

"AH, I THINK MY HOUSE IS
SOMEWHAT DISARRANGED."



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3



"AS A MATTER OF
FACT, OMPA MINIMUM
ACTIVITY DOESN'T
BOTHER ME A BIT."



THIS IS
ENVOY 3.

published by
Ken M P Chenlin, of
18, New Farm Road,
Stourbridge,
Worcestershire,
ENGLAND.

to be circulated
throughout OMPA with the
30th Mailing

&
TO OMPA waiting listers
&
a few um, ex-friends.
(well, they soon will be
ex I guess).

With a Peculiar Arrangement
by which I publish the odd number
ENVOYS (it figures) and
DICK SCHULTZ publishes the
even numbers.

The cover was drawn to
my specifications by
HARRY DOUTHWAITE
and put on stencil by Dick.

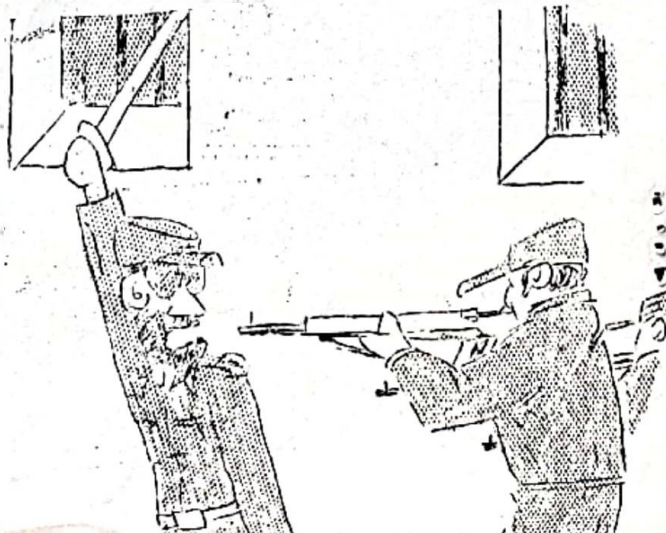
The Ethel 4 TAFF illos
are entirely Dicks' work, while
those on this page are cut by
Dick from suggestion made by me.

If any non-OMPans who get
this would care to count this as
a trade, such an arrangement is
highly acceptable.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE
IS THE BRITISH CONSUL



you and you fuggheaded
'Give me Liberty or Give
me Death'



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AND

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I was sorting out some old papers a few days ago when I came across some writings dating back to my service days. Y8see, I had a phase back then of writing, S/F, modern War, WWII, and like just about everything...not only did this keep me amused and happy for many a long hour on watch, but it also provided a method of release, letting off steam by writing my fellows into the stories, in a fair or foul character according to my inclination, and it provided my mates with many a harmless chuckle. For instance, look at this typical list of characters, and their functions. As drawn up by me sometime back in '54 or '55 or so.

Lt/Com Burch, TC. OGC (Hero) o/c Terran colony (Winston Camp) on Vega VII. Brian Birch was in my favour just then you see, so he got to be a hero.

Prof Jean Ingram. Phd., Bhb. (Lady, heroine) OC Biology. Tommy Ingram, a good bloke...so he is "she" and heroine, for laughs.

Hamish McHirons (villain) multi-millionaire. owns mines. ruthless exploiter of natives. (I was fed up with Hirons at the time...so.)

Ogok-onefii M-oane, Chief of Kongawonga tribe. About to bump off Terrans because of Hamish McHirons' nefarious activities...OM has a subtle new method of carrying out his bump-off plan.

O M-oane...alias Sgt., Frank Moane, Irish, of Air Traffic, my immediate superior...is any other reason for including him in the story really necessary? (known to the lads as "Old Moan").

You see how it was? and of course I used to write lots of the darn things...Lots of S/F adventure, a "Wooden Horse" one, a wonderful lurid thing called, descriptively enough, "Hell is green, & full of Japs", ar' it was great fun. (that story was supposed to be a sort of parody of Flynn types everywhere.). Lulu Lewis, Lt Murton, and all the others either as rouges or heroes, everyone of them at some time got written into one of my stories.

Haw, haw, haw...jest came across a story of happy, mad, memories...Gentlemen!, I give you....FORT GOON!!!!.

Oh Bhoy, that was a scream. Dirty Dog Murton, Major in the 5th (or 7th?) Cavalry, boulder and all that....Anne Stanford...the girl heroine...laugh, was F/L Stanford, a good type, a Tower officer. Some poor bloke, Ah, Leigh, is disguised as Barry E Lee, fearless frontiersman, (I got a nice spot of burning at the stake lined up for him...I intended to kill the hero and let the villain, er, do his worst on the fair damsel, weel, it makes a change. Not that it did him any good, I arranged for Tommy Ingram, (as Col. Ingram, i/c Court Martial) to knock off Murton in a gun-fight outside the jail).

Actually, when I come to read that, above, and look at the original stories, or parts of stories, I see that there doesn't seem to be much there...for all the memories they evoke...twas ever so, I guess.

At one time too me and another bloke got down and planned a round-the-world trip by jeep, we guessed, optimistically perhaps, that we could do it on £400 and a jeep....but he went off to Jurby or somewhere on the Isle of Man to get a commission in the RAF Regiment, and I never saw or heard of him again...sigh.

Curious, isn't it, I mean;- that most ex-service types tend to remember the good things rather than the bad. (I'm merely making a sort of generalisation, there's no need for you to jump on me and tell me of how the service bods who did the hard fighting, or got taken prisoner, remember the bad times...) Another curious thing I've noticed, most of the ex-service types favour the compulsory call-up...its civvies who go on about how horrible it is in the forces, personally I'd say keep the call-up, if you have too many soldiers, then let them do their NS on the

railways, or the land, or in the mines... or some vital type industries, then a strike would be a mutiny and you could shoot 'em all legal like.

Seriously tho', Nationalised industry suffers from one major drawback, 2 if you count the Civil Service. And that is the fact that most people in this country reckon its OK to sponge off the Government. (like tax evasion). The employees of nationalised industries have an attitude to waste and a disrespect for property, which they fondly imagine, in the popular phrase "the Government pays for it, so why worry"... it is not possible to drive it through their thick heads that they are robbing themselves.

Possibly the fact that "Government" seems so impersonal, so unconnected with themselves, a thing apart, plays a large part in their developing irresponsible habits. A private firm, and the idea of a sort of an individual vengeance for slacking or misusing equipment is much nearer the front of their minds... the hard, careful workers I would say are only partly those who have what, for want of a better phrase, I will call a social conscience... the majority are kept to the "straight and narrow" almost entirely by fear. Fear in many forms, social stigma, being sacked, (which includes the fear of failing the family) even a fear of being unreasonable tho' it may appear (this is the most unrecognised, consciously, but prevalent fear in human society) of being struck by the employer or his representative... this fear, unreasonable tho' it is, is I think a remnant of prehistoric life, when if two "people" met, a thump was as likely as anything else. Or even within the clan... much as the "pecking order" in the Great Apes today, (you a-listening ERB?).

