

# WHAT SIT



HE SAYS ITS  
EASIER THAN  
DIGGING FOR  
THEM —







# TOKYO LETTER



Toshio Ogawa.

It's fall now in Japan. The Autumn of Art. We had the Art exhibition of Shagale now in Tokyo. Thanks to the kindness of the French ministry of Culture, and French Embassy, the priceless 370 pictures of Shagale, which my art teacher and I are so fond of, arrived from all parts of the world; including "Seven fingered self portrait", "Ida at the window" "A slay and Madonna" and "Saphad Church". I feel of Love and Fantasy whenever I look at his pictures; men running in the air, crimson red sky, its dreaming blue and yellow, little houses, and church, running people and poultrys and goats, ringing bells and lovers embracing each other in the air, all the loving remembrance cherishing in his heart he continued painting in that nasty and small lodging in Paris----

The other day our English teacher, I mean the teacher of English conversation in our class in Kosciuszko Kaikan (Welfare Pension Hall), Mr Gebala left for the States to his home in Massachussettes. We had a tea party for him and presented three cloisonne plates on which were written three Chinese characters meaning luck, wealth, and long life. He was really a nice and kind teacher and we students all loved him. Students including Mrs. Tanabe, wife of the president of the biggest paper making company in Japan, and now starting Marriage Center in Japan, Mrs Nakagawa the wife of ex-minister of England, Mrs Tunoda wife of a professor of the Tokyo Imperial University and Doctor of Technology, whose daughter Haruko is now in Michigan, and Dr. Tateiwa who is now travelling in France and Germany on his bussiness, and some male and female students of the University (Medical), and High Schools, and myself. A small but very nice class it was. And today we are going to have a new instructor, Mr. Garlick, born in New Zealand and graduated Hawaii University and Komazawa University in Japan stuying Zen. He seems to be a very humorous teacher and often makes us laugh with the jokes in the classroom.

Newspaper showed the other day a very beautiful photo of Elizabeth Taylor, appearing on the street of London. We are now wondering what will become of her love to Richard Barton.

Pork has come to be eaten in Japan recently in great quantities, formerly we didn't eat it too much but because of the high price of pork we more. The 23,000 tons last year is 70 times as much as was eaten five years ago. Sheep are now to be raised in Japan.

Also Art exhibition of Tamayo in Mexico ended today, Strange painter he is, and his red, black and and light and dark blue are strangely beautiful.

Have you heard about the terrible Cholera epidemic now raging in the Orient? In Korea many are dead and more are suffering from it. Our Government decided to defend it on the beach. Many boats are now called to patrol on the coast to find Cholera boats. The Government is going to send 6,000,000 vaccines to Korea to help them.

I bought some Olympic picture post cards yesterday. Japan is very busy making Olympic stadiums, and competitors villages and good roads. The rehearsal of those games...that is the Tokyo International Sports...are to be held from 11th to 16th of November. (1963) and about 500 foreign competitors are invited to Japan, among whom come the happy couple Harry Connolly and his wife Olga who met in the Melbourne Olympics as both the Champion of US and Cheko.

I am very sad to say that a very foolish Japanese boy who killed a swan in a lake and ate it, was sentenced to 1 years imprisonment with hard labour. In the bird loving week they camped on a lake and mistook a swan for a wild goose and killed it for their Barbeque. We are all angry at him.

As to the Olympic Games, we Armed Forces in Japan made a so-called Olympic Division on Sept 23rd with 1500 servicemen, who are to do their job in constructing barracks, medical services, and shooting and rowing. They are to be increased to some 6,000 by next year I hear.

Autumn is also the season of music. Otto Matserat has been the Yomiuri Japanese Symphony Orchestra Conductor, and Peter Maier for the Nippon Phil. He conducted Schuberts 8th (Unfinished) so nicely and also proved to be a good conductor at Mozarts one. But all the music, (classic I mean) fans are now waiting for the Berlin Opera held on Oct 22nd. It's the Abend, (Evening) by Wagner, and they play "Tanhauser", Nulenberg's "Singer" and "Roenglin". I can't afford to get in to it as the fee is 8 dollars, and anyhow there is always a long line to get tickets.,

Sept., 25th the Soviet paper "Red Star" said "we now have a 100 megaton bomb. (same to 100 million tons of TNT.)"

250 ex-soldiers made a nice bronze statue of "Loving Mother" and sent it to China by air mail on 28th Sept. Mr Yamazaki, now a retailer of Geta, (that is wooden sandals), was in China in the army in the war, but as he was a gentle soldier he often helped the Chinese people homeless and whenever he passed by Chinese temples he dedicated flowers and Sacred sermons there.



After the war he was left behind with 200 men in China. They had no food and suffered from hunger. But the kind Chinese people never forgot him and they gave them vegetables and all of the soldiers returned safely home.

So Mr Yamazaki since he returned wanted to save money to send to the Buddha's Statue to the Chinese people to express their thanks and praying that we won't to have any more sad war in future.

On Sept 30th we, my wife Sumiko, my 3 years old boy Mototosi, and I, were invited to the test ride of the "Dream Special Express" in new Tokaido line between Tokyo and Osaka. It is now under the construction to finish by the Olympiad next year. It runs 250 km/h and is supposed to be the fastest train in the world(?). I don't know if it is as fast or faster than the US continental lines. Anyway it was wonderful to be in such fine and beautiful reclining seats and to watch the scenery pass by the window so quickly. My boy Mototosi is now crazy at the Dream Special Express, and we had to buy that toy train of 5 assorted sizes. 20 members of the MAAG-J US officers and our Chief of Staff, Admiral of the Navy and his staff were invited too that day and we had a very good time although the train ran only for half an hour.

We will have our new 1,000 Yen note soon in November. The counterfeit paper money appeared last year so we had to change the design of the note to outwit the counterfeiters. (some say that the counterfeit notes were printed in another country). Every day the Government Printing Office, just behind our office, are busy printing 2.7 million papers, and it is now to be printed in 15 colours, compared to the previous 8 colour note.

Ken I hear you have had a 7 storey glass building erected over the Thames. Costing £7 million and having a hotel of 120 rooms, restaurants, Galleries, skateing rinks and gardens. Some of our SF fans are afraid that soon all the rivers in England, and Japan too, will be covered in by such buildings.....



Do you know that Ebihara recently became the fly class champion of boxing?. On the 26th evening in the lodgings of the US Air Force they held a congratulating party for him...afterwards he was given the wooden key of Green Park amidst a crowd of about 1,000 American people.

In Tokyo we have nice movie (French) Sheherazade, on 70 mm and 6 sound tracks. It was given many prizes in France and shown in Cannes Cinema Festival. It starred Anna Carina, a very beautiful actress, and the colour of the grand desert, and castle, and the costumes of the people are really wonderful...

Talking of Sheherazade I now see the meaning of that beautiful, dramatic and sad Oriental music Esther sent for me on tape. I haven't seen "Cleopatra" yet, but I imagine Sheherazade must be at least as nice as that film.

Begging on Oct 6th it is International letter writing week, and a new memorial stamp has been issued to mark it. Miss Nakayama, my secretary, is now called Miss G.S.O.. (meaning the most beautiful girl in the Ground Staff Office).. and also a crazy stamp collector, whose brother is in New York now (he has a job with the Sonar Corporation of America, exporting tape-recorders and transistor radios), bought 20 stamps, like the one on the envelope.

It is UMIYOE, painted by Hiroshige, a most famous UMIYOE painter who lived about 200 years ago. His rough and strong touch was liked by many famous French painters. This is one of his 36 sights of Mt Fuji, in this sight you can see My Fuji quite far away between the great waves.

As for Miss Kazuko Nakayama, we are going to have a dinner party at my home on the 20th of this month, Sunday, to introduce her to some of our young and promising 1st lieutenants, and I hope it comes to a good result. In Japan there has been a custom of pre-arranged marriage, but recently we have had many cases of "love" marriage....although we don't know which is more preferable.

I wonder if there's a boom of folk songs in the US now...Green Leaves of the Brothers Four and Tom Dowd of the Kingston Trio is still loved in Tokyo... and some like to listen to Carnegie Hall Concert with John Baers. But I always like some old and gentle ones...like "Londonderry Air" or "Danny Boy"?, and "Long, long ago" (now sung in a quite different tone, as twist by some singers). and Nanny Fosters' one sung by Marian Anderson. (When I first heard her sing, "Carry me back to old Virginie" tears came out to my eyes, and I still cherish that record as one of the most precious in my collection, although it is an SP....

