that he puts over 'The Sky at Night' in an easy relaxed manner which keeps a person's interest. Also, a while back, two friends of mine who were interested in astronomy wrote to Moore saying that they would be in his area shortly, and would he mind if they dropped in to see him? He said yes, and in due course they arrived. For a whole evening Moore kept them entertained, including giving them tea and showing them all over his house and collection of astronomical magazines. So, if you must criticise where criticism is asked for, please also give credit where credit is due. (Gladly. I'm happy you brought these points to my notice. After all, we don't watch television or listen to 'The Sky At Night', and we had no way of knowing about your two friends. On the other hand you say yourself that Moore said some daft things about sf, and it was in relation to sf that Vinç brought him into "Flat", following on his review of Moore's book 'Science & Fiction'. In the sf context criticism is well deserved for that monumental boob. It was Moore's responsibility to see that he knew something about the subject of his book. Then again, we can only feel the way we do because of our own knowledge of Moore....Vinç in particular. He has known people like Arthur C Clarke from the time Arthur was treasurer of the BIS. He knows that neither Arthur nor Bill Temple have any 'side', and measured against them Moore is a bit on the small side. You might ask Joy sometime about the day Moore's secretary took her out to lunch and, with the subtlety of an elephant, pointed out that she was sure Mr Moore would have no objections at all if he was asked to be the Guest of Honour at the worldcon. (Sorry, Press Agent, not secretary.) But to come back to the beginning, I do admit that we didn't know about the points you put forward))

## Having worked off all the gripes I still think Ape is the top fanmag in the country. I didn't enjoy PF so much this time, probably because I now know who it is. The most entertaining thing about the column was trying to find out who wrote it. John Berry's "Hidden Talents" is the best I've seen done by him since 'Flushed with Pride'." (Barry ends by saying that he is now fully against H-Bomb tests. He has started work in a Met Station, and has recently seen an unclassified report from Harwell on monthly rainfall collected at Felixstowe. Of all the Met Stations in the British Isles, this one collects most Strontium 90 fallout. The highest concentration comes in winter and although the report states it is not near the danger point at the moment it does admit that at the present rate of increase, it soon will be. And, as Barry says, this is straight from the horse's mouth))

PROGRAM & FINAL REPORT (SOLACON) Very well produced. Might I draw your attention to pages 3&4 of the Final Report?

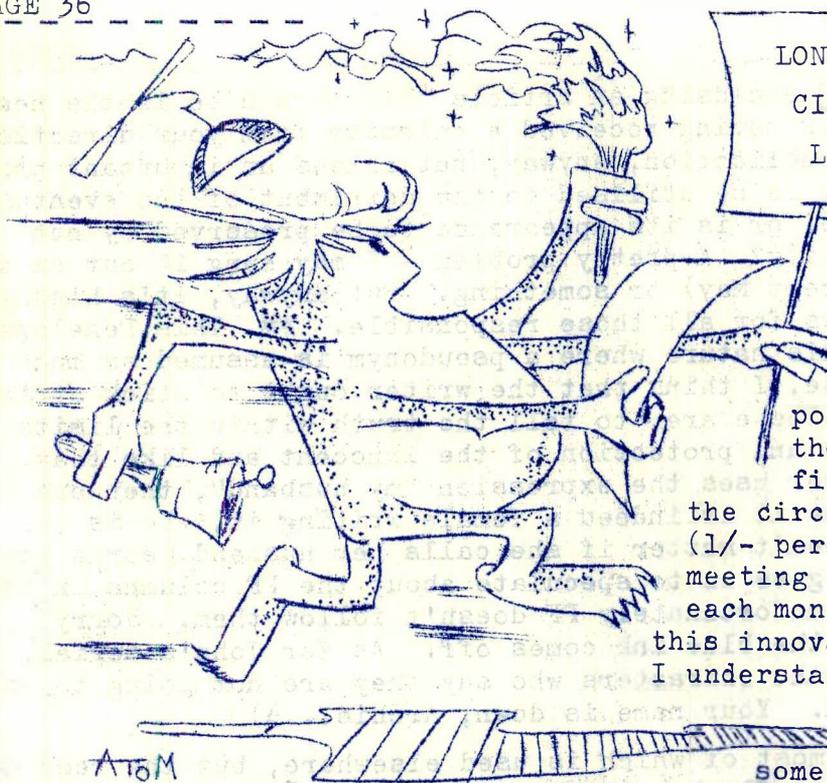
16th. Joy went into hospital today leaving Vinç and I to carry on in the house as best we could. Not that it made much difference really because she'd been virtually inoperative since the day we moved to this address. It did mean that even more time was lost to us tho' since Vinç didn't get back from the hospital until after 8.00pm each day.