Not really definitely connected with the above, but in a way linked with it, is this nattering (if you'll pardon a harmless expression) about timebinding and how fans seem to have this knack of thinking in larger terms than just a few years or a lifetime.

Apart from the jokes like, "Gee, Granny, it must have been awful for you to have all those nasty Vikings always chasing you... did you ever get caught" and in that vein.

I never really realised, not really realised, that very few people can imagine more than a few years ahead and back. I read in some book or other an item which said that one of the things which differentiates Man from the rest of the animal kingdom is his far greater capacity for planning for the future, (animals with instincts not counting as planners)... the ability to imagine a situation that is not yet in existence, and to conclude from observations of the present situation the general outline of a time yet to be... a time sense I guess it could be called.

It figures then, if an appreciation of time or dimensions, is a thing that gives advantage, raises the sencer in the evolutionary chart a few points... an intensification, or development, of this time sense is as good as saying you go up a step or two, on the said chart. (where the heck am I off to now?).

So, it also figures that in time to come the "slobs" of that day will be equal to the pride of to-days fandom... which means, 1, that the fandom of that day will be all slobs, 2. S/F of that day will cater for the then lowest orders, or... the fandom & S/F, if they survive, of that far day will be considerable different, in degree if not in kind, from to-days. Being, still consisting of, the top 30% IQ range even in the far future... a society with an "average" IQ of 120, hmmm... with the now average of 80, the top 1% being 160, (occasionally plus)... that means a difference of 100%. So, the 120 IQ average means a top 1% at 240... and the IQ of the average fan... about 180... not bad.

Shades of Kinball Kinnison, where have I got to, merely from the word "timebinding"? Who invented the word anyway?

In fact, with, in the past, all this talk of Slans, imagination, sensitive fannish faces, (blue halo?) broad mental horizons, etc., and now this new quality of timebinding being recognised... well, I guess Earl Kemp, or some brave fan, should send out a new sort of poll. Not an egoboo poll, or Why is a Fan? thing.. no, the obvious thing to do now is to compile and send out a WHAT is a Fan? poll. (and submit the results to some iron nerved psychologists for analysis?).

(Ar' and we'll get Bobbie Gray & Bill to draw up an astrological star map for everyone too, while we're at it... and Atom will be commissioned to make sketches of each type of fan face, (bumps?), and Willis will be engaged to translate the Psychologists language into Irish..)

WRENS NEST and THE SEVEN SISTERS.

possibly no-one will ever have heard of these, (tho' it may be that Jimmy Groves has), all they are, are a quarry and a series of man-made caves.

Wrens Nest is about two miles out on the Wolverhampton side of Dudley, and is a series of limestone quarries surrounded by a little woodland and dignified with the title of Nature Preserve.

However, the most interesting part of its "nature" has been dead for the last 350,000,000, years or so. These limestone quarries are absolutely crawling (huh?) in small fossils. Things like the sea shell (Shell oil sign) only the maximum we found was only an inch across, things that look like black macaroni, only made up of rings, (I'd draw you an illo or two but I'm not very good at it) things that look like the great-granddaddy of ordinary woodlice, a strange Y shaped thing, never longer than 1 inch, various odd lumps and things which are obviously not limestone but not identifiable (at least, I can't tell what they are)..and all sorts of strange rocks, and petrified coral too.

We started out on Sunday afternoon, Tony first depositing Daphne and Daughter Stacy at some unsuspecting friend's house, and soon enough arrived on the scene of Operations...equipped with one small steel chisle, a piece of cloth to wrap "specimens" in, and enthusiastically followed by Tonys' miniture, white, female poodle, Tina.

Well, we scrambled up slopes that were wet and slippery, and about 75 feet long and 70 feet high, or thereabouts, the actual quarry face has been half covered, probably due to the limestones natural inclination to crack and fall at the slightest excuse. The face then is half debris and half sheer limestone cliff, in all about 150 feet high.

We scrambled up to the top of the debris but we didn't try the cliff, the limestone came away too easily, we contented ourselves with first carving ourselves footholds at the top of the debris and then we tried to chip a few fossils out, (there were plenty at the foot of the debris slope...but, well, we wanted to climb to the top anyway). The cliff was sloped at an angle which varied between 85 and 90 degrees, and the actual material was in layers of (usually) half an inch thick, which came away pretty easily, so easily in fact that the poor dog was swept to the bottom of the hill in one landslide, and wouldn't come up again after that...she was quite happy sniffing around down below tho', apart from having to dodge a rock now and again which one of us had dislodged too enthusiastically....three hundred and fifty million years. And we chipped in a few minutes what had taken hundreds, or thousands of years to be laid down.

Having charged up several slopes, pushed through undergrowth and brambles, heaved monstrous rocks over (we could never have carried them away either) looking for Dinosaur Eggs, (no, we didn't really expect to find any...the place had been 25 fathoms under water when the limestone had been laid down) and gathering several small specimens, we felt pretty well satisfied with ourselves... (there's nothing like having a matter standing in crumbly footholds on top of a pile of limestone, with the chink of a chisel in your ears...while sucking a thumb you've just cut tugging at a bit of stubborn rock....you try it sometime...its eminently satisfactory). so we gathered our spoils and drove off another half a mile or so, until we came within walking distance, (1/2 mile) of the man-made Seven Sisters Caverns.

The Seven Sisters are the seven cave openings leading into the first gallery of an old lime workings, the Earl of Dudleys' forebears wanted it for something to do with steel making, (the family owned at least one large steel plant...they're not exactly poor even now, but they had to part with their steel interests when steel became nationalised under Labour) anyway, it was the Dudleys who had the Seven Sisters dug.

Each of the Sisters is easily 50ft high by 45ft wide, at the very least, and inside they all like linked up into a large cave about 300 yards long and from 60 to 80 feet high. This was only the first cave however, we could just about make out the next two levels, I've no idea how deep it is altogether, but a stone took 2 seconds to reach the floor of gallery 2, and 3 and a bit seconds to reach gallery 3, we couldn't throw far enough to reach deeper. They must be pretty deep and extensive tho', at least one person has got lost in them, (they've sealed the most dangerous caves, and a tunnel from somewhere deep in Seven Sisters runs the two miles or so to the Bear Pit in Dudley Zoo, (In the grounds of the old Dudley Castle...which is in very bad shape, I don't think any of the Dudleys live there now). Perhaps I can draw a very simple diagram of the first part of the Seven Sisters, that is, the part I saw.

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Entrances

one

two

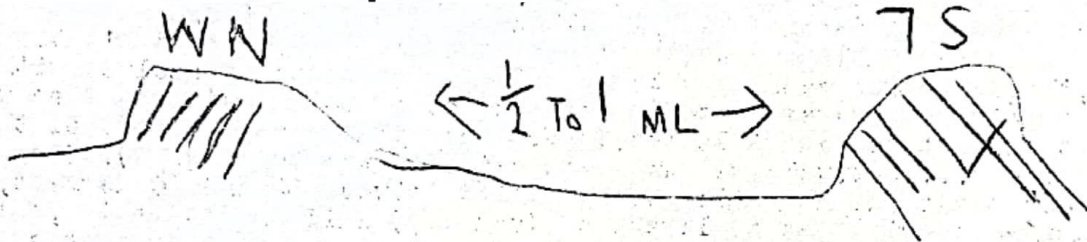
three

"Level 7" ???

