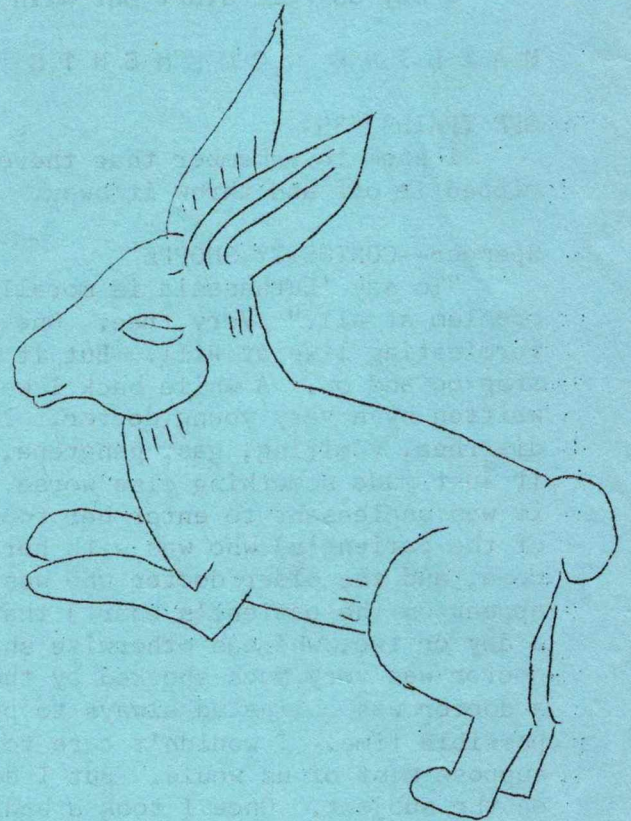
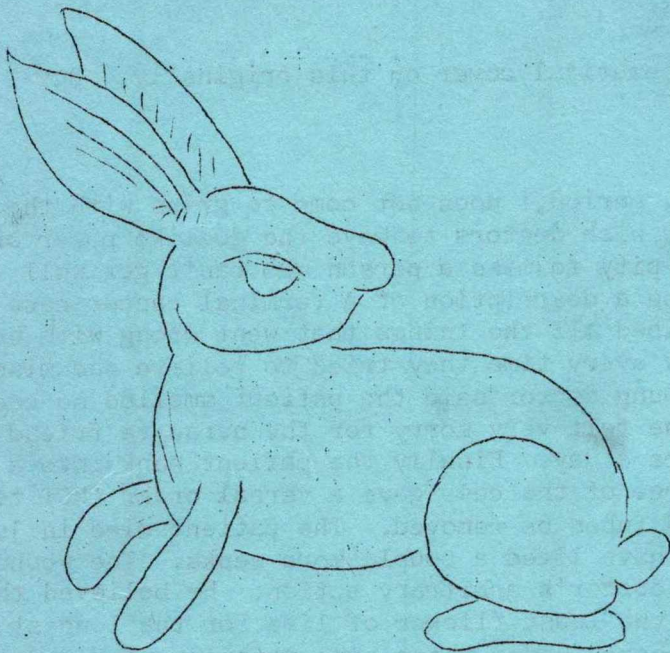


The rabbits below are copied from the  
Fieldcrest bedspread "The Unicorn."



NURSERY RHYMES

Sing a song of simple cheer  
Pocket all your wry,  
Stun your sorrows one by one  
And bake them in a pie.

When the pie is opened,  
Pandora, hide your face!  
Lest silly Hope, with leer & lurch  
Should blight away your grace!

Twinkle twinkle little star,  
How I wonder why you are--  
And if you still will shine as bright  
When Earth has found eternal night.

Glow and glimmer, pretty earth--  
Greenish world who gave us birth.  
You can't last as aeons roll by--  
Everything that lives must die.