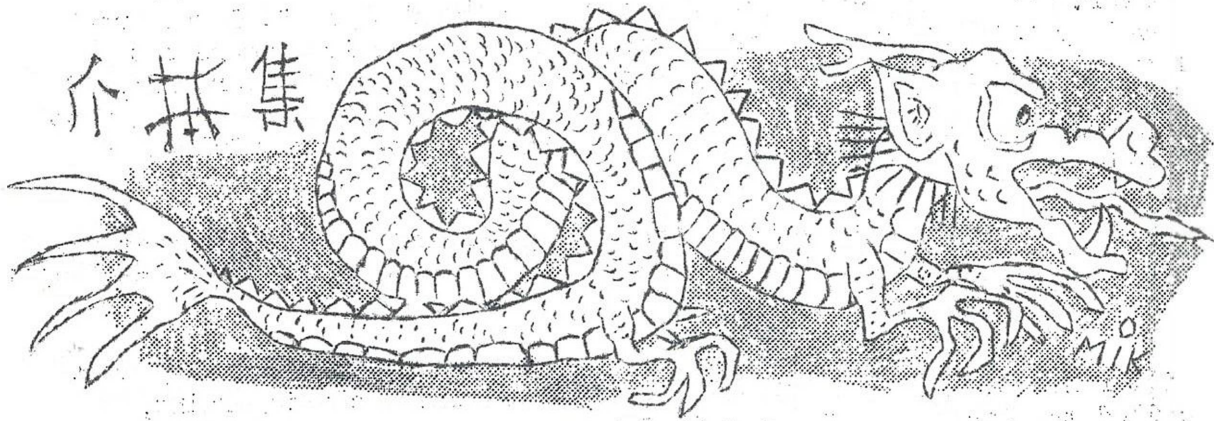
Sept 14th was Old Peoples Day. The PTA of our town sent hand made cups, (numbering 130) to the old peoples home. Many such homes are being built in many places in Japan, but I think it will be more convenient and happy for the old to live together with their loving children, even though they become older and part from home. My mother lives next door to my brother and as she gets up in the morning she calls him or his wife, and his wife brings breakfast for her. I am sorry that I can't live with her, as in Tokyo our official residences are too small an apartment house and the rent usually costs too high.

Have you seen an Hungarian short film, recently become very famous, called "Variation of a theme"? The music is of Vivaldi's string orchestra, and the first scene is a heavy battle in World War 2, the second scene is in a War Museum in which some pairs of Fathers and sons are looking at the arms, and when they happen to pick up some rifles, suddenly the silent machine guns in the show cases begin rattling terribly---- the third scene there appears two lovers, wearing sunglasses. They sit together at the table of a cafe and drink tea.



Soon the sound of arms shoes echo and the young people cannot blow sax, women can't arrange their hair, and a man with a key in his hand playing, a waitress serving tea, all melts into the sound of the Army combat-boots, and finally, when the man takes off his glasses, (black sunglasses), the movie comes to an end. I don't understand what it means.

Yes, we do have the opportunity of seeing the ballets of Sleeping Beauty and Swan Lake in Tokyo, but as it costs a great deal to get into the theatre we have to be content to watch it on the TV. This year the Bolshoi Ballet of Moscow and the Royal Ballet with Margot Fontaine visited Japan and it was played at the Kosei Nenkin Kaikan where our English Conversation class is held every Saturday. The Kaikan has two large theatres in it. Sumiko and I took our Mototosi to see the musical ballet "Daddy Longlegs". As to the Swan Lake, I once saw a movie in technicolour played by the Bolshoi (I think) by Danilova? a famous Russian dancer. I remember it was so beautiful and the music wonderful.



YOSINOBU case has not yet been settled. In the evening of March 31st a 4 years old boy was kidnapped from a park near his house. 160 policemen did their best to seek for him, but by now no clues remain. When the boy was taken he had a nice toy gun of US make in his hand, so every station in Tokyo the photo of the toy gun and some pictures of him are pinned. The criminal took from the terrified parents 500,000 yen, promising to return the child, but he didn't keep his promise. His threatening voice was recorded through the telephone by the police, and it seems that the criminal might be about 50 years old and a non-educated man. Very sad case like Lindy's.

A girl of 14 years left home and missed three months ago, leaving a very nice score of music "Going my way with mamma" and "Mamma, you are like a fountain". She studied playing the piano when she was 3 and, at 6, she could play Copins' Pollonase, and Beethovens' Moonlight Sonata very well. She was studying for the Exam of National Music University and all the people thought that she was a genius. But she is missing now and nobody knows where she is.



I heard about the launching of the US Air Forces' winged cosmic ship, (using Thor), on the 18th from Cape Canaveral and I'm glad that the age of the manned space ship has come so near at hand.

It is said in Japan that Fall is the season when the sky grows higher and the horses become stout. That means appetite improves in Fall. In every small street in the town there comes the Sweet-potatoe waggon, which sells the stone-burnt sweet-potatoes for the children and for the girls.

Again, as to the rocket, Japanese/American co-operation launching of the rocket, (( that is, electronic machines made in Japan were put in the rocket of the American Aeronautics Bureau, shot from the island of Wallops)), had got a satisfying result I hear, and hope that in future more co-operation is developed.

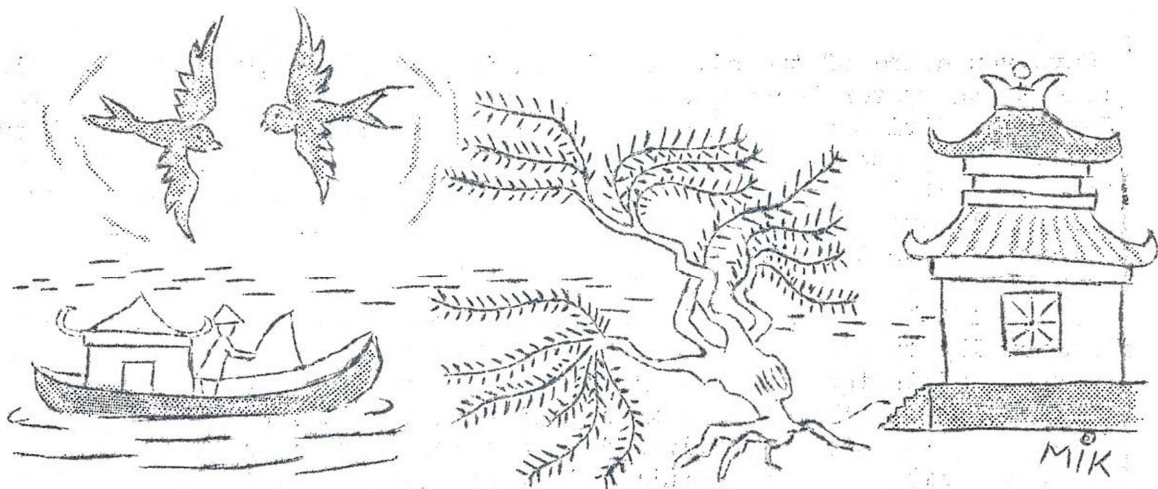
Rock Hudson in "Missile SaC" is shown now in Tokyo in which we can see the huge Titan missile, jet tankers supplying fuel to a B52 in the air, ( how beautiful and bright the shining body of that huge bomber!) the title of the film is "A Gathering of Eagles". I was much moved by "Jim's" feeling of responsibility as an air commander to have his wings start in each 15 seconds, but wonder, if I were him, if I could chase all his men of humanity away, one after another, to get to his object, that was, to make up the strongest wing. A wonderful, but a little sad job he has....

NASA admitted to sell the private papers of 16 astronauts at the price of 104 million dollars, I hear. I wonder how long before they will be published.

Are some of you interested in SUMO?. Sept 22, the last day of the Winter Season KASIWADO finally beat 15 members, including Taiho, called the strongest SUMO man in Japan now, and won the championship. All his body was painted every parts ....telling of the hard fighting for fifteen days, and he wept with joy when he came back to his training chamber, and all cheered him.

Against the Dream Special Express, we got the other day news that air liners are planned to fly the Tokyo/Osaka route. The American B-727 arrived at Haneda airport on the night of the 22nd to make a demonstration flight, and Haviland too will send Trident 1-C, and many other aircraft. Japan is now really growing smaller and smaller.

The Emperors' fourth daughter, Atuko, for many days, suffering from blood poisoning, and the Emperor and the Empress visited to her bed in Okayama on their way to the west. Entering into the light-green bedroom of the hospital His Majesty the Emperor asked her, "How are you, dear?" and Her Majesty, without a word, ran to her bedside. She was one time seriously ill, but is now past the dangerous point. But she still can't watch TV or hear the radio. The parents took the thin hand of their daughter, and she smiled. Weferrs, toy dog, and a night gown were the presents given to the sick daughter.



If it was before the end of the war, The Emperor and the Queen could never visit their daughter however much they might want to. But, thanks to the war, and the American democracy imported to Japan after the war, they now can visit. The daughter, the Princess Atuko, shed tears, smiled, and told the parents that she was hungry. "Tomorrow, again" they said as they left the room. They looked so happy, the paper said.

The biggest zoo in Japan, UENO zoo, made the film of feeding the baby hippo with milk. I hadn't realised that hippos can be fed with milk. The other day when we took Mototosi to Ueno Zoo what interested him most was the penguins, (there are more than 100 of them, big and small, standing and swimming so well). We took the mono-rail there, to the penguins' house, and Mototosi didn't want to leave there for more than an hour.

