

big

deal



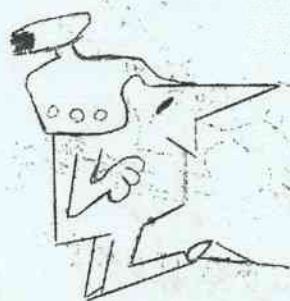
"OH, SAY THERE BÔO, YOU GET THAT BRUSH YOU WANTED?"

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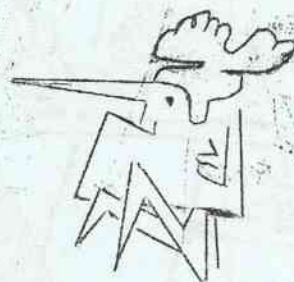
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This duplicated mess rapidly approaching
flash point under searing eye tracking
answers to BIG DEAL I. It is produced
as a postmailing to the 31st Mailing
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BIG DEAL I





HAL-O

After completing LS a few days ago my little mind became bored and restless, searching for Fresh Fields to Conquer. A little thought formed around the place where the thalamus and diencephalon fuse and slowly worked its torturous path up to my cerebral cortex and quasi-consciousness. By fannish standards not a very original thought, but in this part of the world ideas are so few and far between that they have to be cherished and lovingly doted upon till they bear fruit. If in the process they mutate, and a monster emerges, that is life and has to be taken as it comes.

You are now looking at that monster. Seeing as I was postmailing LS to OMPA anyway, and a genzine in an apa is a bit of a snide, dirty back-stabing trick, I might be shown a little mercy if I wrote a truly coloured ompazine. It was to be nothing ambitious mind you. A distillation of artists skill and reviewers biting wit with superb repro and stimulating mailing comments thrown in as an extra goody.

Before any earnest young OMPAn stands up and makes earnest type comments I should admit that between my little mind and the messes

which came chattering off the duper something happened. Precisely what is not for the squeamish, the simple truth is that amid my labours an abortion was almost nessesary, brought on by such mundane reasons as time money, and other things. (This "other things" gets me. Other folk use this standard excuse so why shouldn't I?) Nonetheless your faithless scribe triumphed over finance, dragons and that great green blob better known as the mundane world.

Pause for prolonged cheers.....

Or was it a collective, sarcastic shout of "Big Deal!" ?

Yeah. Big Deal to you to. The title is appropriate in expressing the sentiments of the readers to a nonce (I was going to say "to a tee, but a certain person on the w/l might have dashed off in response to this punitive subliminal and never savoured the joys to come.). The phrase can be used in almost any circumstances, and I've found that if you persevere and keep using it, after a couple of days people begin to titter, then laugh outright. In fact under test conditions the phrase proved second only in applicability to that joy and godsend to people at a loss for words "well". Of course this may be due to our phrase occuring at the end of a sentence instead of the begining and thus more time elapses before its use, allowing for greater thought and discrimination. Consequently, as a discriminating person is often an influential person, we can deduce that "top people" say Big Deal.

For an introduction to OMPA this general chatter does very little, so pause for a serious constructive self appraisal.

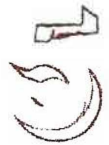
If I were a normal, red blooded extravert this space would undoubtedly be devoted to a brief, intrinsically humorous, egoboo stuffed introduction to myself. However, L. Ron Hubbard assures me that I am not normal because of my reading SP (high IQ et al). My blood has a vague purplish tinge occasionally visible through the layers of lipid flesh, accounted for not by carbon monoxide poisoning but by my nearest claim to royalty in a grandfather who was a Welsh Bard. And because I am a fan I stand a great chance of being inward directed (that phrase has a nice ring after years of hearing "introvert"), not prone to any form of outward show which has not been carefully calculated.

So, no introduction. It was tempting, I admit, but I want to test your reactions with this zine before jumping in with both feet, me being young and hardly able to swim like.

