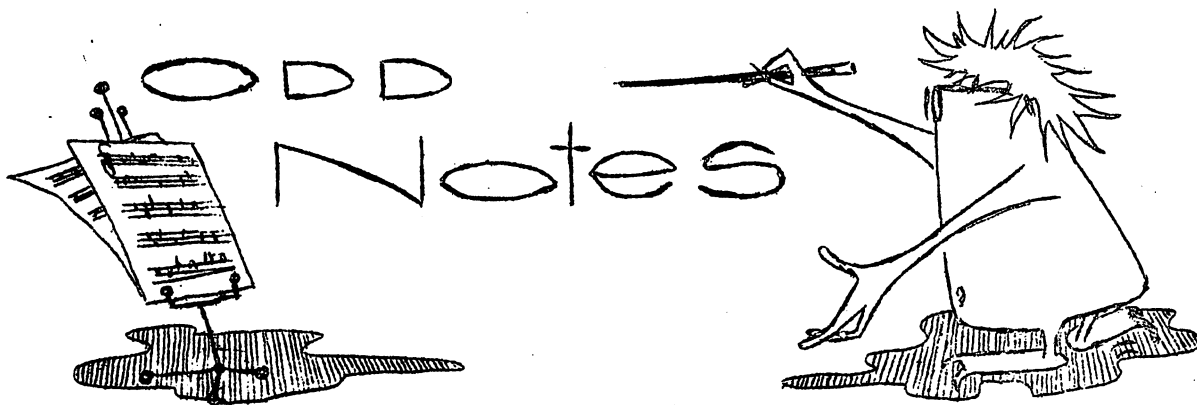


АТОЗ.

но 3





I won't say much about the last mailing here, for I've mentioned some of my thoughts on it in the mailing comments further on in. But it was a lousy mailing, wasn't it. I don't mean the material or magazines that composed the mailing - that was good quality stuff - I'm talking about the lack of magazines in the mailing, I reckon it's probably going to chalk up as one of the most apathetic bundles we've had so far. Surely we can get a greater percentage of members appearing in mailings than that. Ah well.

But enough moaning, a happier subject from here on in. On holiday last month my daughter Heather walked off with a prize in a kiddies fancy dress competition. The organisers said that there'd be two categories. One, the made up costumes of cloth and such, and Two, the 'paper' costume section, this meant those made up from Crepe paper and such. We hadn't really thought much about putting her in for this but my wife Olive thought it'd be fun, and a treat for Heather. I scouted around and managed to get a hold of a couple of sheets of red and yellow crepe paper, also some purple tissue paper. I found a small cardboard box and picked up a piece of baling wire. With these we constructed a costume for Heather. Mostly held together with Collotape. We went to work on it an hour or so before the event. We'd rejected the standard little girl costumes, Fairies, nurses, etc, and Olive wouldn't stand for me covering Heather in green powder and sending her as a Bcm, so we compromised. I made a small cardboard circlet for her head and bound the wire into it to simulate antenna, wrapped all this in yellow crepe with two purple tissue balls of paper at the end of the antenna. Made up a red crepe skirt with jagged edges and cuffs and anklets to match in yellow crepe, then a cloak of red trimmed with a yellow standup collar this with jagged edges too. Heather loved all this, and stood as serious as anything whilst we dressed her. I finished off the costume by making her a small spear bound with crepe, and we put some chunky jewellery on her. I made up her face too. High curving black eyebrows and green eye shadow, and in the middle of her forehead made a cast mark of sorts with lipstick. Finally, on the back of her cloak, on the yellow crepe piece I wrote in lipstick 'The Girl From Outer Space' When finished, the **effect** looked something like one of the Sprague DeCamp type female warriors. As I say, she collected one of the main prizes, and it was a thrill to see her walk round the ballroom in her costume, and as I thought, the 'space' gimmick was the only one of its kind amongst all the other kiddies. We took some photographs of her, but next page. there's a small illo of how she looked. Next year though, I'm going to definately send her up as a genuine Atom bcm ---that's if Olive will let me----

