

Detroit

Iron

Four



WELCOME BACK to Detroit Iron,  
the OMPazine

with double-action boosters  
in every grimy grain. This is  
(as you have probably noticed)  
the 4th issue of said amateur  
journal, and with any luck, it  
shall appear in the 38th OMPA  
Mailing, December 1963.

The editor is one Richard  
Schultz, who resides at 19159  
Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan,  
zip-coded at 48234, U.S.A.

This is the 36th KriFan-  
Tat Publication and we stand  
firmly behind the semantic  
jingles of Peace, Prosperity,  
ATOM for TAFF, London in '65,  
and the Pursuit of ~~Blah/Blah~~  
Happiness. Gosharootie, gang!

THE SIGN OF THE ELCTRIC HARPSI-  
CHORD

under whose banners so  
much deep cogent thought and  
the more usual blithering  
idiocy has come to you, once  
again greets you-all. This  
time, gang, let's start with  
some mailing-comments.

Gosharootie, gang!

DOLPHIN--Elinor Busby By now  
the TAFF  
race shall have been decided,  
but it's still not too late to  
let you know that I do indeed  
know of the multitudinous talents  
and record of Herr Wally Weber.  
However, when I made a quick  
run-down of the candidates in  
the TAFF race, before boosting  
Pelz, I thought a number of  
things were self-evident. One,  
that I do indeed know of and  
admire and feel a deep camarade  
for Wally and Marion. But that  
a quick run-down in itself pre-  
cludes anything even remotely  
resembling a complete listing  
of the finer points of the  
opposing candidates. Heck, I  
didn't even go as deep as I  
wanted into Pelz's qualificat-  
ions! Equal Space is not one  
of the by-laws of this prop-  
aganda ministry anyways.....

2/ Since you brought up the subject of LSD, I might mention my own meagre fund of knowledge on the subject.

The person I learned about it first from was a Mae Stern, a graduate of Queens N.Y. City College and employed by U of Michigan at Ann Arbor at the moment as a psychiatric researcher. Whilst a eager member of the milling throngs of Queens C, she became one of a group of guinea pigs for the stuff. She had quite a bit to say about the gook when I questioned her about it, but the most amazing thing to her was the movements about her.

They didn't actually shift from one spot to another as much as become fluid, viscuous, rippling and distorted. The colors didn't change as much as become off-shades without warning.

The second most amazing thing was the great Insight with a capital I which was achieved. However.... And this point was not brought out in the TV interview program you reported on.... The Insight did not last, fading like the oversimplification which comes from an alcoholic haze. Things became not so clear so more, factors crept back into amazingly solved problems, etc., etc. It does seem that Mae and her group at Queens were unusual thought thee and ye and she, for Insight seems to continue in a percentage of most other takers of the stuff.

She would have continued with the program but she had an argument with her parents on taking any sort of drug and then she developed a strong reaction to the stuff soon after. The reaction has remained, so she's never repeated her experiences with LSD.

DETROIT IRON-Yho Hmbl & Obt Srvt By now some of you will have noticed that in the following pages, I have reprinted VERITAS #2 en toto. A complete fascimile edition, including some of the typos Berry made himself (however blame me for some of them in this edition too!).

This is, of course, another part of my continuing struggle to bring you illiterate clods some culture, scooped whole from our fabulous literary past.

Really though, I think that the OMPA VERITASs were much too fine a fanzine to permit them to continue languishing in some dank damp buried OMPA mailing. Besides which, it's black and white and green proof of the kind of fine humor we used to have in OMPA. If I weren't afraid of being blinked at by Elinor I'd almost go so far as to say that OMPA has perhaps gotten a little sercon.....

Howsomeover, KriFanTat Publications shall continue to reprint issues of VERITAS, for general and new-generation OMPAish consumption. This issue, for instance, is 115 copies and you can't hardly get more general circulationish than that. Next issue, probably VERITAS #3 and #4 if I don't chicken out and just peint #3....

WARNING! ACHTUNG! MINEN! Don't anyone ever purchase Krenkel Klean-Kut stencils. The poor duplication in this issue is, for once, not due to me or the ABDick but to the stencils. They are without a doubt.... Yes they are. Avoid at all costs.

By the way, VERITAS #2 first saw the light of day in November 1956. Back in the days when ATom and Berry not only had time to print superb VERITASs every quarter but to publish mucho issues of RETRIBUTION. Requiescat in Pace.... ATom for TAFF!

SCOTTISHE-Our Wee Bonnie Lass Your group of young Socialists sound typical enough for a small young action group. A few mediocre members, a highly intelligent rationalist and a fanatic or two. Actually I rather envy the young anti-American a bit. Really I do. He's so secure. He's not unique, at any rate. After all, it's ever so much easier to be comfortably anti-American and decide matters on that basis instead of thinking. It takes ever



so much worry and strain off the brain and the soul. For after all, one then knows Answers instead of always questioning things.

There's a lovely "folk song" (specially written about ten years ago) going the rounds these days. The title is WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE? (Coulson and I like good folksy tunes.) The last two lines always go like this....

"When will they ever change?

When will they ever learn....."

Whilst some sorts feel that the films they showed there prove beyond a doubt that the USA is going kaput, etc., it t'ain't necessarily so, you know. On the contrary.

For within this decade and our lifetimes we are being greeted with the totally unheard of spectacle of a minority peacefully demonstrating against inequalities, seeking their rights...and getting them! This is one of those rare times when mankind is changing...and doing so without first having to topple the present system.

This is the real strength of the system we exist in, I think. That it can stand protests, it can redress wrongs, and do so within the legal framework of the existing system. Certainly the sight of a minority being slowly given its rights is unique. You do not see it in India or Indonesia or Russia with its anti-Semitism or few locales in the past. Before, the usual system has been violent change and creation of a new framework.

