

Whatsit

20



In August last year Roger Peyton came across from Birmingham to look at Ken's books and while he was here he mentioned that he and Pete Weston had put in a successful bid to run the next convention (Easter '71) in Worcester. Ken, having missed the previous two conventions, was keen to attend, even more so as we live only 40 minutes drive from Worcester, and we could if necessary journey down each day. I, having no interest in science-fiction and no experience of cons was not particularly anxious to attend, but did not relish the idea of spending the weekend with Matthew at home. So we duly registered, and progress reports arrived with pleasing regularity.

An extremely wet Sunday in February 1971 found us driving down to Worcester to find the hotel (we had received notification of a room in the Giffard itself). Having found the hotel, just opposite the cathedral, we parked just round the corner. Here, in the pouring rain, we opened the back doors of the car and hauled the pram out. Matthew, muffled in blankets, unable to see a thing, led the rush across to the hotel in his pram. We had a good look at the hotel, from the outside, wheeled smartly past the multistorey car park to check on charges, then wearily slashed back to the car and drove home.

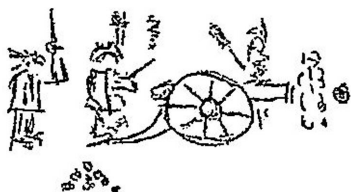
I must admit that I expected to be bored at the convention, and saw myself going thankfully to attend to Matthew when I was fed up. I was more pleased at having a weekend away, and a rest from cooking than about attending the convention programme.

However, a week before Easter we decided to enter the Fancy Dress. We had a limited supply of material and even less time, so our costumes had to be simple. Ken didn't care what he looked like as long as he had a cloak and a sword, and as I could only muster old blankets and bedspreads we decided on, King Alfred (in humble clothes as he was in hiding from the Danes!) and the woman whose cakes he ((reputedly)) burnt. (we called her "Ethelburgha of Glastonbury"). Ken's costume was comprised of a papier mache helmet, a cloak made from a blanket, an old wool shirt, canvas trousers (relic of holiday in Cornwall) a leather cloth tunic laced with string, a wooden sword, crossgartering made from blanket strips, and a pair of old corduroy shoes. With his hair rather long and his beard he looked very authentic. //thank you, wife..ko//. I pinned a wool bedspread round me as a robe, tied it with a plaited string belt to which was attached a leather cloth purse, fashioned a wimple affair from a piece of old blanket, and wore some old flat slippers. I carried an old wooden dish. ((originally a church collection plate...kr)) containing five or six papier mache cakes, made and baked by Ken. ((they smelled really lovely while they were baking..ko)). We didn't win a prize, but we looked authentic and I don't think we had done too badly with the limited materials we had.

On the night before we went to Worcester we assembled everything in our bedroom to have a full dressing up. With our two kittens goggling at us from the window sill and Matthew on the bed laughing at us, we helped each other to dress up. We laughed so much ourselves that I began to think I might enjoy the convention after all.

HAVE AT YOU!

comments on the
60th mailing.....and
maybe the 61st.



ERG 34. I can't find my copy of: either I have not looked hard enough.. "my" room is very crowded and last week got into a worse state; or I've mailed the last one off to some prospective member...or, its in front of my eyes and I've missed it. (JOT)

The little illo there is a result of my subconscious pushing forward, when I was thinking what to draw there, an item which has figured largely in my thoughts for the last few weeks. Tony Hill, who one or two of you may remember as a long ago member of SADO has got a pub a mile or so from here and on his "day off" I usually go to see him. We used to play various board games, but even way back in..oh, '63 or so.. we were interested in War Games. Since I've been back from college we've had a go at Gettysburg, Blitzkrieg, Waterloo, Battle of the Bulge, 14-18, etc., and in addition we have been turning more and more to tabletop wars with airfix soldiers. (Tony paints them, I'm not bothered what they look like, all I'm interested in is the game)..anyhow, Tony has discovered a couple more bloke interested in war games and for the last two Mondays we've been playing them. On both occasions I had charge of our artillery, and so this arm has occupied much of my leisure thought.Not that I've had much leisure the last week or so, end of term tests at school...oh, and the Summer Concert..each class does an act of some sort, a play, a song or two..etc.. Me? well we are doing a play (written by me) called THE PIED PIPER & ST GEORGE...hum..the plot is the same up to a point, but then St. George arrives, fights goblins and a dragon, and rescues the children. Papier mache masks, painted with school water colours and then varnished make up the goblins..similar for the dragon, but the 4 girls doing this have 3 old sheets thrown over them.

SEAGULL 14 Rosemary. I don't think the membership should be reduced, but perhaps we might do something more to increase the numbers. I offer these as talking points. Should we reduce the activity requirement?. It does not seem to affect the more active members, yet it might attract people who feel apprehensive about doing 20pp, and then, when they are in, they might find that 20 or so pages isn't so hard to produce after all. Eligability of material. Should we do away with the clause that requires material to be original?, because we might then get material in the form of genzines. Personally, I'd say yes, ... providing that there is some clause to prevent great abuse. I don't think that many OMPAns would be on, say, 6 or 7 US mailing list; even so, suppose a member was on a mailing list, he'd get an OMPA copy free (er, if he's subbing that is). It would, I think, be worth trying it for a year.

