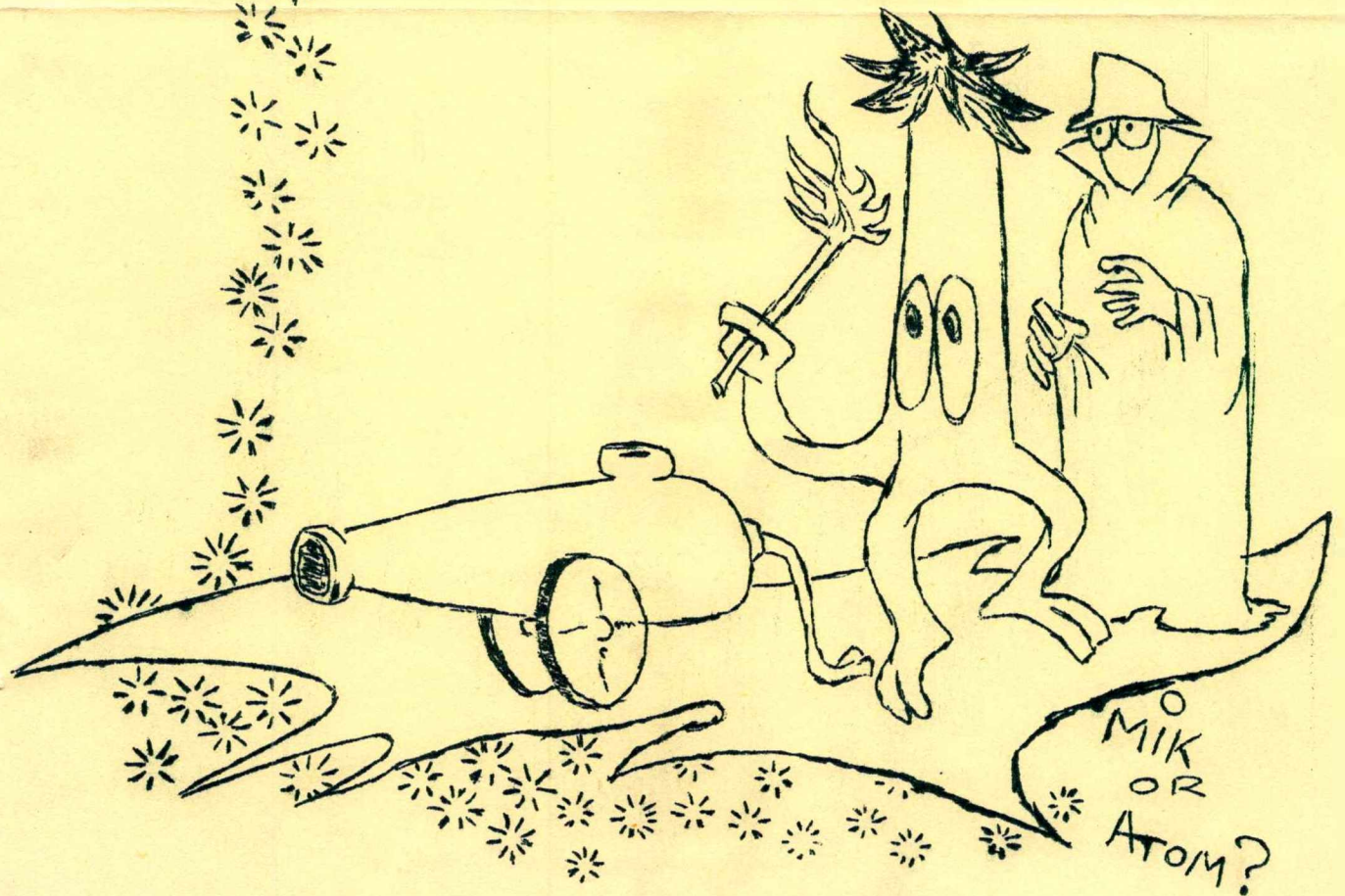


AFFILIATED WITH BRUMCON.

# BRUMBOE

#1



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO





# BRUMBLE 1

This is the first issue of 'BRUMBLE' - a sort of fanzine. It was instigated by messrs. Teague and Higgs, both members of long standing of the Birmingham Group. We, the Convention Committee of '65 (Birmingham), would like to thank these two gentlemen, for permitting us to use their fanzine as a news-letter for the Convention (It is entirely coincidental that we will build a ready-made circulation for them)

Right, thats all the dedications done with, now for the first Con-Rep.