I think that the house is larger than it should be to scale.

SEVEN
SISTERS

The outcrop is actually more like 65 to 70 degrees, and, tho' I couldn't swear to it and I haven't consulted a map it seems to me that it slopes towards Wrens Nest. Thus.



Something like that...so perhaps they 1. got shoved up from underneath, 2. a meteorite exploded there, in the middle, sometime in the last 2 or 3 hundred million years, or, 3. they were snapped by folding, or because the two limestone region subsided but the middle didn't, thus they still point to each other....the folding of the Earths crust is about the likeliest.

Anyway, it is possible to explore lower than the first cave without any equipment, but you have to be very nimble, and don't mind taking a chance. At one time of course the whole thing must have been equiped with wooden steps and ladders, handrails, working platforms, winches, pulleys, trolleys etc., (something like a Dwarf Cave in the middle of a weapon making session...lurid lights, hurry, hurry, clang and squeak, splash, voices, wooden boards, footstep resounders, maybe blasting down below..black powder?..and all the time the sound of shovels and picks..mebbe pit-ponys too, hoofs scraping, clattering, snorting).

Please hum three choruses of "Hall of the Mountain Kings".

With good equipment, and a dozen decent pot-holers, the exploration of the caves shouldn't prove too difficult...apart from the danger of rock falls...specially if they are carefull to mark their route....and seeing that the Seven Sisters is man-made there is a possibility that there exists a map or two...somewhere.

Tony and I spent another hour there, and some time near the place where the dangerous caves had been blown in...its very difficult to judge the size of the various formations, for instance, there was a great rock broken off in the explosion which was as big as 8 double decked busses, easily, but lying at the foot of the quarry cliff (this still at Seven Sisters) it looked as if you could pick it up in your hand...and the cliff itself looked 10 instead of over 1000 yards away.

Inside the Seven Sisters we had something to go by, there were half a dozen people there...reminded me somewhat of a cathedral...high roofed, echo, quiet. Strange echo too, nothing like any I've heard before, seemed to be very short echo for such a big place...maybe the rocks are soft enough to absorb sound. Hmm, its just occured to me, I bet there must be thousands of bats living in Seven Sisters, probably in the dark inner caves though, I didn't notice any in cave 1, though we made plenty of noise and threw a good many rocks down into 2 and 3... (merely to measure the depth of course).....Yup, must go again sometime.

COMMENTS

ON
THE

29th

MAILING

OFF TRAILS Sept. '61.

To be quite honest I'm rather scared to say anything about the contents of this OT, mainly because as I'm new to OMPA I'm not wanting to put my oar in until I have some idea just what's going on ... what everyone is talking about, why, how, who, when, where..etc.,

However, (to ingratiate myself with the President), (and, I confess, because changes-of-address-not-notified annoys me), I will venture to opine that there is no-one to blame if an OMPA bundle goes astray, (under these conditions) but the bloke who just didn't tell the AE he was moving. Therefore OMPA has no obligation to attempt to replace the strayed bundle.

Ron Bennett....what is this surplus stock?. You mean OMPA zines of past mailings, in possession of OMPA, to raise money for the APA?.

Unsolicited observations on the OMPA Constitution.

I personally approve of OMPA having, that is, being open, to US fans. For two, (or more), reasons. 1. We couldn't get 45 UK OMPAs anyway, there just aren't enough interested fans..if there were they would be on the w1. 2. Supposing we could get 45 UK OMPAs...we should lose a number of valuable APAs. 3. The fact that both UK and US fans are OMPA members provides a certain stimulation which would certainly be lacking in an all British APA, and perhaps then OMPA would tend to drift too ingroup. Too provincial?.

HUNGRY 4 Rispin.

Hi Al. Passing, with a shudder, over your writhings re Irlam & the 'horrible flatbed I come to the Sandfield off Jazz item.

While I'm not an out and out Jazz fan I do appreciate some of the music that comes under that heading...and, although the comparison Sanderfield does between Jazz and S/F history is rather interesting, I can't help feeling that Jazz is not the only, er... hobby, field...that could be compared to S/F. Practically any hobby or interest (or even 'fad') which had a difficult start and which is now approaching, or has approached, respectability could be compared.

I have a strange feeling, a horrible premonition perhaps, that even R&R could, sometime in the future, be compared to the rise of S/F....perhaps, to some extent, Impressionistic painting could be compared...in some ways the history of the Western or the Crime story is similar to S/F, in that they graduated, (some of them at least) from illwritten, "looked on with scorn & horror" tales, until today they have a large, permanent, readership...and even, I believe, Fan Clubs!

A DAY WITH THE BEATS...was amusing...I wouldn't mind having a few of those Japanese prints...Japanese art, the delicacy of its composition, the clean looking lines of the subject matter, and perhaps just a plain fascination in the Orientalism of them...they appeal to me immensely. As does all of the stories I've read, Japanese & Chinese, mainly in the Penguin lists.

I hope most of this was fiction...I hope.

Archie, I liked too, I sadly declined using it because I was of the opinion that it was a little too long for Spinge, tho' to cut any out would probably interfere with the flow of the narrative.

Jim seems to have found his forte in fanzine reviews, there is no doubt that he does a good job on them. His personal opinions on the various items, aside from the "straight" reviewing, adds lustre and..life.

All in all not a bad issue at all, Al.

ZOUNDS! 5. Bob Lichtman

your four poems reminded me that I've been, for months now, to remember the rhythms(?) of the HIAWATHA saga which I onetime had to learn at school. Why did your poems remind me? God knows.

"In a sub-urb, north of London,
lives a fan-squaw, rich in wisdom,
and her name is Ella Parka." ah...well, you see, its about there that I forget the way it .. swings. sigh.

Your answers to the WIAF poll were interesting....and also tempting...that is, loving to talk about myself (if I show up in a good light) I could hardly resist stenciling 4/5 pages with my own answers to the poll (not that I got the poll you understand...but from your reprinting them in this item)...I WILL resist tho', this time, even from exclamations and wordy nods and "tut, tuts".

Library...I hate to part with any written material, (pb, hc, zine) ones I've bought it...I even had a struggle parting with duplicates of prozines, finally forced to tho' to make room. Even very poor books, (I luckily buy few poor books) I have a hard time wrenching myself free from...the printed word has dug itself an almost holy niche of respect in my mind. I am furious when I find a mistreated book, y'know, corners turned over, stains, rips, stickybookmarks, and so on.

Comments on your listing of books, and a comparable selection of my own, I will not at this time attempt to make. It would take too long and should really be an item in itself rather than part of a mailing comment.

Your Fan Poll....

1. If you were offered a life-time income of 1000 tax free dollars per month, with no strings attached, would you accept? If so, would you continue to engage in any activity to benefit "society". If not, Why not?

