



# ENVOY 2





THIS IS ENVOY #2 and comes to you courtesy of KriFanTat Publications, Unltd., this being the Eighth fanzine to come out under that all-inclusive label. Business Offices are at 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan, Estados Unidos. Richard Schultz also happens to live there. Herr Schultz is also known as The Beast of Bleaker Street, Baron of the Three Waters and Lord of Weltzburg, Schmelling and Lower Kukamonga.

#### WHAT TO DO TILL THE DOKTOR COMES

is what all the best First Aid booklets say, but none of these sterling examples of Yankee regard for Medicine have any paragraphs dealing with a wounded ego.

For a terrible blow has indeed befallen this tender possession of mine.

You see, I had this pair of ink-and-wash's on the wall of my palatial residence the other day. And this world renowned scholar of the Arts was kind enough as to

evaluate them for my benefit. This Critic, Judge and Libertine (Art is his name by the way) has a very busy schedule, so it was with many profound thanks that I graciously asked his opinion of my masterpieces.

He laid down his milk bottles and walked over to Them. He took off his cap (usual procedure in front of Great Works Of Art) and turned to my glowing face (I had a fever) and stated with the assurance borne forth from thousands of similar judgements, "Gee, Mr. Schultz, it's too bad you spilt all that ink on the pictures, because otherwise they look pretty good."

"That's the leaves and the Sun, Art." I calmly interjected.

"Oh? Gee, you're right. But isn't it kinda funny having the leaves up in the sky and the sun way down there at the bottom Or do you have it upside down?"

But these pronouncements on the merit of my fantastically ethereal and enchanting symbolistic wilted flowers stretching towards the Sun were taken in the right spirit, I can assure you one and all. I'll just have to get a new milkman, that's all.

The blow has been alleviated only a slight bit by the fact that I have since sold both matted inks to a charming little creature by the equally charming good old Irish name of Steinman.

Apart from that lamentable lapse, she seems quite sane, tho. She is very nice, in fact. Has good taste, too. Paid \$3 for the pair. Impeccable taste. Said they had impact. Superb taste.

I hope she was joking when she asked what they were.

NO COLD BUT THE FLU OVER THERE Just got off my ~~death~~ sick bed the other day after a fierce bout with those nersty ol' Flu bugs. At first, way back in the middle of October, I thot it was just my usual Autumn pre-Thanksgiving ~~pre~~ cold setting in.



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But when it didn't evaporate after the usual week of sniffing and wheezing and downing of Jerimah Peabody's poly-unsaturated, quick-dissolving, fast acting, pleasant-tasting green and purple pills until I felt I was chewing peanuts instead, why then I knew it was going to linger a while.

While visiting Shirley down on Jefferson, I asked this one Doc to take a quick look at me. Shirley thot it was the flu, but who trusts a mere woman?

The Doc said I had the Flu.

It was fun for a while, tho. They pumped enough antibiotics into me to save an Asiatic village from everything that can be caught, then sat back in amazement while the viriuses just sat there and laughed at them. In between munching on sulfa and penicillen for quirk energy, they gave me a 100-101 fever for three straight days.

One nice thing, tho. Not everyone has a pretty angel who knows Nursing to minister to your sick-bed needs. She called it a busman's holiday.

Ingrate. I'll mention her in my memoirs and she'll achieve fame for her casual kindnesses. She'll bemore famous than Florence Chadwick or whoever that fuzzy-headed dame was who went around holding hands with sick people during the Crimean tournament.

Suffice it to say that I'm still more than a mite fuzzy-headed, but I should still get this thing off in time to AB Burns in time for the December mailing, tho I may have to postmail it. Hail, Fellow OMPAns, We Who Are About To Drop Out Salute You.....

SEE THE PURTY PICTURES somewhere else, this mailing. The supply of RiP artwork is at an all-time low right now.

Thanks to the flu. Just haven't had the drive or energy to sit down and wield the pen and pencil to bring forth yet another arty issue. Finished up a few full-pagers for an Art Folio in JD-A (provided that Lynn accepts it), and that was about it.

You've just got to face it. The Flu barely leaves a man energy enough to drag himself out of bed in the morning, much less fan.....

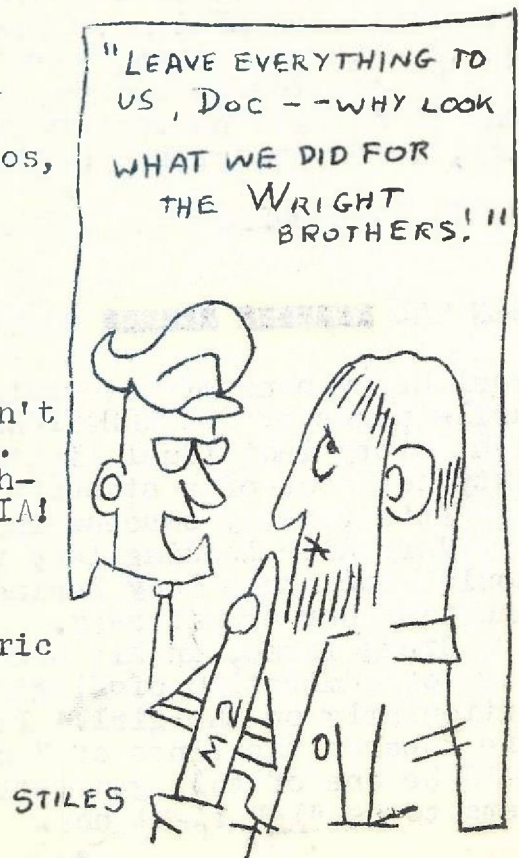
So, what is in here was already in my files. But future ENVOY's will see the return of those hilarious RiP cartoons (the ones we all know and love), symbolic RiPillos, pregnant with hidden meanings and pictures of cross-eyed women staring at twinkling stars. And all that jass.

