





## A MODULATED LASER BEAM -- SECOND EDITION

As the cover indicates, this is the second issue of the New Ashmolean Marching Society and Students' Conservatory Fanzine, published for the 37th mailing of the OMPA by good ol' Ted Johnstone. Please note a change of address for me to: Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles 32, California, USA — 90024. The last five digits are part of a nation-wide system called a "Zip-code", which will enable the postal employees to lose our mail more efficiently than ever before. TNAMSASCF is, I think, Fornchy Publication #51. Blast; I just realised I dashed off a panic-haste one-sheet zine for SAPS which should have been FP#50, and I didn't even think to take note of it. Oh well, I'm not really sure of the numbering anyway. One of these days I shall have to go through my files, such as they are, and see if I can pull together a complete listing of all my fannish publications. I mean, it's the In thing to do...

[illegible]

I guess that's sort of an informal colophon; unfortunately I left out all sorts of colophonious stuff, like "This zine is being typed on Rex-Rotary #180 blue stencils with an Everest typer belonging to Bruce Pelz; it is to be run off on a hand-cranked Rex Rotary owned by Owen Hannifen. It has been begun at 11:30 p.m. this 17th day of July, 1963, two days after the receipt of the OMPA mailing it contains comments on." But the reason I left these things out was just that I think they're a waste of time.

A NEW CMPAN will be added to the roster in six months if the usual stateside rule regarding married members applies in OMPA. Because in the last couple months of this year, I am getting married. The girl's name is Joyce Potter, and she is a lovely little brunette with a fabulous figure, a high IQ, a good job, and all the other virtues an idealist like me would look for in a wife.

As long as I'm on my own personal news from the last six months, let any of you who don't get STARSPOINKLE hear the news direct -- I sold a story. It went for \$50 to a magazine aimed at a high-school audience (16-18 yrs). Not a prestige market, perhaps, but a fairly well-paying one. Oh yes; of course the story was stf.

And as the change of address above indicates, I am through with San Diego State College. I got my B.S. degree there on the 7th of June. (Fout. I forgot to use the Special Key on this machine; that should be the 7th of June. Cute key, huh?) I am also -- for the time being -- through with radio and television. With my Bachelor's degree tucked safely under my arm, I am now at U.C.L.A. enrolling in Graduate studies working towards a Master of Arts in the area of Motion Pictures. During the summer I'm taking two courses (which take up about 18 hours a week of lecture and lab) in Editing and the Educational And Documentary Film.

I may eventually find myself as a classical music disk jockey again, or directing TV, but for the moment I'm all movies -- and I do intend to make them my career if I can. There seems to be a good chance; the instructor in the Editing class has already been complimenting me on my "fine creative imagination". And he is no ivory tower theoretical of the filmic art, either -- he teaches a couple classes at UCLA, but most of the time he's a Producer-Director for Walt Disney studios' live-action films. I am currently looking around for screenplays I can start thinking about doing this year and next -- one I'll need for my Master's Thesis Production, and I'll probably want some other simple ones before then. A friend in San Diego has one serious one on racial tolerance, and a fan up in the bay area is turning out some Objectivist propaganda films I might be able to use. For the time being I'm interested in fan-written stuff, mainly because there'll be no problem with copyrights and feisty pro authors giving too much trouble on the production, and because I can argue with them easily about cinematic adaptations of their stuff. If anyone out there has something reasonably simple (in fact, the simpler the better) and fairly serious, maybe send me an outline. I can promise no money, but the likely hood of a semi-pro quality production and possibly showings at Cons.

That's all for now. Let's get on to the MC's.



'Fore I begin I'd like to say how sorry I am to have missed the last mailing. Mainly because this means I won't be getting any comments in this mailing. I'd also like to say I won't be doing it again, but I don't dare because that would probably be a lie. I'd prefer to hit every mailing, but there are a lot of things competing for my attention. Naturally, I'll do what I can -- probably minac. But right now I've got some time, and I'm getting at the mailing really bright and early, so let's see how much of a zine I can get out this time. Incidentally, I hope you like Mailing Comments...

Nota Bene: For the benefit of trufen who flicks through the mailing looking mainly for comments to him, all zines are commented on alphabetically by their editor/publisher. But don't skip the rest of the zine, because I might sneak in something to or about you in somebody else's comments.

With the apologia, introduction, and Handy Pocket Guide out of the way, let us proceed with the main body of the zine. Sure enough, alphabetically we begin with:

I-SHINE, #1 (John Baxter) -- One of the local fan-couples has been talking recently about the possibility of emigrating to Australia, and I accompanied them, during the recent Westercon, to the San Francisco branch of the Australian Consulate for a stack of materiel and propaganda fliers. Seems your big empty land is so eager for new citizens they'll repay part of your fare there if you'll promise to stay for a while. It is an interesting idea -- researches indicated to us that prices and wages are both about half of what they are here, tho prices on luxury goods (i.e. imported) are astronomical. Cars, dishwashers, TV sets, and so on, which we take for granted, cost small fortunes there. I'm interested because of job opportunities -- I hear the TV and movie industries are just beginning to open up there, and they might have some openings for a good director with a little experience, even if they do have a hard time understanding his Yank accent.

