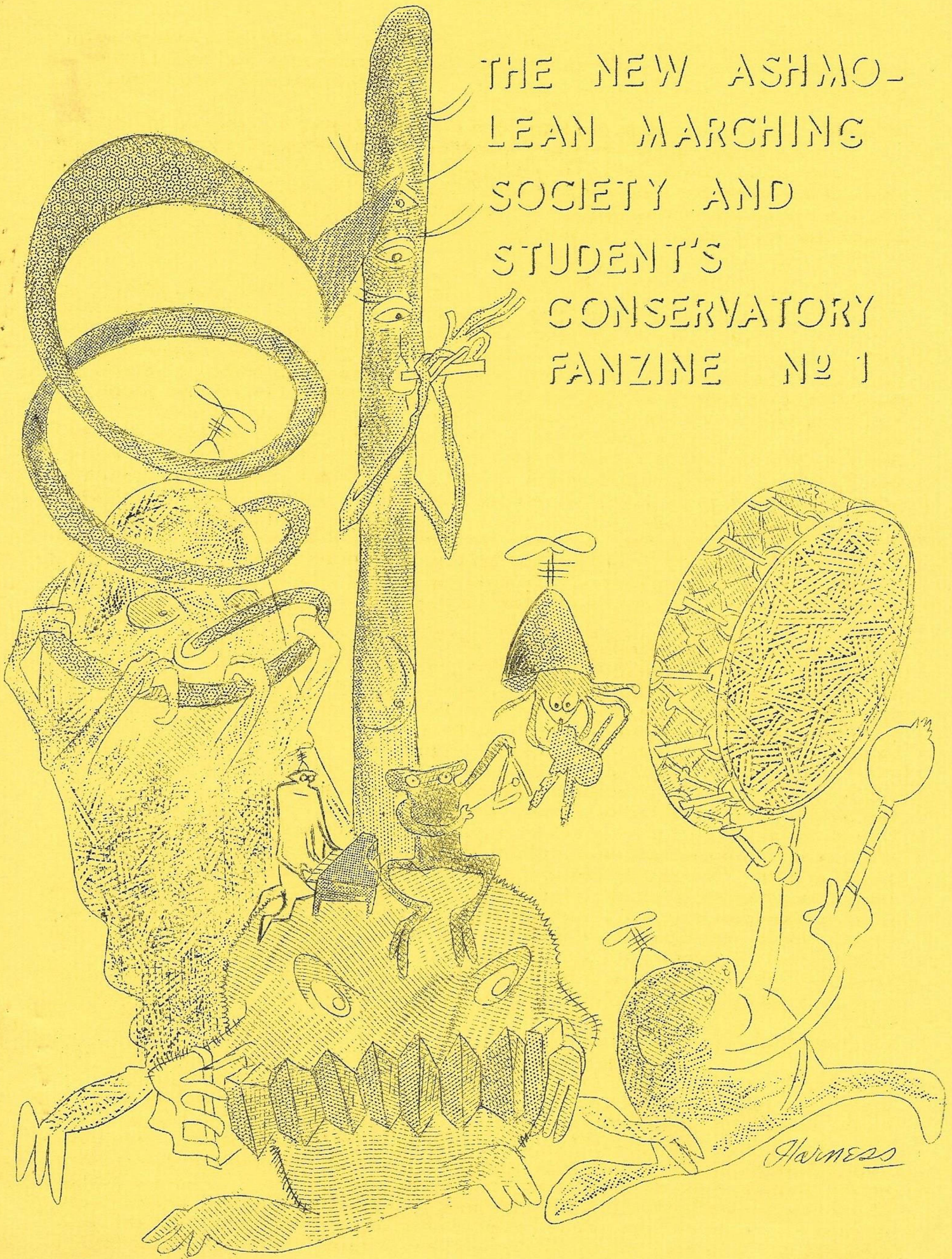


THE NEW ASHMO-
LEAN MARCHING
SOCIETY AND
STUDENT'S
CONSERVATORY
FANZINE N2 1



A MODULATED LASER BEAM

Since this section will include editorial-type and mailing comments both, I figured it would take a modulated Laser beam to carry all the varieties of information which will be packed into it. First, for instance, comes the...

