



POGROM

Good Mornings begin with gallotine!

2. POGROM is not, repeat not, a horror comic. 'Tain't funny

GRALLOCH DEPARTMENT

ARCHIVE Swim, little fishy, swim if you can, and he swam and he swam right out of the Malleable Ironworks, into an envelope and up to my front door, bringing with him a mildly entertaining zine, page three of which has got too big for its boots and decided to monopolize page four. I agree about MORE THAN HUMAN.

BRAN TUB As a founder-member, fully unpaid-up subscriber, and honorable joint president of the Brunner and Goodwin Mutual Admiration and Backslapping Society, I am bound to say that this was the zine I enjoyed most in the mailing. As a private individual, I am positively manacled to say the same thing. Particularly liked the poem, Love Affair. And thanks for being so complimentary about These Words That Walk.

BURP To be taken with a pinch of liver salt. Commentsplotch was about right! Ron, did you do this on a hydraulic press? Or is it only that your stencils leak? Your reviews are good, and I liked the story of the 17 no-balls. BURP must be about the only fanzine which runs discographies. This one may be useful. - The truth about Miss Muffet was long overdue - and I think some of my jazz verse in this style may find its way into O'FA shortly.

CAPRICE I drool. Would you mind sending me the original of that pic on So Sweet a Dream, Marie-Louise? I mean the original, the three-dee one. Reviews good and poetry very good (unusual!) But the illoes are real george...

DUPE Enjoyable, chatty. Ta for liking my bit in Vignette, but why pick Stiff Gets in your Eyes? I spit. As for Jazz-con '55, yeah man! That time about half-past the unlucky comes on at Kettering, if the head knock turns on the drip which is most anxious ol' man, when the chief mixer puts our water on and it's boiling so that we have to lay a bundle his ways, it sure would be solid if we could riff back. Tell the cats to bust loose from their main saw on the hitch and steer clear of them people, and bring their dinner. If we cop a squat in some quiet spot, have something handy to stretch our chippy's playground with, and go upstairs, that would be strictly loaded, man. Strictly. This cat is not merely hip to the jive - he comes on like a spaginzny when the time is right.

ESPRIT I like de corps on the front cover. Or uncover? I think she must have goosepimples on her goosepimples. This was entertaining, and you gave a good review to These Words That Walk. Revelation is the pick of the issue.

I might try running a serial on top of the pages, maybe. 3.

GALANTY The picture on page nine is a truly remarkable likeness, isn't it? Conversation Piece I liked very much - not so much the rest of the contents. Reviews - all bitter and twisted.

GOLGOTHA If I remember rightly, the name means 'the place of a skull'. This is one of the best-produced fan covers I've seen aside from one or two on Futurist and of course that apex of duplic~~ity~~ation, Zenith. Potter does his Nut was a little forced. Reviews short and to the point. This and That - chatty, boy, chatty. There are two meanings for chatty.

HOW! Fried. You know that story? Tell you sometime. The arte and hysteric of fanculture deserves all it gets - if the reviews are good. Speaking of reviews, thanks for being so nice about These Words That Walk. (In case anybody was wondering why I'm mentioning TWTW, it was all I had in the first mailing, and I need egoboo bad in the R.A.F.)

IB TENEBOS The title with a typo that is several centuries old! Did you know that? Round the Mulberry Bush is very very good. And it has a point somewhere ... I like these wanderings through the wide world of non-fandom. Next time I want a conducted tour, maybe I'll hand Stu a baton. The review section is also good - odd how many fine critics we have in OMPA.

ITTA You did this cover on a Ghostetner. I feel like sending a wraith to its funeral. Or is it merely faint? In that case, maybe you ought to treat it for shock. They recommend hot sweet tea... Come to think of it, that would probably reproduce pale brown. As for The Adventures of a Musical Madman - crazy, man! You speak English so well I shouldn't be surprised if you were the only people to understand the review of DUPE in this. Full marks.

LAUNCHING SITE Okay, you use a long title for a short zine - so you get less space in this. Reviews of reviews, yet! Best was that for DYSTELEOLOGY - look, no typos!

MEANDER The only possible answer to the inside front cover is for the bod to lose his head. I chuckled over this one. That review of VIGNETTE went home, but it should have gone long ago. Have you absconded yet, Harris?

MEDIOCRE Can't find out why the front cover's blushing - it's decent, isn't it? Last in the Series was swell stuff - so it says on page two, come to think of it. This is a first-class olla-podrida. Podridance to olla it.

MORPH Any morph these autobiographies and I shall feel con-

4. What did Churchill say in 1874? It must have been 'Goo!'

strained (the sensation one gets when the programme breaks down for the fourteenth time) to publish my own unexpurgated reminiscences. The provisional title is 'For Bed or for Worse' and it runs to some thousands of dirty words. I feel there is too much ink on the front cover and too much ego in the morph. Advertising? See later on.

NEEDLE Russell didn't invent Myob for his story. Sorry, but I've known the term since I was about nine, and I feel sure there must be people around who knew it when they were nine - back in the Old Stone Age, when fanzines were either one-shots - small-size on shaped flints, delivered by sling - or duplicated in mammoth's blood on giant elkhide. Bop is dead. But are you up with the new Shorty Rogers LP? First big band I've heard I liked since Kenton went 'cerebral' on us. It swings like crazy and then some. The moderns have nothing to offer in the way of melodic and rhythmic invention - it isn't melodic invention simply to put more notes into a given number of beats - which the trads can't cap, but there are a few things you can do with a big band which a small one can't manage, one of them being to give an aura of sheer power. If you want to know what I mean, try comparing the two final sections of the big-band Bob Crosby version of South Rampart Street with a recording by an 8 or 10-piece group. Loses its impact. I'm strictly traditional, myself.