Besides, from the pictures I've seen there is scenery in Australia and New Zealand that looks like nothing else in the world but Middle Earth...

I'm somewhat surprised, and a little ashamed, to admit that I have seen only one of the films you discuss -- however, I have seen BALLAD OF A SOLDIER three times. Such beautiful photography! I can't say a lot for the editing, but there hasn't been a really good Russian editor since Eisenstein. Still, as a work of art, in content, in the direction, in the bit actors especially, and in the photography, an enthralling film. I fell in love with the girl, of course, a muttered a soft curse at the exigencies of realistic stroy-telling that forbade a happy ending. But think of the minor parts which did so much to carry the film -- the one-legged soldier he meets on the train; the wife he has been sent to bring a bar of soap for; the fat old woman driving the truck on that sleepless night of rain and mud; the boy's mother... all small but brilliantly polished roles.

Don't knock VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA -- rotten film it may be, but there was a fan in it -- LASFS member Duane Avery was also a member of the crew of the submarine. Fortunately, I spotted him in the previews, and so did not have to see the picture. As for the book, it serves one purpose only -- it helps keep Ted Sturgeon and family fed, which is a fine humanitarian thing to be doing, and should not be demeaned.

Alan Burns and George Willick: both articles read and studies; I think both of you are kidding, but I'm not sure either of you are. Alan: Of course I'm aware fans are different from mundanes, but I don't believe we're a different race... just superior. After all, preliminary researches definitely indicate the fannish strains are usually dominant in a Fan-Mundane crossing, either social or sexual. And if we were not a human race, we'd likely not be able to interbreed. Hmmm... Can you interbreed? I suggest you try it. Even if it doesn't work, it's a lot of fun.

George: Maybe I was a different sort of neo from you (or whoever inspired your article). The letters I got on my first fanzine (including from a couple pros) were uniformly complimentary, and a few sent money. Of course I folded the zine at once and got on the FAPA waiting list...



before i forget: this is page 4

SOUFFLE #5 (Baxter Again) -- Good grief, John! If I'd known that last thing was two years old I wouldn't have said old I wouldn't have filled a whole blinkin' page full of comments on it. Well, if I bored you, I hope it was entertaining...

I find one thing hasn't changed essentially in the intervening years, tho -- I haven't seen any of the films you talk about here either. I intend to see LA NOTTA; I intend to avoid MONDO CANE like the plague. But I'm afraid an answering film such as you suggest, showing the good and noble side of humanity in a similar format, wouldn't go over. Aphorism: "Good is never as interesting or, therefore, commercial as evil."

I will tell you about one hell of a great film I saw recently and intend to see a few more times, despite the fact that tickets are \$2.50 or \$3 -- LAWRENCE OF ARABIA. The trouble is that all the superlatives that should be used to describe this film have been over-used for lesser works. The script, the acting, the music are all very good -- but the direction, the photography, and especially the editing are really tremendous. You may have seen desert movies before, but you have never seen the Desert photographed like this. There is so much of it, and still every shot of it looks different. The director's handling of his camera is truly inspiring, and some of the long-lens shots -- like one where a figure is pulled from the horizon on about a 50-inch lens so he is almost a quarter the height of the screen, but the heat refraction of the horizon line and the shimmer of the air so distorts him you can only see a black-shrouded shape on a plodding camel that seems to get no closer. And the editor, I firmly believe, should be burned as a witch. The opening sequence, without dialogue or, after the credits end, music, will leave you gasping and shocked -- and there are a couple of battle sequences which will rattle your back teeth.

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Let me describe one bit just as a sample of the combined art of the script-writer, the actor (Peter O'Toole), the director, the editor and the photographer. It's right near the beginning of the film, before Lawrence is sent out into the desert. He is sitting around the orderly room in, I believe, Egypt. He has just lit a cigarette with a wooden match, and extinguished the match by squeezing it just below the flame and walking his thumb and forefinger slowly up the match into the flame until it goes out as he watches closely with a sort of quizzical half-smile. An aide has entered during this bit with a message for him -- the CO wants to see him. As Lawrence goes out the aide, who had been staring in wonder as Lawrence put out the match, tries it himself and drops the match with a yell. "Hi!" he says. "It 'urts!" Lawrence, on his way out, looks back with a slightly surprised smile; "Of course it hurts," he says. "Well then," says the aide, "Wot's the trick?" "No trick," shrugs Lawrence, "Only... not caring that it hurts."