There gathered at the Cheslin Chalet, three of the committee members of the BSFA. This worthy trio, having disposed of the BSFA business, and also a most delicious tea, decided that the Birmingham Group was well represented enough to start arranging the Convention. (especially as Mike Higgs & Cynthia Grant had turned up.) We (the committee) hope that the rest of the Birmingham Group does not think that any prerogatives have been usurped.

The first thing done, allotting jobs..... It was decided to keep the Committee as small as possible (Huh! you just take a look below!)

1. Secretary, Ken (the Black) Cheslin.
2. Chairman, Ken ( again ) Cheslin.
3. Treasurer, Ken ( yes ) Cheslin.
4. Auction Material. Roger Peyton
5. Publications, Rog Peyton, Illo's by MiK.
6. Insurances, Richard Wilkes.
7. Programme Organiser, Chas Winstone.
8. Welcoming Committee, Those listed, Plus Beryl Henley & Ed James.

These were all the poitions filled so far, but there may be more, yet. The following points were decided at the meeting.....

- i.....that enquiries be made about the possibility of setting up a welcommitee room like the Americans do.
- ii..Films, Chas. Winstone will make enquiries, in Vector, Nadir & Zenith to see what everyone would like. .
- iii.Pre-Con Events, This will be left in the Welcomm's hands.
- iv..The Convention Main Hall will be decorated and designed by MiK..
- v...Guest of Honour, enquiries are being made by Ken Cheslin about the GOH.

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- vi . The Convention Booklet and the 'Doc Weir' voting forms are to be completed and sent out in good time.
- vii. The Convention Badges, needs more discussion.
- viii. To investigate the possibility of inviting some group or other to the Convention. (Ken was 'gone' on sending complimentary tickets to the Ian Campbell Folk Group!) not seriously.
- ix... Could posters be posted around Birmingham, to show the way to the Hotel. (This was lost in the discussion- maps in the Con. Hand-book would do.)
- x... To raise some money for the Convention, an auction of books in the Birmingham Group. (This was another point lost in discussion - no decision was reached)
- xi.. THE CHAIRMAN, our Ken, would like to ask all the ladies who will be attending the Birmingham Convention in '65, "Have you any preferences as regards special amenities for taking care of the children?"

These were the points which were discussed at the meeting. There was talk of other items of course, but the above were the main ones.

The hotel at which the Convention will be held, is 'The Midland Hotel' on New Street. The Convention Fee will be 15s0d each (we were going to charge 15s6d to cover the badges, but gave up the idea, because of the difficulties of accounting.)

So, that's it for this news-letter, we hope that there'll be more news next issue. Meanwhile, if you have any ideas for Convention Events, or any advice to offer (which will be gratefully accepted) and any preference as regards a film or films you would like to see, please contact any of the

following :- C. Winstone, 71, George Rd., Erdington, Birmingham, 23.

K. Cheslin, 18, New Farm Rd., Stourbridge, Worcs..

R. Peyton, 77, Greyswood Park Rd., Quinton, Birmingham, 32..

Enrollments and a 5s0d deposit to be sent to Ken Cheslin.

Committee;- Winstone, Cheslin, & Peyton.

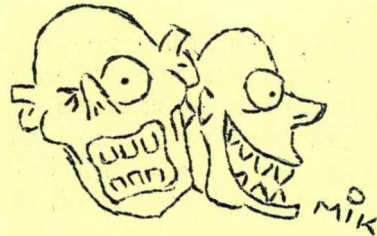
Assisted by;- Hordes of Brummies.

SPECIAL APE TITUDE .

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a study of the  
anthropoid mind  
under stress.

or something.



- or;- The Chimps in Grandmaw's Whiskers.
- or;- Pass the sugar, Mirandy, and can I spoon with you?
- or;- Irene Handl you can really taste.
- or;- I've heard of the Teddy Bear'd Picnic, but this is fredic.....

by Beryl Henley.

Marmaduke the Marmoset was showing off again. "Well, of course" he remarked, scratching himself reflectively, "to one of my intelligence, it was quite obvious that the recent hunting expedition was of American origin".

Cousin Caractacus, for whom this display of simian deduction was being -- er -- displayed, regarded Marmaduke with humble admiration. "I really don't know how you do it," he opined. "You think, cousin; you really think!" Marmaduke shot him a hostile glance, suspecting a plug for Lifebouy, but Caractacus was gazing at him in wide-eyed innocence. "How did you work it out?"

Marmaduke tied a knot in his tail to remind him that it was his day for fetching the laundry. "First," he began, "they were all smoking large cigars. Even the bearers were smoking large cigars. Second; said bearers all had shoes on."

"Yes," Caractacus interrupted, "I thought they looked most uncomfortable."

"That," said Marmaduke impressively, "is Not the Point. To the Americans, the status symbol is of major importance, and ---"

"Major Importance - is he any relation to General Anathema?" asked Caractacus. "Oww! what did you do that for?"

