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"boy, are THEY in for a surprise. Thats Olaf".

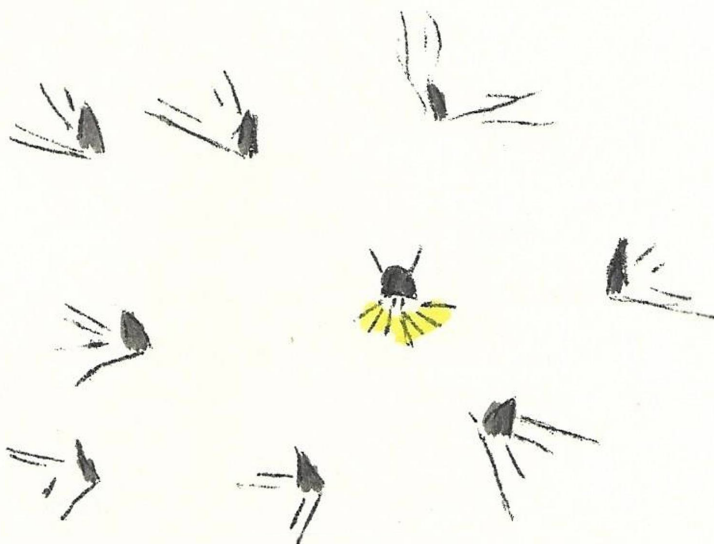
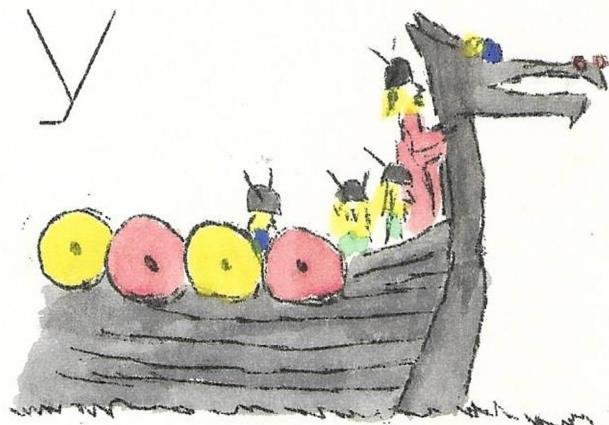
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A Cringebinder Publication<sup>1</sup>

for the 36th OMPA  
Mailing, JUNE 1963.

from Ken M P Cheslin, 18, New Barm Road,  
Stourbridge, Worcs., ENGLAND.



RETURN OF THE

NAKED ARTICHOKE.

Don Studebaker.

Its not so much that I mind the Leukemia. Or dying of a rare kind of bone cancer. I can take a little pain. - I can stand the slight curdling of the homogenized milk in the morning, and the Strontium 90 doesn't taste all that bad. The three-foot roaches in the cellar (and the ants in the back yard, armed with tiny spears) could be tolerated, or fought off. My rambling rose can ramble all over town if it wishes, as it apparently does. Those man-eating parakeets are quite helpful in keeping away tax-collectors.

However. --- I'll not put up with a cold nose in mid-July!

Please don't get the idea that I'm anti-American. Neither am I anti-Russian. I'm not anti-anybody (except nose-cold). I don't care if you fest your precious bombs all year 'round. Just kindly do it somewhere else! To put it shortly. Get Out Of My World!