A brief scene in the CO's office, then during which some background is established and Lawrence is given more detailed characterisation; the CO wants him to head out into the desert and help the man they have there now trying to line up Shiek Feisal against the Turks. Lawrence is warned against the desert -- "No one can love the desert; the more he knows it the more he hates it. And the Arabs live in it... and they hate it the most. If you did like it, I'd worry about you." Lawrence has just lit the CO's cigar (with a wooden match) and we cut in to a tight close-up of him, in profile, staring at the flame of the match. "Oh, I don't know," he says idly. "I rather think I may enjoy it." And he blows out the match and on the little "whuff" as it goes out, we cut -- and the entire screen is filled with bright red.

Across the bottom of the frame is black, but the rest is all hot red with a touch of orange. We see only this for a long ten seconds... then, at the lower right, on the edge of the black, a spark of gold appears... and grows, slowly, into an arc and a segment of a circle... it is the sun, rising over the edge of the desert.

See LAWRENCE. You will not be disappointed.

Back to Comments: On Maze's article (and on theories of why homosexuality); a homosexual acquaintance of mine, a couple years ago was talked into trying a girl -- afterwards he said he still preferred boys, but he had to admit she was conveniently designed."



And of course Oscar Wilde: shortly after the "unpleasantness" in London, he was spotted in Paris going into a noted house-of-ill-etc, and a small crowd gathered outside. Wilde, of course, was equal to the occasion -- when he came out some time later, he sneered down his nose at them and announced, "Cold mutton."

Ah well, academic questions as far as I'm concerned. I like straight sex too much to swing any other way. Girls are softer and more comfortable -- and I find them more stimulating, too.

BEFORE WE CONTINUE with the comments, I might mention that I just got a phone call from OMPAN #140, one Gordon Eklund. He'd just landed at LA International Airport, and had three hours until his plane left again and wanted to talk to some fan. And most of them were either not home (tonight is Friday 19 July) or too far away to phone. He's passing through town en route to his Air Force basic training assignment in San Antonio, Texas, where he will be for 8 weeks. So we talked for almost an hour -- from shortly after 10 till almost 11.

Also I might mention the background music for mystencil-cutting comes, as does the typer, courtesy of Bruce Pelz -- he has a record album of Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra in all nine Beethoven symphonies. I put this album on at 7; one side ran out while I was talking to Gordy and I flipped over the stack at 11. The half-way point in the middle of the 6th Symphony, incidentally. It is now half past midnight and we're just starting the 9th. The sides are arranged so the symphonies play straight through. I love Beethoven.

DOLPHIN #5 (Elinor Busby) -- There seem to be some parallels in opinions of euthanasia and abortion -- in the former case whether to prolong a useless and agonising existence; in the latter, whether to inflict an unhappy existence on a soul which exists only potentially. So: is the property of Life worth holding onto in spite of all the suffering, in spite of pain, hopelessness and sure doom? Well, we all serve out our term under the same doom, of course -- but we can do things while we're here. In the case of euthanasia, presumable the object (Euthanasee?) can do nothing but suffer -- has no further capacity for joy, hope or any emotion save pain. I don't believe such an existence should be prolonged. I also agree that I would hate to be given such a decision to make.

Or do you believe any misery in life is preferable to "that undiscover'd bourne from which no traveller returns"? Should life be preserved at all costs? Better Red Than Dead? (Careful, you're being Baited).

Your list of New Acquisitions inspires me to mention a new book I bought at the Westercon -- at least it is new to me -- THE MEZENTIAN GATE. The only other E.R. Eddison I'd read was The Worm, which I read some years ago, and which I took some months plowing through. Perhaps my recognition vocabulary has increased, or perhaps GATE is really easier to read. I have found it a fascinating book. It seems only slightly injured by the fact that the middle two-thirds, left uncompleted when Eddison died, exist only in outline form; the action is speeded up most marvellously by this. I can think of a number of novels which might benefit greatly from a similar treatment. I couldn't attempt a plot outline -- for those in the audience unacquainted with Eddison, let me say only this is the first book of the Zimiamvian Trilogy (followed by FISH DINNER IN MEMISON and MISTRESS OF MISTRESSES). These books are the only ones I know of that fully match The Lord Of The Rings in scope and scale.

ENVOY #13 (KMPCheslin) -- (I just noticed your initials; we have a radio station here in LA with the call letters KMPC; they play nothing but rock-n-roll music. I'll see if I can pick up some of their stationary or match-folders or something...)

Not much space left; I flipped over the Olaf cartoons. And, for your own sake, I sort of hope you never hear The Watermelon Story; it'll be the biggest disappointment of your life. But continue with the cartoons, by all means.



