

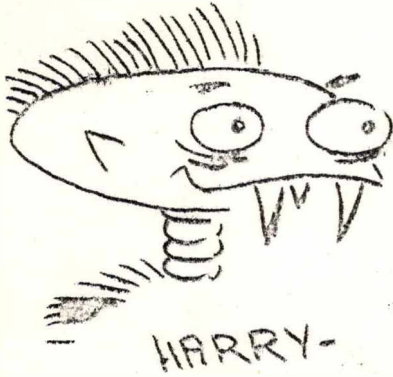
HARRY-

THE SON OF THE FANALITIC EYE SQUINTS AT OMPA.

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SON OF THE FANALITIC EYE SQUINTS SIDEWAYS

AT OMPA



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A one-shot produced for the 31st mailing by Jhim Linwood, 10, Meadow Cottages, Netherfield, Notts. Eng. All illos will probably be cut by Bob Parkinson with a pair of scissors.

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Firstly a few oddments...

WHO'S WHO IN SF FANDOM 1961 50c to Lloyd Broyles, Rt. 6, Box 453P, Waco, Texas, USA.

Many fans had almost forgotten about the questionnaire they returned to a little known Texan fan until this monumental work was pushed through their letter boxes. Ever since I've been in fandom every-so-often someone as interrupted a gabfest with a cry of "How about a fannish 'Who's Who?', and, as is usual in fandom; nothing becomes of it. Lloyd's effort is 40 pages long, printed, as soft covers, and lists over 300 fen... that so many should return questionnaires is very remarkable. The abbreviations used so that so much information about one fan can be crammed into a few lines tends to be confusing; after name and address comes date of birth (a few fen seem unaware that there are only 12 months in a year), occupation, membership of clubs, fanzines edited or contributed to, date on first reading SF and on entering fandom, also general likes and dislikes. Thus the erstwhile originator of LES SPINGE is represented so;

CHESLIN KENN. M. P. 18, New Farm Rd, Stourbridge, Worcs. England. 10-12-36. SADO, BSFA, Fellowship of the Ring. Pub; LES SPINGE (folded with No. 6). Written fan-writing a leetle, mostly letters, stories in CACTUS, BUG-EYE, & R'ISH. c. 51-59. Attended Brum-Con '59. KingCon '60, LXLcon '61. Symposium, Oct '59. Collects magazines (1,000 plus), books (550-100pbs). Corresponds with USA, UK, Germany, Australia, Canada, Sweden.

It is interesting to note that well known fen like Ron Bennett, Ella Parker, and George Locke aren't listed. BNF's that did bother to return the questionnaire wrote very little about themselves, yet the fans that fill 1/2 pages and more are unknown neofen. Highly recommended, especially if you're curious about the ages of your fannish friends.

GEMZINE 4/31 G.M. Carr's N'APAZINE from 5319, Ballard NW, Seattle. 7. Wn. USA.

"If the administration had listened to McCarth this (the Cuban situation) would never have happened"...!(fans are) no more than a herd following the liberal bell-wether"...are but 2 quotes from

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GMC's zine that would make a more sensitive fan than I write reams on the dangers of the kind of "Nationalism" she seems to be in favor of. But her political ideas come over hazy and muddled; in Baitbox GMC defends the neo-fascist John Birch Society, but only on the grounds that it is misunderstood by fans. Elsewhere she says; "Look at the sneers when someone stands up and speaks for his country..." patriotism is of course an admirable thing, but any American, Russian, or Briton defending his country's present state deserves sneers... nay, rasberries!

...for the benefit of DICK ELLINGTON;

JOE HILL

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night alive as you or me,
Says I; But Joe you're ten years dead. I never died, says he,
I never died, says he.

In Salt Lake City, Joe, says I, him standing by my side,
They framed you on a murder charge. Says Joe, I never died,
Says Joe, I never died.

The copper bosses shot you, Joe. They filled you full of lead.
Takes more than guns to kill a man, says Joe, and I ain't dead.
Says Joe, and I ain't dead.

And standing there as big as life, and smiling with his eyes,
Says Joe, what they forgot to kill went on to organise,
went on to organise.