I would surely accept the \$1000 a month, (about £400). After all I could then do so many things that I can't do now because, 1. I haven't the time, 2, the money.

"continue" ?. and "benefit"?. I think the most likely course I would take would, 1. buy a house, 2. build up a credit with booksellers, 3. go see some, all, of my fan mates. 4. if I found myself feeling, somehow, bored after all this...or, just to give an instance...wanting to do a bit for "society" I'd join the local Liberal party and help them to create, or continue with, a local Liberal zine.

Why in that order?. I'd like to secure myself first, and to get all the things I'd like to have, like a fine library. Then, because the Liberals seem to be the most...er, pliable, elastic...least dogmatic party, I'd join them in an effort, perhaps only a small influence I'd be, to strengthen and develop a better type of government. Or rather, a government with a national conscience, a "country first" instead of a "party first" government.

2. In the event of a nuclear war, where, if you survived, life would be extremely uncomfortable, would you want to be a survivor?. Why; in either case?.

I would prefer to survive.

Why?. a variety of reasons, some undoubtedly unconscious. I'd be alive for one thing. Where there's life there's hope for the future, however difficult thing may be. And I'd rather that I and people of my opinions survive rather than the instigator types.

Its difficult to make a detailed reply to this question unless you would like to give more suppositions...like, the number of survivors, the amount of radiation still existing, the areas of the worst damage, the victory if any.

From your question I would assume that, although few people are left, the radiation danger is not intense except around the actual ground zero, both of the, or all of the, contestants have suffered at least the same damage.

For my part I would like to take over some island of suitable size, like Anglesea, Whight, Man, and make that the base of operations. It seems very likely that many of the survivors would become savages within a few generations, and an island stronghold, in the sense of learning and military strength, would be a must for any would-be

re-builders. This assumes of course that there are enough people left who want to re-build, are capable and willing to re-build.

Your question says "a survivor" implying that there would be more than myself left.

Finding enough people to make a stronghold I still think it would be a good idea to find an island retreat, even if we were to number only a dozen, there is always the future to think of.

As I said before, more details from you before any sound plan of action could be proposed.

3. OMPA/SAPG... I'm only in OMPA so I can't compare.

PARAFANALIA 3 Bruce Burn

Hi Bruce. I was interested to see the script for the LXicon playlet here...and I greatly enjoyed the installment of your Wandering Chu, your voyage to the UK. Sadly, I can't think what to say about either. For all the shortness of this comment, I did enjoy it, thanks.

MORPH 24 John Roles

So that's where I've heard the name Peake before, in that "Sometime, Never". Haven't read any of his other stuff at all, as all the reviews I've read have put me off, making them sound rather...well, gothic, intense, or something like that.

There was, (and may still be for all I know) a flourishing trade in "relics" from the earliest time in the Christian church. And things like 5 different churches with the same saint's skull or, a foot or two of the "true" cross were quite common...probably more than half the churches still cherish some fake relic to this day..they must do, no-one to my knowledge has ever bothered to try to sort things out.

Paul, St., Paul was just about the worst "convert" the Christian church ever made...even in the very first years after the crucifixion he and Peter, and other disciples were at loggerheads, and it didn't take many years for hundreds of offshoots to form, each interpreting in its own manner the garbled teachings of the Christ.

Of course, after Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, things went from bad to worse.

If you're interested you should read some of Vardis Fishers books, they give you an horribly accurate idea of the situation in the christian world of about 1200, the fear and misery, and the oppression and hypocrisy.

I wish I knew more about the Arab world of that time, it's a wonder to me, (going only by the facts of the barbaric Christian "civilisation") why they never conquered all Europe. Perhaps they were too busy in the East, warding off the Mongols and suchlike...it's a pity that the Arabs were between Europe and the East...a conquest by the hordes would have cleaned up Christendom.

I was reading quite recently a fact (it said fact) item in which it said that Joan of Arc didn't get burnt to death, a fanatic took her place at the last moment, and that until her death years after she was a constant source of embarrassment to the Church and the French Crown....oh, it also reported her as being married.

SCOTTISH 25 our Ethel.

Thanks for more Willis on the earlier fen, (does that sound right?) I mean, I like to read of the old times and the people who were around then (these still are I know), a sort of historical interest...

and Mad hie Varley. I've no doubt that he/she/it will think up some suitably awful ending, (mayhap it is.....B O !!!!!).

Tut, tut. Ethel, you are far too kind hearted, I distinctly remember urging that a record player, rather than a mere record, should be smashed over his head.

As Ethel, (YOU) say, Roy Tackett, you should indeed write something about your life in the forces..surely in 18 years there must be many an incident of interest to Dyna readers...and readers of the zines you could write pieces for..like Scottish.

The connection between some sort of neurosis and the ability or urge to write, brought up by Brian Aldiss, is very interesting, does anyone else have any information about this?

Keep on nattering about nursing and you Ethel, tis good.

MORE PAY FOR THE MEDICS!!!

AMBLE 7 Archie Mercer

I prefer, in most cases, the Jazz tune to the song. The same idea, (this is a little off the t'rails), that is, the words get to become associated with the music to the detriment of the music, can be seen in many quarters besides Jazz...to even more ill effect. I'm thinking of the TV adverts that swipe bits of Classical or other decent music and use them in such a way that whenever you hear that particular piece again, played serious, those damn silly words keep on intruding...And the same goes for the Pop songs whose music is also pinched from other, decent, sources.... "Stranger in Paradise", "Carmen Jones"...and worse.

Look at it this way Archie, (regretable tho' it may be), if you were to go around using words in the epicene class, like, as you say, 'siblings' the only impression you create is one of alarmed surprise.

The normal adult Britisher (I think I read somewhere) has a vocabulary of about 4,000 words...of which I suspect he/she uses only about half in his everyday life. The normal person, the average person does not seek to extend his vocabulary, he can say all he wants with merely rearranging his own smaller store, the person who comes out with words of 3 syllables or more is looked upon as "egghead" or something like that.... In OMPA, if people don't use a larger vocabulary (mostly they do) it is because, I suppose, they have gotten so used to hearing simpler, less exactly expressed, words and phrases, and sort of slip into a habit. I seldom have occasion to use a large vocabulary in everyday speech, few would understand me if I did.

Your comments on Renault and your reference to "despite the fact that she has not managed to eliminate entirely the supernatural element"...would you be referring to Theseus' talent of detecting volcanic eruptions some time before they occur?

If so then I submit that this talent of his is allowable, in that of recent years some people have been known to possess to some extent a talent of premonition. And as Theseus and his forebears lived in a region where volcanic activity was fairly common they could possibly have developed an ability to unconsciously detect the first signs of the forthcoming eruption. After all, just because only one person in several thousand can detect the whistle of a bat there is no need to suppose that no-one can detect it...I submit that Theseus' talent would come into this category.

THE RING GIVERS is a version of Beowulf, written in much the same way as Renault wrote THE KING MUST DIE. I'd recommend it.

OPHIDIAN vol.1.no.1 Hansen.