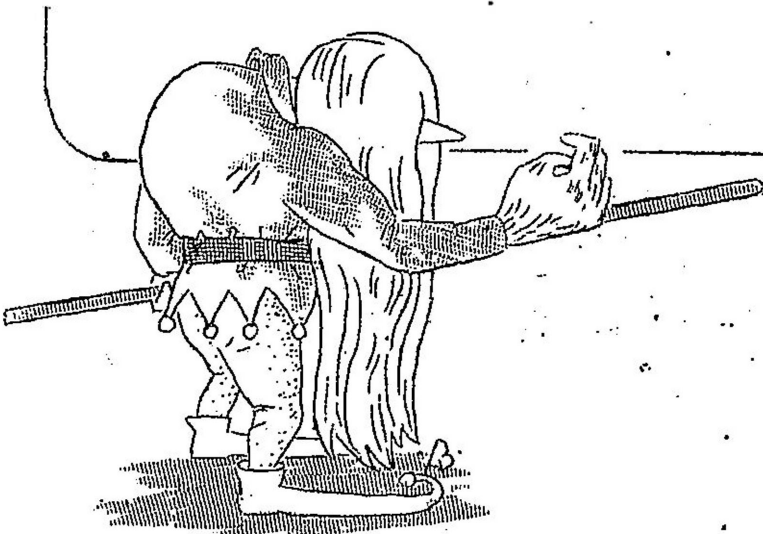
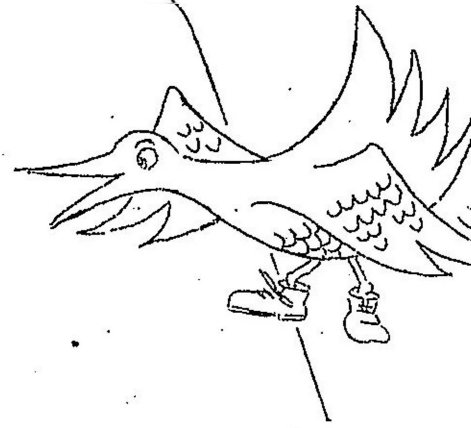
I can remember a time when Easter was a time warm and fragrant with the smell of crocus buds bursting through the thawing black earth. When jonquils and daffodils poked their sensual blossoms out of a slowly greening grass and waved radiant and golden in the sunlight. These things seem now to be a mere memory of my generation, and not a common experience with the young.

A few weeks ago I had the privilege of attending The End Of The World. This was a special showing of the Franklin Institute in their planetarium. The script was bad, much of it copped from old Asimov essays in Astounding, (not to indicate that Asimov essays are bad, but that the copping was ill handled) almost word for word in places.

But a rather interesting point was illustrated, and I have seized upon it for celebration.

Allow me to explain:-

Dust in the atmosphere reflects the Sun's radiations. A very dusty atmosphere, such as Venus, acts as a mirror.



The radiation reflected by this "Mirror" obviously does not reach the surface of the planet.

If, for some reason, (such as the eruption of a volcano) there is more dust in the air than is usual for the time of year, less solar radiation will reach the surface than is usual for that time of year.

Now; Say it is springtime - Early springtime.- A volcano erupts and hurls tons of dust into the air. A greater than usual amount of solar radiation is reflected into space. The temperature near the surface of the planet remains lower than normal, and it snows late into springtime. The snow, a reflective surface in itself, throws back some of the radiation such as does reach the surface, possibly well past the time when the volcanic dust has settled. Although the same amount of radiation as is usual for the time of year may now be reaching the surface, more of it than is usual is being reflected by the snow.

Gentle Reader, do you begin to see the pattern?.

Say that just as the snow from springtime is melting, another volcano erupts. Again, the dust reflects the radiation, the warmth. It was a cool spring, because of the late snow; now it grows colder. Maybe we have a little snow in July.

If a third volcano should erupt, just as this snow is melting - what kind of winter can we expect? A damn cold one, you may bet your jolly snow shoes! And, if by summer, or the next spring, yet another volcano should erupt, our severe winter could extend well into next summer.

As the glaciers began to reform, more and more of the Sun's precious radiation is reflected. The more snow covering the surface, the more radiation is reflected. The more reflection, the lower the temperature drops - and the more snow we have. Now, as the wind howls around our pink Bermuda cottages, the glaciers are moving South.....

Before the scientists in the audience start telling me why this can't happen, 'why it won't happen', allow me to make one brief statement.

It Already Has. at least to a partial degree. Check your history books, do a little correlation, and you'll find that in the eighteen hundreds there was a period of intense volcanic activity, followed by one of the worst, if not the worst, winter in recorded history. The history buffs out there can probably supply exact dates and figures.