I have no idea what goes on outside OMPA, what about you, or someone else who is aware of the current scene and the BSFA knocking off a half page or so about it?

SEAGULL+14 Dear Rosemary, I doubt that Darroll ever had a Worcestershire accent. (as no doubt he'll confirm) for Stourbridge, while in That Fairest of Sounties, is more a part of the Black Country.

- Now a "Worcestershire" accent in a Kidderminster, Stourport, Bridgnorth, Worcester etc., accent; the Stourbridge is a dialect of Black Country..tho he probably never had a Stourbridge accent either! In fact, he probably, if any, had a Lye or Wollescote, or Wynnall accent. The little villages, only a mile apart, that made up the Black country had and have still distinct differences. I can think of at least 7 distinct variations, which 7 out of ten natives would recognise at once, withing 4 miles of Stourbridge. Its an interesting subject.

Your virge and virgo; if I read it right you don't think enough time has passed for the corruption to occur. I, on the other hand, would believe it quite possible. I cite the (souse spellings) veire and vaire, in the Cinderella story, FUR and GLASS!

SEAGULL 16...useful..

FHTV John Coombe interesting account of your participation in the farming demo. One question; if the price of beef etc will go up when we get into the Common Market will this not be of benefit to the farmers, who I have heard of remonstrating about the low prices they've had to take?. I like the sound of that Rintoul Booth (?) Farming Handbook...any more witticisms?+ Re; the cottages, I don't understand, why don't you want to let them, say in the summer?. Loved that H-bomb quote. We went to Cornwall about a year ago, we found the Cornish people nice, friendly etc., We camped on this farm (a Camping Club site) near Lands End. There seemed to be a lot of Londoners about.

THE POSTAL MENACE 2. ..hmm...maybe it would be a good idea to staple them together when its done..say..perhaps someone could even do a cover for the completed story!

TRANSPLANT 5. Gray Boak. nice tho the cover is its also CONFUSING! cuz its the same as Binary. oh well.

yr comments on the fantasy world (for which many thanks) 1. 9 races, I had envisaged them as near enough homo sap. differences like those between elves, dwarves, hobbits, men, orcs gnoles, trolls, goblins..like human-like but I suppose that given time and distance from each group, even if all of basic earth stock, in 2-3000 years they would differ a great deal I do not have any rabid desire to keep all the details of the F.W as first set out. It was so that people could make comments, as you have, that I printed my ideas. I'll willingly change anything to make the world more sensible.



TRANSPLANT 5 continued...but..the common language..IF there is some trade, IF writing is preserved, IF possibly spoked records are preserved, might not change too much over, say 500 years. Perhaps traders and wandering minstrels might be invented first of all. Perhaps the very world map might be redone, perhaps the settlements should be located nearer to each other, perhaps we should let the language drift. perhaps having Talents like Rememberer might have an effect on the preservation of language which has not happened before in real history.

READ my comments to Sam Long, I'll say more about the world then. Also in the light of these comments do you think we should scrap the first map and do another one? I wouldn't mind a bit. (if we don't charge then OK, you take the settlement indicated.) (N sign, magnetic and true....I can claim that a VERY large iron meteor landed there millions of years ago...thus giving the world a squash, resulting in the equatorial girgling continents)

BINARY Joe Patrizio. light, amusing, beginning. it would be nice to have you back permanently. not much here to grab to comment on.

CYNIC Gray Boak. Andrew Stephenson's bit, short, light, whimsically humorous liked. Gannet ok too. pleasant zine to read. Like the reviews. And the letter col..just like a real..er.non-OMPA genzine..er..I like a good letter col, it makes for a good lively zine (I wish there was a folk club near here..the nearest is in Brum, although only 12 miles away its a bind to go to Brum..I'm a folk fan..but that doesn't mean I'm exclusively a folk fan.)

BLEATHERINGS 4. Ethel. pity you left. This was a wonderful issue. Maybe nostalgia had something to do with it; but it seemed better written, in a kinder humour, than anything seen nowadays, and I thoroughly enjoyed it all.

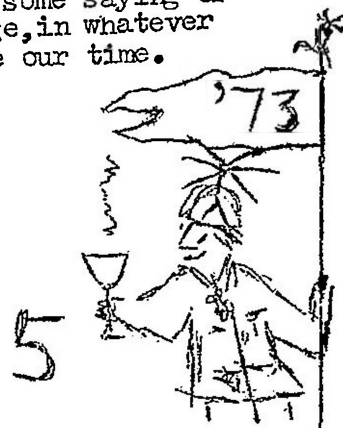
OOTTrails Gerbish...er, liked..good heavens. the strangest landlady I had was one who was very superstitious. hnm.