THE COWARD'S WAY OUT as I believe someone once termed mailing comments. But lack of anything else has forced me to this extreme. Well, m/c's aren't exactly the ultimate in literary achievement. It amounts to a lobotomy with a rusty switchblade. Schultz m/c's.... WITHOUT ANESTHESIA!

Which reminds me of a joke. You know what an optomist is? An anestheologist who chain smokes.

Whatsa matter? I thot fans like esoteric jokes! Onward, ever onward, into....

OMPALAND! OMPALAND! OMPALAND! See the most marvelous exhibits and death defying acts ever







assembled under one roof! Meet the World Famous Actual Living Beatnick. (For a thin half crown he'll say "Like, like..." into your very own ears!) Listen to him rant and rave over Higher Irlam, Sin Capitol of the Ship Canal!

Let "The Enforcer" of SFCOL fame thrill you as she gives you 30cc of straight unadulterated placebo in the jugular vein with a sterile corkscrew needle. She sings "My Tammy Still Lies In Manchester" while she performs her analogueish act!

Laugh at the funny man leaps dextrously in and out of his caravan, knocking down more of the caravan each time he does so!

Take FREE pictures of the only family in the world with a pipe smoking child living in a caravan in the wilds of south London. (For sixpence extra, the father also

cusses at you and blows smoke in your face.) (Just like the child.)

Meet the Wandering Ghu and watch him assume the disguise of a real human being BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES! (One bob extra showing also includes beard.)

Watch the tightrope teams hang over the Thin Edge of the mailings and shout how much fun it is. There's almost always a few go over each show. So come and watch the thrills and excitement and mainly blood as they hit bottom. Fun for the whole family!

Cut out paper dolls (cunningly folded into the shape of ancient model Valiant autos) with the one and only FAPAdropout, in the peaceful glades of OMPAlend. (Guaranteed to be peaceful or your brain back.) Find peace and contentment away from genfandom!

To see these wonders and many more, just cut out right now and send it in with no less than \$5 and 25 words or less. Do it now, you clot, before you forget! See? You've already forgotten!!!

DUE TO POOR BUSINESS CONDITIONS we've decided to hire you. You certainly couldn't make them any worse.

WHEN THE ~~REDACTED~~ ~~REDACTED~~ COMES BACK TO ~~REDACTED~~ or who's got the dirty word? Even with the hard cruel heavy hand of autocratic censorship hanging heavy over the purple pages of CONVERSATIONS, the light witty image remains of a light witty individual lightly and wittingly beating the light and witty hell out of a stubborn multilith. Such perfect repro.....

It's vaguely obscene in itself.

Very nice looking lady ye have on the cover there, Lynn, but she should watch that Lady Remington of hers more closely next time. It done took her armpit away.

Gregg Trend, in his bacover drawing, shows the effects of many years of admiration of Virgil Finlay. Note the dot and dash effect, particularly on the girl. If Gregg could ever unclutter his drawings more towards the lines of "And Didn't He Laugh" (PittCon Art Show), he could be one of this generation's best artists. Unfortunately, clutter seems to be "In" right now.



Hal Shapiro's article provokes little reaction. He was much too smitten with the idea of being shocking to think clearly. Too busy searching for the "cute" phrase to argue effectively. For instance, his balderdash about the libraries.

According to simply the number and usage of libraries, the States probably seem like a cultural and intellectual backwash. But that figure doesn't include the immense sales "prestige" and "intellectual" pocketbooks receive here in the states. This immense volume of sales in pb's more than offsets any so-called advantages other Western nations may hold due to larger usage of the public reading facilities. The cultural novel and book is a big seller, ask any dealer or publisher.

On second thought, if you count in the immense volume of cheap attractive propaganda books and pb's Russia sells to its citizens, Russia probably still beats us in sheer volume.

Not that our "cultural" sheen seems to be helping us much. I remember an old article by Asimov wherein he attacked out snob-oriented cultural patterns, which values such fooleroll as knowing Virgil's life over knowing Planck's theorems. No such nonsense in the People's Republics. The State can use someone who knows Planck's theorems.....

ELLA PARKER SAYS I REMIND HER A LOT OF YOU Herr Rispin. While the aforementioned Londoner (with a Scots accent?) was buzzing around this side of the Pond, she had time to call me from the Kujawa's. While merrily gossiping away, she made the above statement.

"What? Me, a Beatnick?" I queried, analogued.

And all because of a few minor idocyranicisms. For instance, I've grown a luxurious two tone rat's nest of a fringe beard. A tangly beast. Children run screaming down the street to their nanny's and dogs growl and snap at me. But the men, aside from snickers about Beats, ask me how long it took to grow it, with longing in their voices. As soon as everyone else on the block has grown a beard, I'll shave mine off.

Also casually mentioned was the fact that I've been hitching a lot of late. Been going fairly regularly to this one gal I know, up in Saginaw. But the Greyhound Bus Lines (Disservice with a simile) have once more raised their fares. So, out of a spirit of wounded pride, I've taken to sticking my thumb out on US 10. Been taking Pot Luck on whatever comes along. And what luck.....