I was disappointed when I didn't make the last mailing--oh no! I thought--two whole mailings when no one will speak to me! But a couple days ago DOLPHIN #4 arrived in the mail, much to my astonishment, postmailed by our noble and kindly Editor. I suppose a lot of people won't comment on it as being a postmailing--lots of people never comment on postmailings as a matter of principle and lots of other people already have their zines done. However, I feel sure there will be a few comments, and this pleasing certainty has inspired me to do an OMPazine. Real quick like. NOW! in fact,

I may as well start out with

#### M A I L I N G     C O M M E N T S

##### OFF TRAILS #35

I seem to remember that there was a beautiful cover on this originally. But I ripped it off and threw it away.

##### Spencer--CURIOSITY SHOPPE

"To say 'Euthanasia is morally wrong, period,' does not come to grips with the problem at all." Very true. One wouldn't wish doctors to have the godlike power of terminating life at will. But it seems a pity to make a person who can't get well drag on and on. A while back I was reading a description of a terminal cancer case written by a very young doctor. It described all the things that went wrong with her, diarrhea, vomiting, gas, gangrene, and how every time they tried to relieve one misery it just made something else worse. The young doctor said the patient smelled so bad it was unpleasant to enter her room, and he felt very sorry for the nurse (a friend of the patient's) who was with her 12 hours a day. Finally the patient sank into a coma, and the older doctor who was in charge of the case gave a verbal order (NOT to appear on the patient's chart) that the IV tubes be removed. The patient died in just a day or two, whereas otherwise she might have lived a couple more weeks. The young doctor was very much shocked by the older doctor's arbitrary action. He believed that a doctor was obligated always to preserve the least flicker of life for the longest possible time. I wouldn't care to be preserved under those circumstances, and I don't suppose most of us would. But I don't regard myself as a repository of ultimate wisdom on the subject. Once I took a badly damaged young kitten to be gassed--I hope I never have more serious decisions to make about anybody's life or death.

"The person who opposes abortion, in particular, probably does so on the grounds that the woman who needs such an operation has sinned, and must take the consequences." Not necessarily--I oppose abortion, but only on the grounds that anybody has got a right to be born, whether his parents want him or not. I certainly do not oppose birth control, and believe that any unmarried person who wishes information about it should receive that information. (Married people also, of course.)

##### Bennett--BURP 21

In America convention attendees always do their own booking with the hotel. Usually, they are scattered throughout the hotel, and it does sometimes happen that fans who have not made reservations are unable to stay at the hotel because there are too many nonfans at the hotel. But we don't find that it matters too much. The nonfans don't bite, and the fans who forgot to make reservations and have to stay at some other hotel have nobody to blame but themselves and don't. & the convention committee never gets caught in the middle. I can see that if the convention hotel was near no other hotel there might be a difficulty.

##### Johnstone--NEW ASHMOLEAN

I thought Heinlein's "Podkayne of Mars" was okay. It wasn't vintage Heinlein, certainly; but it was interesting and I thought it was quite adequately plotty.



Eklund--SHADOWFAX 2

I think SHADOWFAX is a nice name for a fanzine. "...decided that it would be only fair if OMPA did indeed have a horse in it somewhere--" There must be a pony in here somewhere? A fine thought.

Mercer--AMBLE #13

You think Bob Shaw sicced Eric Ericson onto fandom? --That was a long time ago now, wasn't it?

Parker--COMPACT

I'm delighted to see you in OMPA. You should have been in it for ages--but, well--now you are. Good for you.

About TAFF--my feeling is that, as you say, the voting fee should be at least doubled. The TAFF representative should receive enough money to cover his costs, including (with British reps. in America) a fan tour. But even more important, I think, is to make the campaigns much shorter. I think the voting campaign should last no longer than three months, and after the TAFF rep. has been decided the fund raising proper should start.

Berry, and even more, Willis Funds prove that fans will support a fund for a given individual. It's true that very few fans are Berry and Willises. But there are a great many fans on either side of the ocean whom fans on the other side would love to meet, and would love to meet all the more if there were an opportunity to get up one's appetite to meet a specific individual rather than be hung up on the question of will it be A or will it be B?