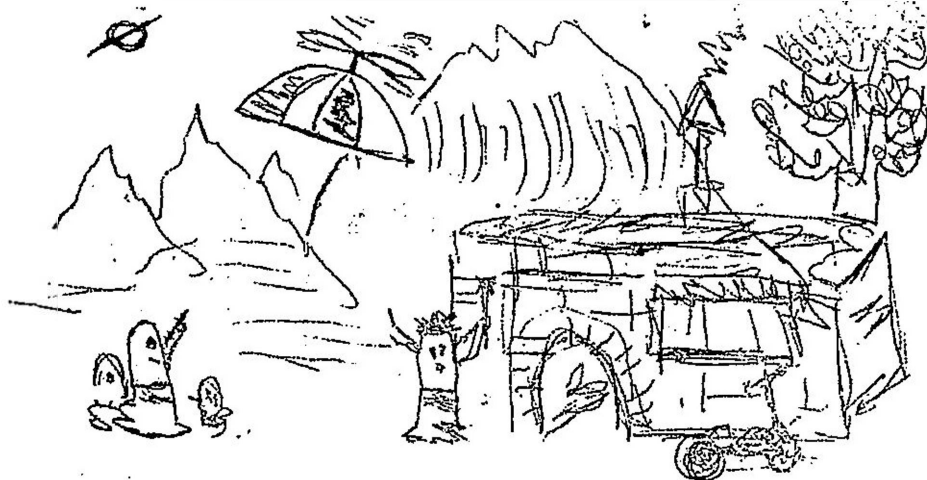
PABLO 13. look forward to seeing that OMPA checklist. might be rather interesting. hnm..from OF lists? or from actual zines?.

UL18 Norm Metoalf. re; best years for zines etc., there is some saying or epigram to the effect that the Golden Age, in whatever time one happens to be born, was before our time.

While I don't argue that this is precisely the same with SF, there is some parallel. ..I used to read the SANDERS books, I say "used to" because I think I've read them all..hnm, except perhaps BONES IN LONDON. I enjoyed them all, but never liked the other Wallace books very much, if at all....UL34 noted.

VAGARY Bobbie Gray.(er no 24). enjoyed your wartime remembering.(short sentence not really much reward for amount of your effort and my appreciation).





VAGARY 24.. continu
ed.....

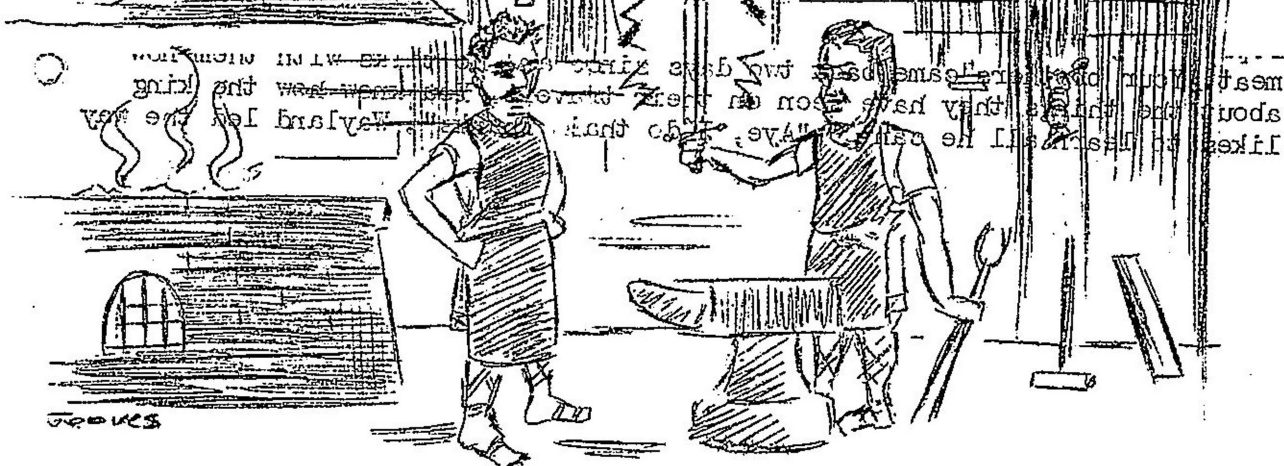
I usually
get the mailing out
on a Sat, if it does
not delay it too
much as it is the
most convenient day
for me. I also feel
that I should stick
as close to the dead
line as possible, so
folks feel they can
depend of OMPA to do
a good job..etc., you
know what I mean..

however I am highly imperfect and may be nasty etc at times. I don't think to PO staff, on the whole, are to blame; the management organises(?) Things like delivery and collection times, areas etc., (though some of the counter staff I've met are thick and red-tape bound beyond belief!) The latest thing to annoy me was the statement that they were thinking of discontinuing the Saturday delivery, "because most Saturday delivery letters are not answered until Monday anyway". True, but that means that most of today's mail is commercial. The origin of the penny post, if I remember right, was so that people could communicate with each other more easily. Booooo the commercials; shove up the rate to treble on all commercial post and half the private. Related to this is the practice of giving discounts for big orders. Has no one ever questioned the morality of "scratching each others backs"? .hmm..I could go on..I need to to make any sense out of those sentences, but it would take too long. Then that has, gets; the rich get richer and the poor get poorer. I don't object to riches, merely to the system..like, two children of equal intelligence, one of poor parents, one of ..fairly well off parents. Child 2 can not only take advantage of every state schooling offered, but also can go to private..smaller classes..schools. HMM..Also getting bogged down here...

I rather suspect that what has happened to the hippies is what happened to the beats. A few genuine people, wanting to live their own way. Others join in for "fashion" misinterpret, misapply, twist, etc., the original. Hippies dress etc., well, it's a common human practice to group in tribes and have tribal recognition signals; viz, the City Gent, hoo, hoo, Mason, from what very little I've seen, dress up all funny just to pretend they're different, and to have a nosh. Ah, now we have it; if you can't compete on Their terms be different. Then; equate difference with ~~the~~ self. If self not obviously superior(?) the next step is to declare Them to be inferior; ergo WE are superior. Common, very common, homo sap mechanism; not confined to hippies or any one group.