From San Diego up to Maine in every mine and mill,
Where working men defend their rights, it's there you'll find Joe Hill
It's there you'll find Joe Hill.

The IWW had a great influence on the British Trade Union movement. Many of its methods were adopted; boycotts, sympathetic strikes, black-legging, contract-breaking, sabotage, and smashing of right wing unions... but in practice much milder than in America, because the opponants were less unscrupulous. A British equivalent of IWW was the Socialist Labour Party founded in 1903, and inspired by an American; Daniel De Lion. The SLP never had more than a few hundred members, but all hand picked fanatical agitators. It had tremendous influence over the working class right up to 1920 when most of its members were absorbed by the newly formed British Communist Party. The only existing group in Britain today that has any similarity with IWW is the Trotskyite organisation; The Socialist Labour League... a certain Anglofan recently used their duplicating facilities. The SLL is extremely efficient in appearing on the scene of a large strike and producing daily news bulletins. Apart from an outstanding minority most British Trade Unions tend to be right wing, which as resulted in some nasty rules about not working with coloured immigrants... working class solidarity; phooey!

VIPER... Bill Donaho Hearts is a very popular fannish game over here, but there is some controversy over its origin and introduction into Anglofandom. My first memory of the game is of George Locke teaching it at the Parker Pen, but Ron Bennett claims that his grandmother taught it to him at the age of seven!

One interesting card game I have recently learned to play is called Cuckoo. Each player is dealt seven cards, and the last card turned face up on the table. The first player must either follow suite, play a card of equal value, or play an ace and call any suite he likes. Any player being unable to play a card takes one off the top of the deck and plays it if possible, if not, retains it. The winner is the one who finishes first, players with cards over the value of ten have that scored against them...all picture cards and aces score as ten.

I was surprised at the reaction of American fan who commented on my piece about the Alamo...no one came out in defence of this gallant action! Nor was there any mention of Travis, who, after all, was the key figure in the whole affair. Has anyone noticed the surprising similarity between the Alamo and the Katanga affair? Just substitute Congo for Mexico, Texas for Katanga, and Northern Rhodesia for USA.

UL...Norm Metcalf Talk of Burroughs...my girl friend as just given me a cutting from the Daily Express, which says that members of the Los Angeles school-board are considering removing all Tarzan books from juvenile libraries because Tarzan and his mate were unmarried. The footnote says; In 1937, Tarzan's political morals came under attack when he was accused of being a dupe of the Kremlin.

EMVOY 3...Ken Cheslin My, my, this bhoys as fake fmz on the brain, I look forward to the next ish of HAR from you, Ken. Phooey, people who join sitdown demonstrations, risking the sack or explusion, can hardly be accused of doing it for "fun". All sitdowners know that they are risking a beating up by the police or a maximum of 9 months in jail...my only criticism with the Civil Disobedience movement is that is too damn civil! Compulsary National Service in the mines as been tryed. During the war the coal mines were staffed by a diminishing and ageing labour force which couldn't cope with the increased production demands. In 1943 a number of "Bevin Boys" due for National Service were chosen by ballot to work in the mines instead. Apart from being spectacularly unsuccessful it was highly unpopular. The Coal Board today is overproductive and over staffed, and the introduction of the "slave" labour you suggest would be disasterous. The disillusionment that you mention in nationalised industries is because the profits aren't ploughed back into the wage-packets. The average wage of the British underground coal miner is something like £9...only face workers can hope to average £20 a week.

SOUFFLE...John Baxter Hah, Geoff Doherty's bit about 16-year-old virgins caused an up-roar at the LXI con too. I looked at Dave Hale, and Dave looked at me, and we both echoed; "There aren't any!" There is a similar British novel to Catcher in the Rye; Keith Waterhouse's Billy Liar. This is the story of an adolescent North Country Funeral-parlour clerk, who constructs an elaborate fantasy world around his drab life in Yorkshire. The novel is, in some respects, far more perceptive than CITER. I recently saw Cassavetes' Too Late Blues; certainly the best picturisation of the jazz-world to date. There is a wonderful opening sequence showing a group of white musicians playing for negro-children, and another scene lasting 20 minutes showing in full a barroom brawl.