Some of the American TAFF campaigns have caused bitterness and ill-feeling--I think this would not have happened with shorter campaigns. Some American campaigns have lasted for over a year--the strain on high-strung candidates must be tremendous. Being hung up all that time--unable to make plans. Gad. It's a wonder that some campaigns have been virtually devoid of bitterness.

Arthur Thomson--King Arthur is a character in "The Conscience of the King," by Alfred Duggan. He's just a minor character--making a futile effort to preserve Roman civilization against the barbarian invaders.

I was brought up on the good old-fashioned Cinderella myself. I had to read the Walt Disney version to a small child (several times) in 1958, and I HATED it. Icky little mice and birds and things. Ugh.

Sterno is a canned fuel. The active ingredient is alcohol, but sterno itself is a gelatinous compound. It would be used for camping out, with a very simple, light-weight little stove. During prohibition people sometimes extracted the alcohol and drank it with occasionally disastrous results.

I wish you were a member of OMPA again, Arthur. But having you in Ella's zine is a very good second best.

Hunter--OUTPOST 4

I liked everything about OUTPOST--Freeman, Campbell, Curtis'illos, and most of all your own writing. But it doesn't trigger much comment.

When I got my driver's license I had to pass a written test and a driving test, just as you did, and they also tested my eyesight. I had no trouble at all with the Highway Code as I had studied it properly. I flunked the driving test the first time though. Oh, I was so unhappy and ashamed--I cried all the way home. Since then I've heard that people often do have to take the driving test a second time, but I didn't know it at the time. It took me about two and a half months to learn how to drive. An ex-fan here in Seattle, Bill Austin, who has only one hand and was forty years old at the time, learned how and got his license in exactly one week. & all his life his parents had told him he would never be able to drive! The car was straight stick too, not automatic. But he needed the license to earn a promotion, and he got it in the stipulated time.

Being able to drive gives one a great feeling of satisfaction, and not knowing



how, in America, is for an adult rather awkward and embarrassing. One time when I was in Albuquerque my boss threw me his car keys and said, "Here, I want you to take this package up to the Santa Fe store." It was a beautiful afternoon, and there was nothing in the world I would rather have done just then than drive to Santa Fe. Horrible to have to tell him I didn't know how to drive!

Roles--MORPH 30

Your "Rollings" were particularly good this time, I thought.

Several of the interests you list that you haven't time to go into seriously are past or present interests of my own (that I haven't time to go into seriously): anthropology, botany (more gardening, really), theology, literature, cookery, horse-riding, ice-skating, walking and history. About half are past and half present. My current enthusiasms are history and wine-making. I must admit that my approach to history is essentially tidbittish, however. I am a naturalborn dilettante type.

About book illustrations--what about "East of the Sun and West of the Moon" illustrated by Kay Nielsen? I love those illustrations. I loved them as a small child and I still do. Reminds me--Geo. Willick looks like a Kay Nielsen character. I told Jean Young that, and she agreed with me.

I approve of teaching Latin--I didn't really start to understand English grammar until I'd been exposed to Latin. I also approve of <sup>schools'</sup> swimming pools--people should know how to swim, on a planet that is after all mostly water. & it's probable that lots of people never would learn if they didn't learn at school. I agree that French should be taught in the grades. I don't believe it is in America, though. Spanish is often taught, nowadays, to kids starting around 8. Which is fine, except that it's actually more important to teach French early than Spanish, since almost all the sounds in Spanish are also found in English. The flapped and trilled r's and the short o are all I can think of that aren't in English.

What do I know? Damned little. I was able to list 11 counties--IF they were all names of counties--and not any capitols at all. I don't know all my states, either. & I particularly don't know the capitols--nor do I ever plan to know that. In America, the capitol is as apt as not to be the least important city in the state. In Washington, for example: Seattle is the largest, Spokane second largest, Tacoma third largest. Olympia is the capitol, and is only 4th largest if that.