Lets put it this way. It takes ££ to keep a bloke in prison for 5 years, for the same money some old soul could have 5 years pleasanter old age. The bloke in prison won't contribute to society by work; the old person has worked 50 years. Who deserves the money more?. Go on from there and you have the problem of what to do with incurable criminals. I'd deport them, use them as labour, (ah, some people wouldn't like that cheap labour) or shoot them. BUT, do everything possible to ensure that whatever conditions shaped them were rectified; if possible. (and not just play about with slum clearing, rebuilding, health servin, education). ..would agree in many respects; referendums could be a good thing. Certainly more democratic; but I don't know that I'm democratic.

The Accounting



The smith bent forward and traced the runes on the blade...SORROW...it read. "Hmmm" he commented. "Let's then test the edge", saying this he went to the chest at the back of the workroom and brought out an old helmet. "This is a strong enough war hat, but one I'd minded to melt down as its unstylish" he said, placing it on the oaken chopping block. "There, try your iron on that" Wayland smiled, "Stand back then, friend Ivar, the out may maze you" With that, swinging the sword onehanded, overarm, Wayland cut down on the helm, and sliced it neatly in two, so that the halves fell cleanly apart. "Odins blood!" exclaimed the smith, picking up the shorn halves, "I'm glad my head was not under that hat!"

The door burst open and a flurry of men rushed into the room. "There he is" said a voice, and the whole pack of them, weapons drawn rushed at Wayland. Pausing only to pick up a stout threelegged stool from the floor Wayland stepped back to the wall. There was no time to enquire what this was all about as he was too busy fending off gut-seeking swords. Ivar at least had not been a traitor, he was backed up against the wall toom his great iron hammer in his brawny arms. "Shall we set to, friend" asked the smith, casually snaking out his hammer as if it had been a maidens wand and breaking a back. By all means, Ivar replied Wayland and, with a yell of Odin, Odin, the pair pushed forward. The attackers, there were a mere dozen of them, were caught as it were between an upper and nether grindstone, one might almost describe them as.... surrounded. "Barsark, Barsark" yelled one of then, running away...headless a moment later. The others, those that could, fled into the gathering dusk. There were five and a half corpses left on the ground. The wounded man was the one who had had his back broken by Ivar. Wayland crouched down. "how did Nidhad know I was here" demanded Waylany. Blood dribbled from the warriors ashen face. "Put my sword in my hand" he whispered. Wayland, not wishing to impede the man on his journey Vallhallawards did so. The near-dead grimaced. "Nidhad has much gold. Spies from the town here often sell him gossip". He died.

The next day the town elders called upon Wayland and Ivar the smith. "We fear that Nidhad will do the town harm if you stay. If you insist we will give you guestright and fight, but in that case" He shrugged. "we have the women and young ones to think of". "What of Ivar" asked Wayland. "It might be well if



Ivar went too. Nidhad is a mean spirit and might well do open or stealthy harm to him and his family" Wayland looked at Ivar.

"Will you come to my kins hearths, friend?" "Aye, Wayland. I will and thank you. I cannot blame my townsbrothers. Nidhad has sore over the country".

A month later and three hundred miles away Wayland and Ivar came to the land of Waylands kin. The burg was large and well ordered, the walls and all the houses, without exception, well kept. The land was well farmed from the last feasible mountain slope down to the sea strand. Their ships, mostly of fishing or trade, rode alongside stone quays. The fiord wound away out of sight to the 15 miles distant sea.

They recognised Wayland and passed his companion and his family. "Go up to the hall, Wayland" a warrior on the gate called, "the king has lately come back from Far Strandia and will be glad to see thee". "What manner of man is the king" asked Ivar of Wayland. "Oh, not a bad fellow really. He is old now, but old like a sound oak. He still rules as always he has done for thirty years; one may say he is a wise and good man and not be casting lies in the teeth of Odin.". The came to the Hall gate. "Ho Wayland" greeted a guard. "Back safe in purse and body?" "In flesh; but not in purse, Ragnar" replied Wayland. "Where is the king?" "You will find him in the hall at

into the hall. "Halloa brothers" Wayland called. The group at the bench broke up and surged towards them. "Hello, welcome home," and a slapping of backs. An older man was in the midst of the group. "Father" said Wayland, throwing his arms round him. "Son" gasped the other. GRASPING HIS arms. After a little while Wayland remembered. "Father, here is my good friend Ivar, a smith, and his family, who are wandering the world homeless and kinless because they gave me shelter". he turned to Ivar. "This is my father, Ivar, king hereabouts".