Three years ago Japanese banks started the "Foreign Traveling Deposit", and 27,000 people saved the money to go to Europe, America and Hawaii, as well as Hong Kong and all over the world. But the government is still prohibiting foreign travelling freely, so many are grumbling now.

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On 16th of this month, Oct, the International Athletic meeting in Tokyo, (called pre-Olympics) were successfully closed. Yesterday when I visited the Medical Depot, which is located at the horse track called Baji-koen, I found newly built stables there, and on entering I met a nice young foreign rider. I addressed him and to my surprise he answered me in English and we then had a nice little chat together. He told me that he had a nice time in Japan. He was from New-Zealand and was leaving Japan, with his two horses, on the 24th. Later I was sorry that I forgot to ask his name and address, and so I lost the opportunity of having another friend overseas. He was a nice guy, young and handsome looking, with pure shining eyes. As I was accompanied by Major Kanda, Chief of the Procurement Section in Medical Depot, who couldn't understand English at all, and as the time of the noon break was nearly passing over, I didn't have enough time to sit and talk with him a little more.



Have you heard of the site of old Nubia on the Nile, Egypt, now sinking beneath the water because of the construction of the new dam?. In the Japanese edition of the Readers Digest I have read that people all over the world are trying to save the ancient places. And now in Japan UNESCO have collected money amounting to 36,000 yen. We are pleased if our money helps to save them, by transporting the famous Abu Sinbel sanctuary onto the hill near by.

Now, a little about Zen, (if are not interested please skip it over), Man usually thinks there is so-called SPIRIT. (or mind, or heart) besides Nature. And in the word of Nature there included the human body, so he thinks that SPIRIT (Kokoro) is in Nature naturally. But the Buddhism teaches us there's Nature in Spirit, (Kokoro), and its like this. That is, Nature is like a floating bubble in the ocean of KOKORO (Spirit).

Either will do but most of the people think former way of thinking as to appeal to the reason of the person and the latter religious. How to handle the Kokoro is so very difficult anyway, I think.

Japanese rocket named Kappa 8 is going to be exported to Pakistan. The manufacturing firm and all the shooting system are now to be sent. It is said to be better and cheaper than the French one, and is going to be used for observing the condition of the upper sky. The factory will make 12 rockets annually from the year after next, and that is the more we are to make in Japan????.

About 170 years ago there lived in Japan, (Edo, that is the ex-name of Tokyo), a man named Kokichi, His job was making wooden things, like the sliding screen, (now popular in the States I hear), and letter boxes and so on. And he planned to make a machine to fly in the air (that is, a primitive aeroplane) He had a special talent for making things and wooden machines very well, and every man was astonished to see how nicely he made them, many tools, many convenient contrivances and devices. He became an apprentice of a mounter, and his master was greatly surprised to see how excellent a desciple he was. And his wife wanted to make Kokichi and her daughter married, and the beautiful daughter named O-machi loved him too. However, after the death of the Master a wine or Saki maker, Hanbe, wanted to have the beautiful O-machi to the bride of his son Umekichi, and asked the wife of the dead master so. She was quite at loss to the offer for the Master had borrowed \$15 from Hanbe before he died. Finally she accepted the offer and promised to give her daughter to the son of Hanbe. But it hadn't been told to the poor O-machi. And one day the son, of Hanbe, saw the toy aeroplane Kokichi had made for O-machi and sneered at him, saying, "What is the use of a toy airplane? Its no use if a real man can't fly in it".

And so Kokichi, who had known what was happening, promised Umekichi to make or build an airplane a real man could fly in, in one year, on the condition that the money the late master had borrowed from Hanbe would not be asked for, if he succeeded.

After that Kokichi bet all his life to make the Real Plane, and he tried and tried, in spite of the many failures. And on the other hand, O-machi, who many, many times gently encouraged Kokichi, believing that someday he would be sure to make the real plane, was at last persuaded.....



by her mother and got married to Umekichi, thus betrayed Kokichi. And a year passed. One spring afternoon, when the two families of O-machi and Umekichi began a party of cherry blossom viewing on the dry river bed, a man suddenly jumped and bailed out of the bridge....

Kokichi could finally succeed building the plane. But the Government officials foolishly thought that Kokichi was a Magician, so he was put in prison, and they persecuted and oppressed him until he died..... that is the true story that happened long, 100 years before Otto Lilienthal made his plane.

I've been asked why SUMO wrestlers are so fat. I asked about this of one of the SUMO player, and he answered like this.

"Well, to win the Sumo match, we must, above all, step ahead first. and to step strongly forward, it's very convenient to be fat or stout, or, to have weight. Especially it's good to be fat at the lower part of the body, to lower the gravity. Stomache, waist and thighs. Wonderfully strong is the strength to push with that protruding stomache. So Mr. Dowagatake was 187 kg, and Taiho is 140 kg! (I am only 55kg). "We have big heart, liver and kidney, three times as big as you, and the stomache two times. We have two meals a day, at noon and in the evening, and each time 5,000 calories. But we don't take as much exercise as other sportsmen. We practise in the morning without taking any food, and when the stomache became empty, we eat about 80% of the days meal at one time, and in the afternoon we usually do nothing but sleeping so we become fat. As we eat too much at a time some can't remain in the stomache and flow into the intestines and it's a reason why we are so fat. When we are in Lower class we usually are very busy doing many jobs, but as we are promoted gradually we become fat..."



"Gullivers Space Travels" a cartoon picture just like Walt Disney are going to be made by the hands of Japanese company. We have in Sibuya, near my house, 70mm movie, "55 days in Peking" just now. Starring Carlton Heston, David Niven and Ave Gardener. We hope to see how A. Marton makes us enjoy as well as surprised. Do you remember that nice, "From here to Eternity"?, by Monty?; That picture and "Roman Holiday" of Hepburne has been re-released here now. The former I haven't seen, but Sumiko, my wife, wanted me to look at it as she had seen it in her schooldays and was greatly moved by that beautiful and sad bugle call Monty blew. I went to the theatre alone on my way home from the office. That was no doubt a very nice one and I knew why Sumiko recommended it. But at the same time I saw a preview of a French film, "The Sunday of Cybele" and it also was a wonderful one. About the very sad and fantastic story full of poetry, and the camera scene is beyond description. I don't know by what title it will be shown outside Japan. But I can assure you that it is worth seeing. Anyway, I won't miss it with Sumiko next Tuesday.



Well, Ken, I read in the paper that your Queen is going to have another Prince or Princess. Someone say it must be about 19th Feb, and the name must be one of three. James, Mary, or Margaret. I hope that happiness is always on your Royal Family.

Solemn and grand melody is floating from the window of the study, or classroom, of Tokyo University Tech. Mechanic Branch. It is the school song of North Fuji High School. It was composed by an electronic computer!

Dr. Watanabe and his 10 or so students made it. They first collected 40 famous and favorite school songs and carefully analyzed them. All the scores were classified according to the rhythm and melodies, and finally fed into the computer to produce the school song. The computer's memory capacity is about 4,000 words. The music itself is very solemn and nice, and some students say jokingly that if IBM or RR will improve on the idea in future they may be able to compose the 10th Symphony of Beethoven, or to finish the "unfinished", after a long and careful study of the other symphonies these famous composers wrote.

The Roger Wagner chorus of US was wonderfully successful in Japan. And got many encores. They were only 22 but all of them were differently wonderful. I never forgot the evening of the day when we listened to them. They lined strangely, man next to woman. "Ave Maria", Brahms "Song of Love" etc., all were wonderful. Their tempo was good and their melody and cheerfulness made all the audience pulled into the good old time. Their folk songs were very nice too. As the enthusiasm grew and we asked for an encore all the members took out their hidden strange instruments and Wagner himself played the piano, and they sang "SUZUME-NO-GAKKO", (sparrows' school", a famous old Japanese children's song). And many nice Jazz and all were very happy.

Japanese rocketry has made much progress and is now admitted by the world to be the third most advanced in the world. US and USSR still being in front. Now we are planning to shoot a rocket into the deep sea, not into the air. The first one was fired on the 30th of last month to take samples of the bottom. There are three very deep trenches off the coast of Japan, and no-one knows what might be down there. When the rocket gets to the bottom of the sea the nozzle begins to shoot for the time one million times as long as the explosion of dynamite. So we can get samples which were very difficult to get at before. We could get 4 meters of them, each one centimeter telling us the history of the earth, covering something like 1 million years, I hear.

Two burglars were caught in a very strange way. A very beautiful girl, whose job occupation is a cabaret dancing girl in Ginza was returning home very late, (at 3 in the morning) from the bath when two young men jumped out of a car that suddenly stopped before her. They took her into the car and ran through the town for 2 hours. The girl resisted hard and finally the men snatched away her gold ring and her wrist watch, and 4,500 yen (15 dollars) and threw her out of



the car. But she was a very clever girl and was very good at drawing. She had gazed on the faces of the young rascals closely while she was riding with them, and when she ran into the police box she borrowed a ball-point pen from one of the policemen and drew their faces. And one of them the police easily recognised, and the bad gentlemen were very soon arrested. What surprised the police was the excellent likeness that the girl drew.