Burn--SIZAR

Buz and I heard the Modern Jazz Quartet recently, when they were in Seattle. We liked 'em a lot. Buz said the music reminded him a little of swing. It didn't me. It sounded like jazz to me. The music made us both, quite independently, think of Tolkien. It seemed to move in and out of a Tolkienish mood.

Lindsay--SCOTTISHE 31

I thought this was a real good issue. Your book review interested me, I was pleased to hear from Frances Varley, Walt Willis was even more interesting than usual, and your final natterings interested me, although I can't agree with your point of view here.

You defend the Scots' need to be Scottish, and not merely a part of England. "Ncr am I by any means sure that I would like to see a world that held one culture only. It might make for a more peaceful life but it could well be a deadly dull one." & yet you would like to see all rich people completely stripped of their wealth. Don't you think that would make for deadly dullness? I surely do. The poverty that you speak of is very terrible, and should not occur. But stripping the rich would be more vengeance than alleviation.

The things that you mention in "The Singing Sands" that delighted you, delighted me too. Although I am not a Scot and know little of Scotland, the humor was clear. Too bad that was her last book--I think it was her very best.



## Hickman--CONVERSATION 21

Oh, not another Rackham cover! If his modesty or prudence is such that he cannot bring himself to draw either female genitals or pubic hair, I wish he would put a loincloth on his nudes. These weird asexual, pseudosexual beings really disgust me. But they are generally very poor, anyhow. You can draw better than that yourself, Lynn.

We were disappointed not to see you when you were in the west. #In general I agree with your conservative position, but -- you are about 10 or 20° further to the right than I am.

## Cheslin--ENVOY 12

I read "Ah Sweet Idiocy" before I ever knew anything about it, and consequently, didn't expect it to be anything other than what it is--an interesting account of a complex man's attempt to understand himself and his environment, his actions and reactions. At Southgate in '58 Clifford Gould told me that a non-fan friend of his found "Ah Sweet Idiocy" in a secondhand bookstore for 25¢, thoroughly enjoyed the book and refused to part with it--although he neither knew nor cared to know anything about fandom. I believe it.

Dick Schultz--as for taboos in "Stranger in a Strange Land"--the members of a Nest would all have telepathy, and if any person wished to enjoy, sexually, a member of his or her own sex, he or she need only enter the mind of the desired person's sex partner. I doubt if there would be any taboo on physical homosexuality, however, if it was a manifestation of mutual affection and desire. As for bestiality, necrophilia and fetichism, they are all forms of sick sex and certainly would not occur in a nest. I doubt if Heinlein needed to spell all this out--it seems implicit enough.

## Eney--PHENOTYPE

Dear Eney, you are perfectly welcome to take over any and all of my arguments with John Baxter. Here--I bestow them on you--a free gift: you tell him to go to hell!

## HOME MOVIES--RUN BACKWARD, THIS TIME

We who habitually collect books find it necessary sometimes to -- oh horrors!-- oh perish the thought--oh grit the teeth and gird the loins--get rid of a few books. Here's some books that I have put aside for the Good Will, and why: "The Friendly Persuasion" by Jessamyn West. This is actually a pleasant book, but I have decided to dump it because of its bad morality. It's about Quakers in the Middle West in the last century. In one episode, the husband on a business trip impulsively buys an organ, although music is against his religion. He puts it up in the attic and doesn't let anybody know he has it. Still, the rumor gets around, and the elders of the church call to see what the situation is. While he is chatting with the elders his daughter, not knowing there's company, goes up to the attic and starts to play the organ. The protagonist starts to pray, and whenever the daughter hits a loud part in the music he prays extra loud. This episode reeks of conformity and hypocrisy. In another episode the wife wishes to have a goose, but the husband doesn't like geese. Since he's very unilaterally brought home an organ, she unilaterally brings home a clutch of goose eggs and puts them under her hen. The husband hires the hired man to make holes in the goose eggs so they won't hatch, and pretend that the people who sold her the eggs sold her bad eggs. In essence, this is bearing false witness against neighbors. Even apart from that, why shouldn't the poor woman have a goose if she wanted one? Her husband buys an organ when he wants one--what is she? a slave or something? In another episode, the husband pulls a bit of sharp trading on a widow that I didn't think was quite gentlemanly--but that was minor, since she was, after all a rather rich widow. All in all, the book, read superficially, is rather attractive; read carefully it's repellent.



