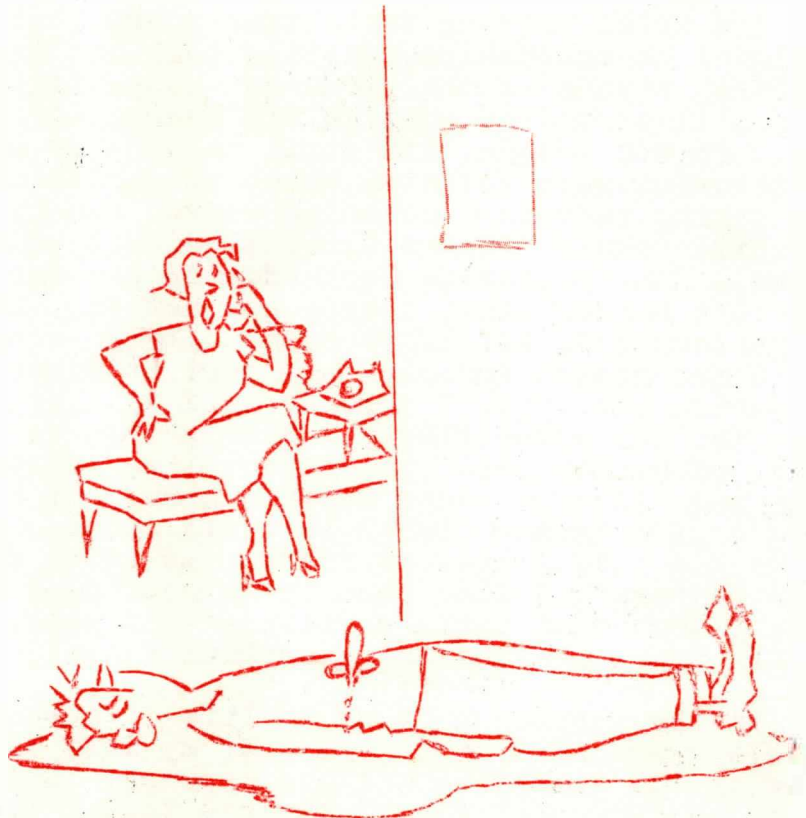


BURP!

No. 19
OMPA 27
March 1961



"Henry is in another of his moods."

BURP! Number 19 is produced for the 27th OMPA Mailing(March 1961) by Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England. Dick Eney is a Good Man, but it's ELLIK FOR TAFF!

One thing that appears to be becoming more and more difficult for me is to begin a piece of fannish writing. In my early days in fandom I was able to sneer in a superior manner at those poor fannish writers who would admit to staring at a stencil or a sheet of blank white paper, like the hero of Irwin Shaw's "The Troubled Air" for I seemed to possess the ability to sit down at a typewriter and get into the swing of things from the start. I'm blowed if I can do that today. Kind people might say that these days I'm more thoughtful in what I write, but I tend to think myself that I'm merely out of practice. I wonder how many other OMPAns today have this same difficulty? And I wonder whether the fact that I type straight on to stencil without even making preliminary notes has anything to do with it.

Since the last mailing I still haven't got around to writing letters to the many fans, over 100 I think, to whom I owe letters nor have I put out another issue of PLOY (You'd noticed?). Work has been plodding along happily with the monsters trying hard and being surprisingly well behaved, probably the easiest class I've had as regards disciplinary problems.

I'm still playing table tennis and last month took part in the local championships, getting well and truly knocked out in the early rounds of the different competitions and later this month I'll be taking part in the nearby Knaresborough competitions. In the league, I'm still holding my own with a slight lead in victories over defeats, which is something, I suppose. I'm also taking part in a coaching course run by the M.C.C. and the Yorkshire County Cricket Club(at cricket, darn it, not table tennis). Run by Maurice Leyland, the pre-war Yorkshire and England left hander, this course has not the aim of improving one's own performance, but leads eventually to a coaching certificate. As I'm interested in coaching sport at school, this course can do nothing but good. I already hold a Rugby League coaching certificate, but surprisingly I have yet to teach in a school where rugby, of either code, is played; I've always had soccer teams under me. Just to round up this survey of my sporting life, I'm these days running a football pools syndicate. A couple of weeks ago we had a neat haul of fourth and fifth dividends but so many other punters had runs equally as good that the pools firms did not pay more than three dividends that week. Trust Bennett to get his draws in line that particular week!

In the fannish part of my life I've been mainly busy with COLONIAL EXCURSION, the report of my TAFF trip which should be ready by the time this mailing appears. And about time, too! During the Xmas holidays I managed to get down to London once again(my second home these days) to annoy Ella Parker.