Letter from ARCHIE MERCER enclosing an article that should be in the next issue. "I don't remember having received a calendar from your direction before. 'Tis a notable publication, anyway, but raises an important problem: is its functionality to be utilised to the detriment of the eventual preservation of the whole, or is its appearance to be preserved by not utilising said functionality? A pretty problem - I may hang it out on the first of every month (except May) or something. But anyway, it's highly appreciated, and that goes for all those responsible. ## This Penelopean business - in cases of this nature where a pseudonym is assumed as much for a gag as anything else, I think that the writer ought to stick strictly to certain basic rules. These are, to tell the truth within the limits of allowable minor hyperbole and protection of the innocent and like that. For instance, if the writer uses the expression "my husband", then one be entitled to assume that it is indeed a female writing it, who is (or was) married. But it doesn't matter if she calls her husband George instead of Fred." (Archie goes on to speculate about the PF columns in the light of his 'rules' but unfortunately PF doesn't follow them. Sorry Archie. Also sorry that the blue ink comes off. As for John's serial, I'm making a note of all the characters who say they are not going to comment until it is finished. Your name is down, Archie...)

Letter from BILL TEMPLE, most of which is used elsewhere, but the rest is of interest. "Sheep come in flocks, lions in prides, Apes come in troops - or seem to: I'm neck-deep. In which of 'em did Joy Clarke blame H-Bomb tests for the cloudbursts which make Wembley look like Venice each summer? I can't earmark it now, but I'm all for her theory - boo to the ignorant scientists. Water vapour can't condense unless it has something to condense on to. At the centre of each and every raindrop is a speck of dust, without which there'd be no drop. Only once before has there been so much dust in the stratosphere as in the last decade. Bikini Atoll and all the other pulverized launching aprons are still descending on us as the not-so-gentle rain from heaven. Hence floods here and droughts there. Yes, I know that Gladstone said in 1886, reaching for his gum-boots: "To hell with these freak summers!" And that that was before H-Bombs. But...Kakatoa, the volcanic island, exploded into dust in 1883. Thousands and thousands of tons of dust floated around in the stratosphere for years afterwards. Result: cloudbursts, floods, droughts. I really believe this."

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRS 39 - Djinn Faine - 20¢. This, of course, is the Los Angeles club-zine that used to be edited by Burbee. Unfortunately my copy is short the cover and Burbee's introduction. The Clarke's copy is also minus the cover. Believe me, it's worth paying the 20¢ to get hold of Bob Bloch's article on why don't we let sf fandom replace the beat generation. Well, why don't we? This is a good club-zine and should get even better.

Letter from RON BENNETT, in which he natters about a meeting at Mike Rosenblum's house attended by Sid Birchby, Mal and Sheila Ashworth and Rik Dalton. They were there to hear Ron talk about his TAFF trip and it didn't surprise us at all to learn he had ended up with a sore throat. He goes on to say that after YANDRO his report will appear in OOPSLA (part 5), SPECTRE, SPACE DIVERSIONS, and PLOY, in that order. That's not all, of course.



18th. Went down to the Globe in the evening. It was a fabulous meeting. Ted Tubb and Ken Bulmer were in great form, and before my very eyes, they did something I would not have thought possible. They ORGANISED the London Circle. For the first time in its existence the circle has a membership fee (1/- per month) and a regular meeting time (first Thursday in each month). The enthusiasm for this innovation was quite fantastic. I understand the idea originated with Ron and Daphne Buckmaster, and since something had to be done to stop the rot at the Globe, it is a good one.