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TITBITS FROM THE CULT.....NUMBER ONE

The cult in this context being Alan Rispin, Dave Hale, Chris Miller, and myself who regularly send duplicate letters to each other. Being fuggheads at heart we consider that certain gems from our correspondence are worth reprinting, hence this irregular feature. The cult as been active since the end of August, and the main subjects have included; Fandom, Sex, and Politics. Chris proves that he's a letter-writing giant by turning out 40 pages at a time, but since the beginning of his new term at Oxford he as been peculiarly silent. Al, Dave, and myself manage to average 4 sides at a time, but of late various distractions have cut down our quota, which was originally 2 letters per week.

THE WRITINGS

I wish somehow that HAR could get onto a country-walk kick, instead of that bygone night-walking thing that Ted Pauls started in number 2 or somewhere. I like being in the country, and I like being alone in the aloneness of deserted clifftops, and in the bustle of a wood in summer when all things seem to be happening. I like lonely countryside like Derbyshire, or the Moss behind Irlam. This was once a tidal-bog, but now it is a solid peat-bog that stretches across from Warrington to Salford, north of the canal and Irlam. You can be wonderfully alone there, because it's no tourist centre, and the best parts are private-property anyway; "Care to shoot some pheasant this afternoon, Rodney?" You sit down on that fabulous springy-peat... I like wandering barefoot on grass... I'm a nudist at heart... and the trappings of civilization vanish, and you're alone with the birds and ants. The chimneys and towers of the surrounding steelworks, powerstations, pits, and factories drop below the horizon, and POW; they don't exist anymore for you. It's a good feeling to feel that you are away from artificiality, and that what you see and feel are the things that mankind as seen and felt since apedom, and with a bit of luck will be able to experiance for a long time to come. Yes, I like open-air, and existance away from the maddening crowds.

(Alan)

My conscience tells me to support CND at rallies and demonstrations, even if it means being arrested. My mind says this is daft, and that as a student with a job to complete, I'm not a free-agent, and should stay away from sitdowns. I think that I can support the cause better by "staying out", getting a degree, so that I can continue to fight. To give up all now, as I'm being asked to do, will probably mess up my future, so I may not be able to get a decent-job afterwards, and this is a bad thing for me, and the cause. The point about the current job is the experiance, and the report at the end. I can't afford to pay fines, so I would be imprisoned... my job and report would be shot. This dillema must come to most student and YCND members... how is it answered?



HARRY-

Well my answer is to get a University degree, then take part in Civil-Disobediance, but not untill. (Chris)

What British Society lacks at present is...spirit, Apathy, cynicism, and drudging devotion to work are the main symptoms of this decadence. The Establishment as immunised, moralised, unemployment-benefited the masses into a content cotton wool surrounded condition of false security. On having achieved this status-quo, the Establishment strives to maintain it. To quote Jimmy Porter; There are no good causes left anymore...all hatred is sublimated in the direction of the negro. All resentment is shed over the inhevability of remaining crumbs of the British Empire gaining their independence. Sex becomes an unpleasantly enjoyable chore...too bad, they think, you need a female partner. The milk in the land fit for heroes as turned sour over night...our painful red fists have turned blue with clenching too long, and 7 out of 10 of us are prepared to die over Berlin. (Jhim)

Yup, that's it. Jhim says there's no spirit in society. This is one of these wise sounding semantically nonsensical statements... society is proboly more alive than it ever was. It's all very well for Jhim to criticise, but his criticisms are merely destructive. Because the majority of society disagree with him on various issues, it's society that's wrong...not Linwood. Jhim, a lot of your arguments are good, and I agree with a lot of them, but you're a very good example of your own arguments arn't you? True, society is far from perfect, but destructive criticisms, or mere spouting of ideologies has never got anyone anywhere. There is spirit in society, but it's got to be bootlegged and nursed, you have a massive inertia to overcome, maybe the western block has reached the peak of it's development, and may stagnate, but this is the peak that as been predicted by SF for years. With the Tory Government you're knocking your head against a brick-wall; there is a lot too be said for the Swiss system; tho' that would be impracticable in an age when psychological persuasion is used to sell political systems, and the majority of people can't think for themselves and don't want to know. You may think this argues on your side, not really, have the majority of people ever felt moved to change a very satisfactory state of affairs?...the Romans certainly didn't. (Dave)

It makes me sick; around here there are numerous ads in shopfronts for lodgings, but 60% say SORRY NO COLOUREDS. It makes me feel grateful I'm white, and that I feel is bloody wrong! There was one ad I saw that summed up the whole situation. It was written in indian ink on a file card, and was in perfect small-cast printing... would have been good on any drawing I turned out. It simply said;

YOUNG STUDENT, wife and child (coloured)
URGENTLY require any acc whatsoever.