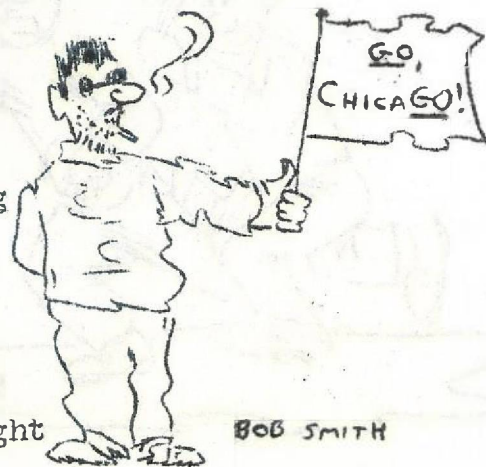
Met this one Japanese Landscape Artist (you call them gardeners over there, but here we pay them scalpers wages and call them Artists) going up to visit his sister's place in Bay City, and on the way up he told me about life in the Yankee Concentration Camps during the Wahr. We called them Relocation Centers.

.Spent the war (he was just a young kid) at a place called Needles. It got mighty hot out in the desert. And they weren't given any air conditioners, either.

Then there was this happy-go-lucky chap on his way to Flint. He casually informed me going up a hill in Bloomfield Hills, that his brakes were shot. I wonder if he even made it to Pontiac?

And the types that think they're driving a tank or something equally invulnerable... And try to pass Lincoln's on a curve..... Not to mention the carefree bods who load their front windows with kiddie boots, lucky charms, safety slogans ((?)) and "We've Been To So-and-so" stickers.

Coming back through Pontiac late one night



BOB SMITH



6/ this nice young negro couple picked me up, and they had a kid in the back. There wasn't any room on the seat, so he seemed to spend most of his time on the floor. Anyways, once in a while, the kid would whine for something, and the father would just lean over the back of the seat and talk with him, cigar stuck in the mouth and all. The mother was just snoring away in the front during all this. Not looking at the road a bit, the two of them. That car acted like it was on tracks. This happened a number of times, but the family wouldn't see letting me off until they'd got me into Detroit. Him busting the kid, the wife snoring and the car zooming it down US 10 all by itself, practically. Like it was on tracks.

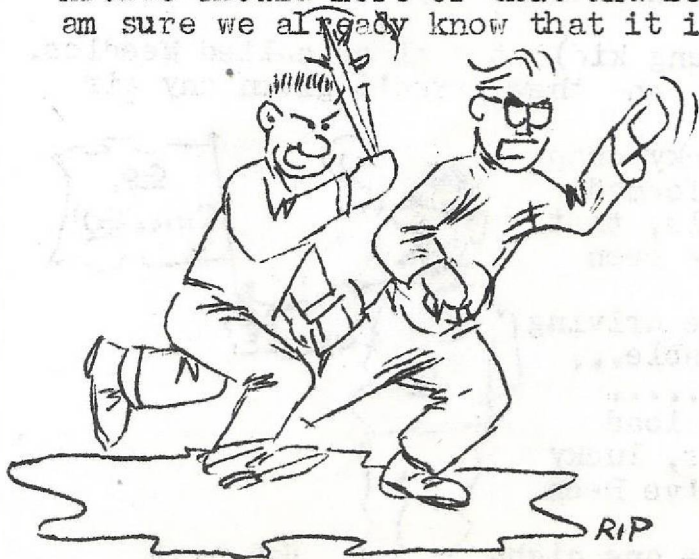
Next week I took the bus, principles or no principles.

But nothing deters a good hitching man once the fever gets in his blood, isn't that true, Alan? Of course, hitching is generally much better on this side than it is over there. Despite occasional scare headlines and articles the boobs in Buicks continue to pick up most anybody that comes down the road with his thumb stuck out.. But quite a number of locales consider hitching to be illegal, and the fuzz in Detroit are cracking down on hitchers lately. I've found that clean set of dry goods (slang for clothes..the latest) and a suitcase or AWOL bag (cloth bag, supposedly used by the soldiers when they want to go over the hill, hence the nickname) at the side helps considerably, both in getting the ride and keeping the cops from picking you up on a vag rap. And what with installment buying, a hitcher gets rides from all sorts of cars these days, tho single men still seem to do most of the picking up of hitchers.

Am thinking of writing my own version of On The Road. Only one thing different.... My version will have a plot. I think I'll have this beautiful dish, see, she'll be kidnapped by these two thugs who think she's a millionaire's daughter and she escapes and seeks aid from this hitcher and he escapes but is picked up by some of the thugs partners and they drive him back to the Lonely Shack In The Hills (the hills must be full of lonely shacks) and there'll be this big fight scene.... Need I go on?

Apart from the fact that HUNGRY had about the worst cover to adorn an OMPazine in this mailing, it really didn't look too good....

Mercer's trip report suffered from the fact that it was boring as a treatise on the mating habits of the tette fly as written for Walt Disney Comics. Most of it, that is. But not where it deals with the troubles that ensued when trying to meet the Bushy Barbarian himself. Ye Olde English docks sound as bad as the ones in Brooklyn. Archee should more of that and less on how rainy it is in England. I am sure we already know that it is a mite dewey in the Foggy Isles...