Interesting but I can't think of anything much to comment on. Pipe smoker eh?...welcome to the fold. I smoke a pipe myself. Actually I started smoking a pipe because, (I worked this out some time ago) I read so many stories where the staunch British, stiff-upper-lip English sahib-hero smoked a pipe, (gripped in his pearly white, firm teeth was a stinking briar, with which he parried the blows of the fanatical tribesmen as he struck them down with his clubbed rifle) and, hum, so in imitation of such heroic figures I took up pipe smoking....by the time I'd grown up a little, and figured out why I was a pipe smoker, I'd become so accustomed to it that I felt naked without it. "A pipe, a book...etc".

While I was in the RAF, (a princely sum I drew) I took up cigar smoking too...I used to go off to the local township of a weekend and buy half-a-dozen cigars, some tobacco, lots of 2nd hand S/F from the market, ((alas I was not collecting then...the bargains I parted with!)) and spend the rest of the weekend, (when not on duty) smoking and reading in my..bunk.

I have only 6 cats now.

THE WALL Groves

Hey, this is mad...you finish, or fied, er..you got out of that one cunningly...most amusing...who's the next on the list?
Bravo Jimmy.

JETSTREAM 2

Hi Jhim. The thing I liked best was that Mackie the Knife thing...as for Alamo reminiscences...well I doubt that anyone but the peasantry will think that the film was an altogether accurate account of what really happened. Another instance to illustrate that, "there just aint no justice"...after all Texas was a Mexican province,

and Huston and his fellows were rebels and Fifth Columnists, in a manner of speaking...since they had entered Texas as civilians and were under the authority of Mexico.

I've heard that the siege could have been lifted, or at least interfered with by a Texan commander some miles away, but he was a man who just couldn't make a decision and while he was wavering the Alamo fell.

Huston made use of the respite the Alamo gave him.

Not a bad zine Jhim... somewhat different from those old 52nd Streets that I've seen, in theme and appearance.

WALDO 3 Eric Bentcliffe.

The 13th Greep illo is nice, so is the p.15 one.

very nice.

The account of your holiday makes me want to visit San Remo too...talking about boats (heh, heh...I am) did you see the BEC programme about Aug. 16th or so...all about these twin hull jobs...very interesting it was, if I had the money & inclination to go boating I'd have one of these twin-hulls...even I couldn't capsize one of them...and they look terrific...streamlined and futuristic and all that.

I haven't got WHY IS A FAN...got into OMPA too late it seems, or something like that...I'd have liked to see a British equivalent to WIAF (Ho, Ghod!). WAIF! anyway, why doesn't somebody in the UK do the same.

After all, most of the questions you could borrow from WAIF and add any which seems to be suitable for UK consumption (or something)...a few hundred flyers with VECTOR and the fanzines like Orion with a large UK circulation.

I'm not an only child...I'm 3rd in a family of 4...(cough) but of course, I was oppressed, suppressed, ego mashed...etc. (Cookoo Children)... ('ware, Slane at large...). (You're driving me crazy...?).

Hek Belov....funny?.

Aye, forsooth they mathty, THE RING GIVERS is good.

Geoff Doherty...I don't know what to say, (it was good of him to come across with the article), except maybe, to one of his points, some S/F shouldn't be shown to 16 year olds, any more than some mainstream should.

As GD will find out if he's around fandom for long, fans can tell the bad from the good, most times...but we have more or less to take what we can get. A s/f Prozone, I suppose, would wish to secure as many readers as possible...so, they print stories with, (as they suppose) broader appeal.

I wouldn't like to call S/F "popular fiction" myself...depends on what GD is comparing with.

CONVERSATION 13 Lynn Hickman.

Nice covers but the back one was rather revolting and "sick" like.

Yah, British culture is just as decadent as US & Canadian, so there, I.

Unfortunately it's true. How else would Germany (and Europe in general) be so much more efficient...like Germany, umpteen thousand ton cable layer, for the States...built in 3 months...where productivity has increased by 150% while ours has increased by 50%...strikes practically unknown...and certainly not for the trivial reasons UK unions strike. A bloke I know went over to Germany to have a look around the factories...he found practically no grumbling, a devotion-loyalty to the firm, a proud, uniformed labour force, which altogether frightened him. (as it has done most other non-Germans who've been there). He said something like "machinemen working the machines give one the awful feeling that they are Machinemen."

The trouble is that we've had it too soft, too high a living standard with too little work to get it. Everybody goes around shouting about their "rights"...stupid shower, they'll shout about the downtrodden masses and "rights" and all that if the Russians ever get control without an atom war...if they try to go on strike they'd get shot...which, personally, when I'm irritated, I think is a fine practice and should be introduced here.

Can you see K & K pushing the fatal button, and crying to their men as they do so, "We did our very best".

I figure the only way to survive the next war (if it happens) is to be a big noise politician or a high Brass...that way you get a seat in the dugout....all us poor b.....s will get left out on top to take everything.

No sensible person thinks that, in the event of a Russian atom attack, the civilian population would be warned, at least, not in Britain. For with only 4 minutes to go, and because of the panic which would block the roads, it isn't really worth while to warn anyone except the counter-offensive boys, and the top brass who have shelters handy. Book extracts...ughrrruu...bye.

This Erg cannot really be compared to anything else in this OMPA mailing. It is, needless to say, superb, in drawings and writings. I will admit the possibility that my own interest in satellites and suchlike may have biased me in favour of it...but I doubt it. This is the best, most complete, clearest and possibly only zine devoted to the serious aspects of the satellites that I have ever seen or heard of, in fandom. Again, in a word, SUPERB.

I doubt however, Terry, that anyone who gets this Erg is of the type you describe in para. 3 of the Ergatorial. Those who believe that anything "un-natural" (if God mean't us to fly he'd have supplied us with wings) is sinful and all that rot, seldom, if ever, manage to get so far into fandom as to get fanzines. People who hold that progress (in itself) is bad are in my opinion deranged.

That is not to say that I personally approve of the use to which many could-have-been-benificial discoveries have been put. Rockets, for one thing, Atomics for another.

I look at it this way, if there is, (as now) the chance that the Earth may be made untenable, then lets hurry up and get some transport to take some of us, at least, elsewhere. Not that I want an atom war, but I'd like to think that somebody will get away, and learn a lesson.

Besides, if we expand enough, the chances of EVERYBODY getting knocked off are less...and maybe everybody will be so busy spaceing that they wont bother to fight down here at all. Let the Ruskies and the Americans, and whoever else wants to, (UK, France etc.,) knock each other about in space, or on some lifeless planet, but get the heck out of here.

Van Allen belts.

In my opinion there are 3 reasons why the Russians, in achievement, are ahead of the rest of the world.

1. They have a Communist State. This means they can safely ignore the people whereas the West has to tread rather more carefully, and pays more attention to vote catching than to real planning and effort.

If the Russians want money for a project, they take it. If we want it, there's sure to be a loud yell from the opposition (US or UK) and cries of "spare the poor tax payers". a reprehensible and a very dangerous policy.