(Alan)

Dear Jhim-lad,

Dve here, and how dre you use my letters, and propogte obscene rubbish. Manchester University seems amiable enuf. even tho' he did wonder wht "Spinge" was! And here is our sponsor... Sobsobsob I couldn't stop him, Jhim lad. Forced his way in with a knobkerry demanded me typer. --- Your loyal and devoted staff artist, Harry.

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR MYSELF

So writing autobiographies is in the vogue at the moment in OMPA...I have hopes of this developing into a fannish confession. Having recently reached the stage... where I can put a cross in either of two spots every 5 years, I intend to celebrate this unique occasion with a few reflections. Firstly;



I am; 21, slightly neurotic, anti-social, hedonistic, and lazy.

I have; anarchist tendencies, an un-kempt appearance, no sense of value, a fear of crowds, and an outlook on life better suited to the 1920's.

I admire; John Osborne, Burbee, Colin Wilson, Charlie Parker, Bloch, Bertrand Russell, Duke Ellington, Bernard Wolfe, and my latest girl-friend.

I dislike; Brubeck, Gin, John Kennedy, Nikita Khrushchev, motor-bikes, Heinlein, Tory backbenchers, the Police Force, and Colliery Managers.

I regret never having been a beatnik this is mainly due to my love of drawing a regular salary from my employers; the National Coal Board. My occupation is alledged to be that of Colliery-Surveyor, but my contribution towards the betterment of society is nil. My employers insist that I be educated on the states money in the following subjects; Mathematics, Technology, Surveying, Civil Law, and Geology.