Later on Ivar and his family were settled in in a smithy in the town, thanks-gifted bt the king. The same night, in the hall with the king, Ivar, his brothers and the hucarls assembles for night-meat Wayland related his encounter with Nidhad. The king tugged at his beard and the warriors growled. When he had finished and the silence broke into babble the king leaned towards his son. "I think thee has it in mind to collect from Nidhad, in blood or gold, that which he oweth thee?". "Father, revenge is not near to my heart" replied Wayland. "This Nidhad is a jumped up kinglet of little account farther than his warrior bands can reach. Yet he has not been fair to me; I did a job for which I am in justice owed a fair price. I would like to present my reckoning to Nidhad." "To do this would not be easy. He may be cut down on a forest path, or otherwise prevented from a just accounting" (Wayland and his father were like minded in many things). "Aye Father. I had thought of that. But it may be that if I had a few men at my back Nidhad might be reasonable and pay me my fee". "But what of the warriors you take with you?". "Oh, as Nidhad is the reason for their tedious journey it besseems me that he should make them recompense". Father and son smiled understandingly at each other. "Two boats?" asked the king. "Two boats would be excellent well" replied Wayland.

The king stood. He banged the table and quiet eddied over the room. He looked around. "My son Wayland has been treated most shamefully" he said, not fiercely, but firmly. "It is not fitting that some northern kinglet should break faith, false-swear and try to murder a son of mine. My son is owed a good sum for the work he did up there. And means to collect it" There was an approving excited murmur. Wayland stood up. "My father has agreed that I can ask for two ships of men. (60 men to a ship) I do not intend to fight unless I have to, I merely want my pay. However I am more likely to end in a grave than collect if I go alone. Those who wish to come be warned; as Nidhad has stirred this up himself, then its only fair that he should pay you who come with me out of his own chests." Wry grins and chuckles from the throng. "I'll come", the brother looked at the father, "if my fater agrees" "And I" spoke the second brother. The king nodded. "And I?" asked Ivar. "But you do not need to" spake Wayland. "I owe Nidhad something. And besides it may help my townsmen to have Nidhad humbled"

In a little while Wayland was having to refuse men. Within ten days he had picked a hundred and twenty men, and on the eleventh day the king sacrificed a pair of goats to Odin, and they left.

"What does Hragnar carry" asked Ivar as they tramped along. "That is the spear "Addersting" I made for him by the Eastern method. It is solid iron, with a sparks blade balanced by an iron ball, he is very proficient with it". "and the axe Guthrum carries?" "also of the metal. He calls it "Peacegiver".."hmm, is your father so provided?" "aye, with this addition. He has the war-hat "Freys-gift" to protect his most potent weapon, his wit".

Later. Three weeks warrior travelling time. "There lies the burgh of Nidhad" pointed Wayland. "Appleblossom time gives us fair weather if there is any long campaign" said Guthrum thoughtfully. "There seems to be little astir" said Hragnar. "We will send men to spy out the land tomorrow", said Wayland.

The next morning Wayland and ten men slipped down through the pines to the road and lay in wait. It was their plan to catch some traveller, by force or strategem, coming from Nidhadsburgh and question him about events there. The first light of morning slipped through the pines and sent lanes of light horizontally amongst the top branches. The mist swirled away and the clip clop of hooves sounded from up the road. Ambling, jingling, chatting around the bend came a dozen horsemen. "Nidhad goes a journey" whispered Wayland. "I'll accost him. No doubt he'll attack, when he does you know what to do". The men nodded, grimly cheerfully. Wayland slipped away. He came into sight around the bend, and he and Nidhad met, as Wayland had planned, in front of the now-ambush. "Nidhad, do you know me?" Wayland called. A start. "Wayland!" "Aye, I've come for my wages". "Here they are" cried Nidhad, and drawing his sword he leaped his horse forward. His followers started forward too. From the roadside came a blurr as thrown knives, axes and spears filled the air. "Nifleheim!" exclaimed Nidhad. Swiftly his eyes took in the scene. Half his men dead, only a couple still horsed. A band of no more than a dozen attackers, but too many. Wrenching his horse round Nidhad, closely followed by the surviving warriors, fled.