It feels strange tho' to think that one can now point out people as being 'official' members of the London Circle. Oh yes, the membership stood at over 30 when Vinç and I left. Next meetings, Jan 1st and Feb 5th, tho there is nothing to stop members turning up every Thursday.

19th. INCHMERY IS FOUR. The latest member to join the gestalt personality that is Inchmery Fandom is NICOLA BELLE CLARKE who weighed in at 71b 2ozs at 12.20pm today. The exact purpose of this new extension is not yet known. Mother, child, father and lodger are all doing as well as can be expected.

20th. Letter from BOYD REABURN to say that he hopes to have A Bas out fairly soon. And so say all of us.

Letter from ERIC BENTCLIFFE. "Penelope was a little weak this time I thought - spent too much time nattering about nowt. 'She' tends to be a little bit too precious, I think, also. Or was this bit written by another Fandergas-te? (€No, there's only one...€) JB's serial starts most interestingly and I shall faunch for future installments; at the moment it seems almost as complicated as the first third of a van Vogt novel, but looks as though it should work up into something really amusing. Must send him a description of my 'pianoforte' to aid in his writing further installments - I claim it to be the only piano of its type not owned by Winifred Atwell. And last time I tried to play Jingle Bells three robins flew out! The Diary is still the most interesting part of the mag, and should you ever have to reduce your costs drastically I suggest that you retain this section to the exclusion of everything else. It could make a good zine all on its own." (€Eric goes on to mention his tape recorder for my list. At the

time I was thinking of doing this list I didn't realise Eric was so well advanced in bringing the Triode information on tapers up to date. As it is, Eric has been a tape recording fan much longer than I have, and I feel he should continue to feature tape information in his fanzine without me getting into the act. He also points out that Bob Richardson is actually the convention secretary and if you want to get on the mailing list for news, when available, you should write to him. Suggestions for programme and offers of help with this only, should go to Norman Shorrock. And to end, the first 10 pages of a CHECKLIST AND HISTORY OF NEW WORLDS have been cut on stencils - Ted Carnell is handling the history side - and it is hoped to have this ready before the con at the end of March. Distribution will be to all willing to pay for it as well as BSFA. I'm sure Eric would be able to calculate cost, and price, a lot better if you write to him to indicate that you'd like a copy. Put Inchmery down for two, Eric...)

Letter from KEN POTTER. "Ape was fine. Your fandiary gives me such an insight into your fanlife that I can almost use it as my own - a sort of doppelganger or alter ego. This is the nucleus of a good excuse to go gafia, but for the first time in many moons I don't feel gafia. In fact tonight I am going to spend the evening doing a fannish Christmas card. Only the things which drop through the letter box awaken the flame of fandom in my breast. If they all ceased, I would not weep for a long time, but I would be a mere shadow of my former self, forlornly hawking my gleaming Gestetner to church committees and things. But now I feel fannish, and Ape is to some extent responsible. In the latest issue I thought Ving towered mightily above the relatively feeble attempts of others. The calendar was absolutely magnificent and my grim determination to hang it on the wall at once, and look at each month for the first time as the appropriate month arrived, lasted about five seconds, after which I scrutinised it with an intense scrute, and decided, as noted, that it was magnificent." "PS. In case I don't feel fannish this evening - Merry Christmas."

21st. Mail on a Sunday, yet! True, it consisted entirely of Christmas cards, and one can hardly comment on them - except to say a general 'Thank you' - but a couple were really amusing. Like this one from RON ELLIK who follows the printed 'Every good wish to you and yours For the happiest holidays ever' with a hand-written note saying 'You can believe this because you didn't read it in Fanac'. Ah, that good old Peace on Earth to men of Good Will like. Then there's one from ~~CHUCK~~ CHARLES R HARRIS who follows the printed 'Have a real good time - its Christmas!' with a hand written 'May your days be merry and bright, / And may half your corpuscles be white.' Then on the back he has "God rest you merry gentlefen, / When you are safe in bed. / The peaceful little hydrogen / Is zooming overhead. / It's there to kill the Russians when / The rest of us are dead / Oh tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy, / Oh tidings of comfort and joy." There's a 'No, not me!' in brackets which I take to mean Chuck didn't actually write this. Anyone know who did?