COLOPHON: The New Ashmolean Marching Society and Student's Conservatory Fanzine #1 is published for the 35th mailing of the Offtrail Magazine Publishers' Association (March 1963) by Ted Johnstone, whose official address, serving as a center point for wide-ranging perambulations, is still 6295 Lorca Drive, San Diego 15, California, USofA. It is Forchy Publication #48. My word, they do add up, don't they. It is also my first OMPazine. Hello there, happy folk of OMPA.

EDITORIAL: When I got into my first apa (SAPS) I wrote a whole page identifying myself and describing my appearance, tastes, and character (such as it is). Then I got into CRAP, but I knew everybody in it; and later when I got into the Cult the same thing happened. I'd been in communication of one type or another with just about everybody in the group before I joined. It was a little different in FAPA -- there were a number of Old Fen and Tired in the prospective audience and I figured I should introduce myself politely to them before I started sounding off. Now I'm in OMPA, which is, after all, an Overseas Apa (it may be native to you, but it's overseas to me) which I would expect to be all full of delightful people I haven't met. (I always consider people I haven't met delightful -- only after I meet them do I consider them dull uninteresting clods. That's why I like fandom; very few of them are dull uninteresting clods.) But examining the membership roster, I find that of the 47 fen listed on there (counting the British Museum as a fan) I've met either in person or by correspondence or mutual apactivity some 29. Now is it worth introducing myself all over again for the benefit of 18 people?

Well, let's say I'll just cover some basic essentials and let you pick the details of my character, tastes and opinions out from context as you read on. I am, as of this date, 23 years old. I am 5'6" on a clear day, weigh 160 well-distributed pounds, have dirty blond hair and big soft brown eyes which hide behind heavy black-framed glasses. (Mask symbolism, hiding from the world. I take them off when I'm being Sincere.) I'm about to get a Bachelor's Degree from San Diego State College in the field of Radio/TV Broadcasting, and intend to continue my education at UCLA aiming for a Master's in Broadcasting and/or Cinematography. I write a little and have sold less; I see my future career in the lines of directing. I have only directed TV so far -- a set of 15-minute news commentary shows for a local station and a couple half-hour Productions for national distribution. Fannishly, I am noted for writing and singing filksongs, popularising Coventry (and I really am sorry about that; if you don't mention it, neither will I), composing mailing comments on stencil -- composing everything on stencil, in fact -- and occasionally getting my foot caught in my typer. John Trimble once said, and rightly, too: "Other people kiss and tell... Ted Johnstone kisses and cuts stencils!" So bear with me, people, and you will probably soon have the opportunity to watch a fan talk himself into embarrassing situations in one mailing and try to talk himself out of them in the next instead of having the sense to let everything cool off.

One other little ideosyncrasy you might notice -- tho my zine may consist almost entirely of mailing comments, I like to natter for a pointless page before I launch into the MCs. This consists usually of what I have been doing lately and how great I am at whatever it is -- or, occasionally, how I failed miserably but humerously at something. You will also notice that I seldom let typos interrupt my train of thought -- I either ignore them, strike over them, or re-write mentally to make them correct. I have a bottle of corflu... same bottle I've had for over a year. And finally, let me thank my good friend Bruce Pelz, whose typer I am using for this zine (and who will also run off said zine for me on the LASFSrex.) Thank you, good friend Bruce.

OFF-TRAILS #34 (Ken Cheslin) -- Figure I might as well start my comments with the zine on top of the mailing; remember, Ken, when my dues come due you can tap the Fellowship Funds you're holding. And by the way, if anyone should happen to ask you, there'll be another I PALANTIR out in a month or so. After all, we are about five months off our regular annual schedule...

ERG #14 (Terry Jeeves) -- I find myself gently disagreeing with your "phagh!" comment on the recent Amazings and Fantastic; admittedly they aren't up to the best stuff has to offer, but I think they're doing pretty well -- better than they have for years. Nothing as Scientific as Anal, Oh Gee, nor as Artistic as F&SF, and we don't mention galaxy much any more, but they have some fun stuff. Of course, Heinlein's new juvenile in If scarcely deserve passing notice; it reads as if it was written by his secretary while the Master was working on Glory Road. I read through the three chapters over a six-month period and kept looking for a plot right up to the end. Oh well...
#

Without checking back to VIPER #5, I think the reference to Filkniks etc was from the fannish term "filksong" derived from a typo of "folksong", in specific reference to a fannish-type folksong like the Mimeo Crank Chanty or Seven Trufen -- Filkneks, therefore, would be those who sing and/or write this sort of thing. Filking, which sounds obscene, is -- it's the singing of these songs. If I'm wrong, Bill, correct me.