"The Dwelling Place" by Anne Goodwin Winslow. This is a book that was left in our house when the previous owner moved out. He left about 50 books: some we got rid of immediately, or almost so, some we cherish and will probably never part with, and some are very gradually being dispersed. This book is rather pleasant. It is a little memoir of upper class life in the south about 30 or so years ago. But it is insipid. It is well-written, in good taste--but somehow, she never gets under the surface of anything. It's really not bad enough to throw away, and yet it's not good enough to keep, either.

"St. Ives" by Robert Louis Stevenson. (Completed by Arthur Quiller-Couch). This is like the previous book, in that it's not really bad enough to dump nor good enough to keep. But the lack of space speaks, too!

"The Black Arrow" by R. L. Stevenson. Stevenson just doesn't understand that Richard III was one of the good guys. Too bad about him. Now, don't think I'm dumping all my Stevenson. I adore "Treasure Island" and will never part with it. I'm almost equally fond of "David Balfour" (otherwise known as "Catriona"). I've only read "Kidnapped" once, not owning a copy. But I shall pick it up one of these days and cherish it too. But I shan't cherish any book that puts down Richard III.

"Confessors of the Name" by Gladys Schmitt. This is a story about Christian martyrs in ancient Rome. I only got about a quarter of the way through with it. It's sort of dreary and morbid. I have read two other books by her, both of which I enjoyed very much: "The Persistent Image" and "Alexandra". Both were rather morbid but they were too short to be quite -- dreary. Gladys Schmitt is a talented writer--very talented--but her outlook on life does not recommend itself to me.

#### NEW ACQUISITIONS:

"The Game of Hearts" the memoirs of Harriette Wilson, edited by Lesley Blanch. This is something that I am particularly pleased to have. It gives one a very interesting look at Regency life. Harriette Wilson was a very fashionable courtesan of the period. When she had lost her looks and her patrons and needed money to keep her boyfriend she decided to publish her memoirs. She wrote all the men she knew and offered to keep them out of her memoirs for 200 £. This occasioned the Duke of Wellington's famous "Publish and be damned!" and he appears in her story to very poor advantage. Unfortunately, a lot of men did buy out, and yet there's enough left to make the book a good picture of one aspect of Regency life. She had a rather swinging writing style. The book starts out:

I shall not say why and how I became, at the age of fifteen, the mistress of the Earl of Craven. Whether it was love, or the severity of my father, the depravity of my own heart, or the winning arts of the noble Lord, which induced me to leave my paternal roof and place myself under his protection, does not now much signify: or if it does, I am not in the humour to gratify curiosity in this matter.

How Regency can you get? Twenty years later, that paragraph could not have been written. Another example of her writing style:

I will not say in what particular year of his life the Duke of Argyle succeeded with me. Ladies scorn dates! Dates make ladies nervous and stories dry. Be it only known then, that it was just at the end of his Lorne shifts, and his lawn shirts. It was at that critical period of his life, when his whole and sole possessions appeared to consist in three dozen of ragged lawn shirts, with embroidered collars, well fringed in his service; a threadbare suit of snuff colour, a little old hat with very little binding left, an old horse, an old groom, an old carriage, and an old chateau. It was to console himself for all this antiquity, I suppose, that he fixed upon so very young a mistress as myself.

So I had only room for ONE new acquisition. There's always next time.