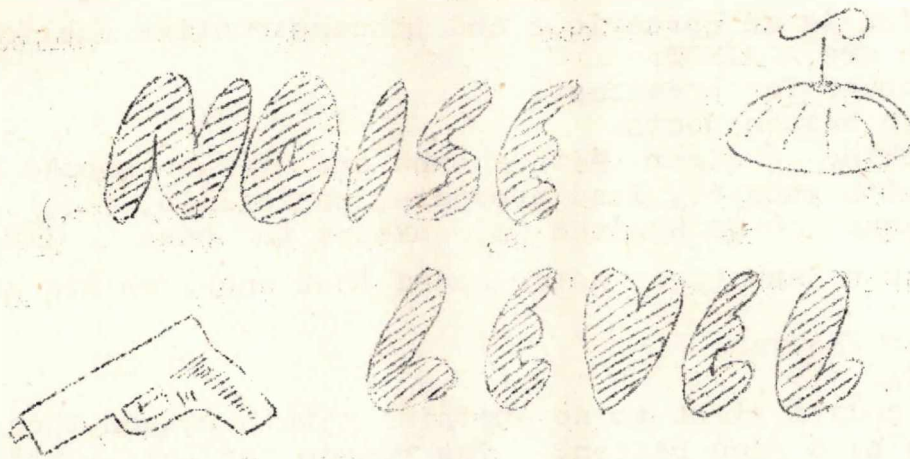


New readers start here. In fact, all readers. PAGE ONE.



... of which this is Volume One, Number One, is stuck up
your JOMPA by

PILOT OFFICER J.K.H. BRUNNER, of
OFFICERS' MESS,
ROYAL AIR FORCE BLETCHLEY,
BUCKS.

who desires all and fandry to take note of the pleasant
fact that he becomes

JOHN BRUNNER, of
HIGHLANDS,
WOODCOTE,
READING,

with effect from 6th January, 1955. WHOOPEE!!!

Doesn't this road get dull when there aren't any elephants?

This is the editor's first venture into ayjay. Any
resemblance between NOISE LEVEL and any other magazine
is probably intentional. Any resemblance between persons,
places and events depicted herein and real persons,
places or events is grounds for a libel action.

The editor is not responsible for unsolicited MS or art.
The editor is not responsible for his own opinions.
The editor is not responsible.

This magazine, it might be added, is produced exclusively
for the amusement (?) of members of
THE OFF-TRAIL MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION
on whom may GHU confer his peace. They need it.

Amen.

PAGE TWO. When you've had enough, throw it away.

EDITORIAL POLICY

NOISE LEVEL is an Uproarious and Disconstructive Publication. We are AGAINST:

- (a) Cabbage for breakfast.
- (b) High button boots.
- (c) Smoking a cigar with a band on. (They should be treated with respect, lead arsenate, penicillin, etc.)
- (d) Anyone who is against us, except the ones we like.

On the other hand (yes, we've heard that one), we are ALL FOR:

- (a) Omar Khayyam.
- (b) OMPA.
- (c) Anybody's right to do anything within reason, though it has to be a good reason. The reason for Dave wanting to lie down in the gutter and rot is a good reason, for example.
- (d) Wein, Weib und Gesang. (On second thoughts, we aren't as keen as all that on Gesang).

We hold STRONG OPINIONS ON:

- (a) Aimee Semple MacPherson.
- (b) The Murder of Roger Ackroyd.
- (c) King Kong.

We don't know what the opinions are, mark you, but they're strong all right.

Did any of the boys in your school have babies while they were there?

CREDITS WHERE CREDITS (???) ARE DUE

Text, illustration, and general responsibility:

John Brunner.

Duplicated by: Ving (to whom my grateful thanks).

Interlineations by: non-fen, noteworthily -

John Stuart.

People at Gerard Black's place.

People at Robin Farquharson's place.

My wife's still drunk

Reflection on PogoPossum: I did like my four-footed friends - but when they started having dry weather, what did you expect?

Well, we reached the foot of Page Two without any trouble. If you look high and right, there's number three. See you there.

The patter of tiny running heads...(JKHB's own)

You don't have to read it, you know. This is PAGE THREE.

NOISES OFF

(This is where the editor shoots off his big mouth).

... Whisper it not in Gath, but quite a lot of the text of this magazine was produced in Building 21B at Royal Air Force Stanbridge, Leighton Buzzard, Beds. (I work there - yes, I really mean that. I work. The said text

We have a decayed Irish peer in the basement

was produced in odd intervals of five or ten minutes while drinking a cuppa or waiting for the draft of a letter to be typed.) Which inspired the following:

DART DEFINITIONS DEPT. No. 1: A circumstance of forces is a lot of airmen standing about doing nothing.

=====

You may wonder why I chose the name NOISE LEVEL.
So do I.