ENVOY #14 (Ken again) -- Oh, my apologies. I see this is actually all for the benefit of Don Studebaker -- probably comments thereon should also be directed to him. However, I've already started this comment so I might as well go on.  
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You can't really kick up much dust with a 30 MT bomb -- at least not compared to a volcano. I can't quote you exact percentages, but you take a good volcanic explosion like Krakatoa or even a strong eruption like Pelee or Vesuvius, and you've got a lot more energy being released than anything we've got yet. So I don't think the weather can be blamed on the recent run of H-Bomb tests. Heck, even the overall increase in background radiation isn't much more than the minimal measurable amount -- statistically, I'm more likely to get radiation poisoning from the radium-dialled wristwatch I wear than I am from any bomb-caused radiation. And I can soak up a couple of month's worth during one day up in the mountains. No, there isn't any danger from the tests for a while yet. I have a much different reason for wanting the Bomb Banned -- I expect the damned thing will be used in war eventually, and I'd rather have a chance to dodge the little HE bombs than go off in a cloud of flame along with half-a-hundred square miles of indiscriminately vaporised countryside.

I dunno where some fen get the idea of pros being standoffish. Generally they do tend to be clannish in groups, but only from mutual interest and automatic defense against neos. Individually, I can only think of one or two who are not consistantly politer than many fans. Ask Bruce Henstell about standoffish pros -- Randy Garrett bought him a copy of LIFE at the Detention and talked about him for half an hour or more the last night of the con as the shining hope of future fandom. Marion Bradley... well, I still tend to think of her as more fan than pro, but that doesn't stop her from being a mighty nice person. And of course Fritz Leiber, and Pappa Villy Ley, and Bob Heinlein and Tony Boucher and Poul and Karen Anderson... Of course Harlan Ellison is nasty, but that's just part of his Image and he's really not at all bad when he relaxes. Don, by all means, toss that crucifix at George Willick -- may he vanish in a puff of foul-smelling smoke and cease to calumnize fine generous friendly people.

PRODUCTION NOTE: 11:05 pm Monday the 22th of July. After an excellent fannish supper of three hot-sausage sandwiches, a can of Ranier Ale, and a Goon Show broadcast by KPFFK, I settled once again into the stencelling corner between Bruce's room and the bathroom -- a tiny entry hall just big enough for the dressing table (converted to typing table) and me and a large wastebasket. I have the mailing stacked on a pulled-out top drawer to my right; as I finish each zine it is flipped over face down and placed on the stack on top of the table to my right. In the inset area in the center, before the mirror, sits the typer, a huge sleek Everest, named (by Bruce) Johnny Inkslinger, and misnomered by my as Johnny Stinkfinger. Be that as it may, it cuts a neat stencil.

One publishing note -- I expect this zine to be run off on Owen Hannifen's Rex-Rotary. That means there will probably be a little lopsided line of type at the bottom of the back page to the effect that this was "published by Grishnakh House". Unless otherwise informed, you may safely believe this.

OFF TRAILS #36 (Ken once more Cheslin) -- Bruce just explained the cryptic symbology of the roster page -- the "Dec. 2" after my name means my membership lapses in December and I need 2 more pages by then, huh? It is all very confusing. // Oh by the way, Ken, how are the Fellowship Funds holding out? Come December I shall want to tap them for another 7/6 -- and I suppose Pelz will do the same in June.

Incidentally, don't give up all hope -- we really will have another issue of I PALANTIR out in a couple of months. We have 17 pages on stencil and 6 more to cut. We'll probably be distributing it at the Discon. The Fellowship Is Not Dead Yet. Contents will include two original items and two reprints (at least one of which has had no fannish distribution). We hope to make up for the delay.



WHATSIT #4 (You Again?) — Four Cheslin zines in a row? Great Nurgling Skerribunkers! Are you in all the rooms? Ah well, it was worth the wait, because here (wonder of wonders!) are mailing Comments. So to comment on the comments:

Of course apas are mutual admiraton societies. I dunno why you're here, but I'm in it for the egoboo. ((I scuse uneven typing above; I just found out the bottom half of my stencil had gotten folded under the upper half, and I had to take the whole bleedin' thing out to correct it. Is much improvement.)) Probably if I didn't get egoboo I'd soon lose interest in apactivity -- and I'll bet the same goes for the larger portion of all apans. One of many reasons for the last year or two's decreased apac from me was the very unfriendly reception my Coventry stories received in SAPS and FAPA. The negative egoboo was quite enough to turn me off extensive publishing for them -- and I had a lot of mundac as an excuse.

It's hard to say just how your writing style is unorthodox. It does read very casually; it sounds composed on-stencil and quite chatty -- rather as I think my own stuff sounds. (Because after all I do compose on stencil, and ... write, I am told, just about as I talk.) Personally, I prefer the informal on-stencil composition. It seems, somehow, friendlier.