22nd. Set off for Manchester today to spend Christmas with my parents, leaving poor Ving to cope on his own and to spend his time between Inchmery, the hospital, and his parents at Welling.

23rd. Visited SID AND JAY BIRCHBY in the evening. The fog was quite fantastic - I couldn't see the other side of the road from our front gate - but luckily there is a short cut from Longsight to Levenshulme that I've used thousands of times. I could walk it blind-folded. In fact, I did. HARRY TURNER and ERIC BENTCLIFFE turned up a little after I arrived and we had a nice pleasant time. Sid produced a peculiar brew that consisted, in part, of beer, lemons, and Ghu knows what, stirred with a red hot poker from the fire, and with this to lubricate our throats the conversation roamed from hi-fi to the stone age via Penelope Fandergaste. Thanks, Sid, it was nice. You'll appreciate that I just haven't had time to write and say so. And an aside to Chuck Harris at this point to let him know that we didn't forget.....but, man, like we've been busy! Esoteric enough?

The rest of Christmas week was a purely family affair - there was nothing at all fannish about it. I'd even asked Vinç not to forward mail. So, lets move on now to

29th. Arrived back at Inchmery half an hour after midnight after leaving Manchester at 3.30pm on the 28th! Nine hours, 7½ on the train, to cover a distance of about 190 miles. Ah, the wonders of modern science. Quite a lot of mail waiting for me, including an OMPazine from Belle Dietz on the wrapper of which I saw the first notice of the death of EEEvans. I think that now makes 3 authors and 3 fans in 1958. Ghod, what a year.

PROFANITY 4 - Bruce Pelz - Which came addressed to Aporrhēta - Things Not To Be Spoken. Close, Bruce, but not what it has in my dictionary. This is a considerable improvement on No 3. Repro is spotty in places, but the material is good. Five pages of letters, 4½ of fanzine reviews by Buck Coulson, a story by John Berry....an sf story, and a column by Dodd. Al Andrews reviews a Fu Manchu book that obviously stinks, and the editor has a bibliography of the works of Fletcher Pratt. Trade, contribute, or send Bruce a letter. I think you'll like it.

Letter from the British Museum to say they'll only be acknowledging the zine at the end of the year in future. They must have faith in me .....or something. Letter from GEORGE LOCKE in which he comments on the recent apathy at the Globe which was emphasised by the crowds at the last meeting. There were fans there who hadn't been seen for months. He considers that the London Circle should have a fanzine. A suggestion was made that the O should help with Apē, but I can't allow that. I want to keep my independence. George puts forward the idea that the O has been waiting for another Eye, and this could well be. He admits tho' that it is obvious Joy and Vinç couldn't put out another issue the way things are at the moment. His idea is that the O as a group should put out a fanzine...one person to be editor and others to do stencil cutting, duplicating etc etc. He would be willing to help out in this, preferably on the editing side, having had little experience of duplicating. Well now, I'm rather inclined to agree about this. It is strange that one of the largest and most important fan groups in this country has no fanzine. Joy says that she would be quite happy to hand over EYE to the circle, together with the material she has on hand. Inchmery would certainly help with ideas and suggestions, but, as you will appreciate, we couldn't do much more than that at the moment. How about it?

Letter from RON BENNETT enclosing a review copy of the 1958 FAN DIRECTORY. There isn't much to say about this really, except that you can (and quite definitely should) get it from Ron Bennett at 1/9d or Bob Pavlat at 25¢. Apart from over 400 names and addresses there are small sections giving information on tape recorders and phone numbers. It will be in the next FAPA and OMPA mailings, by the way.