If we don't pull our socks up we'll be giving the Russians the whole darn Solar System...and in the end we'll be absorbed. For we have only so much living space...the Russians will have many times more, plus minerals and out-of-reach bases. In fact I'd go so far as to say that if we don't get out into space soon all this will happen, and the first starman will perhaps be from England, in the Soviet Solar System the United Soviet Planets...or like that.

A pox on all do-nothings, and ditherers, and selfish vote collectors.

I quibble about "amazed the western world" I'd say, surprised S/F types and others of the same type (tho' not S/Fers) and caused consternation and recrimination amongst the brass...and AMAZED only the poor fools, the majority, who had swallowed too much of the western "wishful thinking" propaganda.

So far, up until the Titov flight that is, (and, it is possible even here) the main effect of the Soviet successes has been a political one...an increased respect, and fear, of the Soviets, and an alarming drop in confidence in the Western nations, especially the US.

The fact that the US blew its trumpet before it launched its first satellite, and the fact that that satellite failed miserably, did nothing at all to lessen the Russian effect. It seems that the States are beginning to wise up now, cut down the publicity until they have something to crow about.

The political, as I've suggested, angle was the most important one until recently. Now (I sincerely hope) the West has recognised that the strategic importance of spaceflight far outweighs the, by comparison, trifling political importance.

The most ticklish years are now, and the next 20 years, for in this time the Moon will have been landed upon, and probably at least one base set up. We must have a foothold on the Moon if we are to be an influential factor in mankind's future history...if we do not AT LEAST have the same degree of control over space as the Russians, we are done for...sooner or later, but definitely done for.

Thanks Terry. - 10 -

Hello again Terry, I got carried away, the other two reasons for the Russian space supremacy are;-

2. They have a different approach from the Americans in satellite design and rocket design.

The Americans try to get every piece of equipment working at peak performance, with a minimum of duplication in safety factors.

On the other hand the Russians build large rockets, containing the unsure mechanisms duplicated 2 or 3 times. This makes for extra weight of course, but also for better chances of getting it up. Wasteful, but they can afford it.

3. The Russians DO have their failures. BUT! they have them very quietly. If a US rocket prangs there is a news splash, the Russians don't say anything until they have succeeded, and never acknowledge the ones that went wrong. This creates the impression, of course, that the Russians are so good that they never have a failure. This last reason is of great worth to the Russians politically.

VAGARY 14 Bobbae Gray.

Of all this mailing this Vagary is surely the most interesting, you can't count ERG as that's in a category of its own.

I can't so much, er, discuss your experiences at Camp Crazy as perhaps make a few speculations on the side. Most, or all, of which however cannot be answered except, again, with speculations.

For instance, I have been quite satisfied to accept, for some time now, that in all the investigated but unsolved (ie; -non fake, or impossible to tell) cases of haunting something does happen. Something. But what?

I have personally had only one incident happen to me which could be described as, (for want of a more expressive word) supernatural, but I have also received, from reliable people, several personal accounts of such happenings, not to mention the bad reputation a certain local churchyard has locally, which is common knowledge.

I will not go into the details of these occurrences here, but try to remember a theory which I came across years ago, (perhaps well known in fandom,) which, if not completely satisfactory, is at least an attempt to come to grips with the problem.

Good and evil "spirits" are basically the creations of the super-ego and the Id, respectively, (did I hear someone mutter "Forbidden Planet"?)

Also, in some cases the "personality" of a human does not die with the body, (or pass on) but hangs around, possibly, probably, a location in which it had extreme experiences in life.

A suitable sensitive person, or a less sensitive person in the right (receptive) atmosphere, can and does detect the said "haunt", and according to the character of the personality of the "ghost" be frightened or comforted.

Also, in a similar way to that which causes psychosomatic illnesses, the Haunt can cause bodily as well as mental harm.

The raising of "demons" at witch gatherings and suchlike is caused by the assemblage, they want, they expect!, something; so something arrives. But this something is not a demon in the way in which it is usually accepted, ie;- a minion of Lucifer, an entity in its own right, bent on evil because it has always existed for evil. The entity is caused by the "solidification" of the desire and faith of the "callers up", each of whose Ids has contributed in the formation of the "thing".

Or, it is a, or many, evil personality of a one time living person(s) attracted in some way by the combined forces of the devil callers.

"Good" influences are caused in precisely the same way, but are the work of the Super-ego. Or, in the case of a great "White spirit", either the concentration on many White personalities or one of exceptional strength.

The effect of sacred symbols, words, etc., is to serve as a focal point to the "well wishing" part of the human mind, with many believers the White is made strong. Many, many people over the years contributing their part to the White by their faith...

Thus, the Evil and Good spirits are not an "outside" agency, but are products of the human mind, and will eventually be understood.

To this I would add that I consider it possible, should some form of life exist in this and other Galaxies, that the same structure of mind is possible, (although not perhaps the same type of consciousness) and that

perhaps alien personalities, besides human, can be attracted by people in the same way as purely human ones can be.

As for "guardian angels" of the type you mention could be: 1, your own strong superego, 2, White influences attracted by your dominant super ego, or 3, some White personality who has just taken a fancy to you.

This theory could explain the results of both Black and of White er, wizards and groups. But of course this is only guessing. And the "something" that the locals called up but couldn't control around the Camp Crazzy area could be either a strong evil personality (or gestalt) of human origin, or an alien evil personality. Who can tell.

Exorcism of course would be the attraction of White personalities to drive off a single strong entity, or to disperse a gestalt.

Two of the complaints I have against this er, Teenage Theatre, on ITV are 1, they are 3 act plays that end in the 2nd act, and, 2, their stupid way of equating sordidness with reality. phoc. etc., and also ugh. I read a long time ago that people who resort to obscenities are either suffering from an inferiority complex, or just haven't got a decent (er, um, that is; - extensive) vocabulary... how true that is.. I don't know... but anyhow you can be far more crushing using a selection of perfectly decent words than you can with swear words.. and far more expressive.

Reminds me, we were talking about arguments the other week, and how the saying is that the one who loses his temper loses the argument... however we also agreed that to win an argument and then get your throat slit by the loser is rather cold comfort.

Education, sob, Bobbie, sob, I asked 4 adults a couple of months ago two questions (I forget what sparked it off) they were, 1, what year did the Hitler war start and end, 2, in which directions does the sun rise and set.... simple? heh, heh. Not one answer anywhere near correct. And that doesn't even take education.

Another factor of course is that only the minority get encouragement from their parents... the attitude being, "when you go to work you won't have to do anything like that..." or similar phrase.

Teddy boys, dispicable though they are, have always been with us in one form or another. And just as reprehensible is the universal, in the UK at least, of "minding your own bussiness"... encouraged by the fact that if you get injured going to the aid of a policeman you can expect nothing but thanks... enough perhaps, but perhaps not worth a permanent injury, say as compensation... there should be a form of official pension for people who get injured aiding the law by risking injury in this way, after all its worth it to save a policeman (etc.,) from bad wounds or death.