Looking at the illo of Heather, opposite this she looks a little older than she really is, she'll be Two and **half** in September. Though she is pretty big for her age. Also she's very advanced for her age -- well I say this proud father fashion, but I'm inclined to think it's true. Though on the occasions that I've taken her up to the club meetings of the SF club of London she usually clams up and acts shy, then, when we leave she's full of talk and questions all the way home. One of her latest things is she comes up to you peers into your face and asks 'What are you doing?' I know there's nothing unusual in this, but a week or so ago she woke Olive up in the middle of the night, leaning over her cot and asked her 'What are you doing?!... Olive said 'I'm sleeping, and satisfied, Heather went back to sleep. And to cap that, only last night/evening I was under the car with a grease gun and concentrating on getting the grease where it should be when a very oily face pushed its way up my shirt front and asked..."What you doing?"



Pretty light talk all of this, but I haven't got anything serious or Fantopical to go on about. Say though, can any of you Stateside people give me any information with regards to a US comedian called Orson Bean? He's started appearing on a TV show here, and I'm damned if I can make up my mind if he's funny or not --I mean, Is he funny over there? The English audience here during the show usually don't get his brand or line of humour and he practically dies the death each show. Also saw on TV this week the shindig where John Kennedy was voted in as the choice of the (Democrat party?) President candidate. Talk about a three ring circus --balloons, banners, and bands, all inside the hall where the convention delegates were voting. It looked like one of those Aimee McPherson type meetings, only nobody cried out Hallelujah.

One of the main topics at work here this week was the group of people sitting up on top of Mount Blanc waiting for the world to end. It was scheduled to happen at 1.45pm this Wednesday, and at work, as the hour drew nigh people banged around on pieces of steel and gave an ironical cheer as the dreaded moment came and passed. I guess that's the famous British phlegm and stiff upper lip. I haven't heard what happened to the people on Mount Blanc. I could imagine the Leader tearing up his banner and saying..."Oh well, back to the prognostication chart."

I've been getting into trouble with my publishing firm 'Chaucer Press'. She said - Ella Parker - That a couple of the stencils I cut for the last issue were cut too deeply and came out too black, I said I'd noticed this and had come up with the solution, didn't she notice that the rest of the stencils had been ok? I explained to her that after I saw that the typer was cutting too deeply and sometimes taking the centres out of letters I experimented around and finally found out how to avoid all this. I just leave the ribbon in place for typing, and cut through the ribbon. One thing, it certainly keeps the keys free from wax, and the amount of wax that gets stuck on to the ribbon doesn't seem to affect it when I'm typing out on paper afterwards. She also took me to task for composing straight on to stencil, but heck, it seems the only way I can get anything in print, if I type a rough draft out first I look at it and decide that it isn't good enough and the result is nothing ever gets done, with the stencil here in front of me in the machine I've got to keep going or just waste it. So I'm sorry if the readability, sentence construction and all else is up the creek, but better that than no AtoZ, I hope.

Hey hey, Bob Lichtman. I don't know wether I could come up with a comic strip for you, if you sent some Ditto Masters, but, send them and if I can't get a good enough theme, I'll put some ordinary type cartoons or illos on to them for you. I'm not all that gone on comic strips -- atleast not in fmz, I haven't really seen one that I'd ever call all that good, but, now you've got me thinking and heck yes, I'll try.

That is all for this mailing, barring that as I type this in my apartment which is three stories up a face is slowly appearing up over the window sill staring in at me -----I played it cool and just kept typing as the body connected with the face appeared. Without moving I have deduced it all --the outside of the block is being painted and this is one of the painters on his painting cradle. He's just knocked the window... (Byghod this is blow for blow stuff) um, he wanted the window opened as he's painting the outside frame and wanted to do the edges ...I'm still typing away and he's making a helluva job of the painting for I'm sitting next to the window and he's craning his neck just to see what's going on I wonder what his reaction would be if I stepped smartly up to the window said 'drop dead brother' and cut his cradle ropes. Ha, he's going to speak. he looked in and indicating the typer with a nod of the head just said "Typing?" My ghod, what sort of answer can you give to that? I just said yes. Now I'm probably going to hear his whole life story.....