Letter from JIM CAUGHRAN whose fanac has been suffering lately due to him trying to pass maths. And talking about FANAC, No 30 arrived today from Ellik & Carr. Full of bits of pieces of news and chatter just like it purports to contain according to the intro. Can you beat that? Somebody hasn't gone very far with their Latin or something...Ron says Pt 5 of his trip story will be appearing in Spectre, and not 'um' as the Bay Areans have it, but then anyone can make mistakes, even Ellik & Carr. Get this. 4/-d for nine issues to Archie Mercer or 4 for 25¢ from Ellik and Carr.

THE LNF - Oneshot - Don Durward - 10¢. You know, Ellik & Carr and I agree almost everytime on fanzines, even if little else - and actually there's not all that much on which we disagree. For instance I agree with them that Durward is a fan to be watched, and that the 'LNF' story in this oneshot is a type of Berry-yarn, a GDA-type-story in fact. You should try it.

30th. Joy came out of hospital today, but she rather overdid things for her first day up and had to retire to bed rather early.

Letter from BOB PAVLAT, who finally put my mind at rest on the Alaska business. At the time the question was asked in Apē Alaska was not a state. However, enough had happened for newspapers (certainly over here at least) to call it the 49th State. The elections that had me puzzled were held before statehood was granted because Alaska had to be prepared to take its full responsibility. Everyone happy? In relation to a comment of mine on a letter from Barry Hall ('The government men have nothing to lose but their jobs') Bob points out that it is really incorrect since they also use the same reproductive processes. However he does appreciate what I meant, and says that he also leans towards the viewpoint of the non-government scientists because their viewpoints should be least encumbered by thoughts of personal gain. Finally, regarding GMC and the Russian atom bomb tests, Bob says the news of the discontinued tests was completely covered by USA papers and suggests that GMC either conveniently forgot or else was time-binding again. Actually, Bob, I never for a moment gave 'censorship' of the news a serious thought. That remark was just for GMC.

GAMBIT 26,27 & 28 - Ted White - Comment or trade. 26 is just one side of a foolscap sheet -- but it has the advantage of being typed in micro-elite. Man, I love that typer. 27 tells us that the conversation pieces I mentioned had appeared in earlier issues (beginning of this Diary) were forcing Ted into a new mold of Ted White, pseudo-pseudo-Burbee-type-humorist...I think Ted is worrying too much in advance - the stuff I remember reading was nowhere near as good as Burbee. This issue also contains a review of Hyphen 21 which mainly concerns itself with that subject that everyone keeps telling me they are sick of seeing in fanzines. The most amusing thing about this is that Ted tears into Chuck Harris for the comments that appeared in Vinç's GRUNCH, thus showing the amount of care with

which he approached the subject. 28 is mainly concerned with a report of the 1958 Philadelphia conference, and, perhaps not unnaturally, this seems mainly devoted to seeing that Washington beat Philadelphia for the 1960 Con ...which I would have thought was almost certain anyway? There's a review of Ape 5 which serves to fill another page-and-a-half with that subject everyone tells me they are sick of seeing, and that's about it. Ted has a tendency to rant and rave when he gets started and every paragraph is just charged full of emotion. He also has one or two silly habits such as putting (sic) after 'Connstitution'....which is all very well when you can spell yourself, but looks ridiculous coming after 'corperation' (spelled that way four times in one paragraph in No 27) and 'escellators' (twice in one line in No 28). Even so, I can't help but feel that Ted really means well and just can't help being a misguided fugghead on occasion. Now I wonder what happened to No 25?

SF PARADE 8 - Stan Woolston for future issues, this being the last put out by Len Moffatt, and being devoted to a report on the Solacon. An interesting feature is a section giving Recommended Reading on the Solacon. Your attention is drawn to comments on Fanac 24. Must say I was surprised to see Aporrheta listed unfavourably since I've never had a report on the Solacon (and for the benefit of those who didn't hear the first time I'll repeat that from the reports I have read it is obvious this was a very good fannish convention).