We must Deluge OMPA with Good Ol' Hitching Reminiscences next time.... 17

ERIC THE BENT-MASTER FIEND Speaking of trip reports, here's another. Here I am, cold, lonesome, feeling blue, a blessed magazine to run off yet, and he's telling us all what a fine time he had on the sunny beaches of southern France. Grrrrrrr....

Somehow or other this report fails to turn me on....

Over here the punk backs don't go in for such refinements as asking for your money. They go by the theory that it's easier to rob a bod who's stone cold, therefore, they tend to bash one alongside the ear without saying anything (if you're lucky and they don't make you bleed on their blade) and then go through your pockets. If you're female, you're lucky if all they do is cop your purse.

If nothing else, they like work in comfort.

Different Army buddies who went to the Riviera whilst on their leaves stated that they were amazed at that strip of golden sand. Amazed at how dehydrated the countryside was. Amazed at the high prices. And Amazed at how easy it was to lose one's shirt at the Casino's. And particularly amazed at the three piece bikini's. Two pasties and a small kerchief. One dogface who came from California stated that Las Vegas and Reno has it all over the Casino at Monte Carlo. Everyone was amazed. I went to Vienna instead.

I might explain that this while I was over in Europe Protecting The Rights Of Free Men Everywhere, in my secret role of US soldier.

Canaway, the author of THE RING GIVERS, the book you reviewed, reminds me an awful lot of you, Eric. The same sort of evil dissipated look is there, though he looks like he has two marshmallows in his mouth. Got the book courtesy of Ken Cheslin. If it be treason to say that you look like Canaway, make the most of it.....

Avram Davidson's speech at the PittCon, Kingsley Amis' and Geoff Doherty's speeches at the LXICon, they all amount to the same thing.

Stf, she ain't what she used to be/ Oh, they've turned our little Slan Shack into a parking lot.....

Superb reproduction (no, the magazine, idiot) and cute li'l illos all over the inside. Not quite complete, tho..... No RiPillos helping clutter up the interior.....

YESTERDAY UPON THE STAIRS I saw a little man who wasn't there./I saw him there again today,/Gee, I wish he'd go away..... And so we note that the winner of the popularity poll is not with us this mailing. I say, thinner VIPERS and more of them. And if this be treason....

Just look at it this way. Isn't everyplace non-appearrers get egoboo.





8] WITH ROCKETS BLASTING IN THE VOID, CAPTAIN DAN DARE YELLED **Aaargh!** What a

perfectly horrible cover! Who? You're no new brand of owl, **Jhim Linwood**, I'm speaking about you! That cover looks a bit like some bod threw a plate of carrots and vitamin capsules overboard from a luxury liner, and we're seeing the refuse lined up, neat as a pin. And what, pray tell, are those little dots? Snowflakes?

Maybe we should all chip in and send **Boob** a prize for putting up what must be the two billionth rocketship to decorate a fanzine.

For such a small offering, however, **JETSTREAM** has a highly readable interior. **Boob** should stick to cartoons and forget all about rocketships. Ah, I hate to quote in a family fanzine what the phrase "Eat Willis" as displayed on a sign at **Idlewilde** might have upon the soft minds of the Yankee constabulary.

No doubt you assumed that those priceless bits of information about what beasts the Texan founding fathers were, would be an immense surprise to us innocent Yankees. But you're wrong. Most Americans, I'll grant you are such clods that they swallow all the propaganda and malarkey the public media give them about what heroes our ancestors were. But since **Kenneth Roberts**, the thinking minority, even the pseudo-intellectuals, have come to realize that our ancestors are not all what we learned in the schools. Even that **Patriarch Of Conservatism**, **TIME** magazine, had to admit that **THE ALAMO** laid it on a bit thick.

I understand that **Kingsley Amis** hasn't lived up to his **Auction Bloch** obs. How true is this rumor?

**OFF WE GO INTO THE WILD BLUE** and all that jass. Really, **Terry**, you shouldn't do things like **ERG #9**. Besides giving the rest of us inferiority complexes, it was already out of date before it even reached me, what with **Titov** and his one man travelling show over Mother Earth.

I wonder how long anyone will remember the second man into space when compared with **Yuri Gagarin**? I can't even remember the name of the second man the US put up, much less the first name of **Captain Sheperd**. But the names of **Gagarin** and **Titov** now..!

A marvelous magazine, I hope you gave this issue the wide general circulation that it deserves and should have gotten. You'll be surprised how comforting it is to know that one can lay hands on all this erratta of the Space Age when one might need it. Will probably never use it, but it helps. You should do an up-dating in two years or so.

A bit of info. After sinking millions into the **Dyna-Soar** program, they may junk it after all. Of course, almost all of it was just in





the planning stage, but still....

Right now, Van Braun, with a successful SATURN shoot behind him, is plugging for a step process of getting to the moon and the other planets, instead of investing in monster-colossal rockets to get there from the surface of the earth.

Anyone for Space Station E-1?

You might have enlarged on the NOVA program. This is the true monster-colossal rocket I was talking about. Instead of being unpeeped Atlas rockets inside one shell, it's a true surface-to-surface rocket-ship, a la Captain Video. A true rocket instead of a modified missile. It's going to be even taller than the SATURN C2 when completed.

As you've probably noted, DIE STAATENGESCHICHTE, WISSENSCHAFT UND ICH has been shortened to the more manageable Die Wis.