If people bug you by asking "Have you really read all these books?" you might adopt the ploy Ackerman uses -- he tells them honestly, "I've read every last page." And well I remember dropping over to his place just after returning from a Con and watching him open his mail -- all the books he got, as he unwrapped them he opened them to the last page, scanned it rapidly, and added it to the pile For Filing.

Your cartoon on Britain joining the Common Market definitely does still have a point -- the only change in the question now being whether DeGaulle will let Britain in. There is a story going the rounds in Paris to the effect that DeGaulle has a serious inferiority complex -- he thinks he's Napoleon...

You and your blasted Crossword puzzles -- the last one I got I breezed through in about half an hour, except for one intersection of two words neither of which I knew, and knew no way of finding out. I suppose it is still around somewhere... The American Xwords are more sporting -- in a properly designed one, every word has every letter in some crossing word, so if you can't get one you can get the other. Also, the definitions are simpler... which attracts me to the British type. I like word-play. Don't have time right now to attempt this puzzle -- besides, I'm working out of Bruce's mailing, and he keeps all his zines in mint condition.

IT'S CHRISTMAS IN TEXAS (Ellis Mills?) -- I'm not sure of the title because it's not listed in the OT; the colophones for the inserts mention Ellis Mills favorably tho.

I find no club standings in your King's Corner insert -- how do you rank in the club? I used to play chess a lot myself... I even won a game once.

BIXEL #2 (Alva Rogers) -- I wonder if, in 20 years or so, I'll be able to have a zine called Fan Hillton... Having known the second great LA Slan Shack, I love to hear about the first one, and as the last surviving and talking member of it, I greatly enjoy your reminiscences.

Be glad to buy into your Westercon, Alva; I'll tuck a dollar bill into your copy of NAMSACF; if you don't find it, it's because the sneaky AE took it to spend on riotous living at the nearest US Air Base.

Aunt Dee sounds like a thoroughly fannish type. One of these days you should meet Mrs. Gilman, landlady here at the Mariposan

Empire. It has been remarked, lovingly, that she is a retired Madame, but she is just more understanding than most. When one couple were spending many nights together in the single room of one, Mrs. G didn't complain or act shocked -- she suggested helpfully they might take a double. They did, and later married happily.

The Empire is becoming more fannish -- Bruce Pelz is on the first floor in #107, Jack Harness is upstairs in #209 and now Owen Hannifen is next door to him in #208. Next fall, Bruce and I may find a place out nearer to UCLA, but if we don't, I may end up here too.

Muchly enjoyed Warner's column, Cartmill's reminiscences, and Stu Palmer's micro-shorts. In fact, I enjoyed the whole zine. Y'know, I think I'll like being in OMPA...

BINARY 11 (#3) (Joe Patrizio) -- Movie Reviews, huh? I've seen three British films lately, and a lot of others, so let me make a few recommendations in return. Taste Of Honey is a much better movie than it is a play; it is played and directed with poignant and tender artistry. I saw it on a double-bill with Phaedra which is a very good movie, but which rather suffered by comparison. I suggest you see them both, but not together. Then there was a double-bill of Coming Out Party, wherein James Robertson Justice breaks out of a Nazi POW camp -- this was a funny film, but paled to insignificance next to its companion, The Case Of The Mukkinese Battle Horn. It has Peter Sellers and Spike Milligan, and it is a Coon Show on film. No more need be said. It is disorganised hysteria.

An interesting stfsy doublebill was two films which are not supposed to be in our genre at all, but The Manchurian Candidate has been reviewed before and I second the recommendation; Road to Hong Kong is fantasy in my book too. It is a modern but faithful copy of the filmic techniques of the '40s in all ways; the plot includes a fat occidental Fu Manchu who is working for the supremacy of Technocracy. The most fantastic thing about the film is that Hope and Crosby haven't aged a bit since Road to Morrocco. Unhappily, Dorothy Lamour has a small role in the film too, and she has aged... Finally, I would like to report on a "sleeper" -- The Day Mars Invaded The Earth. The pic has had no publicity, as far as I know; it has no name stars and no budget, no monsters, no special effects, and a total cast of about a dozen. It also has an excellent director and a script-writer who knows the cliches and avoids them. Basically, a rocket probe sent to Mars fails mysteriously; it develops it was interfered with by the Martians -- pure intelligences, who sent parts of themselves to Earth on the probe's carrier wave, and are now running around as Dopplegangers for the head scientist and his family.