Adverts, and the Yellow press, are no help in preserving the Queens English, agreed, but half of the readers wouldn't understand the kind of language so well, the advertisers copy and the press reports would not get over so well.... this is not an excuse, but one of the reasons... and of course its all a vicious circle.

Your comments in reply, (?) to Jimmys' PACK RAT, on the colour question are, to my mind, eminently sensible... it is no more true to suppose that because a person is black everyone is against him, and for fear of looking intolerant grant him, favour him, to a point which would be silly in an all-white country, the black who is raised on a pedestal in this way is no more a real character than the Superior Whiteman beloved of white extremeists, (KKK) . Oh heck, you know what I mean. (I hope).

CND would impress me more if the banning of atomic weapons in Earths' atmosphere was only the first step in an avowed programme for doing away with war altogether. It seems that a lot of slobes and deadwood have somehow got into CND... it seems to me that the best method CND could use would be to first of all purge itself of all the various hangers-on, then set up as a sort of party-machine... leaflets, newspaper interviews dignified like, perhaps TV.. even paying for an advert, just a simple photo of Belson and the words, "this is war"... instead of bannerwaving marches they could hold a service in some big London (and branches perhaps too) church once a year, commemorating Hiroshima Day something like we do for Battle of Britain Day. In other words, policy, dignified, bussinesslike, should be the guiding principles of the new CND.

Inquisition. I read in a Vardis Fisher book just recently, (and VF says its factual) that one particular Inquisiter at least said, boasted, that he could make the Pope himself confess to heresy. Actually, innocent

or no once you were accused that was that. Further, the evidence of a criminal or heretic, while not valid in any other circumstances, was fully accepted by the Inquisitors... and even if the accuser was found to be guilty of perjury, his accusation still stood, tho' it were proven to be a pack of lies. Jews, persecuted and abhorred by the Church, had, (familiar feeling?) to wear a distinguishing mark when walking abroad, and they too, tho' unrecognised in everything else, were allowed to testify in the ecclesiastical court.

"After Christianity became the accepted faith the Roman Empire started declining"... I will disagree with. Rome had been declining at least since the last days of the Republic, how else do you explain their accepting a dictator, an Emperor? Spasmodic revivals there were, but tho' the Empire, in name, lasted practically into the 8th Century, (some would say that Spain was the Roman Empire's last spasm, in the 14/15th), but these were Romans in name only.

It is possible that the evil warping of Christianity hastened the end... but not the ideal of Christianity itself.

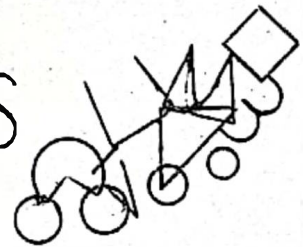
"St" Paul is to blame, mostly, for the twisting of the highly ethical teachings of Christ. St Paul, the Billy Graham of the 1st century.

Druids? best and kindest cult we have in this country at the moment.?. I had imagined from the stories of human sacrifice during, and before, Roman times that they, (their ancestors) were a black evil lot... and I saw them on TV some time ago, they looked harmless enough, though a little uncomfortable in their outfits, and eccentric. Details in next VAGARY perhaps?.

The Midnight Mass, both.. versions(?) were interesting too, and wry-amusing in parts... (and somewhat sinister too)... the Doreen Valiente letter noted too.... wonder if the witch was a genuine one, that is, a believer herself. Or just some poor eccentric person whose appearance, solitary habits, or something like that frightened the locals enough to dispose of her. ... and "Rev Wray", heh,. Here the idle talk of incorporating fandom as a religion? Willis as Irish Bishop, and all that jazz.... think of the nuts that would attract.

Well, thanks for a very decent zine, Bobbie. I guess this will be the end of my mailing comments... unless something very good happens to be post-mailed.

POST MAILINGS



Knell. Brennechluss. Ken Potter.

A pity Ken, a pity. Taking this Brenn as a sample I'd say that OMPA could do with a few more members like you.... of course, if you just can't manage to run a zine... However, when you write your next "about every decade" story, etc., someone is bound to print it.... er, me, for instance.

So funny, all this about the Moon being just an illusion, now someone happened to mention the other day that the Moon was the reflection of sunlight off the ocean, and the stars are really just reflections from street lamps.... Upon being asked what happened to keep the stars shining after the lamps went out he gave me a beery stare and slid under the table... very confusing.

Sheila Ashworth is a sort of female James Thurber. Not that I care much for dogs myself, I prefer cats.... now last night my younger sister picked up our Junior Cat Sergeant because of his stripes, who is the latest offspring of Matilda, our Black Persian.

Now Matty is a good mother to her kittens, and defends them quite literally tooth and nail, (she chased the neighbour's dog twice round his own garden just for looking sideways at one of the kittens) so, when my sister picked Sergeant up Matty started to mew something pitiful... so my sister put the kitten down.... then, when the kitten was safely on the floor Matty jumped onto my sister's lap, grabbed her arm in a bear-hug, and proceeded to chew chunks off.

So, Audrey put her down...so the cat jumped up again for another bite...so Audrey puts her down,so she jumps up again,still bent on revenge...so Audrey covers her head with her apron...and the cat calmly goes up to her and bites her on the leg,so.; we are then treated to the rather amusing spectacle of a 10lb cat,only 10inches tall,chasing a screaming 10stone,5ft woman round and round the kitchen....finally the cat was caught and bribed with milk....after that I guess she thought that honour was satisfied because she gave up trying to murder my sister...although she spent the rest of the evening sitting at her feet,washing now and again....and occasionally an odd glint would come into her eye,and she'd pause in the middle of a washing and stare up at Audrey in a sort of half-wistful,reflective manner.

Hi Dick,you here too?.

Say why (according to US films anyway) why are so many private houses in the states made of wood?...why so few brick ones?

ROPE OF SAND Brian Nordan.

Patchy,I got rather fed up with all the little bits about how you were trying to churn out enough pages to meet requirements.

The idea of using Savings Stamps as currency,is fair enough, I guess it would work OK,unless of course the US bod had so much credit over here that he preferred to be paid in dollars. For small transactions it seems to be a good idea,tho' if you want to send £5 or £10 its easier to send a money order, Oh,yes, what would the con committee (atateside) do with the savings stamps if all UK people sent them instead of "good" money?.

Ban the Bomb...if they wanted to do something really effective they would become a terrorist organisation bent on bumping off ALL polititions,here and in Russia and any other country likely to consider using atomics in war. If a few politition got assassinated the rest of them would be less eager to talk about A-wars. Actually I'd say it was pretty easy to just sit down until carried away....after all they have their friends all around them all doing the same thing..besides,most of them probably think its fun...until they get to the cop shop.

I've no doubt that many of them are sincere,but I think rather nieve too....if they were as dedicated as,say,the women of the Suffragette movement even,they would be a tiny bit more effective...why don't a few of them chain themselves to the railings outside no.10?...Maybe they want no rowdyism,tho'some of the hangers on are hooligans enough now...but I don't think passive resistance will do much good...they might be arguing rightly...but whats the good of winning an argument when the loser ups and bashes your head in?.