THAT OLD MAN GAFIA, HE JUST KEEP ROLLIN' ALONG or, how are things these days, Lichtman, old, bwah? Was extremely sorry to hear about The Parent Problem, as it happened to strike you. But you seem to be adjusting to your new environment quite well, and with any luck you'll Make Out Okay.

The nice thing about your parents destroying your fanzines and some other odd things, is that until you're 21 they have a legal right to do so, but after that it is a crime. Luckily my father was always too drunk to care what I did, and my mother never saw anything wrong with reading that crazy Buck Rogers stuff. Didn't really enter fandom until after I was 21. Tell us, just what of your collections have you been able to salvage?

For those not in, Bob has taken off from under the overbearing wings of his parents, and he is evidently lucky enough to be in one of those states where an 18-year old can legally make his own way. But his folks destroyed quite a deal of his fanzines and fanac equipment, putting a small cramp in his present fanac.

ZOUNDS #5 will go down in history as the last real Silverdrum publication. Requiescat in Pace, Silverdrum.

That Silverdrum ditto was about shot, anyways, for my copy was certainly far from being ultra bright and clean. In fact, it was weaker than prohibition beer. This zine won't retain its print five years unless I seal it in a time capsule.

Really now, did you really think we'd care any about what you have in your library? Fortunately, you managed to mix in some Deep Critical Thinking amongst all the chaff. Sheesh. Mailing comments on hard bounds and pb's.

Right on one thing, you should throw out THE DEATH DEALERS by





Asimov. It stinks. It read like the Good Doktor had been reading a few books on how to write mystery novels. And as his stomach was upset from eating sauerkraut and kutchin, he decided to stay up that night and write a mystery novel. I recommend LEGAL RITES to all the disbelievers that can't understand how the Good Doktor can possibly write a bad novel or story.

What irony. You talked about "What If..." in regards to the disposing of your fanzine collection sometime in the future. Now much of it is no more. The 7APA mailings, the Spectator Club mailings, anything of any rarity or beauty, they're probably the ones that have been lost or destroyed, according to Finnegan's Law. It makes more important the establishment of a permanent file of all fanzines ever published, and then I hope, the microfilming of the lot and the placing of such micro-files in scattered locations.

Come back to us, Bob, we want you.....

UP THE LAZY RIVER in a floating caravan... Oh, yes, the fanzine of monotonous layouts. Long may it hang. Really, Archee, can't you grab hold of a lettering guide someplace? The appearance is forbidding, the interior is foreboding and it's enough to put off a person reading the thing. Reminds me of a Seth Johnson N'APAZine. Tho the contents are a bit better.....

Why do you hate Prosser artwork? I'd bet that you don't dislike his art so much as his subject matter. The man has a real talent, no doubt about that. And if he'd do fewer gory scenes and more art along the line of the "She" he exhibited at the PittCon, everybody would be a lot happier.

By the way, it might interest you to know that Dave's wife is apparently a subconscious model for most of his works. Certainly "She" was his wife, tho he emphatically denied that she had ever modeled for it. Tho she isn't exactly one of the low-gravity planet women he emblazons fanzine covers with, she is the face he most likes to draw. If he'd only drop the bloody gore routine.....

You didn't know about Nancy Share (now Rapp)? She was inflicted with polio lo these many years ago, while a child, I think, and has been incapacitated ever since. She doesn't call attention to it in any way, so after the initial shock, one takes it quite for granted. Most fen over here know of the fact, so it's difficult remembering that it probably isn't too widely known over there. A bit shy, she is.

It might interest you to learn that presently SAPS is also undergoing a period of "agonizing reappraisal", and is trying to see what might be done to prevent the reoccurrence of such low interest and high turnover of members as has stricken SAPS in recent mailings. A two pronged solution might be to increase the membership and to lower or alter activity requirements.





As it is, SAPS is strictly for the Go-go-go group of pubbers, with no room for deadwood, brilliant or otherwise. III

It goes back to the fact that FAPA is slow and big enough to accomodate both the frenzied pubbers and the deadwood. The deadwood has achieved the state wherein some of it always seems to be blooming into Big Pubbers at the same rate in which some Big Pubber is retiring from the rat race of big fanzines and becoming deadwood in its own turn.

It concerns us here in OMPA to the extent that we have a certain amount of brilliant deadwood all our own, monapans of excpetional calibre. It behooves us to look at FAPA every time some laddie comes up with the idea of throwing out some bod because he just produced minimal effort the past year. The lowered activity requirements, on the other hand, seem to be a definite stap in the right direction.

If Certainly you would not wish to throw out Roles or Burgess or Bentcliffe or any other quiescent member, would you? What a ghastly prospect, nothing in the mailings but the efforts of whoever happens to be the spirited few at the time. No unexpected gems from some bod you hardly even notice on the mailing roster. We throw out the deadwood and where will they be when they regain a fanzine producing spirit? Outside OMPA, that's where.

Pardon me for using your section to get up on my pulpit, Archee, but I felt that it needed to be said, amongst all this talk of jivving OMPA up and turning it into a fanzine factory. Ten more members might have been just what we needed, ye know?

Bards? You talk about birds? Egads, everything runs on tracks these days....