At one point, during show-down scene, Hero asks his Doppleganger, "So you Martians are invading Earth!" "Not really," is the reply; "You invaded us first. We only wish to be left alone." One notable scene -- Hero's daughter wakes up in night, sees her own Double standing at the foot of the bed. And does not recognise her as herself. That alone is worth recommending the film; add to this some excellent photography, camera work, and tight editing, and a punch ending, and you have another proof that you don't need a big budget to make a good movie -- just talent.

No

comments on your article, War On Want, except to register strong approval.

VAGARY #17 (Roberta Gray) -- And a Merry Chrostmast to you too. // I object quietly and hopelessly to Britain's juvenile delinquents calling themselves "Teddy boys"; it's an insult to the good name of Theodore. In this country they're called by initialese, J.D.s -- which insults an excellent brand of whiskey, Jack Daniels.

The only excuse for obscenities in literature is in cases where the character being drawn would speak that way. As far as I can see, there is no occasion for it in narration. But writing a serious book about, say, the Army, would probably have to have a lot of obscenities in it or sound as if it had been scoured out before publication. The average fighting man will not use euphemisms to refer to the enemy, his equipment, or his leaders.

You have just shattered a lovely illusion -- I'd always thought Stonehenge was a Druid temple -- or at least a religious center of some kind. But come to think of it, they usually held services in a tastefully designed oak grove, didn't they?

I find your comments on modern witchcraft and on reincarnation most interesting -- both fields I have done some research in, and am always looking for more materiel, facts and opinions. But rather than fill fanspace with our private discussions, I'll try to get a letter to you.

MORPH #29(John Roles) -- There are some points open to debate on your definition of God as the first cause -- if pressed for an opinion I would probably agree with you, but considering the currently fashionable theory of creation, hydrogen atoms come together by mutual attraction until they have enough mass to start a hydrogen fusion phoenix cycle. Now is God gravity or the source of the hydrogen? And if the source of the hydrogen is the energy of other stars which has finally restablised as mass according to the equation $m=E/c^2$, and if time is as circular as the other three dimensions, then there was no beginning and will be no end. But the mind boggles before that concept and insists there must have been a start to it all, which may have led into the circle. God, then would be the source of the primordial energy from which the universe was created, and possibly the creator of the basic rules which led it into the state of existance it is in now. Well, I don't think I could have done it, starting from scratch, without a previous example, but I could make a few suggestions for improvement...

American streets don't really have thousands of houses on them; the street-numberers use a new hundred for every block. And since we keep the same street names for miles and miles and miles, the numbers do get up pretty high. In Chicago, for instance, every building in the city is numbered with reference to a single base point -- the main street intersection is considered the zero. Every block in each direction adds a hundred, and the street name is prefixed with North, South, East, or West. So if you have to go to, say, 3607 West 51st, you know that from the Base Point you will go south 50 blocks to 50th street, and west 36 blocks. Other cities have adopted similar patterned numbering systems, to the point where an address of less than 4 digits is comparatively rare.

SOUFFLE #3 (John Baxter) -- A plague on people who don't include a colophon in their fanzines; I had to go back and dig out the OT to find out who published Souffle and what number it was. // Aw heck. John, I am sorry; I just found your colophon at the bottom of page 8 and I don't feel up to going back and corfluing out my three lines. It's an excellent one, too. But it's been a long day, and I'm tired, and snappish, and didn't see the thing on my first look through. Please accept my apologies.

According to usually reliable sources (i.e., acquaintance who has done a little work around him) The Star of Adventures In Paradise, Gardner McKay is, if not queer, quite strange. There a lot of such types turning out TV serieses -- nobody minds much around here what you do with your personal life as long as it doesn't interfere with business. I don't know about Steve Reeves personally, but I know a lot of the faggots buy pin-up pictures of him.