"*****"

It'll have to be mostly MC's this issue I'm afraid. Comments on the 31st Mailing now, and the 32nd next issue. It's lucky that I've an OMPAn in the same village or I'd be unable to comment on more than 25% of the mailing. This is the same as saying that while on the w/l I recieved very few of your magazines. In my case it didn't matter, but someone else more isolated might find the shock of suddenly becoming a member faced with MC's rather great. Even sending LS to a lot of you didn't bring many more magazines. So I shall join the ranks of those who always send w/lers copies like Archie and Ken. By the way, thanks to those who did let me have copies of their OMPazines, Baxter, Burn, Cheslin, Jeeves, Jordan, Lindsay, Linwood, Rispin, Shultz and anyone else.

COMMENT



SOUFFLE-John Baxter

I agree on your comments that OMPA is a "fandom in miniature". As the material is largely editor written it must rely on personalities, but maybe experiment with new ideas and new forms could play a large part. With no experience of APA work I feel, at present, that I'd be inclined to try out experimental ideas here, rather than in general circulation, try and develop a writing style which is readable here, before inflicting something unproven onto general fandom.

If you can pub a fnz for 5¢ you must be a genius or have shares in Gestetner. I couldn't do it, and if you've a method please tell. What say.. "small genzine".. 20 pages 100 copies? For me that would work out at..uhhm..overseas postage 1½d..stencils 2d..paper 3d..ink 2d(using the vilely expensive Gestetner stuff)..total about 8d. And this doesn't include any of the other "little expenses" which always crop up. 8d is about 10¢ or double what you calculate! How come it costs 25¢ for a LoC? Surely 10¢ is a more reasonable figure..for an air mail envelope thing..you can do a good LoC on them as well, you don't have to pad it out as some people do. To sub, certainly, is more expensive, but as I see it letters are cheapest, fnz, then subbing coming after in expense. A fnz is probably the best bet regards time/interest, but if you want to save a coupla cents write letters.

Your suggestion regarding some fandoms being followers of professional bodies and others composed of participants in the hobby itself is interesting. While a lot of folk could certainly be placed in either of these classes I don't think that any "fandom" is exclusively one or the other. Take your example of bird watching...someone like Peter Scott who runs a wild fowl conservancy is a professional getting paid for a job. People can be "following" fans of his just as much as fans of Dizeie Gillespie. All hobbies are probably "tacked onto some other sphere of interest" as you say. You can always find people who do a thing professionally which

can be of interest to "followers". The distinction between the two types..eg..when does one become the other..might raise some interesting discussion or examples.

Fiendish heading to quiz. I thought you were about to take the lid of Australian morality à la Bruce Burn on NZ. The quiz itself was well prepared and it should separate the wheat from the chaff (metaphorically of course) as any good test should. Might be interesting to get a distribution graph from the results, and maybe even try to correlate it with something in future quizzes. More please John.

ERG-Terry Jeeves

Sarcasm re CND aside this was stimulating. Ted Tubb puts up a closely reasoned extropolation of the future sensibly avoiding any major breakthrough. Would anyone like to hazard guesses on what major breakthroughs could be likely, and their effects? Myself, hmm...I've a feeling that further probing into the atomic nucleus may prove exciting. Physicists have gotten round to thinking that the world of sub-atomic particles may extend inwards to infinity just like the universe extends outwards. Developments here could be promising, on the pure energy source level yes, but maybe forces and dimensions are just round the corner..even a space drive(shudder). Shudder again for the possibilities of thought control. Some despot's going to try it one of these days, and then...? Apart from that biology will complete the transition to a definite science..biological computer systems made possible by protein synthesis, and life itself will certainly be created within the next twenty years. When that happens John Christopher and J.J. Connington may well smile and say "we told you so". Maybe the need for no sleep will be realised, and then the crystal ball shows visions of the human race busily working itself twice as fast, twenty four hours a day in the general direction of the dinosaurs.

These folk who say that the russians are fooling about their space flights must be slightly nuts or overly patriotic. For future ERG specials what about some real facts on russian rockets, their future plans and history? What little you occasionally see in RAF Flying Review and Aeroplane has considerably wet my appetite.

POOKA-Don Ford

This reads easily even if the duping is revolting and illegible in places. It's a good thing you mentioned that you judged people individually or I'd have been accusing you of nasty evil wicked stereotyped thinking. Your negro may well have problems but so do ours. The problem here has been considerably aggravated by the new Immigration Bill which (sensibly I think) only allows people with jobs or promises of jobs to settle over here. Critics have denounced it as the dread Racial Discrimination (which it is) and that it particularly does so against the coloured man. It does do this, but not because of the colour of his skin rather because of his education. Critics aside it is a realistic solution to hordes of spongers on our National Health and Assistance services.