EEEEEEK! IT'S A GHOST! Bobbie, ol' girl, I'm not quite sure what to do with you. You see, you've attacked one of the basic beliefs of modern fandom. We can safely believe in demons and suchlike in the pages of UNKNOWN simply for the pleasure of it. But when somebody comes along and starts trying to make us believe that such things actually exist, our prejudices show through. At things like ghosts and demons, we're even quicker with a sly snicker than the mundanes. And for an actual fan to obviously believe in such bull is on a par with asking us to believe that Bob Tucker is a Dianetic clear. It shakes the souls of strong men and the knees of the weak.

I doubt that you'd be guilty of wholesale fabrication, so we're left with the alternative that you actually believe this stuff. Now, barring natural causes coupled with a little imagination and exaggerating of the truth, we might have an explanation. The other explanation is a bit too far out for me.





One idea appeals to me, tho. If anyone should be walking around in ghostly form in Europe today, it should be a bloke in an SS or Storm Trooper uniform. They certainly have enough evil on their souls.

The trouble here, tho, is that we know you. If somebody 900 miles away that we'd never heard of before were to write this, we'd just shrug it off. But when you proclaim it as the gospel truth, we must perforce examine it. You're just being cruel, that's all.

Whatsa matta for you wanna rock the blesseda boat?

These Coven things aren't really so large and popular over there as you give out, are they? If so, I wonder why the Yankee press haven't "exposed" this superstitious blight upon some fair land? There's nothing the rumor mongers like better than throwing a little dirt on somebody else, to our amusement and laughter. Especially when they can throw in a little sex for good measure.

Seriously tho, I doubt if they're much of a menace. Nationally, I mean, tho some psychopath is likely to use the Covens as a rationalization for their crimes. Once enough of such types kill a number of innocents, the press inevitably attacks, the laws outlaw the cults and the psychopaths go their merry way anyways.

If you like plays, I heartily suggest one particular small college theatre we have right here in Michigan. (Drop over some evening, treats on me....) It is the Quirk Playhouse at Eastern Michigan University, Ypsilanti, Michigan. I've seen a few plays there, at one time or another, and they've all been esthetically pleasing to an astounding degree. The theatre itself is a small theatre, very modern and with marvelous acoustics. The Playhouse Players seem to be all marvelous actors, and are shown to their best advantage by some of the best sets I've yet seen in a theatre. I've seen them on Broadway and Quirk has them built with more lilt and beauty than the biggest productions. A lighting crew of more than normal skills don't hurt matters any, either.

The critics from Detroit regularly go into ecstasy over the plays put on out there. And the populace from Ann Arbor go to Eastern when they wouldn't even attend the U of Michigan playhouse!

Cock-A-Doodle Dandy, Othello, Hoatzen (in arena style), Look Homeward Angel, Gate Of Hell, Golden Fleecing... So very many. The theatre goes in for rarely seen plays for the simple reason that the type of audience they regularly play to permits it. They don't neglect the classics, either, along with Ibsen.

It is supposedly the best small college theatre in the entire Midwest now, and undeniably the best college theatre in Michigan. They regularly play to full house even on the worst nights and the with the most esoteric plays. Next time I go, I'll write up a report for all us fellow art snobs in OMPA.





A truly pitifully drawn cover. What? No interior art? Do I hear cries about there not being around that you can handle?

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HELLO OUT THERE IN OMPALAND says my little one-sheeter. This particular issue is slightly larger, but don't count on on any future ones being this large.

Ken Cheslin, who is the other editor of this rag, tho, may put out considerably larger issues than this. More power to him, I say. I just haven't got the energy. I don't run on tracks....

By the way, this particular issue has a circulation of 85 or so, including OMPA.

Page 3 is by Steve Stiles, Page 4 is by George Metzger (and I put it all on stencil with my little stylus) and Page 5 is by Bob Smith, of Australian fame. Everything else can be blamed on me.

Mimeography is on Big Hearted Howard's Magic Mimeo. Stencils by ABDick, paper by Triad and ink by Marr.

OPHIDIAN REX or, Those Durned Lights Went Out Again, Maw. Somehow or other, tho, I get the impression that not much of this magazine is devoted to the legend of the kook of a Greek who married his own mother. (Which reminds me of the joke about the old timer who overheard these two old bitties gabbing about this chap who accidentally married his own sister. He piped in and said, "Why, I know someone who did even worse than that! I know one guy who even married his own wife!")

Speaking of stupid people, , has anyone here read Lolita? I hereby nominate Hubert Humphrey as the prize kook in the literary world for 1960. Nymphets, bah! Probably had the idea he was on tracks....

Glad you introduced yourself, some old-timers in OMPA might do the same thing some day, it's been so long since they had anything to say. What, me say something about myself? Listen, boy, I'm trying to keep this magazine down to a reasonable level as it is, without some Person From Porlock asking fool questions. Read Brennschluss, my column therein, if you want to know All About Me.

Your plan of general front material with the back pages composed of material for the particular APA is a fairly common one. Ash orth uses it, Eney is using it for CCON in this mailing, and some few other people have done it from time to time. I see nothing wrong with it, tho nowadays with my multiapaism, I receive some duplicate items in more than one APA.

OR DON'T YOU KNOW POSTMASTERS HAVE EYES By Yank standards, this ish of Morph could probably have the whole mailing impounded. By my standards, it is just weird. But





141 don't happen to be a US Postmaster. Try to stick something like this on the inside next time, will you? Make it a little harder for the censors to find, eh?

Your defence of bookdealers was spirited and accurate. It could be summed up, however, by the phrase, "We're here to make a living, not to skin you alive!"