I'll let Bruce give you the lyrics to the madrigal from The Mikado -- after all, he is The Savoyard. To save time, tho, I suggest you go to any library, look up "Gilbert, W.S., Collected Works Of" and read them. There are a couple editions of the complete set of operettas along with Gilbert's "Bab Ballads", whacky verse he batted out in his spare time.

#

Harness's artwork is often very good when he puts his mind to it. He has unfortunately, too often given way to expediency and simply dashed off artwork without bothering to give it the attention it needs. He's talented, and lazy. You may notice much of the same attributes in my own comments and written work. Someday I suppose I should learn to first-draft and rewrite.

WHATSIT #2 (Ken Cheslin) — There is precedence to the idea that the universe was created for the specific comfort and enjoyment of oneself — "I met a toad the other day by the name of Warty Bliggens. He was sitting under a toadstool feeling contented; he explained that when the cosmos was created that toadstool was especially planned for his personal shelter from sun and rain — thought out and prepared for him." (Quote from Don Marquis, The Lives and Times of Archy & Mehitabel, Doubleday, p.56)

I am against any reason for starting a new apa of any sort — even with the demise of CRAP, IPSO and MAPA, sfandom is still much over-apa'd. Natheless, the idea of a thirdly apa does appeal to me (if four times a year is quarterly, three times a year should be thirdly...BEP). Especially, as an Amerifan, when it takes five weeks for the mailing to get to me, and I have to allow five weeks for my zine to get to England, that leaves me two weeks in which to create said zine, and if I'm tied up in something else at the time, I'm dead.

Ken, I suggest that as an officer of this august organisation, you start a movement to cut OMPA down to three mailings a year. Start writing letters, publishing propaganda zines, do whatever has to be done. Overseas fen need a chance to compete on better terms with the Anglofen.

Your questionnaire is lovely. It was greeted with hoots of raucous laughter from the fen assembled here in Bruce's pad this fine January evening; I might as well mention Bruce is busy juggling his SAPS accounts, Dian Girard is putting some obscene artwork on stencil for a Cultzine, and Owen Hannifen is reading through Bruce's bound volumes of Cult cycles and laughing evilly under his breath. Jack Harness is upstairs working on more and better-looking covers. It is a fine fannish evening here at 738 S. Mariposa.

Dick Matheson is a disciple of Charles Fort, and several of his stories show it. I was frankly appalled to find that WITCH WAR was lifted almost verbatim from one of Fort's essays. Hmmm. what ever happened to Matheson, anyway?

CON #19 (Lynn A. Hickman) — George Willick's article on the acid taste of the grapes which grow high on the vine seems like a waste of space. For a while I wasn't sure whwther he was damning the pros for being standoffish from the fans, or the fans for being too pushy at the pros. But he might take a look at some circulation figures first — the prozines run to about 75 thousand circulation. If all the fans stopped buying them, these figures would drop to about 74 thousand. I can't see that "fans put them up, and fans can take them down"; they're up there because they have the ability to write and to sell. If Willick got a lousy short published in a prozine, I'll give better-than-even odds he would be buttering up to the Pros at every con, and leading the pack in putting down fen. Fact is, most all the pros I've had contact with — Tony Boucher, Poul & Karen Anderson, Stu Palmer, Bob Heinlein, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Avram Davidson, to name a few — have been more than ready to go out of their ways to be polite to fen who were halfway decent to them. Maybe if Willick tried being decently polite to the pros, he'd see better things from them. Fandom is like a sewer, George — you get out of it just what you put into it.

Other than that, Lynn, no comments. Lovely repro, tho...

CONVERSATION #20 (Lynn Hickman) — Oh, hello again.//You were right, the story was very Significant. Symbolic and artistic.

UL #9 (Norm Metcalf) — It may be the lateness of the hour, the bottom of the page, or the approaching time of my southbound bus, but I can't really think of anything to say. I have to make a flying trip back to San Diego to register for next semester at 10 a.m. tomorrow; I'll go down tonite and return tomorrow afternoon. This isn't a comment, it's natter to fill a page.

PACKRAT #5 (Jim Groves) -- The fan-shaped future concept which Seabrook's mystical friend advanced has been brought up independently by a number of philosophers. As I recall the book you mention, she (one of the few female Big Powers in the African ouanga gang) used the simile of a walk through a jungle. She comes to a division of paths, both of which lead in the direction of her destination. Farther ahead a panther crouches on a limb over one path. She is free to choose which path she will take, but she must choose in ignorance of what fate either alternative holds for her. In the terminology of V. Michael Smith, it is a "cusp".