Now: does the figure eight or eighteen, eruptions, sound a little more likely?. There were not nearly that many in the frozen years of the eighteen-hundreds of which I spoke, if I recall. What was the winter like after Krakatoa? How many eruption would it take to bring on another ice age? What are the odds against it?.

That Sterling Individual, George Scithers, (the man who only makes mistakes to make other people feel better) has gone to great pains to explain to me why we are not likely to blow ourselves out of orbit with a bomb. Why, it would take considerably more energy than we are likely to expend - and how other things would probably happen first. George, I understand, is with the Military. ( High Priest of the Pentagon? ).

I wonder how much dust we can kick up with a thirty megaton hydrogen bomb? I wonder how many thirty-megaton bombs it takes to equal one volcano.

I remember, when I was in school, the lovely summer we had. We found little statements in our basic-science books to the effect that Earth was headed for another tropic, or sub-tropic, age. The books were sure that we had several hundred thousand years before we had to worry about an ice age.

The climate did seem to be getting warmer. There were some chilly years, and then it got pleasant again. There were some unghodly hot summers, but nothing with temeratures consistantly above one hundred.

Then the Test Moratorium was forsaken; first by Russia, then by the United States, and then, last winter.....

Shivering in my fur-lined boots I walked through the three-foot drifts of snow in the heart of the city. Brigdges had been efficiently organised to sprinkle salt on the sidewalks, but the temperature dropped daily below zero. Constantly, it was freezing. The worst winter, the commentators said, since.....the 1800s.

BANTHEBOMBshiverBANTHEBOMBshiverBANTHEBOMBshiverBANTHEBOMBshiver

Dept. of Fashion Conscious Fans;-

Somebody suggested, last Mailing or so, that America had lost 'out on fashion leadership. They furthur suggested that we should adapt sensible clothing as the fashion. Apropos the cold weather warning above, they suggested that we wear Astrakhan hats.

Well, don't start waveing the red flag, but this sensible person has been wearing one all winter, and intends to as long as it's cold. Aside from the fact that they are warm, they stay on, they keep your ears warm, (you can wear them on a moter-cyole doing sixty miles an hour, in sub-zero temerature, as I have done) and numerous other advantages, they add a note of dash when worn at the proper angle, (aimed to the fight, and down).

In the city here, they have caught on and become fashionable.

I wander through the streets with a heavy white scarf wrapped tightly in an ancient brown overcoat. (It may well be the same overcoat to which the aria in 'La Bohème' is sung), my black Wellington boots clack sharply on the pavement, my sunglasses protect my eyesy from the glare of the snow. My grey gloves serve their purpose. On occasion I draw from my inside pocket a small, Jugoslavian, shepherds' flute. Upon it I play snatches of Debussy, Fauré, or Webern.....

DEATH TO THE WARMONGERS DEATH TO ALL WARMONGERS DEATH TO ALL WARMONGERS ETC

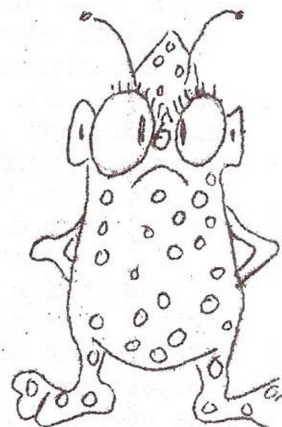
I have met George Willick only once. My single impression was that he was Were. I've met a good many people in my time, of all kinds and shapes, from Nubian's with gold earrings, to octogenarian delinquents, but Willick, more strongly than anyone I have ever met, exhudes an air of the Supernatural.

I believe it was at the sixty-two Lunacen that I met him; briefly: he was giving a speech. (If I recall, the speech condemned fans and fanzines as being veritably worthless to the pros.) He wore a natty little suit and was immaculately tailored in a tall, thin way. Rather as if El Greco had painted a twentieth century Satan. I never really had a chance to talk to him, so I could make no evaluation of his character; not a valid one, at any rate.