About the 7.5.3 (seven, five, three) custom of Japan. When the girls are 3 and also when they are 7 years old, and the boys when they are 5 years old, they are dressed in their best clothes...usually nice long-sleeved FURISODE for girls, Ceremonial full dress in Japanese kimono for boys, formerly sometimes the uniform of the servicemen.

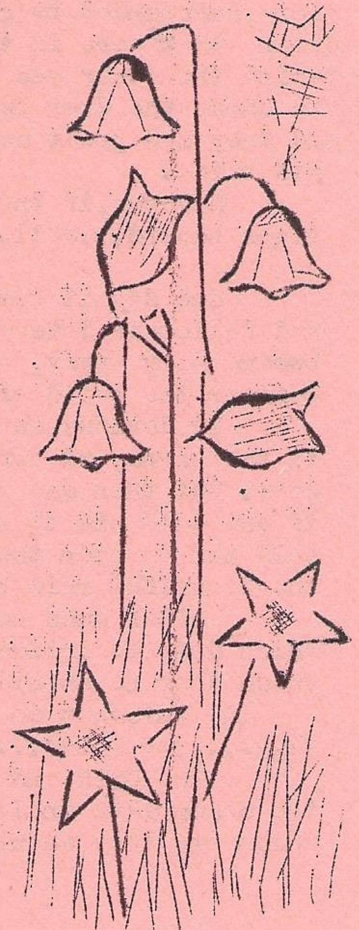
These clothes are very beautiful but much too expensive. They are then taken to the shrines and the parents pray for happiness in future. Now in every big department store in Tokyo they display those nice things, silk clothes in bright red and olden colours, nice wide Japanese sashes, and so on. I hear in the US the boys like to wear feathered Indian hats on a special day, (Independance Day perhaps?) and play with firecrackers. Is this so?. And girls, do they have such special days?.

A sea defence boat "AMATURAZE", our first boat armed with anti-air missiles has been launched this month. It has TARTAT, an up-to-date US missile, and is to protect Tokyo Bay.

The Concert Hall Society sent me an invitation of the record of the story for the young folks aged 4 to 8 years old. It is by a "7 voiced girl" Meiko Nakamura, and the story is of Anderson or Grimm. The centennial of the Grimms is this year I hear. I think its very good and useful to teach correct sentences to the children, and I wonder if there are some such ones in the States and UK. My teacher of German, (I forgot that language nearly all and now I'm sorry) Mr Takahasi was invited to the city of Casale, Germany, and he told us that he attended a very nice party in the old castle of King Wilhelm. In this place Napoleon the Third was once imprisoned, (when he was captured in a war). All the palace was lit by a great many candles for the party.

The first edition of the fable book was on exhibition. This was written by the hands of the Grimms.

Everynight in these days I gaze up at the sky and enjoy the beautiful stars and admire the Milky Way. I was very much interested in the stars when I was a young student and I have written some things for our "Army Officers Journal" about many





constellations with many legends. There is a big planetarium in Sibuya, where my house is located, and I can often visit there and watch the stars, as clearly as I see them on the Paloma, stretching on the velvet sofa, reclining and listening to the soft music, usually some nice violin concert, etc., My wife Sumiko is also fond of looking at the sky, and I remember we went to that planetarium together, a little while before our marriage, and as it was the first time that I had visited the planetarium, I was so happy and grateful to her, for taking me there.

And when Mototosi, our boy, was born, I was in the language school of our army preparing to visit the US, at the graduation memorial speech I made a speech about stars, and some about SF.

A very huge steel box is now travelling over the Pacific Ocean to the US. It is a tanker for the US Navy, built in Japan. A ship building company in Seattle accepted the Government contract, but as dollar protection prohibited the overseas construction of ships the Government refused the contract. But the company protested that "A mere box without stern or bow isn't a ship" and won the argument. Now this 120 mt long and 14 mt deep box is on its way across. The journey is expected to take about 40 days...getting to Seattle about Nov. 5th. Perhaps the CRY gang will see it arrive?.

Long ago in a certain country the custom was that all trials were held in the Kings' Colosseum. The defendant was placed in an arena, surrounded by great walls, and told to open one of the two great doors that were in the walls. Behind one door was a beautiful maiden, behind the other was a starving tiger.. If the defendant was lucky and chose the door behind which was the maiden, he was declared free and they had great celebrations and the defendant took the maiden as his bride.

However, if the defendant opened the door with the starving tiger behind...well.

One day it became known to the King that one of his Royal Guard had fallen in love with his daughter, the Princess, at this the King became very angry, and condemned the man to the arena to choose between the two doors.

By devious means the Princess found out the secret of the doors in the arena, and arranged to indicate the by secret signs the correct door. But then she was at a loss what to tell him, (the loved one) for if she told him to open the tiger door, he would be eaten, and if she told him to open the other door, she would surely lose her lover to the beautiful maid behind it.

After much heartache and furious thought she finally decided which door to indicate. And when the day came the loved one knew which door he should open, by a secret sign.

Ah, but, what do you think was beyond that door?  
Tiger,...or Maid?....

The USSR and Red China are at variance with each other, so the communists in Japan are at a loss, like the Princess, as to which one they should act in concert with. Says this magazine I read.



When I was a little boy I used to sleep in a room with a folding screen (BYOBU) on which was a strange landscape, drawn by a Chinese painter. There were steep mountains in the background, some peach trees with flowers, a clear stream running in a rocky bed, a small cottage and an old man reading something in it.....

As I used to look at the picture so many times before going to sleep, I became quite familiar with that place, and so often in my dreams I seemed to visit there myself. In the dream the old hermit was very friendly to me and we had then quite nice talking together and had so happy a time that after waking up next morning I wished to visit

that place some day when I grew up.

One day when I was in the Navy, I was much pleased to be told by the Admiral that I was to be transferred to the Fleet in Shang-hai, as I thought there I might have a chance to travel in China. And, having a furlough, I started on my trip up the Yangtze River with a young Chinese interpreter whose English was quite easy to understand.

It was early in Spring. For some days we went up the river and could enjoy the beautiful scenery of willow trees on the banks. There were a great many Junks on the river, with colourful flags on their masts. And the girls in green, pink and blue Chinese dresses, picking flowers and singing, on the banks; watched our boat and waved to us as we passed.

To my regret, however, I could never find the place I sought. I went through many

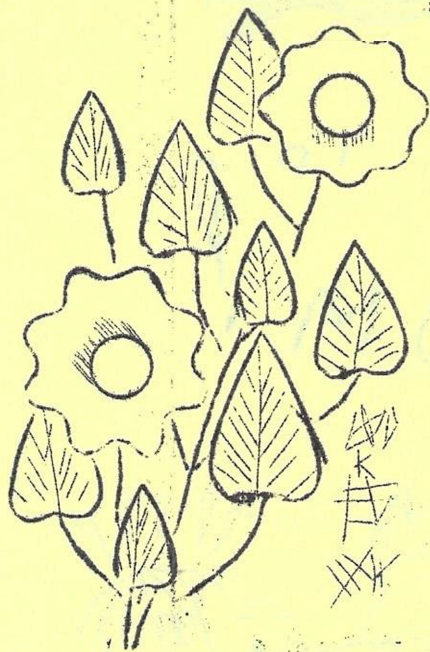
small and poor old Chinese villages, asking in vain of the people...looking for someone to lead me to the place that was drawn on that screen. At last I met an extremely old Chinese gentleman, who told me that it was no use continuing my journey.

"There is no Fairyland such as you are looking for in China, young man" he said, "every town is quite the same as this place, and I think what you want to see is only an image that some Chinese poet or painter held in his mind. But perhaps you might find such a place far west from here in the Tibetan mountains". He raised his arm to point to the shadow of the mountains far away on the horizon. He also said that if I wanted to go he might have been able to bring me there, although it would have taken a lot of time and much money.