Recently (some six months ago) there was an article in Scientific American regarding some experiments in population pressure with rats -- some most fascinating observations were made, meat for an excellent sf novel. One of the notable points was that there is a definite cut-off; above a certain point, not only does fertility decrease, but desire decreases and the infant mortality rate rises. Other items: strong males gather harems about them; the weaker males occasionally try raids but mostly release their sexual energies with each other. Rats raised in this environment kept the social behaviour after being removed from it, and their following generation also showed the effects.

On the question of "life after death" in the commonly accepted meaning of self-awareness, I have done the usual amount of contemplation and soul-searching. The be brief, it would appear that the pattern impressed on the chemical materiel of the mind is all that gives personality. This pattern is the essence of the individual. What happens to the pattern after death? Does it only survive in copies it has impressed on others? Or like the constellations, is it only hidden from our sight? I've been rather hoping along the lines of conservation of energy; something created cannot be lost completely. Don't attack my theories; they're feeble enough, but they're all I've got.

TEMPORARY INTERRUPTION: After interrupting myself at the end of the last page to take off for a fast round trip to San Diego to register for the next semester at San Diego State College. It is now 2:30 a.m. here back in Bruce's pad; same cast as last interruption, with the addition of Walter Breen, in town for a Coin Collectors' Convention. Bruce is now collating his FAPazine.

When I got down to San Diego, I found a stack of mail from all over awaiting me, including the OMPA mailing -- my very own copy. So having nothing better to do to put myself to sleep, I got out ERG and attempted the crossword puzzle. It took me 15 minutes to get through it except for one word -- the definition was "Donations" and I had "-l-s". I went to bed, and in the James Thurber manner lulled myself to sleep by playing with words. I decided the missing word could only be a vowel-consonant combination, and decided to run through all possible such combinations in the spaces. I started with "Alas, albs, alcs..." I got to "Alms" and stopped, overjoyed, put on the light, filled the blank, and went happily to sleep. Forthwith my answer to your puzzle:

Crossword puzzle from

ERG #14

as solved by Ted Mohnstone

in about half an hour

except for one word which

took another half hour...

A	C	I	D	D	A	T	E
D	E	I	C	E	E	T	
I	O	N	I	C	M	O	R
M	T	E	O	R	L		
E	R	D	I	N	E	E	
N	A	I	L	N	I	S	I
S	F	V	A	T	T	C	
I	U	E	A	R	O		
O	R	G	A	N	C	R	I
N	A	U	N	I	A	E	
A	L	M	S	T	O	L	L

The reason I didn't try for the prize is that Bruce had the same answers, and

ENVOY #11 (Dick Schultz) -- Well, Dick, I didn't exactly invent the name "Ted Johnstone" -- it was around for quite a while before I started using it. But to go back to the beginning... My first contact with Fandom was in January 1955 when I picked up a copy of Palmer's zine (whatever he was calling it at the time) and noticed in the Personal Ads section mention of "UFO, a society interesting in serious investigation of so-called 'Flying Saucers'". I was interested in this, having seen one and tracked two more in my work with the Ground Observer Corps around this time. So I wrote off to the address mentioned in the ad. Now, sometimes ads like this are fronts, and one's name ends up on a lot of sucker lists from them. And at this time I was answering ads with assumed names just so I could tell what lists were fed by what sources. Before I finished my letter, I picked up the telephone book, opened it at random, and plunked down my finger. The name thus selected was Ted A. Johnstone. So I signed the letter and sent it off.

A few days later I got an answer from the addressee, one George W. Fields, who lived some ten miles south of me in Los Angeles. He said that UFO was in pretty bad shape, but he had another organisation called "20th Century Fandom", and his vice-president had just quit; how would I like the job? I decided I would. In the following letters I found out more about fandom, and George's phone number -- this ended the correspondence because we now talked for an hour every few days. Finally some weeks later I took the Big Step and cycled down to meet him. All this time I had not bothered to dissuade him of my name. I got on some fanzine mailing lists with the name Ted Johnstone, and before I was sure what had happened, I was in the LASFS with that name and had attended the Westercon in 1956 in Oakland. And by that time it was too late to change.