AtoZ number 3. Produced for the 25th Mailing of the Off Trail Magazine Publishers Association. By Arthur Thomson, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London, S.W.2. Published by the 'Chaucer Press' And commented on by a London County Council painter looking in the window (He's still there)

In this issue we have, Odd Notes. A few words on George...and his Fairies. Out of the Envelope, which is, and forever shall be, mailing comments. The third Illo Idea (Thanks again, Bill Evans) And a cartoon bcover to balance up the page count.

GEORGE

and the fairies

Well George I said, did you see any Fairies during your holiday trip to Italy. We were standing in George's forge. George looked well, and he was wearing his snazzy sportshirt that he'd bought for his holiday, a sort of purple and yellow affair with black lines running down it. George contemplated the flames in the forge before answering.

"I didn't actually stop and see any" he said, "But we passed some standing by the road, in Switzerland" "Passed then?" I said. "Yes, we were in the coach" said George. "You mean the whole coach saw them?" I said.

"Oh no, nobody saw them" Said George. "But George.." I started to say. He knew I was going to query his statement, and went on hurriedly.

"I knew they were there as I passed" He poked the forge and turned a few controls on the heat treatment baths. I could see he didn't want me to nail him down, but I asked him "What did they look like? I mean, were they different from our British type Fairies?" This brought his interest back.

"Oh yes, quite different, they dressed funny" "Funny" I queried

"Yes" said George, "They had little hats with feathers in them and they were wearing leather trousers" "Little leather trousers" I said. "Yes" said George. We both contemplated the forge flames for a while both thinking of these different little Fairies that wore hats with feathers in them and little leather trousers.

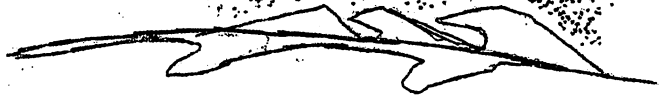
"George" I said, "That's the type of dress people wear in Switzerland" "Well the Fairies were wearing it too" said George. "I suppose that's logical" I said "Do you think that the British Fairies know about the Fairies in Switzerland?" I asked George. "Well they must do" said George "Fairies travel round just like us" "What touring in coaches you mean" I said visions of coach loads of fairies going off to the continent on holiday. "No, you know" George waved his hands "travel around" Anyway he said to sort of clinch the fact in my mind that he had seen fairies, "They know I knew they were there" "They did?" I said "Yes" said George "they waved to me as I passed by". "And what did you do" I asked him. "I waved back to them" he said. "Not actually too then" I said "Cos you said that you only know that they were there you didn't actually see them". "I knew they were there" said George, which meant as far as he was concerned they were there.

"Did you see any Fairies in Italy" I asked George. "No" he said, and then he said "I don't think they have Fairies in Italy" He went on "I just didn't feel that Italy was a place that would have Fairies, the food is awful there too" he said. "I'm going to to back to Norway next year for my holiday" he said (He'd been to Norway several times before) "There's Fairies in Norway" I said, "Oh yes, lots of them" He beamed. "I suppose they wear different clothes to British Fairies too" I said, as I left the forge. "Yes they do" said George, and as an afterthought, "The food is good there too."

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ILLO

IDEA



Illoidea this mailing comes from Bill Evans. He's come up with a Lulu - atleast it is from the angle of getting it down on a stencil. Here's the info' about it. It's from a story of JWCampbell's called 'NIGHT' the scene he wants is where the narrator has landed on Earth in the far future when the Universe has run down -

".....I realised that whatever had happened, I was in a spot indescribably cold and desolate. And in the same instant, realised the sky was black. Blacker than the blackest night, and yet before me the snowfield stretched out to infinity, tainted by the blood-red light, and my shadow crawled in darker red at my feet."