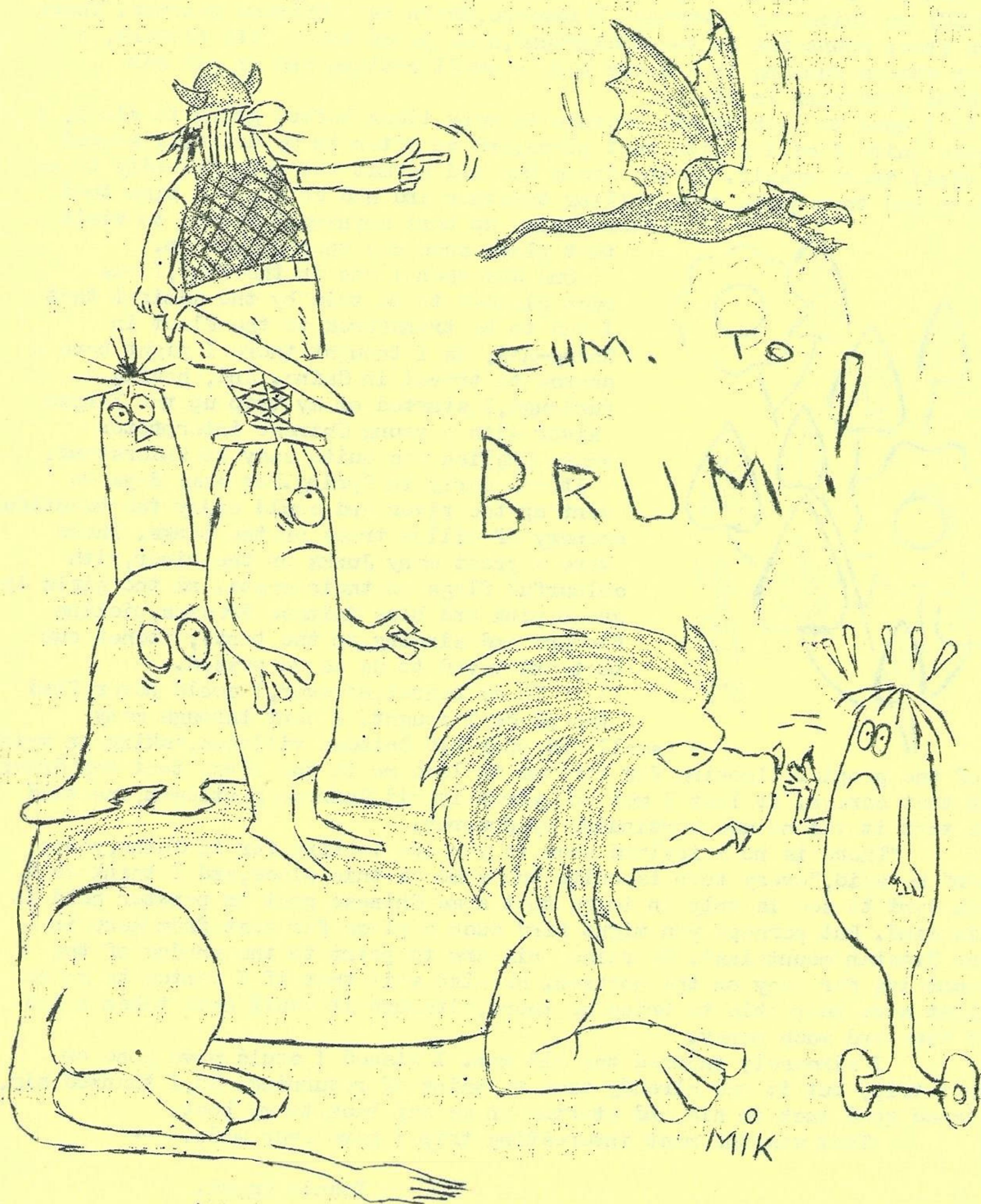
I sincerely thanked the old man. I wished I could have gone on that trip, but it was already time to think of returning. So, I thanked him, wished good luck on him, and started on my way back to my boat.

That was the most interesting trip I have ever made.----

Toshio Ogawa.









THE NAKED ARTICHOKE

MEETS THE WOLFMAN

by.....



Don Studebaker.

When last we left the Naked Artichoke, that brave and courageous champion of freedom for the Human Spirit, you will no doubt recall his terrifying plight. He was rapidly descending into a vast body of water in an uncontrolled glider, being dragged from the ship by his hopelessly tangled parachute.

Well, now the Naked Artichoke is sitting in front of his typer with an acute pain in the left abdomen, groin and leg, and walks part time with a curved cane. How long this condition prevails is dependant on his healing powers (Heal! he says, laying on his hands.) and on what the mystery ailment turns out to be.

No, I wasn't injured in the crash of the glider. We hit the water near an ice-encrusted fishing boat, and were rescued by two small, dark men in whose nets we became entangled. They were Mexican, or so we think. As neither Paul nor I speak much Spanish we were unable to discover what they were doing in the Great Lakes.

No, I was not injured in the crash of the glider. I was injured while logging in the Great North Woods.

Well, that's not quite true. I was trying to cut wood for the fire, in the time when I should have been logging. Our firewood was getting low, and as the temperatures here go nightly below zero, we needed lots more. Also there was a blizzard due any day.

As I was saying, I was trying to cut wood. Using one of those gasoline powered saws is not the easiest thing in the world, but its much easier than cutting with a buck saw. I would have had the eight or nine logs neatly sawed into rounds and ready to split, had not the boss-man noticed my efforts. He is a kindly person, and couldn't bear to see me work so hard on such a simple job; so he offered his aid.

First, we called in another man. He was going to show me how one man can handle logs with a cant-hook, all alone, with no help, and therefore save time and labour. So we called in another man.

Perhaps I'd better explain that the boss-man was pretty banged up from a series of accidents, and walking with the aid of two crutches. Then, his arm was in a tight bandage, with a metal rack which allowed him to use it. You can see, I think, why we needed another man.

With a tremendous amount of patience (I won't say on whose part), we worked all day, and as the snow-clad sun descended behind the hills, we had managed to stack up all the logs. All four of them. The rest had gone to build a rack on which to place whatever was left over. They were now exactly too high for me to cut leaning over, and too low for me to cut standing up. But after all, the man had been trying to help.....



As I returned to the house, carrying the forty-pound saw, I noticed a pain in me. I worked for two more days, then donned protective garments. Still to no avail; so I collapsed.

Now, if I had just lost my temper, if I hadn't been so polite, and kept my impatience bottled up. If I had just let loose and walked away when the boss-man dropped that log on me, I might be in the somewhat shopworn and battered condition I was in at last writing. I would have gotten all the wood cut, with the aid of one man to aid the butt ends. But.....

So that is why this column is on time for a change. That is why I am sitting here in the smokehouse, with my eyes burning out from the burnt bacon drippings, and writing for OMPA. Greater love hath no fan.

---

I suppose I ought to tell you about my brother Paul, since I devoted mention to him in the last column. I first met him at the Chicon Ball. He was dressed as Regis Hastur, from Marion Zimmer Bradley's novel, SWORD OF ALDONES. (plug, plug, plug). He was a ferocious looking chap with a flaming red beard, a sharp sword, and covered all over from head to foot ~~with a natural coat of curly fur~~ with a natural coat of curly fur. He snarled at me, and I thought, 'A.ha! Someone I will hate!' Paul thought much the same about me so we struck up a conversation. The Ball was crowded with twisting delegates from that Catholic-con, so we went in search of a party. Not stopping to change costume, you understand. He still as Regis, I still as a Drrresh, painted green from head to toe. (I look better painted green than any other way. I discovered this while eating pickles and drinking mentholated chocolate milk).

We found a party, where Paul went to talk to Fritz Leibor and I seated myself next to a gorgeous red-haired soprano, to continue a conversation left off at the Pittoon. Sopsano was busy learning DIE MEISTERSINGER from Pappa Willy, who then taught me how to handle some of the Prize Song. We all kissed Karen goodnight, and bright and early the next morning Paul and I were out looking for parties once more. Sunday night we couldn't find one, so we spent the night walking through Chicago and talking about Scotland. (No, we had changed our costumes by then.). You see, Paul is somewhat of a Scottish fanatic. He is wont to walk about the fields around his estate dressed in the plaid, with a claymore strapped to his side, and singing or talking in Gaelic. He goes mad over bagpipes and will, unless tied to a mountain, play pipe records from sun-up till midnight. And beyond. This is subconsciously calculated to drive others mad. (Hi Ethel!).

When I met Paul's mother I was delighted. She was a Scotland fan too, and between them they had the most impressive knowledge of the country it has yet been my privilege to encounter. Little did I realise the significance of this, until..... But first perhaps I'd better tell you about Paul's mother

She's a lovely little woman with dark hair, glasses, a perfectly wicked sense of humour, and her hobby is raising science-fiction fans. She can milk a cow, dig potatoes, chop wood and track rabbits. She smokes mentholated cigarettes and makes her own apple sauce. She also makes fine mince-meat cookies. (Biscuits for you Britons).



Two such lovely people as Paul and his mother one could hardly expect to meet. Why, they even like the Opera, a prime qualification for likability.

It was only when I got to know them better that I suspected the deep dark secret that lay hidden in their clever little hearts. There was a subtle gleam in their eyes that worried me, whenever they heard me mention Ethel Lindsay. A wicked little laugh that bubbled up whenever Bonnie Prince Charlie was the subject, or sometimes just a glow of pride.

It was not until Christmas, when I had dinner with them, that the pieces fell into place. I had been drinking 'Blood of the Dutchman', and it had that effect which all habitual drunkards recognise as the clearing of logic and reality from the board of reason. I asked them many questions, obscure as I could devise, all about Scotland. And no matter how many such questions I put to them they always had an answer. Too many answers!