Aw heck, I don't really want OMPA to go triennial. As it is, I know I don't dare put off cutting stencils for the next mailing (as I do with FAPA, SAPS and N'APA) but have to get right at them as soon as I get the new mailing. This way I can be fairly well assured of hitting the mailing if I want to. On the other hand, theoretically, I could do a better zine if I had two months instead of just one. And on the third hand, in actual practice, I would probably do just the same sort of thing I do now -- nattering comments composed on stencil. On the fourth hand, we do have £28 some in the treasury. How much would it cost to airmail the overseas bundles? (Well, this mailing weighs about a pound; add six ounces for wrapping and a safety margin... American overseas airmail costs 15¢ for a half-ounce; 22 oz is 44 half-oz, times 15¢, is \$6.60... Naw, I guess that's sort of impractical, isn't it?)

PLEASE NOTE! And this goes for the whole membership and the rest of Fandom -- if you're going to be aware of my Mundane name (and you should be able to recognise my screen credits when you see them), please be aware of the proper spelling. It is McDaniel. There is no "s" on the end. Even in Mundania, I am always singular; in fact, I am considered quite singular by many.

PHENOTYPE #n+1 (Dick Eney) -- I knew I should've put something in the last mailing -- I could have identified #s 1, 2, 4 & 6 of your set of quotes. I knew #5 was biblical, but I'm not that acquainted with that particular Classic Fantasy. And I'm weak on Kipling. The others, of course, were easy. If it wasn't so late in the evening, I'd answer with a few quotes I like and see what kind of response we'd get. In fact, since this is to be the last stencil of the evening, I may just start off the next page with a set. Or better yet, I think, I may put them on the last page of the zine. Yes. A capital thot.

Scithers' counter-reincarnation ploy is thoroly delightful; if Harness wasn't a member (and therefore has probably already read this) I'd love to hit him with it. Even so, I'd like to save it up and use it sometime on someone. Tell George I liked his line, huh?

Don't ask me about where the idea for the cover of NAMSASCF #1 came from; I just told Jack I wanted a cover and he tossed one off for me. If he got the idea from Eric Needham, I must admit complete ignorance. // The reason I didn't say "disclaimer" after my reference to the Fan-Shaped Future is that I consider disclaimers a crock of nonsense and suitable only to point up some purposely facetious remark. At the time I was writing, I was being serious. When I'm being funny, I usually feel I can be adequately funny without sticking "disclaimer" in to point out where the jokes are.

Publishing ASI for Public Consumption?? Gracious, what will the world think of LA? Oh well, they'll probably be right... But really, we have changed in the last 20 years.



After a week's hiatus I'm back at the typer; I would like to have complete comments in this zine. SAPS and N'APA have both been getting rather sketchy coverage from me for quite some time, and I feel our Anglo-Saxon neighbors deserve somewhat more considerate treatment. Not that I mean to slight my fellow-Americans, but... aw, never mind.

It lacks 3 minutes of midnight, Tuesday 30th July. Back to the mailing:

THE BASRA JOURNAL #3 (James England) — Not any relation to my dear old friend and drinking companion, Harry England, are you? I often wondered what became of the family; hard drinkers and stout fellows all, but "none so merry as our bold Harry", as he himself was wont to say on occasion.

Howcum you've got periods after each of the letters of MENSA? When I joined they told me it didn't stand for anything, but was the Latin for "table". Have you or someone else figured out a reverse logogram for it? Mental Exercise Never Stopped Anyone? Or perhaps Masters of England and North and South America? Mighty Eggheads National Social Agglomeration? Or even My Ego Needs Some Attention...

CYRILLE #5 (Bill Evans) -- Regarding the greater number of test repetitions needed to increase the accuracy any measurable amount -- there is not only a decreasing importance of any single test; there is usually a definite cut-off point, after which any number of samples will not materially increase the reliability. In statistical analysis, a sample group of 3000 to 5000 is equally valid for checking distribution in a total population of 10,000 as it is in checking 10 million... considering, of course, the 3000 are selected in a carefully controlled random distribution pattern.

I'd be interested to see your reprinting of Pratt's naval game. I'm currently involved in a game of DIPLOMACY being played cross-country by mail -- John Boardman is umpiring, publishing the moves that are made at two-weeks intervals. I'm playing Austria-Hungary, and right now I'm in serious trouble with Italy having taken most of my territory and pushed my forces back into Serbia, Albania and Greece. On the last move I convinced Germany to form a temporary alliance, and I managed to get Trieste back. The game is quite complex in strategy, though simple in play, and aggreat deal of fun.

The DISPATCHER game you describe is, as I recall, another of the excellent Avalon-Hill series. I have TACTICS II, U-BOAT, and GETTYSBURGH, but it has been largely the element of conflict that has appealed to me. I have recently been considering adapting some of the principles of game-board warfare and the vague outlines given by Fritz Leiber in an article in AMRA (v.2 n.12, Sept 1960) of the war-game developed by Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser: LANKHMAR. Without permission from Scithers or Leiber, I quote sections:

"The board is as long as {Fafhrd} is tall and as wide as his sword-arm is long, and even Ningauble using all his seven eyes couldn't count the squares at a glance... It's a checkered map of Lankhmar, the Land of the Eight Cities, the Eastern Lands, the Mingol Steppes, and so on. Each player has sixteen warriors -- thirty-two if he's ambitious -- and one hero... They're armed with swords, spears, bows-and-arrows...