The firm of market research experts which employed me last summer were kind enough to keep me in pocket money during that time and thanks to Ella whose only demand on my pocket was a BSFA membership subscription, I had another whale of a time in the country's capital, taking in, amongst other things, the Tottenham match against Blackburn and two shows, the Nigel Patrick play "Settled Out of Court" and the musical "West Side Story." I was sadly disappointed with this drab, uncolourful musical, with its tragic theme and pathetic setting which was too real to allow me to settle back and enjoy it. The players mostly lacked vitality and projection and it was only due to the female lead, Roberta D'Esti, that the show was enjoyed even in part. She really is superb and well worth seeing in her own right.

Since I got back home I've been visited by a fan for the first time in some months (this is not unusual), George Locke having spent a weekend of his embarkation leave in Harrogate. We foisted ourselves upon Michael and Betty Rosenblum and had a very pleasant afternoon catching up on Michael's record collection and looking through Michael's fanzine files. George picked out several duplicates of early issues of The Futurian which we shared between us and also sent to Sid Birchby.

But on to the magazines of the 26th mailing.....

SCOTTISHE 22 (Ethel Lindsay). I thoroughly enjoyed this issue, even if you did say that your title hasn't a "c" in it. The Willis "I Remember Me" was, of course superb and you're to be congratulated in drawing it out of him. *** I've attended my last art exhibition, I think. The Picasso lay out at the Tate was just too much for me. I went last summer with Ted Forsyth, Don Goldart and Bruce Burn. We enjoyed talking to the would-be teenage beatniks from Chelsea and had a little fun trying to appraise the exit signs from an artistic viewpoint, but otherwise, ech! It can't be that we just didn't want to conform with the accepted attitude that Picasso is marvellous, etc etc, for we didn't think overmuch of some of the Gallery's non-Picasso exhibits, either. Some of my 8 year olds can do as badly. *** I don't see why women should understand other women. I don't even understand myself half the time. I was pleased to see Ethel's remarks here about the old woman who hasn't an original thought in her head. Why should she have? I think that we have all at some time or other met someone who just does not possess the ability to absorb some idea or sentiment. Yet should that person be disregarded or even disliked? I'm with Ethel all the way, there.

VIPER 1 (Bill Donaho). Ah, welcome to OMPA, Wee Willie. Nice to see that RonEl has another supporter. Your title is a nice "one in the eye," I think, to those who have expressed distaste at the mescaline experiments (no, I have that distaste too but have not said so in so many words). I take it that you know the old song, "Light a tea and let it be, if you're a viper. I'm the queen of everything, gotta be high so I can swing...." etc?

More on VIPER.... Stateside fen may be in-groupish about things that happen in fanzines, but they are surely even more in-groupish about the things that get the chance to do together outside fanzines. This perhaps ties up with the remarks on controversy where you say that in the States fen will go hammer and tongs in print but face to face will see one another through rose coloured spectacles. Can this be because many, if not most, Americans possess the social attribute of knowing what to say at the correct moment? I always feel that much of this is mere veneer and smacks of insincerity. I should note straight away that I've observed this more of Americans in England than of Americans in America. True, I did witness in the States, too, though I was lucky enough in most cases where fen were concerned to talk to people long enough to get under that -- or beyond that -- stage. Then again, I suppose that I was additionally lucky; the fans I spoke to even casually were usually going out of their way to say something worth saying.*** I've only got the first Lehrer album but I think that only the non-audience version of the 2nd album is available over here. *** Your hi-fi certainly was overpowering. I think of it every time I hear the "1812" and can when I think of your hi-fi still actually hear the "1812", so that it works both ways. The only other similar experience I have is with the Lawson-Haggert recording of "South," for at the 1956 Twerpcon Jan Jansen woke me up by moving his equipment over to the side of the bed and playing that record full blast. *** showers and tubs.... the only showers I've taken have been in the States, at college and after matches against rugby clubs fitted with the facilities. Whatever sex might have to do with it, I prefer the tub for I can't see without my glasses which get wet through in a shower. As I've said elsewhere, "I have a blind prejudice against showers."

UL 1 (Norm Metcalf). Another new zine, and a nice one, also. Over here the ticket system on buses is that you tell the conductor (only in the odd case does the driver issue the tickets) where you're going and the number of fare stages you are to travel through decides how much you pay. You do so and are given a ticket as redeipt for that amount. Sure, the customer may fiddle, but the conductor knows more dodges, has a good memory (an occupationally developed disease) and is helped by the many inspectors or checkers who ride the routes. *** Lights are the lungs of animals such as sheep which are used as cat food. Brian Burgess' OMPazine title goes back to the 1954 SuperManCon at Manchester when he had, I believe, some cardboard "lights" which were placed in Peter Hamilton (the editor of Nebula)'s bed. My memory is a little shaky on the actual details, but I don't think I'm far out.*** W.S. Houston has been a regular subscriber to PLOY, coming in through the Bulmer-Willis- Nebula Nirvana Guild. *** Wonderful detailed conreport from Ruth Berman.