Maybe a benevolent dictator (anyone ever heard of any, say within the past two thousand years?) could give the negro his rights. But the strings would be multitudinous. For within this decade, as I said, the Negro is himself achieving his equal rights. This despite the efforts of the active racists, the antipathy of many more whites and the joy-riding members of his own race, which can best be described as a drag. Negroes eager to achieve their own version of "equality" but unwilling to do anything more than complain how oppressed they are by the white majority. These are the types that I think gave James Meredith such a shameful reception when he visited Chicago.

Anyways, here we have a minority achieving at least legal equality in our life-times through his own efforts. Not only is this sweeter indeed, a rare vintage of pride, a superb "year" of achievement. But it becomes through this achievement both something dearer and also something infinitely more difficult to take away.

Even more important for the nation as a whole I think is the fact that this levelling of inequalities is taking place from the grass-roots up. It is not being legislated down, even though it could not take place without the active aid of the legislative bodies of this nation. The force, the impetus, and the lasting success are coming from the people, the mass of the nation. And don't think that the Negro and liberal don't realize this! They know full well who is gaining equality for the Negro today. They are.

A law legislating equality would be weak indeed if equality were not already a measure of truth through the efforts of the people themselves. Once achieved on such a broad basis, true integration will be truth possible within our lifetimes. A truth achieved within the framework of our society and within its existing legal system. For all its wrongs, there is something about a system which can do this....

Integration is not legislated, it is achieved, you might say. Your semantic jingle for the day.....

Actually I think this is what I was worried about when I talked to Charles Wells at the ChiCon III. That no one should ever be allowed to think that equality was a gift from the Capitol. That while laws are necessary, the real force, the real progress, should continue to be made by the action groups themselves.

4 If they do pass any series of broad anti-prejudice and anti-segregation laws now, I doubt if any could say that it was given to our minorities. The nations that harp so continuously at the USA for its racial problems have their own repressed minorities. It might be interesting, say about thirty years from now, to settle back in our peaceful integrated (legally anyways) nation and snipe at the back-biters of today for not solving their minority problems peacefully the way we did.... Oh well, I suppose I'm just a dreamer, but that sort of ironic justice would taste so sweet in my mouth.....

By the way, Ethel, one thing never brought up in the great Death Duties debate raging within SCOTTISHE, is the effect of the tax system on the economy itself. Let me elucidate.....

You see, in a Capitalistic Society like ours used to be before we became a Socialism, it was proven that Capital is needed for expansion, modernization and so on. Of course we don't always need Capital for such frivolities. We could always sit on our duffs and stagnate into a magnificent depression that would make some people yearn for the good old days of '34 when they had enough money for breadlines.....

So. We need Capital. Carnegie and Rockefeller found one way of obtaining the necessary Capital. Stalin found another, which was really the old-fashioned way. The way of squeezing the masses into a pulp to provide the necessary juice, mostly in manpower (in olden days it was known as the slave system), a human industrial pyramid structure, with most everybody on the lowest levels. Carnegie and like on the other hand collected Capital so fast that the reaction to his type still rides high in the economic thinking of our own generation. So much for the Industrial Revolution.....

Anyways, India, for example is trying to make both systems work. They have private industry, which they graciously allow to exist and to make money which they glean away in taxes. So the private industry can't expand. It can't become Grasping Monopolists or other scare words...but they also can't expand their facilities to fill the crying needs of India. So now India, having proven that State Industries are inefficient, wasteful, high-priced and still can't make a profit is very sensibly seeking the only logical solution....to them.

They are asking the World Bank, the USA and Western Europe for literally billions of dollars aid to build more of the State Industries which they can't run efficiently now, forgawdsakes. At least in the Indian Steel Industry, it has been proposed that the private industrialists be allowed to accumulate Capital in the World Bank and then expand themselves (with a broad base of worker shareholding to boot) to fill India's present and predicted Steel industry needs. But no, the government is going to go into debt instead.