Lately there has been some feeling against Pakistanis because of their part in starting polio outbreaks. They carried the virus over with them without vaccination to beat the Immigration Bill. Arriving by the plane-load, nearly all with faked medical cards on them.

MUMMY WHERE'S THE

Several weeks ago I took Ken Cheslin and Jim Linwood over some of the old pit workings a mile up the road. After trudging along slag heaps and clambering over barbed-wire fences we were going to walk down the remains of the railway when we met five of these Pakistanis. Only one of them could speak intelligible English, the others relying on him for communication. One of them, fairly short with a very charming smile, pointed at my camera then at himself trying to convey the wish to be photographed. We "talked" to him for a while, but he seemed set on being photographed, and to have refused would have dissapointed him so much. So he went over and stood by a tumbledown old wall and waited expectantly while I made the feverish adjustments photographers like to make to cameras just to give the impression that they know what they are doing. It didn't seem a very likely pose so I had him climb onto the wall, much to his and his companions amusement. We yelled out "jump!". He didn't but his face lit up in a delighted expression like a little child being given a special treat. When it was too late I wished that I'd actually taken the photograph instead of pretending. It would have been such a pity to dissapoint him.

ENVOY-Ken Cheslin

While your magazine abounds in intelligent, thought provoking material it is just a little degraded by the presentation. After a time the lack of proper paragraphing wears one down...difference in 20 spaces between consecutive paragraphs. Havn't I nagged you enough already? A bit a thought and care in stenciling (and in transferring to stencil) would work wonders and help to clarify your thoughts. So there.

Quite a few of my friends, while still thinking A for Andromeda a bit mad, decided that for sf it was good. Seems it falt with things they could understand and appreciate like a radio-telescope, alien civilisations, computers, sexy blondes and violent death. The current BBC sf serial The Long Haul (subtitled by us "The Big Drag") is pursuing the old familiar path, rockets, radio telescopes, violent death..no sexy blondes(pity) as yet though. In this serial the radio telescope is taken straight from A fer Andro and the memory change from The Quatermass Experiment. All we need now are rats and Martian pit dwellers. More yet. Tomorrow starts a tv sequel to A fer Andro Andromeda Breakthrough.

For the interested few. Tucker (or more correctly the cat I call Tucker. My cousin calls him 'hiskers , my father Ninki after our old cat, my mother Beast, his original name was Sargeant but he remains aloof occasionally answering to It) is very much engaged in growing. He's grown out of his kitinish ways into a cat which I suspect may have something wrong with his glands. Yesterday a pigeon walked within four feet of him and he did nothing, just turned away and purred contentedly!

LIFT
SHAFT
S-H-A-F-T

3) Last week he had a bath in turps. I'd painted the kitchen floor late at night so no clod would drag his size twelve feet over it. Next morning we were woken by a plaintive "meowwwwwe" and Beast stood there with red paws surveying the destruction he'd wrought. A nice neat row of paw marks from the bathroom to the veranda stood out from the red tiles like opencast mines on Mercury. So we bathed its paws in turps and its stayed away from anything vaguely smelling of paint since.

Just for the record the illo on page I6 was by Philby, not me. I can't draw for nuts.

PACKRAT-Jim Groves

Velikovsky's tidal waves are interesting. Could they have had anything to do with the interglacial periods? A theory I've heard discussed is something to do with the carbon dioxide in the atmosphere causing the temperature to rise. This melts the polar caps and causes extensive flooding which might fit in with his theory. Then, as I hear it, this flooding kills the plants, carbon dioxide goes down and the polar caps reform. The extent of all this depending on other factors and producing ice ages and interglacial periods. Isn't it possible for the ice sheets themselves to have piled up carboniferous deposits which would have turned to coal with the subsequent flooding due to the next interglacial period?

Biologically the human race has stopped evolving. Variations must still occur, but all the selective forces have gone..polio..TB etc, or are almost gone. "Evolution" could be brought about by some system of birth control. Whether anyone, idealist or no, would be willing to practice this is another thing. Would you agree never to have children?