The Sun was about six times its present size, and was blood red, and only a few stars remained in the sky - dim red stars.

As I say, this is a Lulu, mostly because of trying to get a complete 'blackness' for the sky, on a stencil and mineco, but I've tried. Also, trying to achieve a 'snow' effect was a bit tricky. The way I visualised it all was from a position slightly below the mans waist and about ten or so feet away, with the great plain, this would give an effect of distance and loneliness --the figure standing up above the plain, also it would give me a chance to achieve a long 'Shadow' effect for him. I used a shading plate for the snow effect, and did the sky over with a wheel pen, then Corra'd in the stars afterwards. I guess you'd call this an 'effect' drawing because of the absense of line work and all the planes being built up with shading, this is completely different from that last illustration which was mostly all line work.

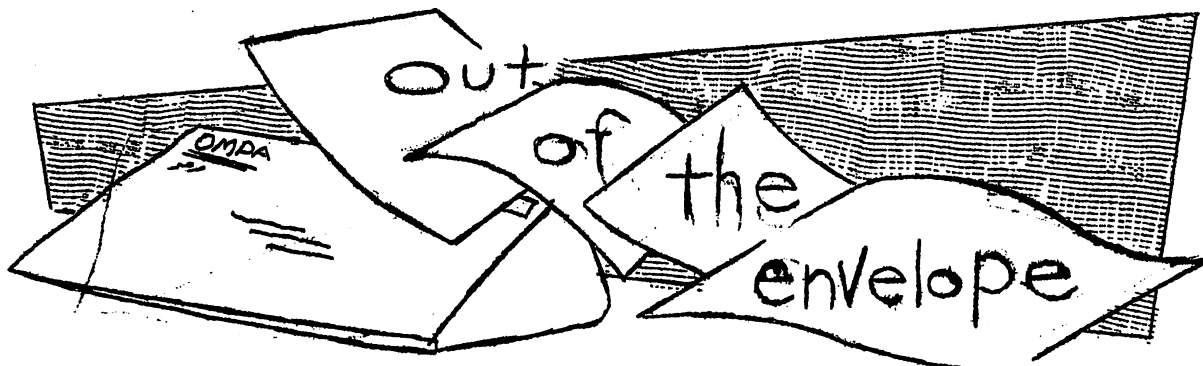
One thing I'd like to point out to people who might not have had much experience with illoing on stencil --don't be frightened of the stencil -- make sure your stylus goes deep and cuts a well defined line, to stop the stencil tearing too much always slant the stylus and press down and draw away from the line you're putting on paper. Most illos that you see in ~~for~~ that are rather faint are because the person doing them hasn't cut deep enough. I'd like to say a few more words on illocutting in the next mailing, if there's any points anyone would like to bring up, I'd be pleased to hear then.

Also, I'd like a few more sugestions for the illoidea..send 'em in, won't you, and don't forget, include a passage from the story or book so I can really work on it, ta. Bill's was the only suggestion I had in that included a paragraph from the story and detailed it enough for me to work on, thanks Bill, and I hope you like the illustration. Next one please.



Arthur





Well, most of you people out there have made my first attempt at commenting on a whole mailing an easy one for me. Easy because of the lack of zines in the last mailing, but disappointing for that too. Well, you know who to point the finger of blame at, all you people out there who just didn't bother to attempt to put even a couple of pages into the mailing, and don't tell me that you had all good excuses for not doing so - I just don't believe it. Anyway.....