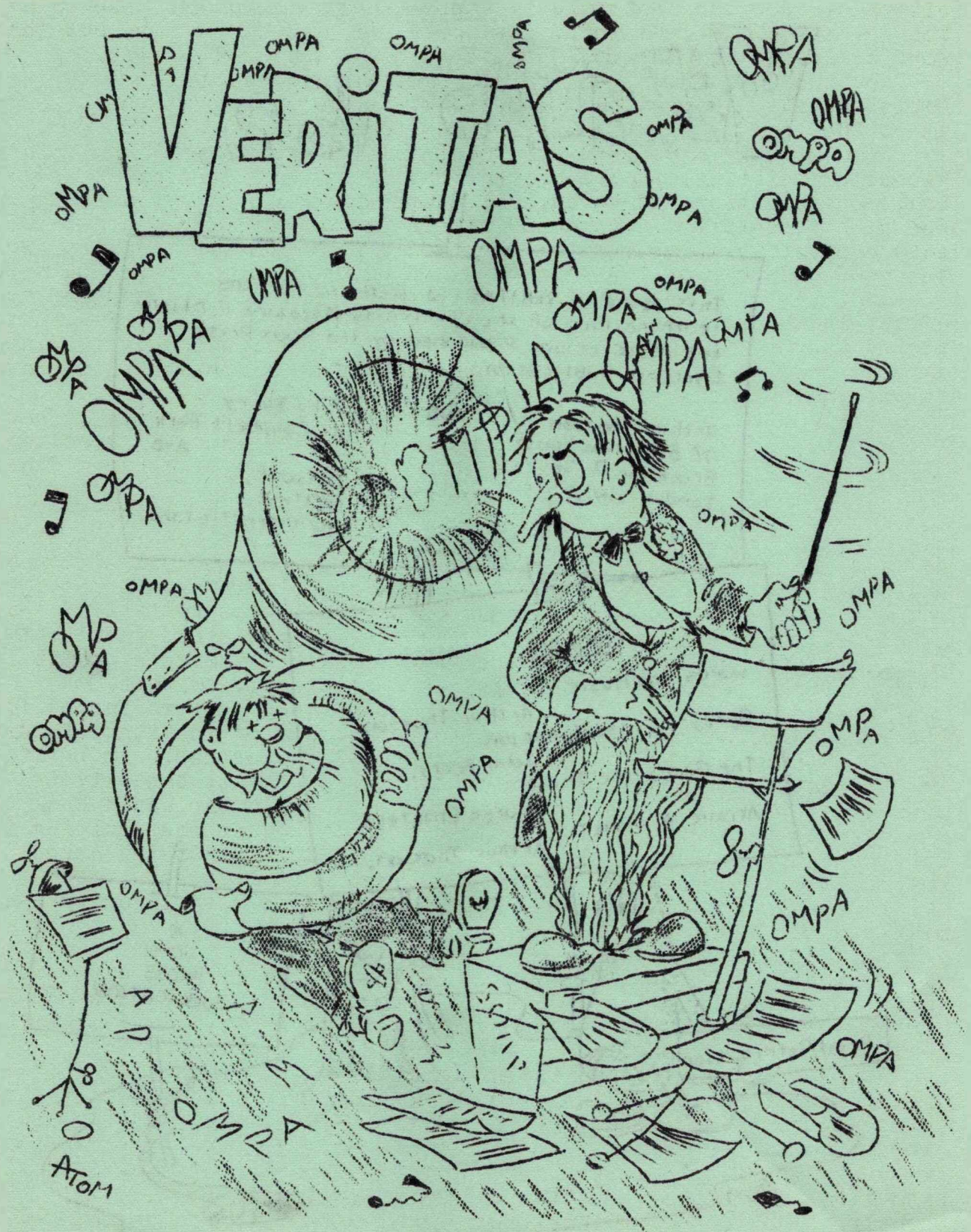
For where there is a need for something, private industry can make a buck. And where it can make a buck, it will expand to do so. Very simple, yes?

Anyone who thinks that you can still accumulate the necessary Capital yourself, in the USA, ought to go read a few issues of FORTUNE and guess why the Banks are doing such a land-office business with their industrial loans.

So. A government too intent on skimming off those "excess" profits can find itself in serious economic trouble. That's the real point we should be discussing in state taxation. Not whether non-productive Capital or real wealth should be gleaned. Dukes and all are very nice for tourists. But not very important in the economic situation unless their wealth us busily working in the nation's economy. Then the Death Duties might mean the difference between a British firm's failing or expanding into the world market. That's where the Death Duties become something to argue about.

I probably sound like a dirty ol' Capitalist, but I'm not. I'm just a bit tired of the eternal incestuous fratricide of these arguments being fought on emotional grounds instead of whether or not the nation's economy is affected. See you all next mailing, Dick.







# VERITAS No. 2.

This issue of VERITAS is produced for the tenth mailing of the Off Trails Magazine Publishers Association. Published by the Goon Press Esoteric Publications Ltd. By :-

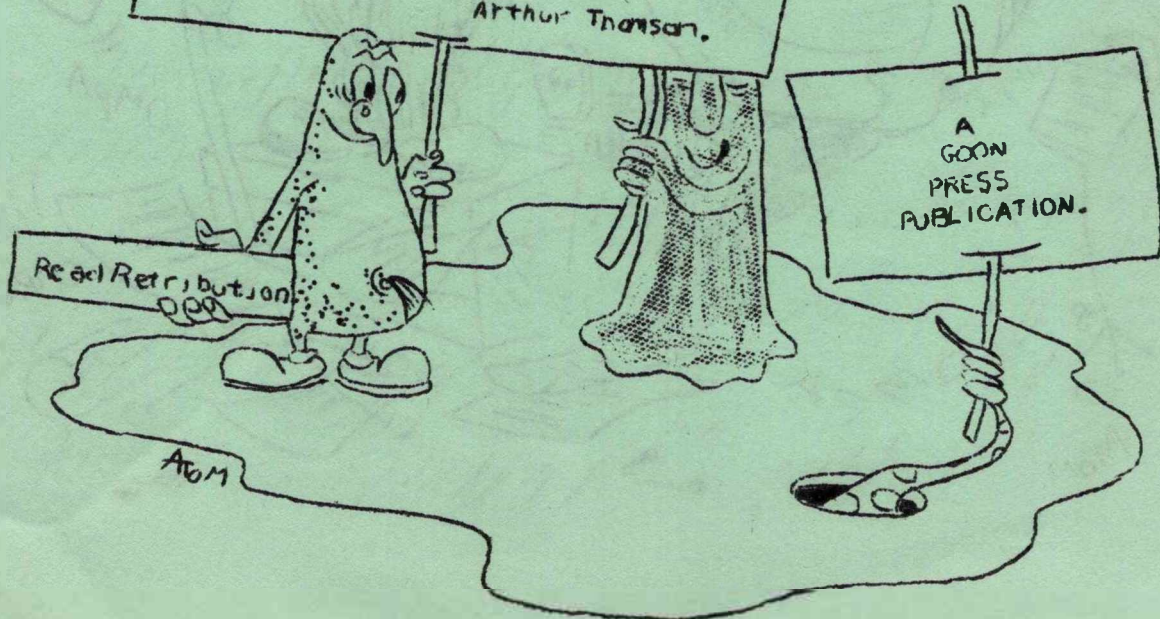
Arthur Thomson  
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Ave,  
Belmont,  
Belfast,  
Northern Ireland.