"You," hissed Marmaduke malevolently, "are extracting the Michael, are you not? I am disapointed in you, Caractacus, really I am. I thought you had come to me for instruction and enlightenment. The truth is, you're like all the others --- you'd rather pursue nuts than knowlege!".

As Caractacus was deliberating how he might best employ this remark to demonstrate the Marmaduke was a Nut, a distant crashing, accompanied by muffled curses, (such as "Bother!" and "Drat!") was heard. The two arboreal tenants scampered to the top floor and waited, breath bated.

Into the cleaving beneath them emerged a bedraggled party of intrepid hunters, (Fred included). They were arguing peevishly about whose turn it was to ride in the palanquin, which was at that time firmly and grimly occupied by he of the black visage and thund'rous mein, namely, Kinch Slen.

"Well, I'm not carrying the slob another yard," announced Fred, stationed at the north-east corner, which promptly hit the ground, squashing fourteen centipedes and a beetle.

"That goes for me an' all," agreed Neda Leha from the north-west, dropping his pole. The canted Kinch clung wildly to his uncertain seat, wailing dismally of "the good old days when people had respect for their elders".

"That goes for me too. Down with Slen!!" carolled Chem du Char at the south-west, following suit with clubs and Bristol cigarettes, and;-

"I said we'd never get the damn thing under Stower Bridge!" muttered south-eastern Pweston.

"Mutinus dogs!" roared the Slen. "I built this lotter, with living care - er - clotting rave - anyway, I built it, and I've got another cotton-picking four minutes to go!"

Sundry pleasant invitations rent the air. Slen replied don't be silly, where would he find a taxidermist at this time of night?.

Caractacus nudged his companion. "What about this one then?". Marmaduke considered the matter. He inspected the palanquin thoughtfully noting the ingenious way in which copies of WHATSIT, ENVOY, ZENITH, NADIR, BRUMBIE, and other examples of zinary art were interleaved with OUTPOST, BIG DEAL, VECTOR etc., to provide shade and edification for the occupant. The whole creation was tastefully festooned with Miktoons and Petercon quotecards mobiled in the sultry breeze....on the roof of the palanquin..

Suddenly his eyes gléamed with triumph. He slapped Caractacus excitedly on the back. The latter choked on a peanut and made reproachful spluttering noises.

"England!!" Cried Maraduke exultantly. "And not only can I tell you the country of origin -- I cad deduce the county too!"

Caractacus gaped in awe. Marmaduke shoved an unpeeled, antimagnetic banana into the orifice thus incautiously revealed.

"They're mad Midlanders!" he whispered, "at least most of them, and they're all Brummies, or vey nearly".

"How can you tell?" marvelled Caractacus.

"Easy! crowed Marmaduke. "Use your eyes, you foolish primate! Where else can they be from, who else would dare do it. Its the Safari with the SPINGE on the top!".

eeeeech.



## THE FORTIETH CUCKOO.

a column by,

Ken Chealin.

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This, as you might have noticed, is BRUMBLE1.

I did send out the con-page with SKYRACK. (thanks Ron), with the idea of getting it to as wide an audience as possible, for con-publicity. So far nothings' happened. Ah well.

THIS, whole, Brumble is only being sent to the people who have actually signed on for the convention...(with a reserve in case I get requests for back issues).

BRUMBLE was originally going to be the fanzine of Mik Higgs and Cliff Teague...(Brummies)... but they, very sportingly, agreed to let us use the title for the con-newsheet...for BRUMBLE, we feel, is an excellent title under which to run Brumcon 2 news. Eventually, after the convention, Mik and Cliff will probably carry the title on...I hope they do, its a good one.

Anyhow, as for convention news. There are about 60 people who have signed on so far...we hope and expect a lot more, probably as many as 120...depending on finances in this coming two-con year.

The hotel is central..right in the middle of Birmingham, and the main rail and 'bus stations are within shouting distance...(don't worry about finding the place, we'll send you a map...and probably arrange native guides)....for those of you with cars...the hotel has no car-park. BUT they have a deal with another hotel, close at hand, whereby MIDLAND guests can use the other car-park.

The con-room is situated on the first floor, in the crossbar bit of a T shaped annex...along the upright of the T we have 3 other rooms, 2 of them we can lock up. The whole area, by merely placing a registration desk across the foot of the T, is completely isolated from the rest of the hotel. The con-room is biggere and higher than the Bull room, without being too big, so that it will be comfortably full but never crowded. (Unless about 200 of you turn up).