Someone, who shall be nameless, later commented that Willick was a rather nice guy; - simply that he was a natural born trouble-maker. That making trouble was his reason for living. I don't know George well enough to evaluate this statement, but I would be inclined to believe it.

Not that I would hold it against him! I don't hold it against a pigeon that has no control over its digestive mechanism, and therefore may, through no conscious intent, excreat upon me. I have no malice for a mad dog, once the pain of the bite and the anti-toxin needles has subsided. The intellect, the soul, cannot always over-ride the functions of the body. Adrenaline affects reaction.

Judy Mefril was guest of honour at this years Lunacen. She said lots of things, sometimes, I felt, on the verge of a very unprofessional tear at two, and obviously trying to choke down her choked up feelings. One of the things she said concerned her status as a pro. Specifically, that she had to prove it to herself continually, that she couldn't quite believe anything so wonderful. She said that this 'proving' might account for the fact that she sometimes acts 'snotty'. She still considers herself primarilly a fan.





Have you Britons found Arthur Charles Clarke 'anti-fan' in your experience with him?. The people who met him on his trip to the U.S. did not find him so. I've heard many stories of his charm. From his personal life, I should find it difficult to conceive of his being prejudiced toward any group of people.

I, a lowly fan, was privileged to attend a pro. party at the Chicon last summer. By 4am I was dead tired, too tired to see anyone or anything, and not from liquor. But I didn't want to leave, and I wouldn't. I felt good there. I felt more sense of belonging at that party than at many fan gatherings I've attended. (This is not to say I don't like fan parties just as well---I said 'many' fan gatherings, not all) Fritz Leiber and Addreinne Martine finally convinced me that I should try and negotiate the halls while I still could.

I had never met Fritz Leiber before, but he was concerned enough over a lowly fan to take trouble with a stranger.

Don't talk to me about nasty old pro's., George Willick. I may not be the most faanish (or beloved) fan in the world, you might even say that I'm obnoxious, (a lot of people have said so, and they are probably right. But I'm me). I'm not easy to get along with, and, heaven knows, it takes patience to like me; or even to stand me. I can truthfully say that the pros. haven't been the least bit condescending toward me,

But the proportion of pros. and the proportion of fans I've met and liked, and still like, are about the same, with perhaps the pros. a little ahead. I can't picture a really nasty pro. I don't think he or she would last long enough in the field to have that divine epitaph, 'pro', stick. A fan becomes a fan by declaration and action. All he needs to do to remain a fan is to keep active. A pro. must remain active, and be good at it. He must work for it. They are not all angels, but neither are they the snide hypocrites Mr. Willick makes them out to be.

Allow me to make clear at this point that I have no personal animosity for Mr. Willick. I certainly do not wish to damage his good name. My comments here are solely for the purpose of OMPA publication, which, as Mr. Willick has chosen to bring his little tirade into our presence, I feel it quite reasonable and no-malicious, being confined, as it is, to a small group, to which Mr. Willick has addressed himself.

Consider these pages in the light of a conversation. Consider ~~that~~ OMPA is a room in which we have gathered to converse. ( Which analogy is singularly appropriate to the nature of OMPA), Consider that Mr. Willick has made his statements, and that I have made my reply.

At this point in the discourse, imagine that I draw from my cassock a silver crucifix and toss it to Mr. Willick. Mr. Willick, I believe, will vanish in a puff of sulphurous smoke.

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How many times have you heard a woman say;

"I have some money, but I just don't know how to invest it" ?.

-- from a commercial on radio.

## HOW TO WIN THE WAR WITH THE WEST.

A Personal Letter to Premier Nikita Khrushchev.

Dear Nikki,

It's really quite simple. First you send a small army to conquer a small, unimportant country. Larger nations will be too expensive, and warring on them takes years. Next, you put a token government into office. This may best be accomplished by sending all your undesirable party members to said small conquered country, and setting them up as a puppet regime. They will be very unpopular, (being foreigners) and will probably be assassinated.