"As in true war, each captain moves all his pieces when comes his turn to move... Besides the men, there are horses, camels, boats, and seas for the boats to swim in. There are types of terrain, shown by the color of the squares -- desert, forest, grass-land, marsh or snow -- and the distance a piece can move depends on the terrain it occupies and whether or not it's mounted and what it's mounted on. Oneach move each man can either change position or strike



with his weapon, not both; taking a slain foeman's weapon also constitutes a move. The purpose of the game is to occupy the enemy citadel before he occupies yours... To make it interesting, there are enchantment cards, which unexpectedly lay geasa and other sorcerous commands on the heros..."

All in all, it sounds like a monstrously time-consuming and tremendously enjoyable game. I intend to talk to Fritz and see if he knows any more about it; if he doesn't, perhaps I shall do what I can towards reconstructing it.

I didn't recall asking you to change my FAPA listing to my real name, but maybe I did; my memory is remarkably vague on things like that. Be that as it may, you might as well leave me on as David McDaniel, because it would be far too confusing all the way around to have my wife listed under the same mix-up of names as myself. In the November FA (for which, incidentally, I owe eight pages) I'll have a change of address and a dual membership, as Dave and Joyce McDaniel.

Regarding the quote from the Insider's Newsletter about the different generals with more and more rows of ribbons on their chests -- somewhere I have a photograph from about 1939 of Adolph Hitler and several members of his Reich reviewing some troops. I see an increase in decorations with rank only up to a certain point. Goebbels has only one row, Goering has just a few ribbons, Himmler is in his shirt-sleeves, and Hitler himself wears only one medal -- the Iron Cross. Real power does not require the symbols of power...

VAGARY #18 (Roberta Gray) -- You mention the BAN THE BOW cartoon, and the parody CND button which is a crossbow figure; there are available in the country other buttons, white-on-black, which look like the good old Mark I CND buttons but which prove on closer inspection to be a silhouette of a B-56, with a slogan around the edge: "Drop The Bomb". I will admit to wearing one of the original Aldermaston-type buttons; I'm in favor of not blowing up the human race or sterilising the planet. I realise life is a hard grind, and there is a lot wrong with the world, but I don't think suttee is the only answer.

You say I shouldn't construe your Angry Young Woman comments on my zine as an attack on anything I said, but all the same it worries me when someone gets so violently upset in comments on my zine. If it was something I said, I do apologise; and in any case I sympathise. You lose coherence a few times in there, and I'm not sure what you're talking about -- somewhere between obscenity in literature, loyalty, and cloddish Mundanes in movies, I lost the thread of continuity. I don't see eye to eye with you on the first, I'd like to discuss the second to find out exactly what you mean (Better Dead Than Red?), and I agree greatly on the last. Mundanes are often a rotten lot. But there are more of them than there are of us, so we must sometimes grit our teeth and bear up under their stupidity and pettiness. It is a proud and a lonely thing...

BIG DEAL #3 (Dave Hale) -- What has been the CND's reaction to the new test-ban treaty Krush just signed? And wasn't that a great bit at the conference when he popped in with a big grin, shaking hands all around, and said, "Hollo, Dean, baby! Got anyt'ing you want me to sign?" And then he signed it! Yeahman, Nikki knows which side his Balance of Power is buttered on. Well, seven years ago I predicted that if we had another big war, US and the European powers would be allied with USSR against China. And it looks more and more likely. The US is moving a little more to the left and USSR is moving a little more than that to the Right -- pretty soon maybe we meet in the middle. Besides, Nikki knows he'd have a tough time against China alone, and they look like they're spoiling for a fight. But between us we can stomp them into fudge. Therefore, the Balance is maintained, and the uneasy Peace continues.



ERG #16 (Terry Jeeves) — Another evening (31 July, now, at 10:15 p.m.) and another zine waiting to be commented upon. I'd like to finish the mailing tonight so I could take the stencils along over to the Mercian Embassy (Owen Hannifen's flat) tomorrow afternoon. He has the Rex Rotary these stencils were made to fit, and Jack Harness (in the flat next door) still has my cover locked up inside his head and his facile fingertips. Besides, I have another roll of pictures from the Westercon to process, and all my darkroom gear is at the Embassy.