=====

Seriously for a moment, I understand that the noise level is a kind of threshold below which you don't accept information. According to Ray Jones's tale (a damned good one, moreover) if you could only hear it all the knowledge in the universe is contained in pure noise. I reasoned this way. Pure noise is hard to find. The unrestrained babbling of an idiot is about the closest to it that we can make anything of. Therefore it should be possible for me to put practically anything down on paper, and if people read it aloud, they should be able to make whatever they want to hear out of it. I ought in theory to be able to produce the best fanzine ever published simply by transcribing the babbling of an idiot. Not being able to find an idiot of the

The idea of dissecting an earthworm makes me all goosey

babbling kind, though, I settled for myself as a passable imitation thereof. Which is why NOISE LEVEL is a sort of free-association test on paper.

=====

VERDICT OF YOU ALL dept: The first mailing of OMPA was really pretty good, all things considered. The only point which prevented it from being absolutely perfect was that NOISE LEVEL wasn't out till the second one. If we carry on this way, we'll have the damfinest APA in fandom. We got all the damfinest people, anyway.... Derivation of damfinest? Damfinc....

Won't give individual comments on the items - should hate to see critizines cluttering up OMPA.

What a lot of people all at once

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED
or IS FANDOM GOOD FOR WARTS?

This is the tale of Albert Fan,
A small and unassuming man,
Living in a London suburb -
A quiet locale and free from huburb -
With neighbours left and right, whom he
Had in sometimes to watch TV,
Or went and drank with at the local.

As you and I know, such a bloke'll
Some times run a bit amok,
And when he does, it's good to duck.
Albert, at the age of forty,
Had day-dreams often, when he thought he
Was Captain Future, Captain Kidd,
Did all that Captain Marvel did -
His longing to become a pirate
Made Mrs Albert somewhat irate,
But his love of science fiction
Caused him much domestic friction.
Mrs Albert's figure, face
And mind were deadly commonplace.

One day he read a zine from Nova.
His solitary life was over!
As through a bank of cloud and murk'll
Pop the sun, the London Circle
Lit his life. Because of it,
He found an unsuspected wit,
He learned to think of serious
Constructive men as dreary as
The paintings in the National Gallery.*
He bought with savings from his salary
A duplicator, stencils, ink.
He filled the kitchen with the stink
Of bottles of correcting fluid,
And, though his wife was very ruid, @
Purchased a zap gun, filled it up,
And practised on the neighbours' pup.
At last his missus said she'd had
Enough. She left him. AND HE'S GLAD!

*Well, having thought of the rhyme, I had to use it
@Sorry. JKHB.

Don't lose heart, now. This halfway mark means it's PAGE FIVE.

LETTER SECTION

Ref: HD/2000/16/Air

Royal Air Force High Dudgeon,
Lower Register,
Huds.

72nd Maycember, 1954.

Sir,

Sighting of Unidentified Object over Irish Sea

I have the honour to report that while proceeding from R.A.F. High Dudgeon to R.A.F. Ballysilly on a routine navigation exercise in aircraft O for Obce on 72nd Maycember, 1954, at approximately 1525 hours I observed an unidentified object at approximately 10,000 feet at grid reference 192751.

2. Since the said object did not conform to the outline of any aircraft known to me, I turned towards it and closed in. While still some distance away I was able to discern that its shape was basically long and wingless, though only six to seven feet in its greatest dimension. Its speed was approximately 250 miles per hour.

3. It did not appear to possess any recognizable form of engines or rockets, but at its lower end there were a number of fibres or wires, bound on the main spar. The pilot was clearly visible to me. Since there was no cockpit, and he was sitting astride the spar, I saw that he was not wearing orthodox flying clothing, but what looked like an ordinary lounge suit, together with a small helmet of some kind, on the top of which there appeared to be some sort of rotating vanes, which may provide some clue to the nature of the prime mover.

4. On my approach, the pilot opened fire on me with some form of hand weapon, but since at that moment my canopy became obscured with rain I could not see what effect, if any, this had. Shortly afterwards, the object turned on to a heading of 220 degrees (approximately in the direction of Belfast) and disappeared.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(N. OBSERVANT)
Flying Officer.

The Officer Commanding,
Royal Air Force High Dudgeon.

T H E J E W

Three points of view.

I. The Theologian.

Spurn him! You know him by these special signs:
The first, that at his passing seven birds
Black as the floor of hell, more plain than words
Speak of his presence. Second, the law that binds
This most unnatural man as God designs,
Decrees that, when he comes among the herds,
You draw from out the cow, not milk, but curds.
Third, he must leave his shoes. But most, the lines
That etch that loathsome Hebrew face with hate
For all of kindness, truth and charity,
Shall tell you, when you see him, whom you spy.
Damned be the wretch! Damned be the vile ingrate!
Who had least pity, shall least pitied be.
Damned then, he walks, and walks and longs to die.