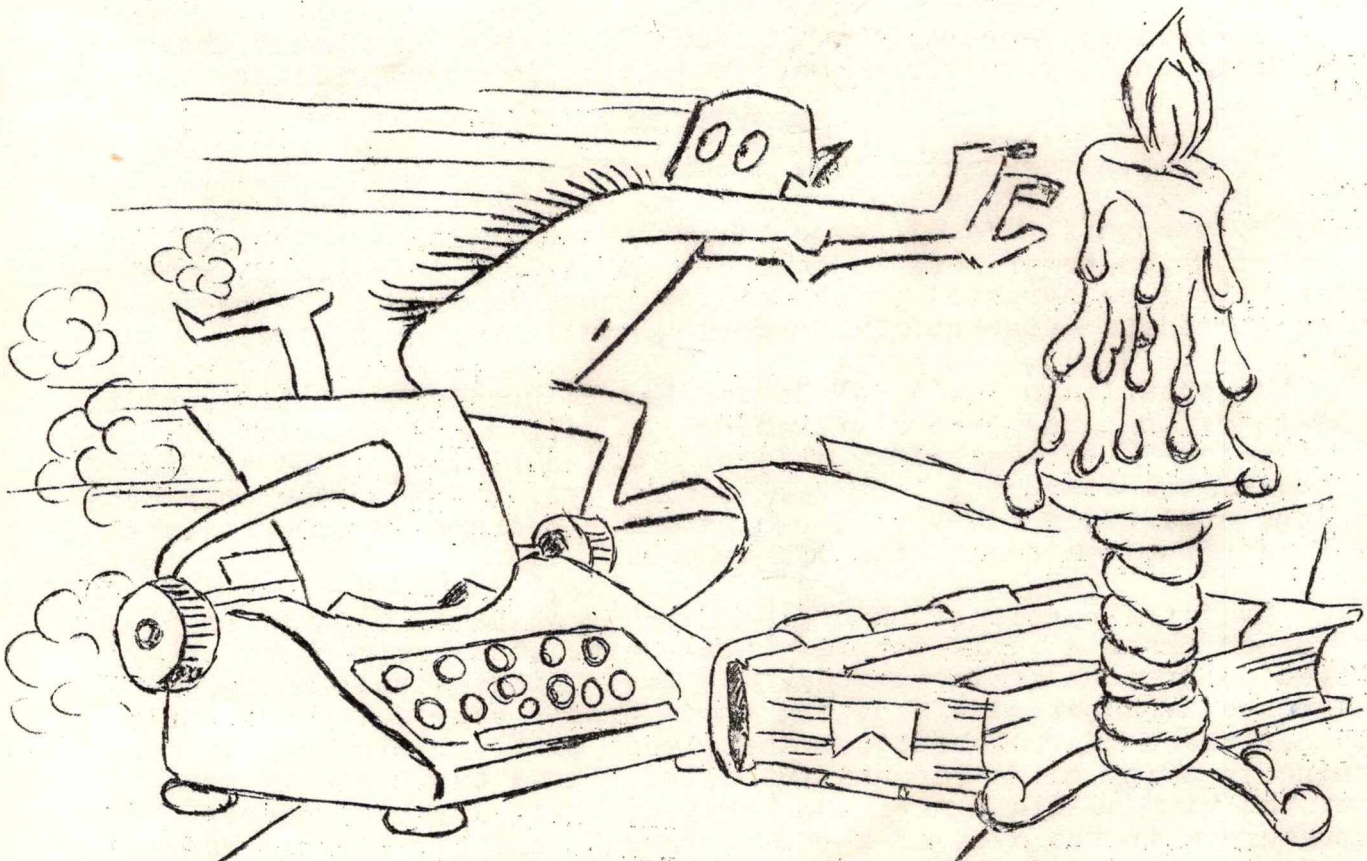
The interlectual life of Nottingham is puesdo; longhairs reading Shakespeare to a background of Parker's Mood, the Writers' Club discussing the impact of Agatha Christie on English Litriture, and the inevitable soul-searching lectures by the Civil Defence. The only outstanding artistic production I can remember being held in Nottm. was the Prison inmates' production of MacBeth.

My first recollection of the harsh reality of life is of being pushed under a table during an air-raid...odd, how members of my generation grew up believing that war is a quite natural thing, and that peace is a period of "getting one's breath back". I can clearly remember the V-day celebrations; the street party culminating in the burning in efigy of Hitler and Mussolini. Those two meant as much to me at the time as did Laural and Hardy... hysically both couples were perposterous in the eyes of a child. Indeed this bewildering barrage of D-Days, V-Days, and VE-Days left me perplexed, particularly as I was just mastering the Mon-Day, Tues-Day, wednes-Day sequence. My seaside holidays in the years immeadiatly after the war were gay-romps amongst old anti-aircraft guns, air-raid shelters, and anti-amphibian concrete blocks...how disapointed I was when they finally disappeared. One of my greatest childhood trophies was a large ARP gas-mask, which was a great help in my early(imaginary) explorations of space.

End of part one of the DO IT YOURSELF AUTOBIOGRAPHY KIT.

PSNEER OF THE LEADEN FOOTED FARCE.

The Managerial Revolution...James Burnham. This classic sociological book was first published in 1941 and foretold the downfall of Nazi-Germany, and the emergence of three vast managerial super-states; America, Russia, and Europe. Burnham writes that the emergence of Nazism was the end of old style capitalism, and the birth of the new state run capitalism; "In place of the "individual" the stress turns to the "state", the people, the folk, the race. In place of gold, labor, and work. In place of private enterprise, "socialism" or "collectivism". In place of "freedom" and "free-initiative", planning. Less talk about "rights" and "natural-rights"; more about "duties" and "order" and "discipline" Less about "opportunity and more about "jobs". Most of Burnham's guesses have become unpleasant facts; in the introduction the the latest impression he says that only two managerial states have arisen, America and Russia, but the European Common Market as outdated this revision. I first heard of this book through a review by George Orwell...so 1984 seems less and less original.



Duplication by Marion Lansdale, who is a goodwoman.

HARRY-

Oh, "sex", I thought you said "Sex".