At the same time, you lower border restrictions between the small, conquered country and the Dirty Imperialistic Western nations. This will allow loads of capitalistic spys and rabble rousers to enter said small conquered country. The dissention they raise with small mimeograph machines will be welcome reading for the conquered. (Let's face it, Nikki, Pravda is almost as dull as the Wall ST. Journal.).

Now, just for the fun of it, send in some old line Stalinists. They cause a lot of trouble round the Kremlin, and besides, they're dirty. They will also start instituting reforms of the most unpopular type. Having taught your dissensive populace some basic Marxist doctrines, you will find that you have a small, easily controlled Revolution. Remember that any revolution is an expression of the basic righteousness of dialect Materialism.

Once you have the majority of the populace well riled, let them get to your puppet government. (Say, Nikki, remember the fun we had at the Winter Palace?). This allows you to kill two birds with one stone; the undesirables are liquidated by the irate populace, and you have a good excuse to send in those missiles, tanks, rockets and other arms necessary to the maintenance of the Peace.

Your border guards are too busy to worry about escaping refugees, but there is time for that later on. At this point it is necessary to the scheme that all those refugees should go. (Note; Label those who go across the border 'capitalist sympathizers'. They are more trouble makers, and you don't want them around anyway. Not in a well run workers' Paradise).

Now you are all set. Go to the United Nations and protest the internal injustices of the Organisation of American States. (That bit with the shoe was the best satire on American fist-banging polititions that I've ever seen. Fuuuuuny! But don't try it again, think of a different gag). Try harping on the U.S. Race Prejudice. That should cause quite a split between the U.S and the predominantly Negro nations of the Southern Hemisphere.

About this time you can ease up and withdraw your troops from that small conquered country. You might even throw in a moratorium on Nuclear Weapons Testing. It's a cinch the West won't do that first. Capitalism is bound to the idea of guarantee of purchase. They want the merchandise when it's paid for. You can beat them to the lack of a punch and garner some fine propaganda with the Neutral Nations. While you're at it, invite Nehru to Moscow - but make sure it's summer when you do.



See, Nikki, how simple it is?. You have gained a new satellite. You have disposed of some undesirable old line Stalinists. You've disposed of most of the anti-communist element in your new dominion. You have depleted the complement of Western Spies and Rabble Rousers located in more strategic centres. You have gained popularity in the eyes of the World Community. Best of all are those thousands of refugees, who, by this time, have gone to the United States. The first ones to get there organised bills and legislations to provide for their oncoming relatives and compatriots. There are not enough jobs to go around in America, so it was necessary to provide them with Relief.

Ah, the glorious, tremendous strain on Western Economy! And you have reduced the strain on your own finances. If I do not underestimate your ingenuity, my dear Nikita, those refugees will be speaking several languages, and with ethnic cohesion, they will form language blocks and barriers.

Why, there are unbounded opportunities. Though America, the U.S., will never close its doors completely, there will be some kind of limit. Then you can start to fill in the rest of the Western Block Nations. Many of them are already overcrowded.

Well, Comrade, its been a nice chat, but the boys here at the C.I.A. are coming back from lunch now, so I'd better sign off. Just one final word of advice.

That wall you've got in Berlin. It's rather esthetically offensive. Not at all in keeping with the ingress gates of a Workers Paradise. Paint it something pleasing, say, for instance, Pink. Party Pink.

Yours affectionately,

--- Don Studebaker. 1963.

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the Studebaked ~~1/1/1/1/1~~ column is to count as

OMPA ACTIVITY

for STUDEBAKER. only Studebaker, no-one else. see?.

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Ken here Don. just to fill this space. I think you're talking thru' your hairy Astrakhan hat about those volcanoes. There wouldn't be enough dust around to make enough difference. Now, if you were talking in terms of the solar system sweeping thru' interstellar dust clouds every few thousand years or so, I'd say you might well have a point. Its not too unlikely either, since well over 90% of all matter in the univers is in the form of these aforesaid dust clouds. all. ken.