"Paul; Mom:" I said, rising from the well cleaned table, as if to propose a toast. "I have discovered your secret".

"What secret?" asked Mom.

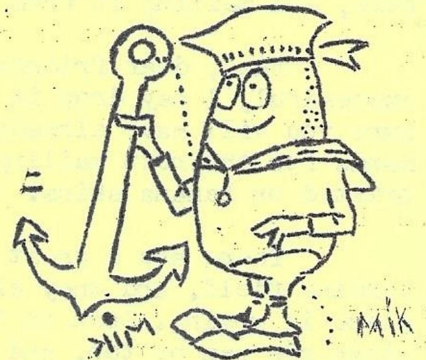
"The secret of Scotland!" I said, triumphantly.

"What do you mean?" asked Paul blearily, but, I thought, with a tinge of panic in his voice.

"There is no Scotland!" I cried. "It's all a hoax. A cleverly perpetrated hoax. And you two have succeeded admirably...up till now! You have even fooled the British Crown. You've convinced even the English that there is land north of them. Actually there is only the sea. You've hired actors to portray Scots all over the world. You've got the whole world believing in your own private fantasy world. You Mom, YOU wrote 'MACBETH'; I can tell it was you by the woman's touch. You must have spent a fortune building up this myth. But now, Now I shall reap the Glory by exposing you. I shall tell the world!".

"He's had too much to drink", said Paul.

"I don't think he's had enough", said Mom. They got out a bottle of Drambuie.



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I try to say something controversial each time around, mainly so that I will get a little bit of egoboo. I need it badly. In the two weeks since the above was written I thought very hard, but couldn't come up with anything!

Well, things have changed again for me, dear readers. A telegram arrived from my German agent insisting that I come to Berlin and straighten out the tangle which the orchestra was making of my pieces. I wrote him via boat mail and told him to go to hell. I am far too poor to go jaunting all over the world at the request of an imbecilic conductor who can't follow simple instructions. My agent sent back a telegram saying he would pay my way via banana boat.



I replied that I was allergic to bananas. The outcome is that I may get to see whatever of Germany lies between the plane and the Concert Hall where we must rehearse.

Those of you who get Jelarang will remember a thing called REFLECTION IN A BOWL OF CHILI, by Olin T Fredegar. Well, I'm him, though this is DNP and DNP outside of OMPA. The article was a series of poems to be used with Chlorisam Vergun's ORCHESTRAL IMAGES, and, as I had envisioned it, would be merely read by the audience while listening to the music.

My agent came up with the bright idea of presenting it with my own musical interpretations, and, wanting egoboo, I, like a fool, sent him a tape of my own handlings. The conductor then threatened to resign if he was forced to attempt the quarter tones I employed in the 'Lascievies Io Amor' section, so friend agent sent for this humble servant. .... Which is why I am sitting in the jet at Idlewild (whoops, that's Kennedy Airport now) waiting to be whisked across the ocean. Pan Am has the weirdest terminal I've ever seen, looking something like a flying saucer, unfolded. I hope Ken will correct my typos, because I'm a little shakey. This is the first time I've been in a real aeroplane. Gliders don't count since they don't go up so high or have big, noisy jets. I figure I have nothing to lose writing this column here, and mailing it from the Continent; provided I make it, that is.

Thus, dear friends, if the German Premier of my work is frightfully successful, I may drop in on Jolly old England on the way back. If so I'm sure you will have already read about it. Ken already has a column in his hands for the next mailing. If it is not successful, my next zine will be printed on banana skins.

There are a great number of blue and white lights all over the landing field, and they all seem to be moving...No!. That's me moving. The plane is moving. Down on the ground is a little truck that looks like a pizza pie pan on top, and they are...sort of piloting us.....If the pilot of this thing can't even find his way off the landing field, how is he going to find Europe?.

Sorry this wasn't more interesting this time, which may be made up by its being shorter than usual. I really must get out the dramamine tablets. There is a pretty stewardess eyeing me at the moment. This is a very old typewriter, and an excellent device for striking up acquaintances. It's really a good thing that my lovely new wife doesn't read OMPazines very often. But then, she doesn't read my columns at all. I've always detested uniforms, but this one, the one on the stewardess, does so much to bring out her finer points....It may not be such a bad trip after all.....

Don Studebaker,  
Mid-Atlantic. 1964.

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Department of 'On Ghod, not that!'

Berlin den 10 März.

Herr Cheslin,

a word of apology for the lateness of this manuscript. My young friend, Donald Studebaker, while visiting me left with me this manuscript to be to you mailed.

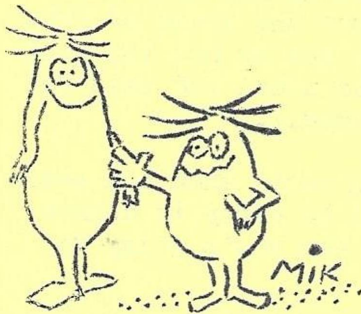
However it was unfortunately lost, and only yesterday have I found it. I am sending it to you with the fastest way available, and I hope that it will not be too late for you for use for what it was intended.

with great respect,

Siegfried X. von Höflichkeit.

so you see Don, all your plans to get this in in time for the March mailing came to nought. You might tell S X von H that the thing got here OK, next time you write...I'd have done so myself if I'd known the adress.

yohs, Ken.



THIS, and any other STUDEBAKER material in my OMPazines is activity for STUDEBAKER, not me.

K M P Cheslin.

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I must apologise to you,

Toshio Ogawa, for not

publishing your letters sooner.

however, what happened was that Dave Hale was thinking of running a few paragraphs from the letters in Spinge, and he asked me not to run your letters till Spinge came out. And he couldn't --- without chopping you letters up too much --- find anything suitable to use after all.

-----  
For Gods sake VOTE LONDON IN '65.

or us Brummies will be swamped at the

BRUMCON 11.

to be held in the MIDLAND HOTEL, NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM, over the EASTER weekend of 1965. 5/- registration to me please. a dollar if you American types want to sign on.

ken.





Now to start on the mailing comments. First. Ethel. I'm sorry I got m mad. You struck at my pride,y'know, and that always gets down to the quick. Never mind. Press on, say I, if everybody does the best he/she can, then the mailings can't help but improve. Too much worrying about the state of OMPA might dig ourselves some pitfalls. Really I don't care who or how you (all) try to save OMPA, or ignore OMPA, I'll just press on as usual and wait for better times.( Ireserve the right to change my mind, ahem.).

OFF TRAILS 39 March 1964. If it is legal, and if Ron wants them, and needs them by this mailing, I'll be happy to donate the 6pp he seems to need. After all, if we get rid of him who's going to be tresurer?.....

Berserk!!! I got a letter from Fred Hunter in which he says he never did leave Shetland, never did go to London, or come here and help write Berserk!!!. I believe him. But. If it wasn't Fred Hunter.....

Whatsit 7 I'm just listing mine first to get them out of the way.

Bletherings 35 Ethel Well, I can see that OMPA must have been different when it was mostly British, and for myself I'd not worry too much about deadline dates, but I do think its unjust to blame the Americans for OMPAs present state...as I infer from your phrase,"in this case they have almost killed the thing they loved". The plain and unvarnished facts are that there are more American members because more Americans than British want to be members. You should not chide the Yanks for wanting to get into OMPA, you should cuss Anglofandom for not wanting to join the British APA. Only I don't see how you can make Anglofans join if they are not interested. Even if you make it a ruleing that a British waitinglister gets precedence over the Yank wls, there are so few British on the list that the situation would be substantially the same. The only solution I can see is to give OMPA more publicity in our genzines, thus encourageing more British types to get on the wl. But don't clobber the poor old Yanks for something they've never done...for being more enthusiastic than the British fans.



Bletherings 35 Ethel continued. Wicked it may be, but when I saw that sticker of yours reading "Lets GO with Labour" the only suitable place I could think of for the destination was the bogs. But then, Labour is rather like diarrhea. Straining to keep a straight face with mixed-up insides. Mind you, don't take this as a plug for the Liberals, or the Tory shower. I think the Tories are a right lot of rouges, politically (he says, fearing libel suits), but if they are they manage, somehow, to give me the impression that they have a tiny smidgen more sense than the Labour lot. Wilson I think is sly and insinuating, Brown cunning and ruthlessly self seeking. I remember Wilson was called Nye's dog, and do you remember/know how Labour, under Atlee-the-cheese-mite, was calling in 1938 for Britain to disarm, "as an example". No, that doesn't make me trust them. Their intentions may be of the very best, that's not worrying me, but that attitude is unrealistic, and not the sort of policy I'd like us to pursue with the Russians.