Letter from STEVE SCHULTHEIS, who I believe I've already mentioned is looking for a copy of Ape 5. He'd be most grateful to get one - even to the extent of paying for it. He also notes that he is on the lookout for No 1 of Hyphen if Atom uncovers a vanload somewhere. Steve considers the Berry serial one of his better efforts, which, as he says, means that it is very good indeed. He also says nice things about the other contributors, and asks if I can use a dollar bill - yes, certainly. But in the limited space now at my disposal, this is the bit I want to quote. "The fan calendar makes a wonderful Christmas present. Have no doubts that it will be used. On the stroke of Midnight, December 31st, it will joyfully replace the 1958 religious calendar which we inherited when we moved into this apartment. You have no idea what a poor way it is to start off a day by getting up in the morning and, all through breakfast, staring at such cute quotations as "The memory of the just is blessed: but the name of the wicked shall rot. Prov.10:7." on the wall opposite - this for a month at a time - especially when one suspects that the Lamb Funeral Home is getting personal. Staring at an Atom illo and noting that today is the day that Benjamin Bathurst walked around the horses, or some such thing, will put me in a much more proper frame of mind to face the day's tribulations, I'm sure."

How do you parody something that is also a parody? I don't really know, but at least two people have tried. The first is the funniest, in

FIJAGH 2 - Dick Ellington - An OMPazine, but Dick sends this to other people so I think it has a place in the Diary. There is a sort of running commentary by Dick with big and little quotes from here and there, a story by John Berry, a letter column, and a skit on Little Bo Pest which I feel is corned up just a little too much to have any effect. I found it very

amusing, I don't know about you - but then you'll probably get annoyed because it concerns that subject your always telling me your sick of seeing in fanzines. The second piece is treated more seriously by Buz Busby in

CRY OF THE NAMELESS 122 - Weber, Toskey and FM & E Busby.- Sub only, 12 for \$2.00, 5 for \$1.00 or 25¢ each. Better get a long term sub in - its cheap that way. It's also worth it. This issue sports one of the best looking fanzine covers I've seen in a long time (bar 'Inside'). Sorry, just noted that contributors get a copy - and letters count if they are published - and so do editors of fanzines that are reviewed. There's Busby on prozines (the best reviews available), Fabulous Burbee on Fabulous Carr & Ellik, a different sort of John Berry Story that is just great, Busby again on fanzines, Weber on minutes, and a letter column that is still juvenile in places but which is growing on me already. Could do with a bit of editing, this last feature, I think. There's the imitation Little Bo Pest piece as well, and although I appreciate a lot of the things Buz says in this I'm afraid it hasn't really changed my mind very much. Besides, it concerns that subject.....say, I wonder if you are only sick of it when it appears in Apé? Also had a letter from Buz today wondering why I cut his last letter so much. Main reason was that there didn't seem to be any points that hadn't already been argued, and I wasn't convinced anyway. Had I taken a page or so to publish the letter in full I could have used another page putting my side of the matter, and then everyone would have written to say how sick they all were. Which wouldn't have worried me very much in itself, but then they'd have all wanted their letters publishing. I mean, I knew you had CRY to use as a platform if you wanted. The quote card you sent will be sent on with another photo - same name, different person. I've had this for some time now, just waiting to find time to make a qc of it!!

31st. Letter from IVOR MAYNE. "...the Fan Calendar. The special dates with their blend of whacky humour and sf erudition, read very like Vinç. Yes? (Yes, the dates were mainly Vinç's with one or two put in by Joy. The idea for the Martian dates came from Atom, and I actually made up the Martian 'history', dummied the copy and typed that section in while Vinç dupped the completed pages...). Who is this Globe attender who's educated enough to have passed 'A' level Greek? There's Paul, of course, but he said that it meant things that shouldn't be said. He also suggested that you'd used it wrongly, and wanted to know if you knew any Greek. The Greeks used it in connection with Customs or something. They must have had some peculiar customs! Yeah, I know!" (Barry didn't give a name, so I'm afraid that I can't help you. I knew a little greek when in Cyprus - but very little. Apé, in my dictionary, has a meaning expressed in two words which appeared to be very appropriate to the type of fanzine I was starting. Ivor, commenting on PF raising the question of the lack of current fanzines, comes up with what is perhaps a unique idea. He suggests that with the recent Apes, Perihelion and the revived Satellite, together with standbys such as Triode and Hyphen, there are enough fanzines in this country to handle the available material. Throw in RET, PLOY and CAMBER, and he might be right. (And FEZ - sorry, Ethel). He considers it is the irregularity of appearance that makes it seem they are not being published. More fanzines would only cause the available good material to be spread more thinly. Could be...)