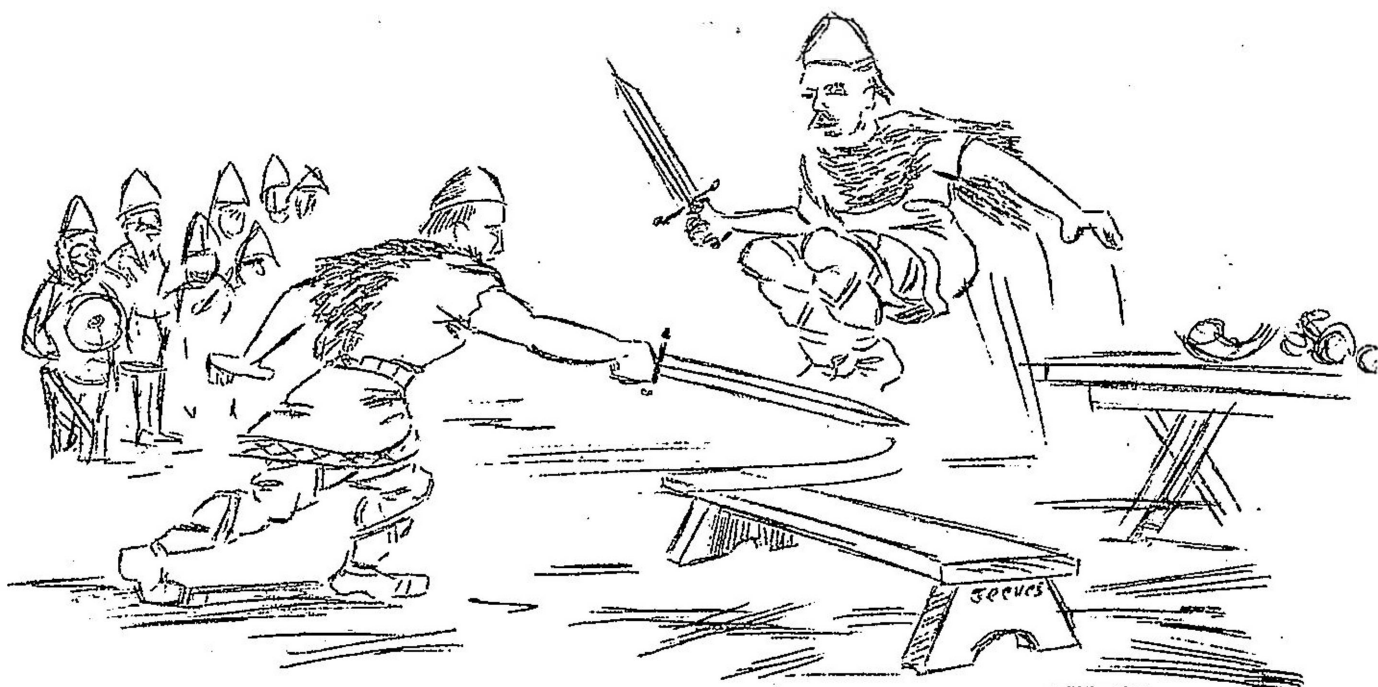
"All dead" commented a warrior. Wiping an ensuring bloody dagger on the most recent deceased. "How many men you reckon he's got Wayland?" said another. "About four or five hundred all told". "Not too bad" commented one. "He'll be back in an hour, like as not, with dogs and half his men" Wayland smiled. "I think you're right. Which is why I let him go. Better to fight them in the open ground of our own choosing than go against the walls".

Walking down the road to hide their scent the main body turned off after a while and detoured towards a certain blind valley. They had not taken up their position long when Wayland and his men came in sight, followed closely by the baying of hounds.

The pursuit came into sight. "On, On," urged Nidhad. "It's a blind valley, we have them now. Confidently the horse and foot, three hundred strong, came down the valley floor. Wayland and his little band backed up in the brush against the cliff bottom. "Call the dogs off" commanded Nidhad. As the dogs were being dragged away, with much ado, and all eyes were on Wayland, the sky seemed to pour in on the milling men. "Thank Odin Guthrum didn't wait for a dramatic moment" gasped Wayland wiping sweat out of his eyes. "A friend of mine played this trick once, but his comrade had a sense of the dramatic and waited until the bowmen were about to shoot before he sprang his ambush." "What happened?" "Oh the ambush succeeded, but my friend was full of arrows".

"Time to go?" "Aye, time to go". Wayland and his small band went to join the fray. The first flight of arrows had been followed by spears and axes, then down the slopes charged the other 110 warriors with Ivar, Guthrum and Hragnar at their head. "Wayland... Wayland!" they cried. Nidhad smote his brow. "Oh, Father Odin!" he cursed. Then set to the best he could. The odds were nearly two-to one by this time. Then the attacking wave hit... a lightning spear, a slashing axe, a crushing hammer and a hundred and ten viking trained veterans plunged into Nidhads surprised and, let's face it, soft, warriors. The gallant and unlucky were cut down, the cowardly (not many) and the lucky or sensible (another eighty, including Nidhad) finally broke away and galloped off. Every so often one fell from his horse, gruesome trail markers which led all the way to Nidhads gate. Such was their haste that the gate was left unguarded as the remaining warriors gathered round in a babble of excitement and consternation. The first sign of more woe was a citizens cry as the gates burst open. The Wayland war band streamed in, weary but hot for war. Up streamed the warriors, Nidhads leading, Waylands men in close pursuit.

10



they were so close behind that all were in the great hall before anyone realised it. The factions drew back. Like a frightened tom cat brought to bay by a fiercer. Hackles rose. Wayland stepped out. "Hold! Let there be an end to killing. Let Nidhad stand forth and do his own fighting". The warriors looked at each other. Nidhad came forth. "So be it!" he said in high fury. Nidhad leaped forward and struck a poleaxing blow at Wayland. But Wayland caught it on his sword. A chip flew from Nidhads sword. He pursed his lips. After a few minutes it was noticed that while Nidhad had struck many blows Wayland had struck none. He had only defended. As this was muttered from man to man a murmur roared. Wayland heard and smiled. As Nidhad made the next pass Wayland leaped lightly onto a bench, Nidhad couldn't resist it but made a lunging swipe to cut Wayland off at the knees. But Wayland wasn't there. He was in fact in the air, and a moment later his heels struck Nidhads chest, felling him. Wayland sat astride Nidhad, his sword at the others throat. "Ah, King Nidhad, there is now a little matter of payment for certain grievances". Nidhad choked.