Oh Ethel! how cruel! dropping the vol numbers for CT. I rather liked them, because every time I saw the vol number I thought of the AE that each volume represented..like, it touched my historical sense. Oh well, sic transit etc., MIKE HIGGS of 138 Barrows Road, Sparhill, Birmingham, England, wants SHADOW mags, if any of you Yanks have any you want to sell. Painting covers is rather restful, actually, Ethel. Soothing, one might say. and they only get done at odd moments, not all at once, so there isn't much work in doing them. ( yes, Ethel, I know how to go about getting an amendment set up for voting. But so far I've only been interested in nattering about various ideas for amendments.ta.).

Re;- Burn on Ella. He's always been very decent the times I've met him. I can only conclude he's got a bee in his bonnet about Ella. I've seen Ella at her worst, before breakfast in a morning, but I can't honestly say she's ugly. (terrifying perhaps..but not ugly...ahem...sorry Auntie Ella, really, no..no...not the whip...arrrggghh). etc., Seriously, Ella looks quite a treat when she's ready to face the world, and while she does sometimes frighten me by being overheartly, by god,... this is no good. Damned if I'm gonna discuss Ella in public. T' hell with it. Ellas a damn good sort.

I've admired Lawrence for ages. I first came across him when I was a lad at school and used to search the library for books on his campaigns, and tales, fact and fiction, of people who fought with him, or at the same time in the desert. Only recently have I bought the book I've been meaning to buy for years..yes, honest, for at least 10 years, "The 7 Pillars of Wisdom". and some quiet week-end I'm going to read it.

Big Deal 5 Dave Hale Ah, its a pity that I can't think of anything to say about this...except that that poll thing...it seems very logical to me that orthodoxy, authoritarianism, and militarism would be traits common to the same person...I don't know why, but it feels to be correct. Hum...the con thing would have done this time...no-one would have known that it was supposed to be out last year...it is easy to identify this with ANY convention. There, I've said a bit about BD, you won't get mad at me now, will you? you will come and cut stencils for me, won't you?.

too late for more tonight...see if I can do some more tomorrow.

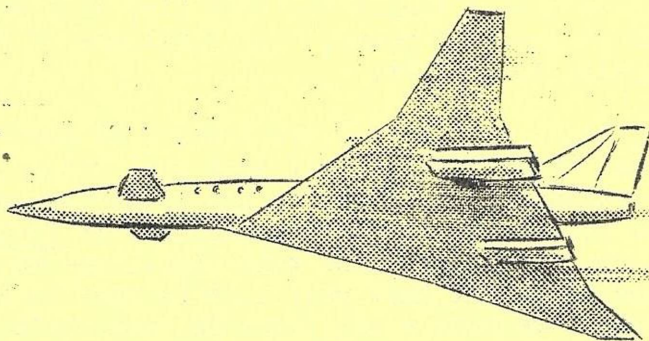


Souffle 7 Baxter I like your (Philby?) cover. I've not been a regular film-goer for 4 or 5 years now....I used to go once or twice every week at one time. In reverse order I've seen THE LONGSHIPS, ZULU, DR STRANGELOVE and..hum..hmmm..I think the one before that was EL CID, at least six months ago. I regret not having seen LAWRENCE yet, or the SWORD IN THE STONE, the latter has been repoted to me as being very poor.

THE LONGSHIPS is a mad film, at least 4 different historical periods are ~~all~~ mixed up, the plot is wrapped round a great gold bell, and the whole damn thing is one long blood and battle. But its obviously been done for a lark, and no-one takes the film seriously. This Viking lad gets his ship sunk off the coast near Gibraltar and loses his crew. He turns up in a Moorish market place as a story-teller, from Byzantium yet, telling a story of a fabulous bell, solid gold, three times the height of a man, made from gold the Crusaders stole from the Sarecans. The bell, - wait for it - actually has a tone, a great tone, and is called "The Mother of Voices". well.....

I don't think there is much point in going on. About the Moorish king, the lying Viking finding the bell he didn't believe in, the rape of the harem by the Vikings... (a laugh, really, a laugh, and fit to be shown at any decent nunnery) and the final big battle. Its worth seeing for laughs.

ZULU is another matter. I'd have liked to see a longer version of this...hmm...or even better, an historical type account of how Chaka built the Zulus into such a great tribe. (the film has nothing to do with Chaka ). 4,000 Zulus, fresh from wiping out a column of 1300 to 1500 British and native troops, attack the supply depot at Rourks Drift. And are repulsed by the garrison, less than 200 men, with heavy losses. Actually well worth seeing. It seems obvious to me that the reason for the first Zulu success and subsequent failure was that in the first case they caught the troops out in the open and made use of their superior numbers. In the second instance however they were attacking across a narrow front and couldn't use their weight. In spite of many extremely gallant attacks they were defeated. If they had only been able to handle the rifles, captured from the column, they might have done it. However, a spearman, brave as a lion, is no match for the bullet that puts him down....before he can get his spear to work. Very good. There are one or two idiotic scenes. but don't be put off. (a nice piece of fiction, but it telegraphed, to me, the ending.) Spanish Main. No. Tony Hill & me.





Morph XXX1V Roles ingenious cover. Who cut the stencil though? I too miss seeing the Keeper of Printed books on our membership list. Although its legal it not a good thing to drop him. It was such a...fannish thing...having him on the list. Couldn't you, please, reinstate him, Ethel?.

Another way to reduce the population, John, would be to stop this silly custom of calling "Women and Children First" when ships go down, after all, they're the breeders, let the drown...and this idea about making the bod who go on a dangerous mission, army-wise, have to be single. No, say I, make the married men with 2 or more kids go. They've had their ration of offspring so let them get bumped of....pay the widows compensation of course..but its worth it to cut down the population.... hmm.. maybe they should make some films a la Marching Morons, showing how painful and horrible childbirth can be, and how wicked and ungrateful the brats are, anyway....of course, they could always put something in the drinking water.....

Spanish Main....Grail. Unfortunately Grail was planned to use two boards. One board you went around collecting weapons, horse, skill, spells and money. The second board being the actual quest. UNfortunately we find that playing on the first board, to get enough skill etc., takes 3 or 4 hours, this leaves little time to go on the quest. The result is that we are still

struggling to make the first board quicker, and have not had time to more than outline the quest board. Spanish Main is a very simple game to play. If it looks difficult its only because I tried to give as much detail as possible. We have gone on from this board, and the game is a bit harder as we now play it

I have got some notes on GALACTIC TRADER somewhere, which I intended to print...but I don't know if I'll have time this mailing to get it all stenciled.

I've vaguely heard of Kor. But I can't remember anything but the name, can you recommend a book?. I think it would be a good idea to swap surplus zines with FAPA. A lot of us in OMPA are monoapans and never see other apas mailings.

I agree with you, in some respects about the futility of labeling. But its a common human device to make the world fit into neat categories, all things in their places...its very comforting. However, things, and people especially, don't always lend themselves to labeling....(they get labeled anyway, I know )....and then people get an uncomfortable surprise when things they've labeled do something their label says they can't. I don't like being labeled...I hate to think of myself as a category rather than an individual. Of course everyone does fall into some general category or other...like, White, Black, Red, Yellow, Brown, or male, female. But even here there are exceptions. (in both examples) but when it comes to labeling people by the opinions they supposedly hold...ah, then you're really in trouble. Labels are no more than a convenience..often a misleading convenience.

One time I'll think of something to say about your fascinating adventures in the East. I feel very embarrassed that all I can think of to say is that they are fascinating, and I'm looking forward to the next part of the Rollings..

Peculiar Udolpho thing. Oh well, I'll certainly have to have a go at it if I come across it. and where did you see this Russian fantasy film? I've never heard of it...on the circuits or a film club?

it seems a shame to start a new comment at the bottom of the page





Burp! 22 Ron. we seem to have  
lost an amazing  
number of members from OMPA  
since the days you mention.

Of the 29 British members,  
oh, 30 including you, only  
4, (5 with Bobbie) have  
survived. A lot of them are  
still around, and some of them  
active. But why are they not in  
OMPA? could it be that the  
initial years were filled with  
an enthusiasm, for the experiment  
of a British APA, that has now  
evaporated?

The downstage must have  
must have started somewhere,  
by someone dropping out, and  
possibly being followed by a  
mate...then someone, who  
misses them doesn't bother to  
renew...and so on.

Ethel, intent on making  
OMPA what it was, makes various  
proposals. But I don't think

anything will work unless you get British fans interested in the APA. The  
only thing I can think of is to publicise OMPA in our genzines, or even put  
adverts in Vector(?). An idea might be to do a write-up of OMPA for some  
genzine...ahem, Spinge for instance, where the New Wave people will see it and  
get an idea of what an APA is...besides it might revive the interest of some  
less active old fan.

Hmm, very interesting natter about the tests. I think I see what you  
mean...these tests, or this particular kind of test is very subseptable to  
being mucked up because the marker interprets the testees answers on the  
basis of his own experience and background. For instance, that "Aircraft"  
one. Now if a bloke has actually been in the RAF this word sounds a little  
odd in civvy life, but very correct. However to someone who, say, spent all  
his time working for the Forestry Commission, and only reads papers and listen  
s to the radio, the most natural word to him will be 'plane, or formally,  
aeroplane. Very subjective.