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ATOM



"John Berry and you should join OMPA" said Joy Clarke, casually ejecting her cigarette end from the green holder into my beer. I lowered my glass, and spitting out a few shreds of Balken Sobranie I gazed at her across the book littered table in the saloon bar of the Globe.

She adjusted herself more comfortably on Vinces knee's and repeated her remark. Pushing my empty glass in Bobby Wilde's direction I turned the idea over in my mind. John and I had talked of Joining Ompa, and if we did we wouldn't have to borrow Walt's and Chuck's mailings, and wouldn't get beaten up anymore for mussing up the WOZ's and MEANDERS.

Bobby Wild pushed my glass back to me followed by her own, I pushed them on past me to John Brunner. "We'd like to join," I said to Joy, "can we get on the waiting list?"

"S'as good as done," she replied,

adding her glass to the others in front of John.

So here we are, Ompaites at last, and if anybody writes to deplore the advent of the Goons into Ompa, direct ( and even send ) the letters to 7 Inchmery Road, Catford. She done it.

Firstly, we'd like to say how pleased we are to be in Ompa. We're calling our zine VERITAS and hope that one day it will maybe take its place alongside such Ompa epics as RUNE and STYX and other fabulous Ompazines like so.

A word on the production of VERITAS ( and all other Goon publications too ). It's produced on the Goon Press. Esoteric Publications Ltd. at 31, Campbell Park Avenue, Belfast. All praise for the production, stencil cutting and duning should go to John, he does it all. I look after the layout and utter cries of encouragement from time to time.

Whilst we hope to put more than just G.D.A. stuff into VERITAS, we would like to point out that we are open for any Ompa investigations that might turn up. Ompa members get a cut rate on cases ( Ethel Lindsay got Helen Highwater investigated for only three poses of 'Desiree' ). But we must unfortunately state that we cannot undertake to investigate Ron Bennett, we've already been hired by six clients to do just that.

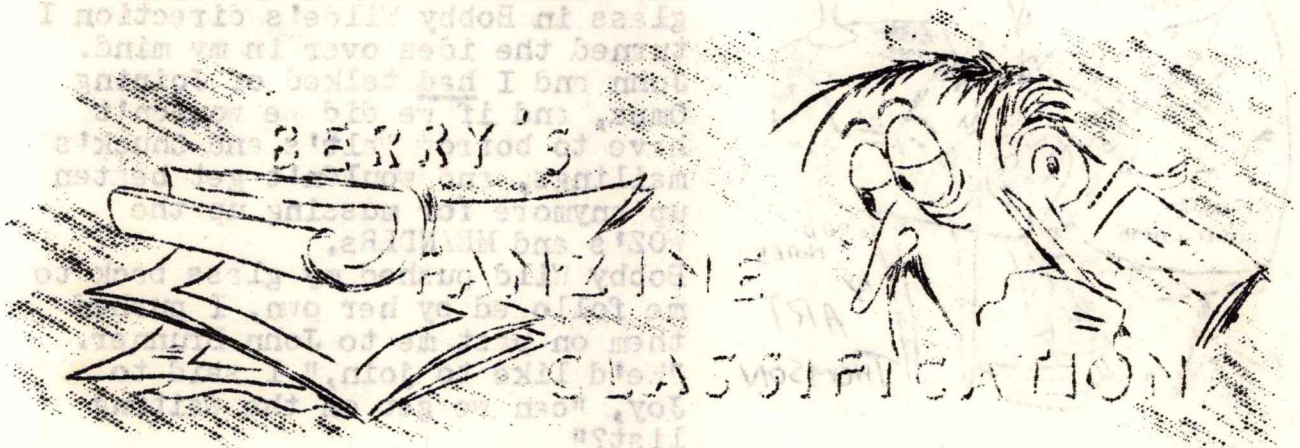
Enough of this, turn the page and see what John has to say on fanzines.

-Arthur Thomson-

THIS ZINE IS DEDICATED TO THE ADVANCEMENT  
OF — SOUTH GATE IN '53



I now possess a large collection of fanzines, a small section of my library zealously guarded from the prying eyes of 'non-fen', and the jammy fingers of my inquisitive offspring. Often, very often, I select one or two at random, and flip idly through the pages, grinning at such and such an illo, reading a few lines here and there, reminiscing, dreaming, speculating, happy in my own particular field of enjoyment, so sorry for the others who don't realize what they are missing. And one day, whilst so doing, I discovered a new thing about fanzines, a new aspect of them. I grabbed a convenient jotter, made a few notes and now, here for posterity, is my ; -



PREFACE: I would like to state, without qualification, that I am not 'getting at', or making fun of any fanzine or fan-ed. Most probably I am guilty of at least two of the new classifications myself. My aim is to simply raise a grin, a chuckle, and, maybe, who knows, a new era of fanzine construction, compilation and distribution.....

Firstly, and by far the most lethal, is the ; -  
DISINTEGRATING FANZINE

By some queer stroke of fate, the Disintegrating Fanzine possesses contents much superior to the average fanzine. But first, let me explain how it all works.

My bedroom is above the front door. I hear the postman come every morning at seven thirty. His jaunty walk, his effervescent whistle is my first initiation to the new morning. I eagerly wait for the click as he opens the gate latch, walks up the path, then thrusts his missive down the hallway. Except sometimes, his whistling suddenly ceases, as I imagine, he recognises the first pangs, the first pulsating presence of the Disintegrating Fanzine. His sharp footsteps develop into nothing less than a slither as he approaches my doorway. I can hear his heavy breathing, his hot breath rises and steams my window. I ignore the subsequent boom as the fanzine asserts itself, I barely notice the athletic figure of the postman vaulting the gate en route to the nearest glass of water. He has done his best. His all. He knows I won't forget him at Christmas. He is happy in that knowledge. But for me, the task has just begun. And it is because I know the material will undoubtedly be soo good that I start my task with a seemingly careless grin.