Letter from BOB LEMAN. "The ATOMonsters are still on the cover, I'm glad to see. Is it fact that this good man has gafiated? If so, something will have gone out of fandom; a number of magazines - Ape not the least of them - will not be the same. Say it isn't so. (Atom did go gafia for a short time, but he is back. The thing is that he's changed slightly and doesn't want to be tied up with any fanzine - I tried to get him as 'Art Editor' of Ape but without success - he prefers to be a freelance with no definite commitments. I hope to have Atom covers for a long time to come, but only for as long as he considers them something he likes doing...) ## Vinç's tale for the kiddies was outstanding, a lovely piece of work. The footnote was beautiful. Belle's account of meeting Ron was as interesting as such accounts usually are - which is to say, quite fascinating. Unhappily I am unable, try as I may, to put entirely out of my mind the late WSFS difficulty, and I approach a writing by Belle with a certain sourness..... perhaps you can't fathom how the old bitteresses continue. And, actually, they shouldn't. Time is going to have to be the cure of this melancholy affair. (Quite frankly, no, I can't see why bitterness should come into this, but at least you found the account interesting, which would appear to indicate a degree of writing skill on Belle's part since she was a bad starter as far as you were concerned... Bob makes the same point other people have made about the Diary by saying a 44 page one would be an ideal fanzine. He admits it would be hard to get along without Atom's alphabet, but considers this would be balanced by not having to endure PF about whose identity he feels the consensus is 'Who cares?' Then he continues...)

I note that Ellington quoted with approval Beam Fyfe's ill-advised judgement on the Heinleins' sensible polemic about bomb tests. It seems pretty clear to me that anybody outside the iron curtain who disagrees with the Heinleins is either grinding an axe of his own or is living in a cloud-cuckoo land where the grim realities of life are avoided by recourse to some narcotic - the New Statesman or the Reporter, for example. The noise of the "stop the tests" people is analogous to the man in the jungle who protests the barbarity of his guide's gun, which is the only thing between him and swift death at the hands of the bear. He feels noble as all hell, and can continue to feel holy just so long as the guide keeps the Mannlicher at the ready." (Oh Bob, how could you! And you with a writing ability and control of English that I envy. Your analogy has no connection with the 'stop the tests' people. Or does that guide you mention spend his time taking pot-shots at a mark on a tree to make certain his gun is in working order? The hunter wouldn't feel very secure if he did. I want the tests stopped - I never asked your government (or ours, or the Russian) to fill my bones with Strontium 90, and I'd be very happy if they'd kindly stop doing it. Let both sides go and sit on their tight little arsenals and develope stock-piles, and I hope they enjoy it. They're fools, but if they can't feel 'secure' any other way that's their worry. Lets just not have any more of these things going bang! And if anyone mentions 'clean' bombs so help me I'll scream. There's no such thing...)

And that's about it. We are a week late at the moment and God only knows when Vinç will find time to duplicate these stencils. Please accept my apologies for the more-than-usual hurried look and the extra types and like that. Man, we is busy people now - like 24 hours a day types.