The hotel sports an oyster grill, another grill of some sort (I've put the bump down somewhere, I'll find it for a later newsheet if anyone is interested) And a great dining room. Prices are about 15/- minimum though.

so I suppose many of you will take advantage of the MANY convenient eating place that are close around the hotel...these include a Wimpey bar, a Kardoma, a Lyons, a couple of Chinese places, an Indian restaurant and lots of other places... I think we'd better mark these on the con-map too.

The Manager of the hotel seems a good deal posher than the ones we usually get and I was worried about his attitude towards fans running around late and the inevitable noise. He was very helpful and even when I warned him of the nocturnal gatherings and incessant chattering this didn't seem to faze him.. in fact I'm under the impression that he's seen some really wild gatherings in his time... (these damn business luncheons...mutter,mutter...). Oh, I had to tell him all about the fancy dress etc., and he seemed surprised we wouldn't be having a band and dancing into the small hours....I've talked to him and he'll do his best to get all of us as near together as possible...I warned him to, for the same of any other guests...there's bound to be some, the hotel is bigger than we'll fill this year...by a few rooms anyway.

That's about it....we haven't heard anything from anyone about any particular arrangements for the children, or suggestions for anything on the programme so we'll just have to press on and hope whatever we arrange suits the majority.

Booking forms...its just a little bit early to send these out...but we want to get them out in plenty of time....the hotel will require a deposit of £1 but this will be refunded if you cancel about 14 days before...all this will be on the booking forms anyhow.

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CONCERNING THE UKS OWN Amature Publishing Association, nameley.

THE OFF-TRAILS MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION.

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There has been some talk in OMPA of late about the desirability of getting more British fans to join. But to get British fans to join, one need to tell British fans about OMPA, so that they may thereby be filled with the APA zeal..etc., and so forth.

OMPA was formed about 10 years ~~ago~~ ago. More or lass, (as far as I can see) Inspired by similar organisations in the States. The difficulty for an ANGLO-fan, you see, is the time element. The usual period between mailings is 3 months...and by the time you take into account the time the magazines are in transit..across the Atlantic each way...not much time is left for the actual production of a fanzine. OMPA then would eliminate this timelag...and it does, for British fans...and now its the US members who feel the time-problem.(it may be pointed out that it is far harder for a US type to retain OMPA membership because of this..therefore I look upon US types as valuable members, who are willing to put up with inconvenience).

The membership of OMPA is open to anyone who can show proof of publishing or writing activity in the 12 months previous to applying for membership, Either having published a fanzine, or having had 3 separate items published in fanzines.



these conditions are not very onerous, and neither is the requirement that you publish 12 pages of material a year...(Material seeing its first publication in OMPA, though it may be used elsewhere afterwards of course, this is merely to make sure OMPA is not just a dumping ground for reprints).

The member pay 7/- a year. This takes care of the postage on the magazines mailed to him by the Association Editor.

For each member has to send 50 identical magazines to the Association Editor. (of any pagecount, as long as the 12pp a year are met), the AE then makes (theoretically) 46 bundles, putting in each bundle 1 magazine from each of the members who've sent zines in for that mailing...and then the AE mails 1 bundle to the British Museum, Copyright receipt office, and the rest to the members.

(( in practice fewer bundles are mailed. Someone like the present AE, Ethel Lindsay, will be able to deliver some bundles personally as she visits the other London fans...this saves OMPA money in postage))

In effect then you publish 12 pages of material a year, and in return you get a minimum of 12 x 44 pages. 528 pages, for 12. In actual fact each mailing averages 300 pages, and there are 4 mailings a year.

The only official controls on material in OMPazines is that it must be legible..and it must not contravene Post Office regulations.

Apart from these two very natural conditions the only limit on material is the opinion of fellow members...a person who merely want the membership to get OMPazines and contributes worthless material (the members are very tolerant) eventually notices the disapproving attitude of the members...or is told point blank. (Never happened like that while I've been in though)(mainly because the people who join are pretty decent types).

The main difference, as I see it, between an ordinary fanzine and an OMPazine is that the OMPazine is intensely more personal...more like a letter to a friend than a magazine, in fact. A lot of room in OMPazines, (and this has been bewailed of late too), is taken up with conversation-like comments on other people remarks in previous mailings..and there are serious articles, (remember that v-good one about the Bering land-bridge?) and fiction, some good, some bad...some fannish, some SF, some unplaceable...trip accounts, and artwork..by some of the best fan artists.. even poetry and songs, and so on ad infinitum.

end of plug.

BRUMBLE 1. published by K M P Cheslin, 18 New Farm Road,  
Stourbridge, Worcs.,

on behalf of the 1964 (Easter) Convention. BRUMCON 2, to you.

CUM, to BRUM