For those of you in the audience who happen to be photography bugs (excuse me, Terry; these comments aren't specifically relating to ERG, but I had the name at the top of the page before I knew what I wanted to say) — some months ago I got a second-hand Konica III with an f/2 lens. And after some time of getting used to it at fan-parties and so on, I decided the time had come to start getting serious. So at the Westercon I blew off three whole rolls — 60 exposures — of Tri-X (rated at ASA 400). But, with malice aforethought, planning for the low light levels of a con, I shot all three rolls rating the film at ASA 2400. On my return home, when I started getting a darkroom set together, I got a unit of a new type of developer called DIAFINE. This is an extremely simple stuff to use, takes very little temperature control and isn't fussy about time, and boosts film by some  $2\frac{1}{2}$  stops. I got two of my three rolls developed last week before I pulled the sort of incredible damn-fool stunt that marks the professional — I'd just finished fixing the second roll, and proceeded to pour the Hypo back into the second-solution bottle of developer, thereby ruining a quart worth of Diafine-B-solution. So I still have the third roll to do tomorrow.

I've learned quite a lot about con-photography and fan-candid (perhaps Fandids?) and semi-posed portraiture. Maybe I'll do an article on how to cover a con sometime. Or maybe — more likely — I'll wait till after the Discon, and see how I do there. I can tell you this: you'll get a lot better co-operation and a lot more really candid materiel if you have the fastest film you can find and shoot by available light — no flash. For this you'll need a good sensitive light meter \*\* CdS is the only type to use. But fout! If I keep going, I'll write that article here and now, and I don't have time.

Your coverage of the Peterborough Con re-fills me with the old Con Fever — and it's only a month since the Westercon, and a month before the Discon. British cons always sound like so much fun. I envy Bruce running for TAFF and I look forward to the '65 LonCon. I don't know yet how I'll get there, but there I will be, if I have to hock my wife. There is a plot afoot to charter a plan from LA over the pole to London (I suggested we do it in the name of the WSFS — it's traditional). But I'd like to spend more time than just the Con in England. I've always wanted to see the place. Maybe Joyce and I could come over a few weeks early and go back after the con with the charter-flight group. We'll see — it's almost two years away, and that should be enough time to plan. I may even have the next issue of I PALANTIR out by then...

Sorry about the discontinued sentence on the bottom of page 7, in the lastish. But sometimes when I'm not able to end a sentence or a whole comment at the bottom of a stencil I forget what I was saying when I start up again, maybe a week later. Or I may have forgotten that I was in the middle of a sentence. // After half an hour of digging through Bruce's files, I can't find that mailing, and I can't recall what I was saying. Oh well, it can't have been very important...

Well, I see all the space filled above on photography wasn't as mal-apropos as I'd thot. If I'd just read the zine before starting my comments I might come off a little better.

Regarding home movies; when I graduated from San Diego State College, my mother rented an 8 mm camera with a zoom lens — a fairly primitive hunk of gear. But a friend of mine at the college used to be a newsreel cameraman for a local TV station, and



knew just what sort of shots to get and how to cover the whole action. The films came out good, and when I get a chance to edit them, they'll look a lot better. Due to the cost of equipment, film stock, and processing, it'll be a while before I have a movie camera of my own. But now I have access to film gear like I used to have sound gear when I worked at the radio station -- I'll have the whole UCLA department to draw on... an, in some cases, even a limited supply of raw stock to shoot on. Maybe I'll invite a bunch of fen over to the campus for a FAPAcon or some such thing -- hold it in the one sound-stage we have here, and record the whole thing for posterity on 16 mm sound-sync color film. Or then again, maybe I won't... The world is not yet ready for such horrors.

No, I'll stick with stills for the time being -- ultra-high-speed black-and-white for cons and suchlike, and Ektachrome X for color slides. This is new color stock, 64 ASA, and beautiful color -- best I've seen since old Kodachrome was discontinued. But I'll save that for the article too... I may want to pick up a portable tape recorder -- Bruce got a little cheap one for taking notes during the Westercon, and it worked quite well. No fidelity for music, of course, but good enough voice quality. Be fun to have anyway.

Now aren't you ashamed? Here I fill up a page and a third of comments to you, and you only gave me four lines. Pfui!

SCETTISHE #32 (Ethel Lindsay) -- So you didn't comment on my zine at all; well, tho I miss the egoboo, I did grandly enjoy both the con report and the Willis (who is as superb as Bloch used to be) reminiscence. I've commented above on how much I like British con reports -- they seem to be somehow a sort of essence of the Ameri-cons, with all the animosity distilled out and the fannish spirit uncontaminated by mundane considerations. Besides, it seems that everybody knows everybody. Here we have the problems between the con-fen and the zine-fen; each group knows only itself and a few others. But in Anglo-fandom, everybody does everything -- like the Trufen here who publish and go to all the cons. Felz and I, for instance...