Nidhad and his warriors sat around the hall. In the middle was a heaped table of gold. "There seems to be everything there I worked on, and more" commented Wayland cheerfully. "Now then," he passed some heavy gold to a grinning warrior with a sack, "my payment, I think a hundreth fair?" Nidhad nodded. "And weregild for my men, luckilly for you we lost so few" more gold fell into the sack. Nidhads face fell. "And just to cement our new found peace" Wayland scooped the remaining gold into other sacks, "the doweries of the three daughters my brothers and I are to wed! He looked round sadly. "Ah, father-in-law-to-be," he said in a mock serious voice, "I fear me that you will have to scrimp and save for a while to pay your warriors weregild". Nidhad fumed. "Never mind" quoth the Wayland sheerfully. Then his voice grew stark. "You still have your head"

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Wayland had many adventures, eventually achieving immortality in saga and legend. (the story above is one suggested by a few lines in THE GODS OF THE



HAVE AT YOU....the..62nd mailing...(all the zines in to date anyway. (Sun June 27th 1971).

THE OMPA COMBOZINE Easter 1971. was a bit of a mish-mash, but only to be expected with so many diverse contributors., etc., next time perhaps we could get it all stenciled(or at least run off) by one person..well,run off then, with the same paper and a special cover.,(no real complains about

this one). IF ANYONE HASN'T HAD A COPY, though I intend to send one in the bundles of the non-attending members, please let me know.

I don't see that we have had any recruits thru' this, but it was fun doing it and we should do it again. I tell a lie. We seem to have got 1 member from it, and a letter from Ken Bulmer sort of partly through it.

Pete Roberts, not a bad run down on OMPA, a little over glamourised a description in my opinion, but written well. WHAT do you think about the idea of doing away with the "original material" clause in the constitution..or at least modifying it?.

My own item is really wish fulfillment.....ko.

JohrCoombe...wild, but in the right spirit.hmm,have you got a lettering guide? you can get a wax-cardboard affair for about 10p, I have used them, it neatens up a page a lot.

SEAGULL17, Rosemary...hmmm, that's the poem that 4 people fainted over at first recital,etc?. well, well. It doesn't seem much to get excited about. True, the situation depicted is v-nasty. I guess that

audiences in those days hadn't had their imagination blunted by years of radio,films,TV,news papers, etc., PABLO14, ack.,not thrilled by RR. OTLZ Gerbish..EVERY Tolkien-TLOTR poster I've seen is crappy. I wouldn't

have one in the house. (Better by far are the series of about 70 SHAKESPEAR posters one can buy..we got two from Ann Hathaways cottage. These are good to terrific. I have a Banquo and Jean has a Rosalind, there are lots of goodies. a nice MacBeth,etc.,). I prefer to imaging my own LOTR characters, not, certainly, a bandy-legged-deformed-emasculated Gandalf!. I didn't care one bit for CHILDHOODS END...like your reviews.

SAM LONG...hmmm..must remember OMPAs hoss,sword names.

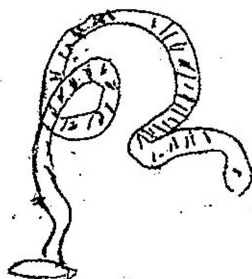
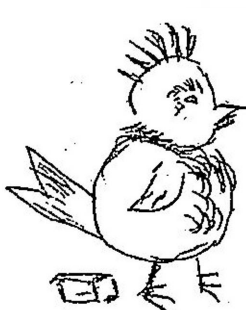
ERG..er..yes.I'm sure I started the crossword,

maybe I did, in another copy.hmm,can do some. ..word power.chuckle.

Talking about writing SF, where the heck could you sell it nowadays?, I don't suppose NewWorlds is interested in SF...that leaves..what?.

...well, hope we do another combozine next year, might even start a tradition.





have a
cheer

comments on the 62nd mailing..to date (1st July)

the mailing deadline is today, but as its thursday I'm going to wait until Saturday, because a last minute bundle may come, Tomorrow night I will borrow the school duplicator and run off Whatsit and OF. hmmm.hows about having a mailing every TWO months?.

CYNIC Gray Boak..I know two people round Stourbridge who are quite good artists by fan standards, but one is dead slow, idle or something, or gets a perfectionist sort of block when asked to do something..and the other just doesn't seem very interested in fanzines. Oh, for a take artist.

Highly intersing Aircrash item, I read it straight and liked it. coincidentally I've been telling the kids at school that particular story only a week ago. They liked better the Perseus and Medusa story..blood thirsty little so and sos.

the tales of Northumbrian fandom was ok, for a bit, but then I got confused at what was supposed to be happening; even inanity should have some sort of logic. Good to see Jhim at work again...wonder if I could start a genzine again and lure Jhim away from you; it would be like old time; the Fanalitic Eye and all that. Hi Jhim, I heartilly approve of your policy of letting the reviewer express his own opinions unfettered (except by the question of taste, and Jhim has allus been ok there) I recall that I/we didn't always agree with Jhims views, but it knocks all the interest/heart out of reviewing if an ed is an interfering sort.

Your letter col is quite interesting too. Ah, as regards Ken Eadies letter, it reminds me that I've been thinking of doing a fan directory, as Ron Bennett used to. There hasn't been one out for a long time, and it just might give some indication of how big fandom is at present...if ANYONE would like to contribute FANS names and addresses, definition, one who has been a contributor, publisher, editor or letterhack, perhaps I might get the directory out. hmm..otherwise I might have to sort through the letter cols. of fanzines...and I'm not quite sure if that would be ok ..still, I guess it would, after all if the are in a letter col they can not mind their names and addresses being circulated,fandomly..