About 1960 I started thinking again about changing to my real name, but then I heard of a fan in New York by name David McDonald, apparently a generally undesirable type (I was told he threw firecrackers at John Berry) and I did not want to be confused with him. So as I was fannishly born Ted Johnstone, so shall I stay, I guess. About six months ago, heartened by the disappearance of my almost-namesake in New York, and bugged by other members of The Cult, I changed my name there to my real one -- then the Sec-Tres of FAPA heard about this, decided on his own I was changing all over, and changed my listing in that august body. Shortly thereafter, George Scithers, bless him, commented in the public prints, "Calling Ted Johnstone 'Dave McDaniel' is like calling Tony Boucher 'William Anthony Parker White' and I will hear no more of it." This settled me; Ted Johnstone I will probably stay throughout the rest of my fannish career. So be it.

Often, legends met in the flesh can be disappointing. After one has built up a mental picture of a magnificent Ghod-like being walking the earth on sacred shoes, reality is often quite a let-down. There are two notable exceptions -- Robert Heinlein is one, and the Willises (both of them, together and separately) are the other.

Unfortunately, Dick, after the sixth page commented on above, I got so engrossed in your ConRep that I didn't find any more things to say about details. So let me just say that over all I found it most enjoyable and will file it where all good ConReps go, in the memory-jogging file. One of these days I'll get around to reading Walter Breen's, and see what happened to him. Of course, I will admit I was most gratified by all the mentions I got in your report -- long ago I discovered you usually get favorable comments from people whose names you mention, reason I name as many people as I can in my own Reports.

ENVOY #10 (Ken Cheslin?) -- This isn't the previous issue of the zine I reviewed above, is it? With a different editor? Or is this part of an International Plot to confuse the membership?

Your faaanfiction idea of putting all fan- and prodrom into one area sounds distantly related to an old sereal in HYPHEN... no, it was in TRIODE. "The Future History of Fandom"

I believe it was called; it ran about the time I was starting to receive fan-zines, and has always retained a warm place in my heart.

Metcalf and his marvellous electric memory will probably be able to tell you the title and author of the story you refer to; I think it was "The Ultimate Weapon". A mysterious chemical dust is scattered over the enemy tefretory from high-flying planes. And everything that is paper begins to disintegrate. Orders, memos, files, lists, money... Complete chaos ensues almost immediately. Don't think it was Heinlein, tho. He doesn't use gimmiks like that.

I haven't had an opportunity to play RISK yet, tho it sounds like a delightful game. Owen Hannifen tells me he invented a new "strategy" for Andy Main to use in one game -- Andy had been forced back and back until all he had left was a sort of Government-in-exile in Australia and New Zealand, and the Forces of Reaction were closing in all around him. There was only one thing to do. Owen told him, "Shout 'COBALT BOMB!' and slam your fist down in the center of the board. If you're going to lose, you can take everybody with you!" Andy looked up from the board, shuddered, and continued the game.

Other similar games available over here include TACTICS II (being the 2nd model available) wherein each side is given a 41-piece army and a country consisting of half the board, complete with moun gains, seacoasts, rivers, cities and road, to defend. GETTYSBURGH is designed similarly, with the board being a map of the famous Civil War battlefield -- one side fights the North, the other the South; various companies start at the proper places on the map, reinforcements arrive after a certain number of moves -- the entire battle can be re-fought with the players as the Generals. CONFLICT is a more formalised game, with no terrain problems to worry about -- the board is part land and part water, the pieces are fewer and less complex to move, but the spirit is there. DIPLOMACY would seem to be the closest to RISK -- the board is a map of Europe about the turn of the Century. Players represent the seven major powers and form treaties, invade, defend, and march their troops about in a fine simulacrum of the era. The game was quite popular at CalTech a couple of years ago; Lyn Hardy, noted fringe-fan and boy genius, conquered the world so handily four times in a row that he was finally barred from the game. It is expected he will eventually take over the real world the same way.

Oh yes, I've read the Don Camillo books -- most enjoyable. Have you seen either of the movies, with Fernandel as the dynamic Don?

AMBLE #12 (Archie Mercer) -- I think it would be a most remarkable man who got palsy of the yard "in all three feet at once". It would, in fact, be a most remarkable man who had three feet to get palsy in! Remarkable, but doubtless much sought after in certain circles...