II. The Intellectual.

He that has lived, and seen the old gods die,
He whose remembering encompasses
All that mankind has been, all that it is -
Must he not know a vast humility?
He who is bound to walk eternally
The paths of Earth, enchained to it by his
Long age-regretted arrogance: by this
Which sundered him from our humanity,
He is ennobled. Can he hate so much
He is not purified by suffering?
Think: he will see tomorrow, not the grim
Black shadow of disaster we see touch
Our lives today, remotely frightening,
But truth: real, solid. Let us pity him.

III. Ahasuerus.

Nor hate nor pity should you waste on me
Since I have lived and lived and grow not old.
I could tell stories which have not been told -
I shall see things no living man will see.
I, you remember, can live more than free,
For I can dare and not have to be bold.
I have on life a tight, unbroken hold.
I am as men not fearing death must be.

Prepare to meet thy end! We've come to PAGE SEVEN.

Much have I learned. How love must pall,
The changefulness of truth, not to waste breath
On wishing. This our world has many ways,
And though I think I now have trod them all,
Accepting what must be, knowing not death,
Tomorrow is different from other days.

=====
CORNBALL MISCELLANY

There is no justification for this...

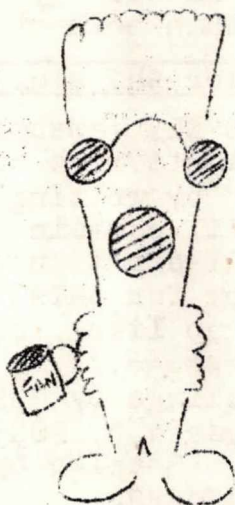
Excuse me while I answer the window

I had a very nice little piece (no, not that kind of piece, Harris!) to fill in this spot - something about Russians, Hungarians, Czechs (no, not that kind of cheque, Stuart!) Rumanians and Poles (not that kind of pole, Stylites!) who were buying water pistols in Turin. (Toeing the fan-party line...) Unfortunately, I was scooped.

Someone come and bale me out.

There was no reader comment on the last issue. There was no last issue. If anyone writes in and makes rude remarks (or polite ones, for that matter) about this, I shall consider the letter fair game for pubbing. Non-ferrous scraps may be conducted through the medium of this magazine. The medium of this magazine is between pages four and five. An average is something a hen lays an egg on. Oh boy, half my quota gone in one mailing! I shall have to do nothing about that. I should like to go on record as singing like Caruso. Cheers...

NOTE
LEVEL
END OF
WORLD
TUESDAY



ALL
CONTRIBUTIONS
THANKFULLY
RECEIVED
v.B.

Self portrait

PAGE EIGHT. This is the end of the line. All change.

BACOVER BABBLINGS

An innocent lady named Phcebe
Cultured some vats of amoebae.

The observed facts of life
Stopped her being a wife -
Two's company, but what would throebae?

If NOISE LEVEL can't have better limericks than Hyphen,
it can at least have worse ones.

=====

I noticed that an awful lot of the first mailing of OMPA contained (mercifully) brief resumes of how people got into fandom anyway. Since yours truly recently inflicted his life story on an unsuspecting world in nufutu, I think the public can be spared a second dose. However, it is my intention here to pass a word or two about fandom in general. I didn't know fandom as it was in the days which Wally Gillings remembers with such devastating clarity, and if I had I probably shouldn't have liked it so much - being only about four years old at the time ... It has often worried me trying to decide exactly why it is that someone starts to read sf. I learned at school the odd paradox that it is the more speculative of the literary types that tend to take to it naturally - the romantic scientist or engineer, I've found, isn't so common. Maybe it's best defined as an inquiring mind. And when you've got that much, you tend to 'inquire within upon everything,' near enough. Which is why (only members of the London Circle will know whom I mean), people like, say, Gerard Black, Andy Harvie, and others, come to enjoy themselves so much at the Globe. By Ghu, this thing we've got is a lot bigger than both of us!

20,000 legs under the sea...

The next issue of NOISE LEVEL, assuming that there is another issue and that I don't tire of the title or decide to exhaust my quota by writing a three-thousand line epic for Vignette, will contain something on the lines of this one. What, I don't know. Five minutes before starting on the copy for this, I couldn't have told you what it would end up like. Do you mind?

=====

Typewriter by OLIVER. Stockings by SCHWEPPEES.
Jokes by JOE MILLER. Delivered by POST.
Jacket design by MOSS BROS. Staples by SUPERMARKET.
Justification by GHOD AND GHUESS.
Published by ACCIDENT. Beware of imitations.
Manuscripts should be submitted on one pound notes.

Auf wiedersehen.