I drool over that wonderful duper...but;-£1,000!!!!!! ah,it sounds like the fannish dream come true.

Cider Brian? Egad,what a peasant! Dandelion & Burdock is the Drink of ~~Spiv~~ Kings!. Und it comes in large stone jars!.

BLETHERINGS 26. Ethel.

(but it sez 25 on the back page Ethel!?)

I haven't got Space Charge yet,(he murmured pityfully). but all the others,including postmailings,(here) I don't think I like postmailings much...but its too soon to tell for certain...Why has OMPA got postmailings? When did OMPA start to use postmailings?. Can't everybody manage with the three months that we have between mailings? Why not?. (I seem to have got carried away Ethel...those questions are for general,OMPA, circulation,not at you....I just happened to think of it while looking at yours and the other postmailings...OK?).

SIZAR. Bruce Burn.

(5) . Apart from a J M Baxter "review" of a "S/F" comic...nothing much..."a pretty oat..." and all that,..why "howls"?... (So...I,thats what your beard was made of!)...

PACK RAT,Jimmy Groves.

(2)

Hey Jimmy,what about this Velikovsky,what

PACK RAT 2, Groves. exactly are these "ideas" you "used to sneer at without having much idea of what they were" And whats this theory explaining the "too big" coal deposits?. If the coal was laid down in a mountain building period the explanation seems obvious enough...was the coal indeed laid down in such a period?.

The End of the Search...highly amusing...I wonder, will you SFCoLers ever find a decent clubroom, at a reasonable price, I understand everything is more expensive in the Big City.....

Ah, you have the Book of Things?.

I suppose you know the solution to this one?.. You have 12 coins, all absolutly identicle except for the weight of ONE coin. I no more than 3 weighings find the odd coin, and wether it is heavier or lighter than the other eleven. The method is whats wanted there are, I believe, at least two ways, depending on wether the coin is heavy or light.

oooooo.....oooooo.....oooooo.....oooooo.....oooooo.....oooooo

ON FIRST
LOOKING
INTO
O M P A S
A P A

Well, the first look is quite satisfactory, there are some rather uninteresting zines, some a bit better, and at least two excellent ones....besides yours, Ethel, which I can't fit into a particular category...call it an Ethelzine.

I have heard that OMPA has fallen on bad times of late, how accurate that statement is I don't know, and possibly a veteran OMPAn will have a less gosh-wow opinion of this, the 29th Mailing, than I have....but there is a certain thrill that accompanys the receipt of ones first APA bundle.

One thing I can't understand, (I have perhaps written this earlier in the zine), is why it is necessary to have Post-Mailings, there seems to be enough time for everyone, even the US members, to produce material between the receipt of one mailing and the next deadline. Is it perhaps that people are loth to miss a mailing, thus they send the material which they could have used for the next mailing as a postmailing, and then have nothing on hand at deadline time so have to put out another p-m. Or, are some people of the opinion that to mail ones own zines is safer, (bearing in mind the machinations of the PO), than sending it out with the bundle.

I can readily understand a person missing a mailing or perhaps even two, thru' no fault of their own...but it does seem rather much that the requirements cannot be filled in the other two mailings of the year.

If anyone would care to enlighten me,!!!!?



SOME

REFLECTIONS.

ON

THE

T A F F
UND

THE TWO FACETS
OF ETHEL...

GOOD?

UNDERMINE
PARKER'S
REGIME

I like to, unless I get worked up and carried away by my own exuberance, make statements that are almost Parliamentary in their qualifications, so.

I personally think TAFF is a good thing. That such a thing has proved successful amongst so loose knit a... society... as SF Fandom reflects great credit to the people of that fandom.

Why then do I hear of some fans who disapprove of TAFF?

This is another point upon which I should like to hear the opinions of other OMPAns, pro or con.

And too, opinions or information on the German equivalent of TAFF... and any ideas and opinions of Germans' and Europeans present position and effect on world-fandom, and speculations on the eventual position and effect on world fandom, they might achieve.

o-o

Well, it looks as if we won't need a "shooting war" to wipe out human kind after all. If the Russians keep up with their bomb testing, and we and the US "retaliate" by resuming our own tests, why, we'll go out with the proverbial whimper, not the bang.

One thing I haven't noticed being mentioned, at least not in the British press, is that while a certain level of radiation might be tolerated by most of us there are other forms of Earthlife which might not survive, or if they do survive, will mutate.

For instance, bacteria and virus. It could be rather nasty if, say, the common cold virus were to mutate in such a way as to become a real killer... or measles or mumps.

Or perhaps the smaller insects get killed off, or changed, and don't "do their jobs" properly... that would upset the balance of nature some... possibly cause famines if enough pollinating insects are knocked off... then again, maybe it could be the plant life that gets hit, (Death of Grass?), suppose normally edible plants start secreting things which are poison to us?

I was amused, in a morbid sort of way, to read that church attendances are going up in this country, one particular parson said that they've been having bigger congregations than they've had for a hundred years.... I guess a lot of people figure its about time they took out colonial insurance policies.

Not that a clear conscience is likely to dissuade an atom bomb from exploding...or persuade S. 90 to become less active.

All this talk of a religious revival vaguely worries me, a religious fanatic makes one awful kind of a mob member when his emotions get the better of him. Maybe we will be seeing some nasty riots within a year or two, as the religious movement grows and the radiation hazards increase.

Radiation shelters, designed to protect from the effects of fallout from an atomic explosion, are little use against the creep of radiation we're getting now, one can hardly stay in ones shelter for a number of years, not and earn a living too.... as mayhap some bright lad will start putting domestic anti-radiation sprays on the market, to be connected, poured into, ones own showers. And then some bright boy will start selling lead pants....

I know that in the US fallout shelters are now becoming almost as popular as the family car...a couple of UK firms have started producing/constructing them too. Not that a fallout shelter will do anyone in the UK much good, unless it is very deep, and they take plenty of supplies in with them...if Russia were to plaster the UK with atomics there would be very, very, few survivors even from the initial explosions...and the air/ground pollution would make it extremely inadvisable for those in shelters to come up for a stroll for a good long time.

WHICH ONE
WILL WIN

OR EVIL?

SEND
"THE ENFORCER"
TO AMERICA

British Civil Defence however is based on the, (in my opinion, shakey) assumption that ther will be survivors, and safe, or comparitively safe, areas.

Funnilly enough, even though the Civil Defence will be practically useless in the case of an all-out atomic attack. they have allready justified their existance.

In such situations as the Lynemouth floods and other national catastrophies they have done excellent work, and have undoubtedly saved the lives of many people, suffering from exposure etc.,

But, an atomic war....?...well if four H-bombs get through to, say, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Birmingham and London....does anyone seriously imagine that there will be many survivors....and if there are... and they get through the period of the killing radiation, and the first winter... Conditions for those who survive might still be a little rough.

Me, I reckon I'll emigrate to Triatan da Guna, its comparitively quiet and peaceful out there....

And thats just about ENVOY 3 finished....see you in the 30th Mailing,

yours,

ken.