I find the hallway ankle deep in duplicated pages. Staples, at the source of the fanzine obviously being at a premium. I start my task, ducking and weaving every now and then as a page sways to the floor. I go into the living room, shuffle the pages, flip through



them, turning some of them the right way up.....I arrange the pages in little piles, then put them in numerical order. I apply a few staples from my own machine, (well, the one from the office) and lo, after only thirty-seven minutes effort after being blasted through my letter box, the fanzine is ready for perusal.

An interesting sub-group of this primary classification is; - PREMATURELY DISINTEGRATING FANZINE.

I have not yet discovered at what stage the explosion occurs..... maybe it is when it is initially posted, possibly when it is shown to the franking machine, but somewhere, whilst in transit, the single or couple of inadequate staples give up the unrelenting strain, and, bingo, a postal official adopts the active service position and garners the pages. To get his revenge, he ignores two or three pages that are out of reach, puts the rest together in an untidy bundle, out of order, and slams on big chunks of heavily gummed brown paper bearing the legend FOUND OPENED AND OFFICIALLY SEALED.

An example of this category arrived at my house only last week.

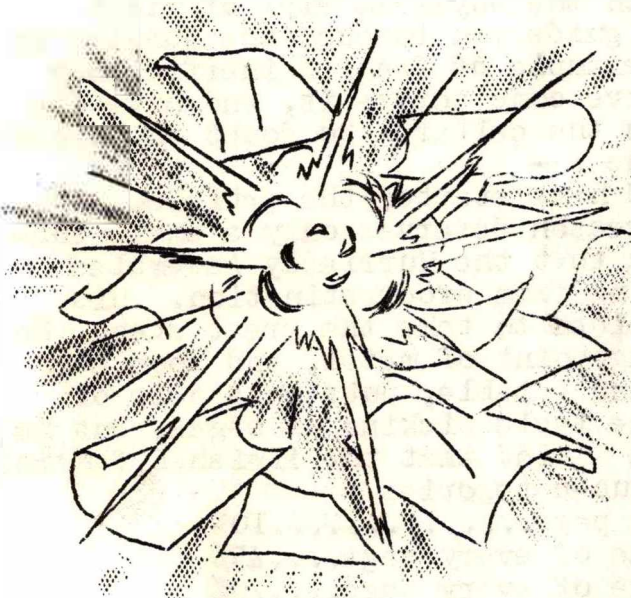
Next, we move to a close relative of the Disintegrating fanzine species, I am of course referring to the ; - CUNNINGLY DIMINISHING FANZINE.

Relatively speaking, this is the most frustrating of the whole outfit. One particular fanzine I know of specializes in it. It is, of course, unintentional...only a rabid sadist would contemplate doing it purposely. To all intents and purposes, the fanzine is entirely normal. It gives the impression of being a proud and noble thing...so solid, so reliable, so superior. But underneath this facade, a relentless metamorphosis

is silently taking place. I haven't worked out the basic theory of the mechanics involved, but somehow, in some devilish way, every time you pick it up the fanzine sheds the bottom page. It's just uncanny. I've tried several different methods of approach. Craftily sorting through the whole pile of fanzines, maybe, then suddenly swooping on a Cunningly Diminishing Fanzine....but no, it has seen through my deception. Even as I lift it, even though I am gripping the bottom page, when I take my hand away, the last page comes with it. Pity, because it's a good fanzine, and I would like to re-read it, but I daren't. And it lies there so confidently I think it would be annoyed if I attempted to re-staple it. In any case, I've already lost two thirds of the letter col.

On the other side of the scale, but in the same sub-group is the ; - BLATANTLY DIMINISHING FANZINE.

This is an interesting species, allied as it is to both the Disintegrating Fanzine and the Cunningly Diminishing Fanzine. This type of fanzine is usually circulated by the neo-fan who as yet has not acquired the difficult art of stapling. I visualize him using the stapling machine with his left hand, and reading The Martian Chronicles with his right. Or maybe initiating a fem at the same time. This is it's modus operandi : -





The fanzine is usually a cruddy effort, and it knows this. Even whilst it is lying in the pile, somewhere near the bottom, it is struggling to dismantle itself, a sort of fanzine hari kari. In frequent spasmodic jerks, it gradually tears away from the staples. It is a superb insight into the ramifications of the suspected powers of inanimate objects to experiment with it by leaving the fanzine naked in the middle of a highly polished table. With a high speed camera, it is possible to take pictures of the pages actually rippling in their efforts to get away from the staples, or, frequently, staple. If one has the slightest degree of pity for straining atoms (no pun intended) it is the kindest thing to prise out the staples, and use the pages as slip-sheets. Then everyone is happy.

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Having dealt at length with the physical side of final fanzine construction, I now wish to guide you through the jungles of the compilation of fanzines. This example of fannish inefficiency is, fortunately, rare, although I have come across it, and have one or two heavily padlocked examples in the cellar. No doubt the ordered mind of some fan will say that the :-

HURRIEDLY ASSEMBLED FANZINE. should have started the article, but, as I say, it is rare, and for this reason deserves only a small sub-group of it's own. My own theory is that the Hurriedly Assembled Fanzine is the work of a fan suffering from procrastination. His subbers are getting worried. He decides to take the great step. He flogs the mimeo almost to the boiling point of metal, and soon has stacks of pages. He lays these around a table, puts on a pair of rubber slippers, and dashes round the table picking up pages, but he is in such a hurry, and creates such a wind that the finished fanzines come into one or more of these sub-sub-categories :-

1. Fanzine with one of every page.....10%
2. Fanzine with more than one of every page....45%
3. Fanzine with less than one of every page....40%
4. Fanzine including slip-sheets.....5%

A variation of the Hurriedly Assembled Fanzine is the :-  
COMMUNIAL HURREDLY ASSEMBLED FANZINE.