Amble 17 Archie. HUM...hum. there's something that makes me like that  
Higginbottom thing...I'm not sure what though. It reminds  
me again of the "Honary White" status they gave the  
Japanese because of the benefits they wanted from a trade agreement. Sheesh.  
if you can't tell if a bloke is white or black by looking at him whats the  
sense of discriminating. (whats the sense anyway).

I always read Lair. I've seen that ~~WHEN WE BURNED THE WHITE HOUSE~~  
but never bought it because I thought it was a novel...must remember. If I  
had the money I'd have me a fleet of radio controlled model boats and a great  
big pool, see....and then.

Sappers, why you should know. Well, you were in the Army. (and didn't  
you first mention Sappers in OMPA?), ....



Amble 17 Archie)(continued). damn, I had an adress for Charles Wells, anyhow, if you Just write to the head of your department,speciality, care of Birmingham University,B'ham,England,(Charles?,) they'd very likely tell you anything you wanted to know and maybe if they can't fix you up they would give you addresses to write to.

Mein Ompf Colin (oh, number 2 issue...of the zine) oh my god....that damn fool with the walking stick...it sounds funny reading about it but the fool could have really hurt that poor nurse...she should have bashed him with his water bottle. you always natter entertainingly.(yah, rat fink). Did I tell you about that?. What happened was this. The Brummies and Charles Platt were at each others throats, but a few months back, and Mike Higgs does an illo for one of the lads..possibly Pete Weston, and sends it off. Now this illo has a sort of banner drawn on it...and the banner reads "Charles Platt is a rat fink"... well. Unsuspectingly Pete responds to ..hmm, forget the name...somebodys plea for a cover by sending them this illo. Well, eith this bloke sent Platt the illo, or told him about it. Result a letter from Platt and embarrasment for Pete. I thought it rather amusing.

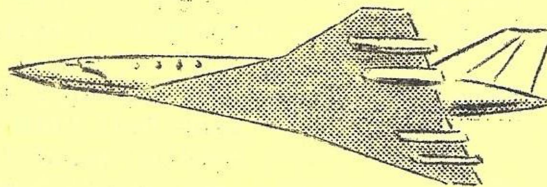
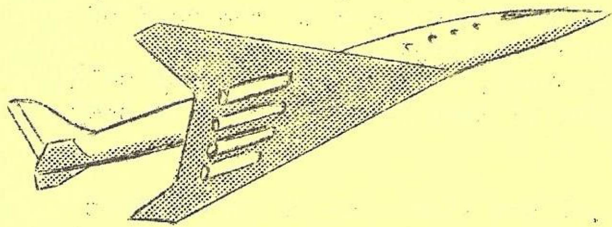
Ah Colin me boyo. YOU MUST Differentiate, (darn thing) between what I natter idealistically about, and what I propose, (I assure you ) in a spirit of "I can be more extremist than you", merely to see how far the thing is taken. (merging the APAs was more of a "What if..." type of wondering...like..."What if I had wings...X-ray eyes" etc., I like OMPA because general fandom seems to be too big to keep track of. ( mock not the Schultz warriors, you haven't got one illo in this thing of yours... now if you were to ask Dick..... Are you in favour of illos/covers on OMPazines? (do you want some...already cut on stencil?).

Hoy. that tale about the shoe experts and the two answeres. Thats an old, old saw that practically every sales rep has told to him by his manager, usually on the first day, to demonstrate what is called "getting the right attitude". You've been a salesman? or did you really see this as you've quoted the thing?.

tut, tut, what a wickedly sarcastic remark to make about our esteemed minister of power, you'll be suggesting next the it'll snow next winter. (actually, mad though it sounds, I had this theory that many people are like the "dumb beasts" in this respect. When we have all the snow and ice and cold...etc., they moan and groan...but once its over they seem to live by the hope that perhaps it won't snow again next year..you know, sort of they are surprised every time winter rolls round, they don't expect it to come around...and I don't merely mean lack of foresight, no, actual inability to appreciate that the seasons recur in cycles.

What amuses me about the PO is that they have a waiting list for telephones in most areas, they have a monopoly in letter post, yet they feel obliged to constantly advertise. This seems a waste of money to me.





Procastinator 1 Trimbles. the nattings of Bjo,( specially the cats ) I thoroughly enjoyed. But what to say?. We have only two cats now. A tabby tom officially called Little Brother, but now always called Tiger, and a neutered she, named Cheyyane Boland, but called Whitey and less complimentary names. Its a treat to see that pair on a mutual washing session. Tiger has the most self satisfied smile I've seen on any cat. The White beast is currently engaged in trying to play with the neighbouring kittens while avoiding the said neighbouring kittens mother. Who scratches.

Erg 19 Terry (Jeeves). mad reprint, more?. Your Ten Magic Bullets are sadly inadequate. You'd need more like ten thousand. For a start there's all the Coronation Street lot, All Compact, All Plane Makers, Edgar Lustgarten gets special treatment...preferably an Iron Maiden with blunt spikes, Dimbleby, yes, Pickles, CERTAINLY! and the big nose bloke on the keys-in-boxes show...and innumerable others ( I enjoy a good grumble at the TV ).

How about a bouquet for Tonight, The Avengers, This Wonderful World, and a few others. Seriously, TV has that hypnotic effect. If one has something to do, and pauses for a second to see what's on the telly, if you don't watch out you get trapped in a sort of trance.

Binary 101, (5?). Patrizio The Beatles are, (by now perhaps 'were') successful possibly as you suggest with P.R.O. help. But more likely because the kids like the sound. OK, ruddy row it is. But its such a basic ruddy row that it gets across when good music fails. Let the kids have their fun..as long as they don't do any harm while having it. I mean, look at all those crowds of people and the VAST crowds, bigger than Beatle crowds, and composed of "solid citizen" types that those cup final teams got, (whoever they were). They caused more james than and Beatle crowd. Anyhow, if I could make money the way they do I'd be off like a flash. Hmmm, how about a rock group to raise funds for OMPA?..(so's we can all HIRE stencil cutters.

All that for a lousey pun!

another lad who does clippings...or whatever they're called. Well as long as JMB, Colin and you print cutting like these, no complaints. Nay, I say, even great praise. What particular method have you evolved for the stalking and capturing of clippings? Goes for JMB and Colin too.



Detroit Iron 5 Dick (Schultz). By Odin Dick, what's this about a plane to come to LONDON IT '65 in?. What chances?.

Hmm. so Detroit fandom must have changed a lot since JB went over in 1959?. Ah, I told Tony about the Fletcher Pratt navy game. We sat speculating for hours on what the rules would be etc., Do you know anyone who still plays the game?. We really can't afford the space to have some of the board games we would like. Charlie, one of the Brummies. (CUM. TO BRUM! plug) and his two brothers have a big board that takes up one whole room, the whole floor. Here they re-fight the 2nd world war (weeool, practically) they have thousands of pieces and one move usually takes a whole day. They once finished a game, Charles says, but it took them 6 months.

And another VERITAS. I've got this one, but that doesn't lessen the big thank you for re-printing it. I wonder who has got a COMPLETE Berry file. I wonder if John himself has? With all that wordage he may well have lost a few stories..or magazines. I for one will never refuse to look at a Berry/Atom zine and bitterly regret I didn't find fandom those few, vital, years earlier, when the team was in full swing. JB has written good stuff since...but those old zines reek of bold endeavour and fannish glee. Sighs, long and hard.

Lefnui 2 Patten. which I deliberately left until last so that I might say a few envious words about the cover. I like this. If I say much more the green will be showing.

some of Harness's drawings, like this on pp4 are very good...and have a nice personality.

the title...sounds as if it is something from Scandanavian mythology. i is it?.

there ought to be a damn good interlino wrapped up in that phrase abo (schewine!) about The Shadow clouding mens minds....in fact I'm sure I read one somewhere..god-forsaken ages ago it seems. A pity I can't think of anything constructive about the S.O.W bit, I still have one, I noticed it only last night. (seriously now) and every clear night when I can see the stars. For some reason I find then eternally fascinating. Maybe I should have become an astronomer..or would that have spoilt it?.

I haven't any Schultzillos to hand either. He moans piteously. I like Patten zines. I never heard of you before you did that Shaggy and Salamander, if its not a rude question, where were you before this? (yus, I'm nosey).

Well this should be the last page of this WHATSIT. I'm sorry, (tho' perhaps you lot aren't that I've no fiction or article, (by me) this time. I feel very sinful after all thats been said about mailing comments. But I will try to do something next time. (or in this mailing if I have time). The constant mention of time should be indication enough of my trouble source.

THIS WAS WHATSIT 8 for the 40th OMPA mailing, June 1964.

From. Ken M P Cheslin, 18 New Farm Road, Stourbridge, Worcs., England.

according to my calculations OMPA is 10 years old this mailing.

Happy Birthday OMPA.