BYE-TRACKS 2 (George Locke). We've all had trouble with post office clerks who don't know the regulations. I've been told

to staple large envelopes sent printed rate and have been told that these would have to go letter rate, if stapled. Once I was told that an envelope couldn't go printed rate to the States, but the clerk told me that rate it would have been had it been printed rate and I bought a stamp of that value and posted the envelope(it contained a pocket book I was sending to Florida)in a postbox elsewhere in the town. There is also the printed matter regulation which demands that zines be taken down to the post office in bundles of 20 and a form made out for them. In my early fannish days I actually used to do this but these days with SKYRACK I merely put the lot in the first handy box. One copy of one issue, an air mail issue to Bob Pavlat, did come back once. I took it back to the box and it reached its destination ok. Altogether, I pass.

MARSOLO 8(Art Hayes). I see that you use the same system for commenting on a mailing that I usually use and am certainly using now. Yes, I might be able to help Ethel on picturing you. My memory has the impression of a face that looks as though its going to burst out laughing at any moment, though its trying its thoughtful best not to do so. Under the face is a blue suit, a white shirt and a red bow tie. Camera case is slung over your shoulder and of course you're drinking a cup of tea. Now, Ethel, I'm sure that's a help!

BEST FROM QUANDRY(Bob Lichtman). Thoroughly enjoyed. Many thanx.

ERG 6(Terry Jeeves) You louse, sir! Now he tells me that he visited York, which is virtually on my doorstep(though come to think of it, I've lived in Harrogate over 5 years and haven't visited the county's capital in that entire time). *** I noticed the comment stuck away in the reviews, and I'll bet most members comment on doing so. Ah, how to glean egoboo in the Jeeves fashion. Nice issue and I especially liked the dodge the ploysters ideas.

Incidentally, whoever it was who was remarking on such things happening(Ethel?), why shouldn't one have canned soup for breakfast? I usually do.

VAGARY 12(Bobbie Gray). Hi! Glad to know that you're not dropping out, for even this rushed issue was meaty and enjoyable. I was in Trafalgar Square on Easter Monday for the CND rally and greatly doubt whether the crowd approached even 60,000. Different newspapers reported the crowd at different figures and of those I saw only the Mirror estimated 100,000. My only authority for doubting the size of this large crowd is that I've frequently been in crowds at big cup or international rugby matches which have been sixty, seventy and eighty thousand strong. I've only been in a crowd of 100,000 once, and believe me, there seemed to be a heck of a lot more people there than in Trafalgar Square that day. *** I think the marchers are going about things the wrong way. They obviously want publicity for their cause but they get the sort of publicity

that the London Convention got in the press...instead of bems walking the streets, it's beatniks, though. *** In LCL, Lawrence obviously wanted to get across his point that love is beautiful, but he also wanted to shock his critics and deliberately set about doing so: The expurgated edition of the book is actually far better, but if one really wants to read Lawrence I'd recommend his short stories, particularly "The Woman Who Rode Away," perhaps the best ever written by an English author. Also, if one wants to read a strong novel in which the underlying theme of the beauty of love is present, how about H.E. Bates' "Fair Stood The Wind For France"?

KOBOLD 1 (Brian Jordan) With people like you around, no wonder the jury believed Boshears! 1st Annish, indeed. No, Ella was right. Brian's zine was published by her. Brian gave her the material and she cut it on to stencil. Archie Mercer, Ken Cheslin and I also helped to do this. Ella then ran it off. Another London fan did the bacover. *** No white rose? Which county won the cricket championship last year, mate? And the year before? *** See you at the LXICon?

GLOOM 2 (Mike Deckinger) Of course class grades are indicative of a pupil's standing in that class alone. I moved from a school where I was top of the class to another where I was bottom, quite an experience! *** MAN IN A COCKED HAT doesn't strike a note. A change of title, perhaps?

AMBLE 4 (Archie) Another CHRONICLE supporter. Liked your piece on inventing names, particularly the way you manage to slip in Linwood and Rispin. My latest books include beautifully bound copies of LUCY CROWN, THE NUN'S STORY, A CERTAIN SMILE bought for 4d each at a jumble sale!

SCATALOG 1 (Art Wilson). Hi, and welcome. Sure I'd be interested to read about a pilot's job. It's one of the jobs glamourised by fiction and it would be interesting to learn just how boring it can be at times! Also there must be some good anecdotes you can tell? *** Strange that you too should mention JURGEN.

VERT 2 (Ivor Mayne). Well, how about a piece on life in Sweden? Was intrigued to read about your coming across a letter from Walt like that. We should be so lucky. The only comparable experience I've had was when I first went over to Liverpool and walked into the Education Offices there to ask for a teaching post. I thought I recognised the nice kind man who took my application form. He turned out to be Dave Gardner, the Liverpool fan who was at that time being groomed by Nebula.

Which about winds things up for this issue. The centres of letters which have dropped out of the stencils are due -- or at least, their dropping out is due -- to the poor quality stencil, I think. They were kindly given me as a present and talking about the present, Bill Donaho, the BBC is playing the 1812 right now. On what better series of notes could one end? -- Ron.