Most fan have meetings at their houses every so often, and some unscrupulous fan use this as a means of providing a labour force for the assembling of their fanzine. In my experience I have been guilty of issuing a Communal Hurredly Assembled Fanzine, but pray consider the bevy of talent that assisted in it's compilation:-Walter Willis, Madeleine Willis, Leeh Shaw, Larry Shaw, George Charters, Peggy White and James White. And me. And even if RETRIBUTION 2 did belong to this group, it didn't suffer from any of the normal effects of this disorder, the main one of which is usually a high percentage of 'upside-down' pages, especially if an envious fan-ed is amongst the workers.

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Finally, before I come to the main group of the Fanzine Classification, dealing with the individual distribution of fanzines, I would like to mention one very rare group, at one time prevalent in OMPA, but now an almost extinct type, I am referring to the :-



DUPLICATING INK STAINED FANZINE.

I prefer not to dwell on this type. It is the hallmark of a fan who is in such a hurry that he duplicates and sorts out his fanzine without washing his hands, leaving his digital impressions surmounted on every page. Most fan do at least wash their hands before assembling, or failing this, wipe their hands on their trousers. I humbly beg to report that I belong to the latter category.

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Finally, I guide you along to the most discussed of all items with regard to fanzines...the distribution of them. This classification is very complicated, because in the last few years many novel ideas have been introduced to get the fanzine from fan-ed to subber. I propose to deal with as many of these variants as I can. I am going to start with the best methods of sending fanzines through the post, and, as a climax, finish up with the most horrible and terrible way of distributing fanzines, a method which is still used quite commonly, mostly by American neo-fan.

Any fanzine sent on it's way by any of the six following sub-groups is very acceptable to the recipient. It gives me pleasure to announce that by far the biggest majority are sent out in either one of these accepted ways, the Americans pretty well the exclusive users of groups B and D, because of the postal inspection laws.

A. UNFOLDED FANZINE IN SEALED ENVELOPE.

There can be no argument about this. It's the most expensive but the best way to send a fanzine, Most of us can't afford it, though.

B. UNFOLDED ENVELOPE IN FASTENED ENVELOPE.

A very creditable and sensible way, because the envelopes can be used again and again.

C. FOLDED FANZINE IN SEALED ENVELOPE.

Yessir. Most satisfactory.

D. FOLDED FANZINE IN FASTENED ENVELOPE.

Very nice indeed.

E. UNFOLDED FANZINE IN OPEN ENVELOPE.

Used by quite a number of well-known British and American fan-eds.

F. FOLDED FANZINE IN OPEN ENVELOPE.

In very common use, cheap and reasonably effective, used mostly by the British fan-ed with a big circulation.

Take your full share of egoboo, you fan-eds in groups A to F. You deserve it.

Now the two following groups, G and H are not so common, not so popular, but still used. I must confess that I have sent out fanzines, when I was very inexperienced, in group G. Apologies to those who suffered at my hands. Let me detail G and H : -

G. TIGHTLY ROLLED FANZINE.

To give some idea of the harrowing effect a tightly rolled fanzine has on the recipient, I can do no better than to quote a heart-rending example, in the form of an earnest plea from one of my clients, a Mr. William Courval, of San Diego, U.S.A....."The reason this letter of comment is so late," he wrote, "is that I just took



RETRIBUTION out of the book press only yesterday. The next time you send it, please don't roll it more than once." Yep, I suppose six weeks is a long time to wait to read a fanzine after receiving it. And that about sums it up.

In direct contrast to type G is H, which is the : -  
H. LOOSELY ROLLED FANZINE.

This, in effect, is the fanzine folded in half, and a strip of usually superfine paper wrapped round it. For one thing, the fanzine is exposed to the vagaries of the rest of the general post, and heavy envelopes, rolled newspapers and the grimy hands of the sorters don't do the delicate edges of the fanzine any good. The corners are bound to get twisted or bent. And I would hazard an opinion that a good percentage of fanzines lost in the post (one addressed to me went astray a short time ago) are sent this way.

Now then, the rest of you can relax, but for those whose mode of distribution I haven't yet touched, prepare for the worst. Types I and J are the most frustrating and nerve-wracking examples that a fan can face. To unravel one so sent is worse than a Chinese Puzzle. I want to go into detail, and spare no facet of my limited vocabulary to express my indignation of the shock that sometimes awaits me when I get home at night after the perplexities of my office. What do the rest of you think???

I. NAKED STAPLED ON ALL FOUR SIDES FANZINE.

Imagine you have just run a few staples down the side of a fanzine. Now the author of type I carries on, and puts a couple of staples at the top and bottom, and another half dozen down the fourth side. The fanzine is now totally enclosed. The fan-ed slaps a stamp over the hastily scrawled address, and leaves it to the mercy of whatever may await it en route to the addressee. But the final degradation is to come. The recipient picks it up, and his face turns white as he twists it this way and that, trying to work it all out, wondering if he should lie down for a few moments and let the hallucination pass. He then orientates the fanzine and attempts to abstract the staples. He may lose a finger nail, he may rip the skin off his thumb, and he will certainly tear the paper, or pull a page out, and by the time the tattered remnants of the fanzine are ready for his perusal, he is too exhausted, both mentally and physically, to face the contents. And by some strange quirk of fate, the contents are remarkably good and instructive.