BINARY-Joe Patrizio

Gus Poll's cover was acceptable, clean with plenty of space. Unfortunately his page 3 thing is best forgotten. Sorry.

Ethel is doing a fine job showing us up and all that. When I see something like Scot I get a vague futile feeling regards Gestetner and any mimeo. You're unable to go much further without extensive and expensive addition. Electronic stencil works out pretty costly, and colour change besides initial outlay needs numerous more stencils than the pockets able to afford. As well as that everytime you try and change the machine half a tube of ink usually gets wasted colouring such things as your fingers, the floor and the cat.

Re catamnerans. I'd say that when you are on one you feel safer than on a normal yatch, but that the safety is deceptive. Stability isn't the only thing you have to consider...what about the "righting moment" of the boat? A keeled vessel has its maximum righting moment when its mast is touching the water. A cat has a negative value of this in the same position and will usually turn right over. In other words a cats stability lessens with any disturbance while a keeled yatches increases and these yatches are hard to overturn completely because of the buoyant mast and sails, and the low centre of gravity.

What I'd really like is a fast hydroplane. 65mph with a 500 cc engine...geez.

CHICKEN-WAGON-"Biff" Demmon

Breakfast at Tiffany's is America's challenge to the "little look at life" school of cinema which recently (in my cinema going experience) has given us Saturday Night & Sunday Morning, A Taste of Honey, La Notte and others. It didn't have any of the power or message of the others but beat them all in the personal charm and sheer appeal of Audrey Hepburn.

It was a silly mixed up film, but it was good. The theme "Moon River" one of the most haunting film themes in years. The trouble is that no-one else seems to like it.

In fact the only reason the film stuck in my little memory is that the usherette at the cinema wouldn't let us sit in cheaper seats when we'd paid for more expensive. Beurocracracy (so much for education) official dom be damned.

ZOUNDS-Bob Lichtman

Great cover.

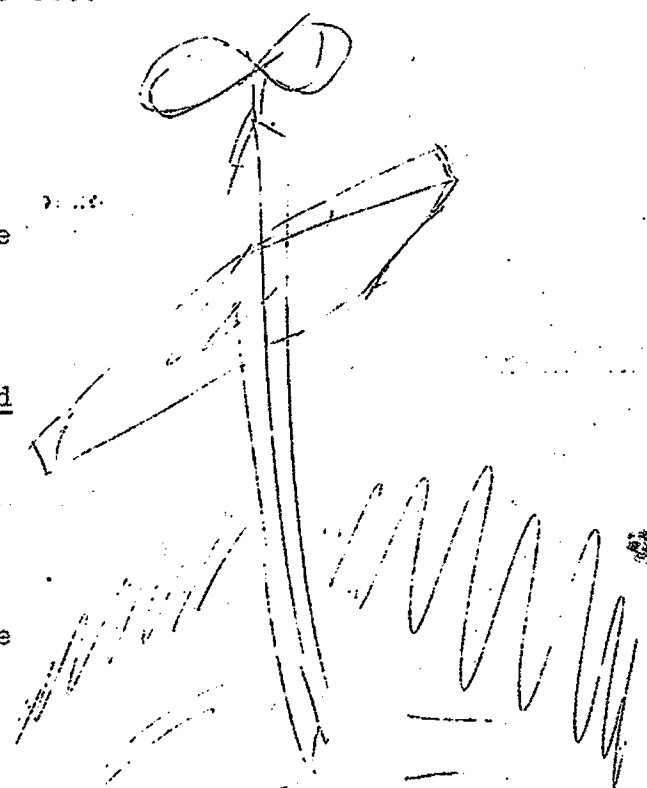
This question caper is surely a good way to get people to make comment on your zine? You asked for it anyway.

1) As you say practicability is no obstacle, and maybe the eight hour day can be waived, I'd vaguely like to do some photographic reporting on a world wide, special assignment, basis. Exactly why is hard to say. I love cameras as gadgets and as pieces of machinery which when cared for and used properly will be friends for life. (Touching) My visual imagination/ability is little or none existant and photography is a way of creating in a sphere I normally would be unable to attempt. Or maybe it's just compensating for my childhood idiocyncracy of stuffing buttons in keyholes? Apart from this purely personal reason you have all the old ones like travel, meeting people etc.