AMBLE #14 (Archie Mercer) -- Don't be so self-denigrating about your IQ when you haven't any real idea what it is. Since you are a fan you're probably at least around 125 minimum; since you're a good and sharp fan, you may be up in the 140s. It's just that you're so shy you're hesitant to think you could be outstanding in something -- doggone it Archie, we love you! You're a fine True Fan and a leading talent. If you were as dull as you seem to think you are, you'd be coming on like the late NGWansborough.

So it really is the Muskrat Rattle, huh? It's a good thing I found out before I stuck my neck out in front of some Dixieland buffs who would tease me about it -- nothing like trying to one-up a pro and getting stomped on.

Nobody calls Tony Boucher anythign except Tony -- except for his wife; she calls him Bill, and objects strenuously if anyone calls her "Mrs. Boucher". And he's in the phone book as William A P White. But anyway, I suppose I will pretty well standardise on Dave McDaniel in the future. I'll keep up the Ted Johnstone name, but it doesn't really matter what I'm addressed as, so long as the intent is clear.

Regarding the military man calling everything around him by "negative euphemisms" and relating also back to Bobby Gray's comments on obscenity in fiction -- I am irresistibly reminded of that deathless scene in any or all of the World War II movies where the hero is crouched in a foxhole, and his best buddy (who saved his life in the previous reel, and who was always talking about the wonderful girl waiting for him and the great future they had planned) has just died in his arms after a heart-rending scene, and the hero looks up with tears streaking his mud-smeared face and looks over towards the enemy lines and says, "I'll get you, you dirty yellow-livered bunch o' rats!"



Someday I may be able to explain why Mordor in '64 was suddenly dropped, but I don't think I'd better now. It had to do with people in LA who were friends suddenly becoming enemies for no particularly clear reason, and the Con Committee was split by suspicions and endemic paranoia. It's a long silly story, and I'm very sorry it happened; I'd still like to try for the Con, but I can't do it all by myself. Maybe in '68... After all, running a con can't be that much more complex than directing live TV, and I've managed that without any trouble at all...

UL 10 (Norm Metcalf) -- I've read the entire page and a half through twice, with great care, and I can't find anything to comment on. But I hate to let a zine go by with just "noted", and I can't ignore it entirely. So I'll restrict myself to saying BYDCOMZ!

COMPACT #2 (Ella Parker) -- Sales tax here is sometimes a problem to Americans, too. Some states don't have any at all, and others have as much as 4¢ or 5¢ on each dollar. Tourists from the primitive areas are always confused and bothered by the benefits of civilization here in California where a one-dollar item costs \$1.04. The really stiff taxes here, tho, are on gasolines. The prices run around 30¢ a gallon -- of this, 20¢ goes to the gas company and 10¢ goes to the State. I consider this somewhat appalling, myself.

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Atom for TAFF in '64; Pelz for TAFF Right Now!

SAVOYARD #10 (Bruce Pelz) -- Oh, hi there! I was just mentioning you. // I've seen this fotocover in just about every apa I belong to. The pictures still interest me (after all, I'm in one of them), mainly for the expressions on the subjects and the captions they call to mind. Reading down the first column and then down the second: Bob Leman: "Yeah, it's little Suzy all right -- and all over the street..." // Ted White: "Yes, This Is Your Life, uh... uh... Mike, where's my script?" // Ike Asimov: "He's cute, Randy, but I wouldn't say he looks like you..." // Ed Cox: "If you can shake your husband, honey, I'll be waiting in 321" // FM Busby: "In just about 30 seconds it'll hit him, and then, WHAM!" // Sandy Cutrell: "Yes, Jesus loves me; yes, Jesus loves me..." // Eric Bentcliffe: "I said 'Shut that bloody door!' and keep it shut!"

#  
A plague on antique riddles anyway. The only trouble is, the modern ones are so silly as to be thoroly irritating... as exempli grati, "What has four legs, weighs 300 pounds, is red, has feathers, and says 'Bah, baa, baa?" (Two indians singing The Whiffenpoof Song) or "Why do elephants have flat feet?" (From jumping out of trees). Argh.

MORPH #31 (John D. Roles) -- Laney had no sense of humor? Oh my dear friend! The ancient spirits stir in their sepulchers at that phrase. Laney was one of the finest fan wits of the last twenty years. It is a shame that he is most remembered for his self-analysis and devastating inside study of LA fandom.

Your "Confessions of an Ex-Opium Smoker" were much enjoyed; I think this is another vice I can get along without. Kind of disappointing, tho, as you said. No pink clouds, no euphoria... Oh well... Back to blog, I guess.

DETROIT IRON #2 (Dick Schultz) -- I like that cover! You are improving steadily in all departments, Dick; I like your art and your writing better each time I see something new.

Ella Parker in a one-piece bathing suit? A croggling thought. But... which piece?

DON STUDEBAKER: Comments to you got filed under Cheslin -- see p. 6, ENVOY #14.

And thus ends another OMPazine, packed full to the margins. I'll see you all in three months; until then, if you can't behave, don't be caught.