Here most book dealers are reasonable. They make most of their money on Men's Magazines, and pocketbooks anyways. What stf they have is almost always fairly recent, but they've yet to mark up their stuff in response to the prise jacking going on on the stands themselves.

Hard Bound stf is their best mover in hard bounds these day, and they tend to charge that little nickle more, to pay for all the junk they got on the shelves that isn't moving. Old pulps are dearer than autographed copies of FANNY HILL, but when they have them, they usually charge from a quarter to half what you'd pay to the mail-order establishments.

Another athiest. That's all right. I find that my brand of Christianity doesn't exactly jive with the official line anyways. Would rather have more good athiests and agnostics, they're such a relief after all the Sunday Morning Christians around here. And I have more hope of their children living by a Christian Code than I do of the offspring of the hypocritical clods.

SHINY POWDERS INDEED! The Round Robin was ruined more than a little bit by the idiocy Bennett introduced into it. Ressurrection indeed! Alternate Bennett's indeed! Jimmy Groves, for all his love of esotericisms has literally written the best portion of the story so far. Partially because he attempted to explain away the scientific gobbledok and farces of the previous chapters. But not even he was equal to the task. Now that Big Bill Donaho has the ball, perhaps he will carry on in this new tradition of skilled writing.

It might be wise, by the way, to let me know in advance of the printing of the next chapter if I'm to be given the ball to carry. If for some reason I feel I must decline the honor, why then someone else can take over, without the continuity being broken. It would be very polite if all chapter writers were to ask the permission first before saddling some poor member with the round-robin.

THE ENFORCER STRIKES AGAIN! Really, Ethel, can't you just see yourself going to the ChiCon? At last there will be two Britfen that'll have to speak at a WorldCon Banquet!

For the information of the neos amongst us... That Tammy bit





refers back to that old SuperManCon bit. Back in the days when our wee Ethel was just an innocent unspoiled waif in a scotch kilt-skirt. Back in the pre-Parker days. There she was, crying and beseeching every passerby to help her find her lost Tommy.

The 'orrible news about the terrible loss was absently slipped in to your report on the SuperManCon for FEMIZINE, and male fandom shortly took up the cry, trying to find out who was the scoundrel who stole this young girl's tammy. Some of the more dirty minded of the readership even pondered on what this missing Tammy could be. But Ethel had to spoil the show by revealing that a Tammy was Scots for a beret, one of them floppy cloth hats like Lord Montgomery wears. Spoil sport.

Even Chuck Harris was reported to be in tears.

Referring to the second line of your first paragraph of Bletherings... Try as I might, I fail to see how you can possibly tie half the knots of a total number of 27. Maybe my mind isn't Cosmic enough, maybe Bob Tucker will cease thinking of me as one of the Star-Begotten, but I have to admit my ignorance of how this was done. I've got to know, you hear me! How did you tie half the knots of a total of 27? Please hurry, my broad mental horizons are cracking under the strain...

27 knots. That's not too many. It certainly is a wonderful thing.

Ah, you ask about the advantages of an electric typer. There are none to counterbalance the awful effects it has on a sensitive fannish mind. It HUMS! Yes, it just lies there and hums at you! Your mind is not your own, you must write, write, write, the hell with syntax, grammar and spelling, you must write, write, write. Or it will HUM.

Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm. It runs on tracks.

The trouble with WARBLINGS is that it isn't humorous. The Public Image Walt has is that we expect him to make us fall down laughing. And we don't know what to do with WARBLINGS so we try to forget it.

Poor Walt. In his Old Age he's going over his old letters like a senile Casanova picking over his memories, one by one. We should do something to preserve Willis as he is, before he decays any further. Pickle him in Bloch's 8 Star Special or Irish Coffee or something. After all, they tell us to conserve our natural resources.....

One of the best arguments I ever heard for a semi-Socialistic/Welfare State was this. "The Rich have had 7000 years to distribute their wealth to the poor. It's our turn now." It's a bit too late to holler that they were about to give their wealth to us anyways.

Here in the States, the general procedure re Student Nurses is this. They pass a physical and mental examination. If their scholastic records bear up, they may then enter Nursing School.





16/ They may elect a Practical Nursing program (18 months), or take a two or three year course, with the two-year being the much tougher. There are Nursing Schools in most of the hospitals, most major colleges and thousands of the smaller and Junior colleges. In most of these places there are Wards either part of the College or affiliated to them, and it is on them that the SNs get their "on the job training." Naturally the Hospitals are all glad to have these extra workers, as they're all chronically understaffed.

Six weeks after entering, they are capped, usually in a very ritualistic ceremony, after which they start helping take care of the patients. School is year-around, no summer vacations. They are worked to death, prodded by the staff to see their reactions, study like their lives depended on it and have to live under strict supervision away from home. Most of the drop-outs occur in the first year, with attrition cutting up from a third to a sixth of every class in every school in the nation.

Some larger hospitals and Colleges, like University of Michigan hospital, have their own psychiatric, pediatric, geriatric and special diseases wards, where the SN can learn specialities in minute detail over a period of months. The smaller places send their classes, in sections, to the public facilities, there to be housed by the State or City, to aid at the Hospitals, and to learn that particular specialty.

For instance, Saginaw General has part of the '63 class learning pediatrics at Children's Hospital in downtown Detroit right now. Later on they will go to a local Saginaw Old Folk's Home, then to LaPeer Hospital for the feeble-minded and then to Ypsilanti State Hospital for the Insane.