Good grief, Roscoe isn't a muskrat -- he's a Beaver! The evil spirit of our theology is Oscar the Malevolent Muskrat, and Roscoe will not take kindly to being confused with him. Besides, muskrats don't ramble, according to the original song -- the reference is specifically to a "muskat". Anyway, Darby Tups ramble too.
#

Famous Fred #1 Barbarossa, as I recall, led the German army on a Crusade, got all the way to the Holy Land, fell off his horse into a shallow stream and, held down by his armor, drowned. You may call him Fred, but to me he sounds like a bit of a Charlie.

SIZAR #8 (Bruce Burn) -- Or is that &IZAR? // The disuse of firearms in GtBrit-ain seems to have become more a sporting agreement on all sides. The police go unarmed, and so do the criminals, generally. This is the sort of tacit agreement we need for Nuclear Disarmament. If we can't stamp out all war, we can all be gentlemen enough to keep it within the financ-

ial reach of all the little countries who would otherwise get stomped on.

Singing to drive away witches? Sounds like a gimmik George MacDonald used in "The Princess and the Goblin" -- the goblins can't stand verse of poetry, and music bugs them terribly. So songs are the best defense against them. This could lead into a monologue on MacDonald and his children's literature -- "The Princess and Cnrddie", "At the Back of the North Wind", and others -- but it probably will have to wait. I'm running close to the mailing date and time and energy runneth short.

All right -- I was looking for an excuse to do this, and here you are doing it, so now I shall join in the fun with a list of: OMPANS I HAVE MET.

Ron Bennet (at Solacon), Walter Breen, Eleanor Busby, Terry Carr, Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, Bill Donaho, Gordon Eklund, Dick Eney, Bill Evans, Don Fitch, Don Ford, Jack Harness, Ted Johnstone, Al (EC) Lewis, Bob Lichtman, Ethel Lindsay, Andy Main, Norm Metcalf, Ellis Mills, Ella Parker, Bruce Pelz, Alva Rogers, Dick Schultz, and Don Studebaker. 24 people out of 45 -- not bad. // I find, however, I know only three on the waitinglist: Owen Hannifen, and John and Bjo Trimble.

The Committee of 100 is down to a Committee of 98, I hear -- Vanessa Redgrave and Bertram Russell quit. I'm rather surprised by Bertie; I'd thot he would stick with it all the way.

PARAFANALIA #10 (Bruce Burn) -- Well. I read through it, enjoyed it, and can't think of anythign to say. The fiction was... well, good. Probably the fact that Harness and Hannifen are standing around waiting for me to hurry up and finish this zine so we can go over to the Silent Movie Theater and see an old Mae Murray feature may have something to do with it... And the knowledge that tomorrow day we're going to Disneyland, tomorrow night to a party, Sunday day to a Unicorn Films production conference at Bjohn's and Sunday night I have to get back to San Diego to start the second semester, adds up to the knowledge that I either finish tonight or I don't finish at all. So I'm rushing through the last few zines.

SCHOTTISHE #30 (Ethel Lindsay) -- More fiction -- good stuff, but hard to comment on. I especially liked Brian Varley's piece about the Monopoly game. That could be reprinted in a Social Criticism zine... and some of them pay Money.

SAVOYARD #8 (Bruce Pelz) -- Actually, Bruce, I'm sort of in favor of the "Ban-the-Bomb"ers. I know it probably won't do any good because only a very small percentage of the people will rise up and join, and it would take at least a working majority to make their voices heard in the Halls of our leaders. Most of the human race is characterised by a great apathy. If more people really cared whether they got blown up or not, and went out to do something about it, they could take over and set up a peaceful government. But unfortunately when a whole country wants to get rid of its leaders, somebody always pops up to lead them in a revolution and sets himself up as the new leader. And this usually leaves things in a worse state than they started. As witness Cuba. Of course things were pretty bad there under Batista, but atleast the island was not working towards becoming a prime atomic target. Do I have a better idea? Well, no. But if everyone would start publishing fanzines and exchanging them all over the world and getting to know each other better...

CHRISTMAS IN TEXAS (Mills) -- Another Crossowrd, but in English... errrr, excuse me, I mean American... Well, I solved it easily, but I don't have room to publish my answer. Merry Christmas to you too, Ellis.
===== And so long until next mailing to all OMPA too. Tnx to BEP for publishing this.