SHEETA THARI 9 Dick Eney. very much enjoyed. If you can find any English language histories/stories on the lines of the ones you mention I'll be VERY glad to accept them and pay your dues in exchange, or work out some mutually agreeable arrangement..Your illos wer e greatly liked. Definitely a zine to keep. probably the zine I enjoyed most in the whole mailing..many thanks.

CC etc David Grigg. in case ompan are wondering what this is doing in the mailing Dave got a sample bundle because he was recommended as a prospective member. He still is a prospective member and very likely will join when finances allow..etc and this 2 pager is a sort of earnest of this to come.

I did an essay about Robin Hood while at college, which was interesting to do; but the local libraries seemed to have little material about him. Most on the information was scattered about.

ERG 35 Terry Jeeves. Ah, that collating session. Remember how we speculated that it might be rather boggling seen from another window, a procession of people going round and round past that window?. I didn't think the fan panel really got off the ground, it had, to me, a hasty air about it, and somehow nothing very ..er..discussable was discussed.

I think TAFF should get better plugs; the whole magnificent idea of TAFF seems to have been pushed into the background. Another time I'd like to see (candidate willing) a talk, and maybe slide show, by the TAFfer, with some talking about the aims etc of TAFF. If anything comes of this idea of OMPA running the '73 convention, which we damn well could do, I for one would push for more fan and Taff time.

Recognition of Gerbish very much deserved. Carry On Jeeves...one of the best episodes. re John Piggotts letter...a pox on editors who "use the device of .."including controversial material"...indeed, a double pox.

..fought for my country etc., Paul Skelton... consider the different fates of sincere objectors against war in England and Germany. The pressures to fight in England were largely social and legal, the Germans had more ..er..unsympathetic ways of coercing or punishing anti-war people.

Not much bothered about Alan Burns article, its been said before, better.

transplant, transplant..did I find/send you a copy Terry?

What I like about people like you and Bobbie, Terry, is that its possible for you to disagree, etc., but not to descend to childishness, invective flinging etc.,

...ah, yes..I see, you have got transplant... best postal menace chapter yet..bravo.



BINARY Joe Patrizio. nice to see you back Joe.

most interesting was th article
about the Dragon Riders. I must say
that I wondered about a few things myself, trails left
unfinished, contradictions, one of the best points I
thought was about taking the Weys through time and thus
precipitating the very conditions the "heros" find themselves in.

BLACK KNIGHT Phil Spencer. while I appreciate the work put
into the zine I found that there was nothing
of interest in it for me. In fact I was
bored.

PSYWAR Keith Walker. interesting article...and the Curran one.
ever read FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO or THE
TESTIMONY OF THE SPADE? quite a bit about
prehistoric movements of folk in those..good books,(Bibby author)

HELL 1 Brian Robinson & Paul Skelton. Welcome. I think every AE
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the funds, but I certainly
would not like to be expected to support it; nor would I lumber any
future AE with this ..er, perfidious expectation.

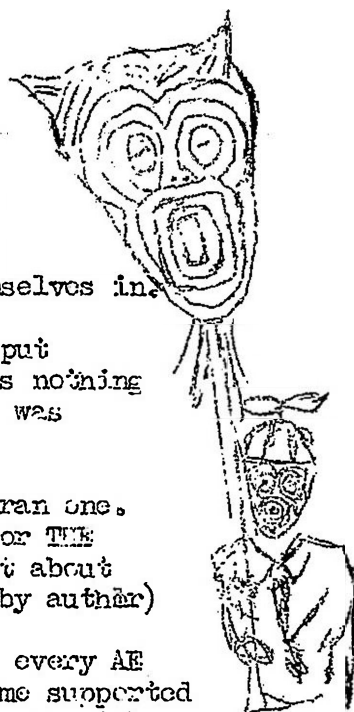
Quite interesting gun article..one of the bloke we play war games w
with has a similar hobby, only he is interested in the history of all
sorts of fire-arms. He seems quite well up on the subject of too much
...seen in the local paper..(and quoted out of context..?)
"a ferocious unmuzzled god is at large in..."

You have a good point there about MAGAZINE publishers association. What
do you suggest we do about it?. also, what are the problems the small
ziners are facing, is it a case of lack of cash, time, contributors..I
certainly lack contributors, but anyone who doesn't have a genuine, or
at least who is not frequently in contact with a number of prospective
contributors, has a problem with outside contributors. For one thing a
person might not wish to contrib to a zine with a mailing list of only
30, of course, a member can always send his genzine to OMPA as well as
to his mailing list. Should we encourage this, by relaxing the rules
about activity perhaps? I wish I had more contributors. A letter col,
a fanzine reviewer, etc., The latest ..er..rubbish..is this I've
heard since the Russian tragedy (called DISASTER in the papers) where
some twits are saying words to the effect..."maybe there are things that
Man Was Never Meant To Do"....eech. Enjoyed your zine very much.

This has been, WHATS IT 20, for the 62nd OMPA mailing, July 1971

from, Ken Cheslin, 36, Chapel Street, Wordsley, Stourbridge, Worcs., Englan
ably assisted by Jean Cheslin, (and Matthew, Polly, Stripo and Hairy)

ENGLISH)kuboo



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