But the worst type of all is the dreaded : -

J. FOLDED NAKED STAPLED ON ALL FOUR SIDES FANZINE.

I needn't go on. It is the same sub-category as type I, except it is folded. This makes it almost impossible to orientate, and once out of every twice one pulls the wrong staples out, or maybe all the staples out in a frenzy of indecision. The only way to deal with it is to take it to a quiet room, remove all the staples, trying to keep yourself calm the while, and then, when this is done, re-assemble the fanzine, re-staple it, and, imagining that nothing has happened, drop it in the hallway under the letterbox and collect it next time round.

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To conclude, let me reiterate that I've no specific fanzines in mind whilst writing all this, but no doubt you have all met one or other or maybe all these variations at one time or another.

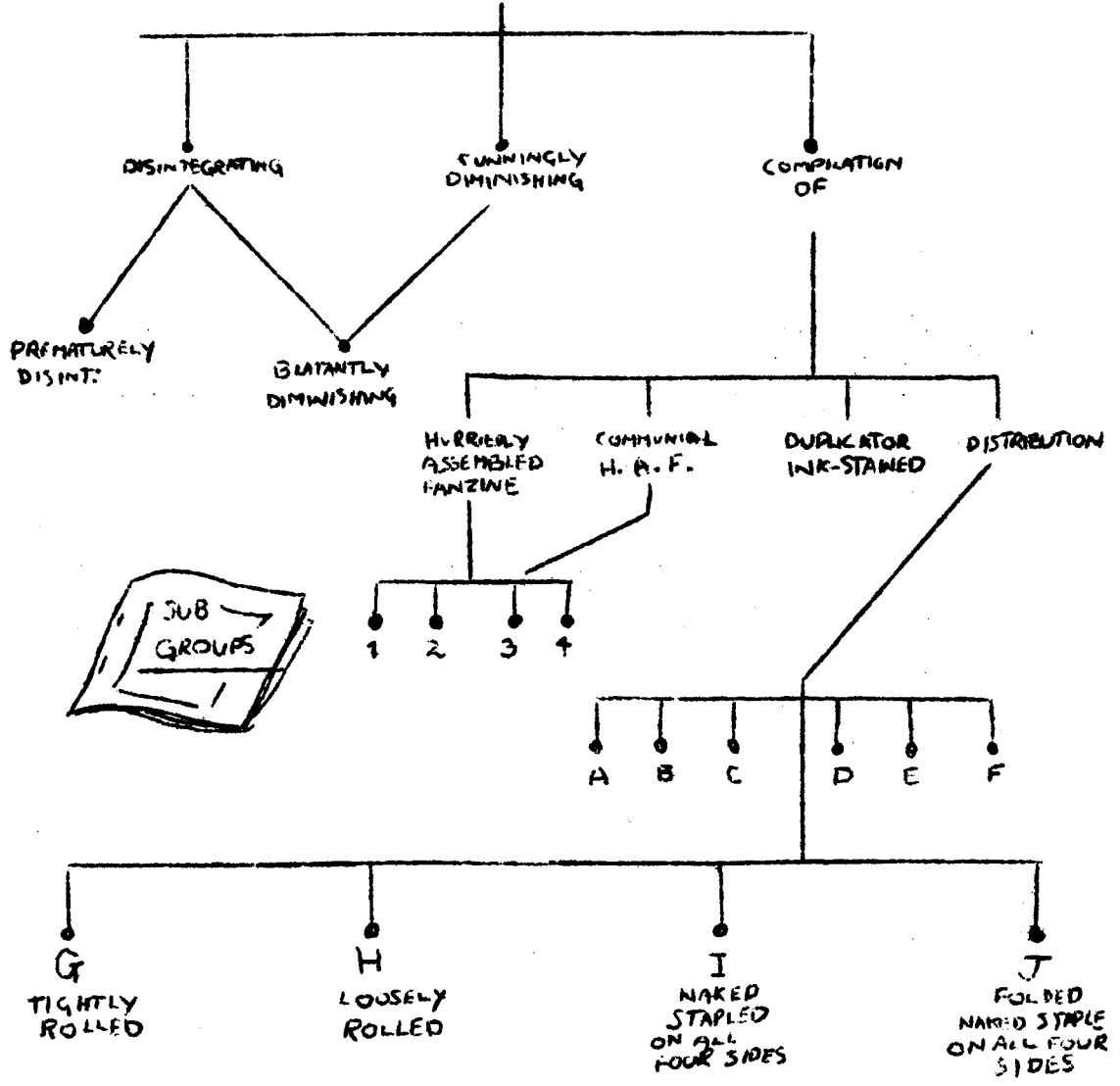
But don't get too complacent.  
Just consider.

You may one day receive a CUNNINGLY DIMINISHING FANZINE in a NAKED STAPLED ON ALL FOUR SIDES condition, with maybe just a touch of the DUPLICATING INK STAINED VARIETY.

Then you begin to worry.