OFF TRAILS. Congrats and welcome to our new president, Eric. And as the very first official Taff winner president too. YooHoo to the new editor, I hope that this chore won't prevent Daphne from putting her zine Esprit into the coming four mailings. You'll all have noticed that the Editorship and mailing out has finally moved out of the country - well, Scotland is a different country, isn't it. I finally filled in all the voting check points on the amendments and all, but heck, don't let's have to do it again for a long time or we'll all get so frightened of fouling a point somewhere that we won't put any zines into the mailings incase it's against the rules or something.

A L'ABANDON. Jim Caughran. I liked everything about this, including the two blank pages. It's good too, to see Bill Donaho getting his foot into the door of Ompa, hi bill. One question, from page two, what the heck is a 'Sarobin' Maybe I should know, but I don't. Yes, there is a sort of affinity to that bacover page of the first AtoZ and Bill Rotlsers type of things, in that I have read some of Bills stuff and faunched mightily over it. I know I could never do them the way Bill does, but it is fun to sit at a typer and just have a try, which I'll do again one day.

AMBLE. Archie Mercer. No real comment to make Archie, but you are always interesting to read through and get the Archie slant on things.

GRIST. Ellis Mills. Here's another zine that I can only comment as the above mention of Amble. You are always intersting reading, but no comment-able point to take up this time round.

PARAFANALIA. Bruce Burn. Looking forward to seeing you in Britain when you arrive, Bruce, though in actual fact, I should have met you before you read this. As all you Uas(whoops) Australians walk around upside down to us I look forward to seeing how you adjust to our way of doing it, probably your practice walking the right way up, on the boat coming over.

SATAN'S CHILD. Dot Ratigan. Teched at your first page, on the peculiar habits of the English, so true, so true. So true too, some of your points re: religion, and racial topics.

T A O N T O. Mal Ashworth. And you weren't going to get me to type all that title out. Anyway, it was all fabulous type stuff, but I give Vernon top marks for the most chuckle worthy.

ZOUNDS. Bob Lichtman. No, Bob, Atez isn't really a joint membership now. John has dropped out, I told the people in charge last time round, but the billing hasn't been changed to just my name yet. I like all these little anecdotes about your schooling, more please. I wish also, that I could write as entertaining comments as you. I like you.

S.D. Norm Shorrocks. Nope, Sorry, don't approve of this being offered up as an Orpazine.

ERG. Terry Jeeves. Well now, I thought this'd be the farewell offering of Erg, but here you're saying that the next one will be a bumper issue. I hope so, but I'll bet that marriage will slow down your fanatic for a while

VERT. Ivor Mayne. Ha ha to the Half Baked Heart. It was half baked, but fun. Why though, were your characters shouting at each other all the way through? (I know they weren't, but...)

THE REJECTED CANON. Dilani. Oh your cover looked so much like a Hoffwoman zine.....There's no need to worry about the Communist Empire over running the western world.....So much will have to change in the next fifty sixty years that I doubt you'll be able to tell Capitalism to or from Communism by then anyway. There's a great levelling out going on, on both sides despite some efforts to stop it.

ESPRIT. Daphne Buckmaster. Nice looking cover, was reading recently how, when the statue was discovered by French sailors (It had been hidden under rubbish for years) they broke the arms off when they were clumsily taking it away before the Greek authorities got a hold of it or the sailors for taking it away ---they were ofcourse taking it away to France, not just because they were French sailors...I mean, like y'know. I always thought that it had been originally dug up without the arms, but it wasn't so. I wish, I wish, I wish I could do mailing comments as well and as readably interesting as you do.

JD - A. Lynn Hickman. A beautiful publication, as always. The illos are superbly reproduced. What are you going to put in Ompa now that you're making JD a generalzine?

MAILING COMMENTS. Dick Ellington. I see that you explained to Sandy about the cockroach menace in New York. I doubt though that Sandy will be troubled with them when he gets to New York ---Why, they'd never dare attack an English Gentleman. (surely?) My goodness, on the American Red Cross being like it is - gravy and honour grabbing.

That seems to be the lot for that mailing, good what there was, but not enough of it.