NOISE LEVEL Hey, what'm I doing? Quickly -

NOW & THEN Phew! (Brow-mopping)... Absit Invidia is a piece of good sense, but the intellectuals aren't that bad - are they? A first-rate issue, especially the Widower's ads. Wish I'd thought of it first. Yes, this I re-read.

OMNIBUS A ghastly thought has just occurred to me. Perhaps Stu would care to work out the odds against two members of OMPA producing identical magazines for the same mailing. The operative factors would be the number of words in the language, times governing factors for the rules of grammar and syntax and the subjects within the range of fan interest. This has nothing to do with OMNIBUS. A very pleasant whimsey and not given to inducing ghastly thoughts. Why is everybody BUT EVERYBODY talking advertising this mailing? See later. In the review of VIGNETTE, why didn't someone make reference to Flecker's 'To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence'?

I care not if you bridge the seas
Or ride secure the cruel sky,
Or build consummate palaces
Of metal or of masonry.

From memory - it may be a bit off.

PLATFORM Appallingly difficult to read. Paragraphs exist for a purpose, Eric, and one of them is to prevent the eye from boggling at vast deserts of cloes-set print. Or is it just that you find paper expensive? A pity, for the contents are very interesting. Mike Wallace's views I find sound, and the life-story of Jan shows that fans will be fans if they have to collect tram-tickets to do it or not. Reviews as you say are skimpy. A little acid in the ink, I'd say. Mind your stencils with that stuff.

SCHNERDLITES I wonder what it's like to be a genius. (Another genius, of course). Does he just put himself in front of a typer and let the stuff flow from him, or does he have to wring it out? I have only one small fault to find with SCHNERDLITES (aside from there not being enough of it), and that is some of the remarks anent versification. Look, you woodenhead: so the stuff you put on the inside cover represents your idea of good versification. Why is Scott not a great poet? Because he was a perfect versifier. Try reading a pile of Scott (Charge, Stanley, charge!) and admit at once that it is insufferably jingly. If the form overrides the sense to the stage where it induces hypnosis and stupefaction, you've got shocking bad poetry, though it may be unimpeachable verse. I'm not defending Newbolt's 'He stood the door behind' - that's just plain lazy! But you cannot claim that altering the position of the stress for variation, dropping a syllable or adding one, makes for bad poetry - quite the reverse, in fact. And if you are going to judge poetry by its prosody, what do you make of Gerard Manley Hopkins's sprung rhythms, in which whole feet - three and more syllables in a line, sometimes - are omitted from the scansion, because they dwindle away into a sort of auditory backwater? Try opening your ears. Nothing personal - count the syllables in the opening line of To Be or Not to Be - and then try to 'improve' it. Go on.

SCOTTISHE Is there a pun there, or is it just that I'm wrong in believing that you spell it Schottiche? Maybe. Duping, strictly from hunger. Pot-Pourri was the pick of the ish - what I could read of it. 'Nuff said.

STEAM Some day, when I'm at Tresco Orchards, I'm going to ask to see the holder's copy of the contract under which the power was once supplied to the b----y great wheel. Say it slowly and relish the subtle savour of the words. Bulmer is a Great Fan. I feel like singing slogans like WAR IS PEACE - did anyone in OMPA not see 1984 on TV? Boy, what you missed! Highly commended - the best piece TV has yet done. What can one say about Bulmerzines? The name speaks for itself. Pity it changed gear halfway - but that makes it a fanzine with a built-in colour change, of course.

6. Assault with a deadly weapon - to wit, a fan magazine.

SUPPLEMENTS TO RUNE ONE A pity NGW couldn't be with us in force - there isn't really enough meat in these supplements to get one's teeth into. I feel I must have met that fan called Hood on his way to ask the question. I too belong to the Anti-Fresh Air League - I mean, how can you be sure the stuff's safe unless someone else has used it first?

WOZ The Surd advert and the diatribe against the dire tribe of White were what we expected from the other side of the water. The rest of it, frankly, disappointed me. I'm afraid that some vile canker must be eating at Walter's heart. I even begin to suspect he has taken to drink instead of fandom. Can't you just picture the awful scene at O'Bleak house - Walt, lying in a drunken stupor, carousing the neighbours in the dead of night, while Madeleine and Bob and the others, tears rolling down their cheeks, implore the inert occupant of the room to open the door to them? They can't break it down, because the flesh is weak and the Willis spiriting.

ZIZ This ziz literally true.

ZYMIC Clarke, of course, is determined to have the last word. He should have chosen a title beginning with two z's to be on the safe side. It seems that he will have his little game - a kind of punned-about or playing with words. I admire the forward rush at the end of para. 1, but since he isn't on the safe side he's bound to lose. You know the one about the man who kept a stag as a pet? He was addicted to going to parties in evening dress with this animal, and some of his friends remarked on the peculiar way it jumped up and down when he brought it into the room. He watched the phenomenon closely, intending to do an article on it for Country Life, and made the remarkable discovery that it only performed this antic when the weather was bad. So he thought it over for some time, without coming to a conclusion, and finally had to explain to his friends by way of apology, 'My hart leaps up when it beholds a bow-tie in the rain.' Revenge is sweet!

END OF GRALLOCH DEPT.

That review of DUPE? Oh. It's Harlem jive from the late 1930's, as recorded in Mezz Mezzrow's wonderful book, Really the Blues. A rough translation runs: at about midnight on Friday at Kettering, if it rains so heavily we can't go out, and the hotel manager has it in for us so that we have to slip him a bribe, it would be nice to play some music. Tell the fans to get rid of their wives and bring their girl friends. If we sit down somewhere quiet with some nourishment and hit the high notes, that will be terrific. The writer understands what he's talking about. That's all.