2) By ghod, this is a beauty! At first I had all sorts of grandiose ideas, to give you an idea I'll quote from the notes I made...

"the best thing is an old sf trick. You'd pretend to be an alien. Transmit messages from stations well out in space the familiar ultimatums or else..with 2 days time limit. Confusion will ensue but little notice will be taken. Then obliterate I city in each country with a "clean" A-bomb, the bomb being planted by agents to give the impression of a superior delivery system. Thus each nation will have a reminder of your power and a grievance. Re-broadcast message and watch them all scramble to get you."

Rubbish? Certainly. For a more realistic suggestion I'm beat. All the problems you'd be trying to eradicate come from different ways of thinking



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which force for a mere week would be hard pressed to perform any lasting change upon. The ways of thinking come from men, but whether it would be possible to remove all these men is again doubtful. Anyway, after the week what happens..everything would probably revert back to the old merry state of affairs with vested interest above humanity.

3) Very few fnz formats would actually prevent me from wanting to read it and I should think that the attraction would be one of personal taste above all others. Above legibility, the use of space, clean format, etc there's very little one can pin down and say "this I'd like" because you might be put off by some other feature like a nude on the front cover.

OLLA PODRIDA-Walter Breen

Indeed "In a suburb..." does sound like the beginning of a folk song. In fact here's a verse and a chorus...somebody else can try and finish this. To the Tune "Clementine".

In a suburb, north of London,
In a house that's marked "Condemned",
Lives a shocker, Ella Parker,
That she's nasty we pretend.

chorus Oh Dictator! Oh Dictator!
Oh Dictator Ella P;
You may call us "Bloody Bastards!"
But...good Lord, you don't mean me?

OUTPOST-Fred Hunter

Good Cover. How did you get the mottled green background effect?

Ever been to any of the Outer Hebridean islands? Whether they're like the Shetlands or not I don't know, but should imagine so. Last summer we camped on Barra for 10 days, visiting also, Tiree, Tobermorry and somewhere else in the middle of nowhere. Also got to see Vatersay and South Uist. This year, end of July in fact, we're going over the sea to Skye for a fortnight under canvas climbing mountains and other madly energetic things.

Seeing as you mention "The Magnificent Seven", what about "The Singer, Not the Song" to be included on this list of good Westerns? I'm open to argument because it wasn't really a Western...Mexican might be a better term? At first the title and Dirk Bogarde put me off but then I saw that Mylene Demongeot was in it..heheheh.

SCOTTISHE-Ethel(congratulations) Lindsay

It would be superfluous to praise this. Why not colour change and experiment? Use black on your Gestetner and another colour on someone else's machine.

Vaguely I recall you saying somewhere words to the effect that any clod could get good repro if he persisted at it and thus good repro was nothing to be specially proud of. True? This has been bothering me for a little while because surely good writing can be done if enough time is spent on it and enough care taken with it, no special talent being required.

Thus, I would maintain that good repro should be commended as much as good writing. Both can be achieved by dint of hard work and consequently both deserve praise.

ASP-Bill Donaho

It was dissapointing not to find a VIPER in the mailing. ASP is as much as I expect from any OMPazine.

There seems to be little advantage in removing postmailings, and a deal of harm could be done. A lot of special circumstances can be devised to argue for their retention. Certainly nobody would feel inclined to comment on this (BIG DEAL) if it was to be included in the next mailing, and it probably wouldn't have been produced.

Could you tell me about how many hours per week it takes you to keep up the production of IO gallons of beer?

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The Modern Generation

What is this life if, all the day,
We sit and while the hours away?
Time to sit and watch T.V.
"Maverick," "Ward IO," or wait and see.
Time to go to crowded hall,
To sit, await the "Bingo" call.
To sit for hours in jam or queue,
As the traffic filters through.
Time to sit and get the "beat,"
And hum, or clap, and tap one's feet.
Time to stage a sit-down strike,
Till Unions get the terms we like!
To sit and do our football perms,
And hope to pay the "easy" terms.
Time to sit in Trafalgar Square,
While atom-bombs pollute the air!
A poor life this, if, all the day,
We sit, and while the hours away!

Steven Cotton (Who humbly apologises
to W.H.Davies)

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