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE (like approximately)

Bob Pavlat, 6001-43rd Avenue, Hyattsville, Maryland, USA  
Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland, USA  
TWIG - Guy E. Terwilliger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho, USA  
GAMBIT - Ted E. White, 2708 North Charles St., Baltimore 18, Maryland, USA  
Steve Schulteis, 477 Woodlawn, Apt. C, Springfield, Ohio, USA  
FANAC - (Carr & Elik, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California, USA  
( Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd., North Hykohan, Lincs.  
OOPLSA - Gregg Calkins, 1714 South 15th East, Salt Lake City 5, Utah, USA  
SATELLITE - Don Allen, 34A Cumberland St., Gateshead 8, Co. Durham.  
DETENTION - Jim Broderick, 2218 Drexel Avenue, Detroit 15, Michigan USA  
Harriet Kolchak, 2104 Brandywine St., Philadelphia 30, Penn., USA  
Bob Richardson, 19 Courtiers Drive, Bishops Cleeve, Gloucester.  
Dick Enoy, 417 Fort Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Virginia, USA  
John Koning, 318 South Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio, USA  
THE DEVIL'S MOTORBOAT - 2NFalasca, 5612 Warwick Drive, Parma 29, Ohio, USA  
TH - Jaan et Annie Linard, 24 Rue Petit, Vesoul, Hte. Saone, France  
Archie Mercer - see FANAC above.  
THE SECR ELEPHANT - G.H. Wells, River Avenue, Box 486 Riverhead, New York, USA  
INSIDE S-F - (Ron Smith Box 356, Times Sq. Station, New York 36, NY., USA  
(Allan Hunter 92 Durrington Rd., Bessemer East, Bournemouth, Hants  
John Gregor, 14 Upper Donham St., North Ward, Townsville, Queensland  
Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorks.  
Terry Jeeves, 58 Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield 12  
Charles R. Harris, 'Carolyn', Lake Avenue, Rainham, Essex  
POT POURRI / THE COMPLEAT FAN John berry, 31 Campbell Park Avenue, Belfast, N.I.  
Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Rd., Springfield, Illinois, USA  
Bill Moyers, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga, 11, Tennessee, USA  
Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtonards Rd., Belfast, Northern Ireland  
Sid Birchby, 1 Gloucester Avenue, Levenshulmo, Manchester 19  
Paul Brewer, 97 Polehill Rd., Millington, Middx.  
PROFANITY - Bruce Pelz, 4010 Leona St., Tampa 9, Florida, USA  
Daphne Buckmaster, 1 Sundridge Close, Dartford, Kent.  
Laurence Sandfield, 25 Leighton Rd., London W.13  
Ethel Lindsay, Gourage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton Surrey  
Barry Hall, 31 Belmont Lane, Stannore, Middx.  
SOLACON-FINAL REPORT - Len Moffatt, 10202 Belcher Downey, California, USA  
Bill Temple, 7 Elm Rd., Wembley, Middx.  
SHANGRI LAFFAIRES - 2548 West 12th St., Los Angeles 6, California, USA  
Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Ontario, Canada  
Eric Bentscliffe, 47 Aldis St., Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire.  
Ken Potter, 72 Dallas Rd., Lancaster, Lancs.  
George Locke, 85 Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Rd., London, SW1  
DIRECTORY OF 1958 S-F FANDOM, - See Ron Bennett and Bob Pavlat above.  
Jim Cogan, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California.  
THE I. N. E. - Don Durward, 6033 Garth Avenue, Los Angeles 56, California.  
S-F PARADE - ( Len Moffatt - see SOLACON FINAL REPORT above  
( Stan Woolston, 12832 Westlake St., Garden Grove, California USA  
FIJAGH - Dick Ellington, PO Box 104 Cooper Station, New York 3, N.Y., USA  
CRY OF THE NAMELESS, Box 92, 920 3rd Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington, USA  
Buz Busby, 2852 14th West, Seattle 99, Washington, USA  
Ivor Mayne, 33 Chafworth House, Amwell Court, Green Lanes, London, N.4  
Bob Leman, 2701 South Vine St., Denver 10, Colorado, USA

NOTE. Although not mentioned in the Diary  
we have the following new address for Ken Slater.  
75, Norfolk Street, Wisbech, Cambs.

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several paragraphs and is mostly centered.