# FANZINE FAMILY TREE





ST  
W  
T  
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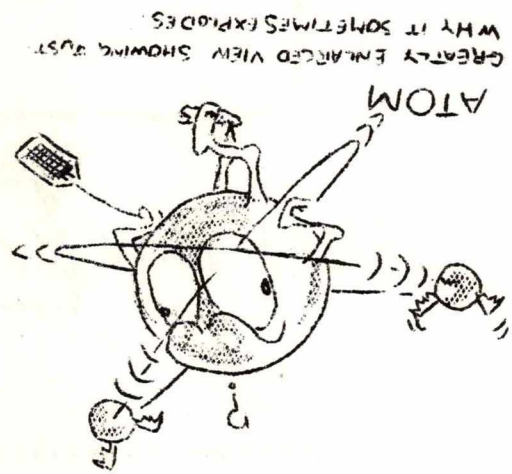
THE ALPHABET

AS SHE IS DRAWN

BY ATOM

NUMBER 1 (MARCH)

A



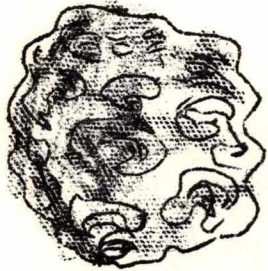
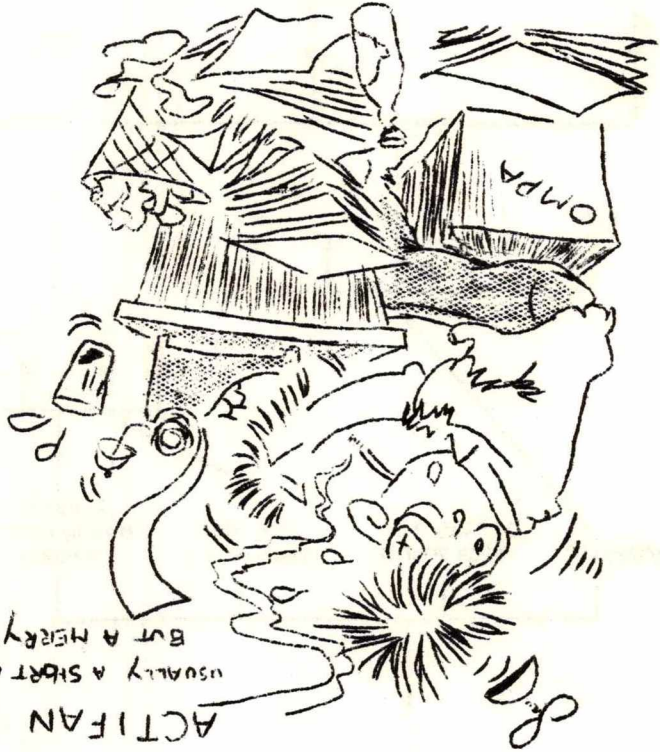
GREATLY ENLARGED VIEW SHOWING JUST WHY IT SOMETIMES EXPLODES.

ATOM

ANDROID  
SOMEBODIES JUST  
TOLD HIM WHY  
HE'S AN ANDROID!



ACTIFAN  
USUALLY A SHORT LIFE  
BUT A MERRY ONE.



ASTEROID  
A ROCK ON THE ROLL

SMALLER ASTEROID  
(NOTE DIFFERENCE IN SIZE  
TO LARGER ASTEROID)

(NEXT MAILING, YES! YOU'VE GUESSED IT - B)



That Grand Old Man of fandom, George Charters, has recently picked up his quill once again, and composed this poem especially for VERITAS. He terms it... 'an epic dealing with the immortal game of Ghoominton' ... and we are proud to print it, not only because it is so cleverly executed, but, we are sorry to say, because as each day flits by, the chances of George producing such a poem again grows more and more remote ... he has almost reached the gruel stage. We feel that, with this publication, something of the Charters spirit will prevail.

Arthur Thomson

THE GAMES THE THING  
GEORGE A. W. CHARTERS

Last Saturday night we'd a Ghoominton Match  
The game was quiet and gentle, natch.  
And we all went home without a scratch  
From the Ghoominton game last Saturday.

(Note 1.) The first verse is always the hardest, and consequently the others are easier. Observe in the third line the subtle sarcasm.....subtle as a sledge-hammer!

We all got souvenirs from our foes:  
One player's teeth and another one's nose,  
And John went home without any clothes,  
From the Ghoominton game last Saturday.

(Note 2.) By a strange coincidence this verse is almost identical with another which I heard in my youth.)

Walt's service like an arrow through the window flowed.  
"You've lost the point," daughter Carol crowed,  
As the shuttlecock landed on a bus in the road  
At the Ghoominton game last Saturday.

It fell off the bus at the "Hare and Hounds",  
Was returned by the postman on his rounds,  
But the referee declared it out of bounds  
At the Ghoominton game last Saturday.

(Note 3.) The rules are loose, but they're not as loose as all that, you see.)

The first service was made by Bryan's mother  
Hit Peggy (who was ref.) on the head and BROTHER.  
It went in one ear and out the other  
At the Ghoodminton game last Saturday.

(Note 4.) From this point onwards it becomes more and more difficult  
to keep to the metre and find rhymes, but the pome must  
go on.)

James White smashed the shuttlecock through the roof  
(I'm telling you nothing but the gospel trufe.)  
And the super-heated air went out with a "whoof".  
At the Ghoodminton game last Saturday.

(Note 5.) The strain is beginning to tell. Look at that rhyme.)

George laughed so hard at sport so rare,  
He fell right out of his invadlid chair,  
And dislocated his FORE-FINGARE  
At the Ghoodminton game last Saturday.

(Note 6.) It is nearly impossible to carry on. Look at THAT thyme.)

At the Ghoodminton game last Saturday.

(Note 7.) I just can't think what will happen next Saturday, so  
that verse is not completed - you may refer to it as my  
Unfinished Infamy.)

My Ghod,  
That's odd.

I've done  
(In fun)



What he  
Asked me

To do  
Adieu.

P.S. Them short lines is smashing:--do you pay by the line or the word?

.....  
JOHN BERRY-VILE HUCKSTER. Sixpence in stamps to the Belfast address  
will bring you our pre-OMPA issue of VERITAS 1, the ARTHUR THOMSON  
APPRECIATION ISSUE, containing a foto sheet of ATOM, Harris, and the  
Berry Tribe, and a historic document in the form of the Berry Report on  
his visit to Brockham House,  
.....