During all this, they have to maintain academic standards, pass mid-terms, finals, special tests and keep up The Good Work. And if they bear up with it enough, at the end of three years, they get a slightly different cap or stripe for the cap, and a pin, and they are Registered Nurses, Carriers of the Lamp, etc.

After passing a Regency exam if they move to a different state, and passing the Examiners Board in whatever Clinic or Hospital they choose to work in, they do the good work. Unfortunately, a certain percentage of even them move on to other fields, go into private practice, get married and/or just quit. Therefore the Hospitals are still receiving only a dribble of the Nurses that graduate. AMA or no AMA, I think we're going to have to have some sort of National Health.

16 PAGES TO BURN Like Tejon's SLOW TRAIN THROUGH GONDOR, I wonder if this tale will ever end, or if we're doomed always to see yet more Trip Report ahead of us.

That play must have been a true joy to behold. .... Well, it must have been a true joy to produce. Well, it must have been a joy





to write. Well, it read well, anyways.

If you keep telling us about your trip, me and Alan will tell you all about our trips. Revenge is savory, and it's on tracks besides.

YEA THEY BE TRYANTS The 0-0 has the sad news of a few lost souls departing this civilized realm for... What? May they fare well and come back to us.

First amongst the postmailings to come in, is  
CONVERSATION #14 How do you like my method of making the pubbers dig through my zine in order to find their egoboo, Lynn?  
Strangely, I just meant to put "cute" phrases at the front, not to make 'em look.

Ah, the old Diana. I'm way too young to have been around when they were on the open market, but I can remember an uncle owning one, and my grandmother is sure it was either a Diana or a Pierce-Arrow. It was a horribly roomy beast, even though worn and smelly and hot in the summers. We kids would get in the back seats and play our games (no, it was not around the world). It was a magic car even then, because they didn't build cars that size even then.

And do you remember running boards on cars? I've never quite forgiven the auto makers for doing away with what used to be my favorite accessory on a car. Those old movies give me nostalgia for them, whenever I see the heroes, villains and cops firing away at each other from those running boards.

CARE FOR ANY YANK SAND? Egads, what a confusing fanzine. It cops the prize for disjointedness this mailing.

No, no, I shouldn't do it. (GO ahead, do it!) Okay, I'll do it. At the bottom of page 11, you asked where all the smoke was coming from. Whatssa matter, don't you realize that you'd been thinking? That's where all the smoke was coming from.....

Yet another bod trying to redo the Constitution before the ink is even decently dry yet.

Cider has always been popular over here, you being able to get the alconolic variety in any State likker store, and most good private ones. I've made my own a few times. Just load this copper tureen with the natural stuff from some farmer (or buy the non-alcoholic treated stuff from the store if you have to). Then load with lots and lots of sugar and a few cakes of powdered yeast. Let sit for two weeks (keep covered) and then skim. Leave the sediment where it is. In fact, you should never drink all your jugs or bottles of the brew to the bottom. You can get a good sweet hard 90 proof that way easy, depending on how much sugar you put in. Higher if you dump in more sugar and let ferment two





18/ weeks more or so. Tastes harder then, tho.

I SAY WE SHOULD MARCH ON LONDON to convince Potter and Burns that Potter should stay in OMPA. Come back to us. Schultzschluss, in this magazine is enough biographical date for all you eager OMPA types. You did read it, didn't you?

Ah, how times change. When I wrote that I was a bright-eyed, bushy tailed, chattering neofan, eager to learn more about this great enchanted wonderland called fandom. Eager. My, how ~~obscene~~ such a word ~~sounds~~ is on my lips, my parched enfeebled cynical lips in this harsh mechanized age, this bright golden false Utopia of the future. I feel disenchanted, disillusioned, bitter and have even let my ~~1st~~ Analog sub lapse. Bob Tucker will probably tell me I'm not Star-Begotten any more, I just know it. The fuzz might just as well go ahead and bust me for hitching. I hardly feel up to a game of Tennis right now, thank you.

CHARLETON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE is right. They go by the IW trademark over here and are noted for the blood and gore rampant in their pages. The Comics Code do not approve of them. I wouldn't mind the blood so much, if their artists could draw. Theirs is the only string of comics about which I can state without hesitation nor pride, that I can draw better than any of them. A child's primer on how to draw would probably hit their offices like the A-bomb hit Nagi, the new concepts would be too much for them.

Kitchen people indeed. That's almost as bad as shiny powders.

WHY DO I STAY ALIVE? Disregarding the remarks of the humorous element, I can safely state that it is not because I run on tracks (that has nothing to do with it)(the fact that I run on tracks, that is). Lichtman had a question like that in his poll. I live because there is life about me. I wish to experience it, all of it, bad and good, pleasurable and painful, for it is part and parcel of existence. Why deny myself this for something that shall irrevocably come to me anyways? For that nihilistic concept I should commit the one act which no man can go back on?

What do I do for Society? I contribute myself, all of me and my works, whatever they may be now and in the future. In return, it gives me itself. I may become a Myers of van Gogh tomorrow or die in a silly little accident at home or be shivering in the north woods next week, shirking from the radioactive rains downwind from Chicago. But I live. After me I shall perceive perhaps nothing. But I exist for now.

For two bob extra the little man will give you all a personal interview and lecture you on "Philosophy, Whither Is It Going And Where In

The Hell Has It Been?"

Farewell for a while, OMPA.

Dick

