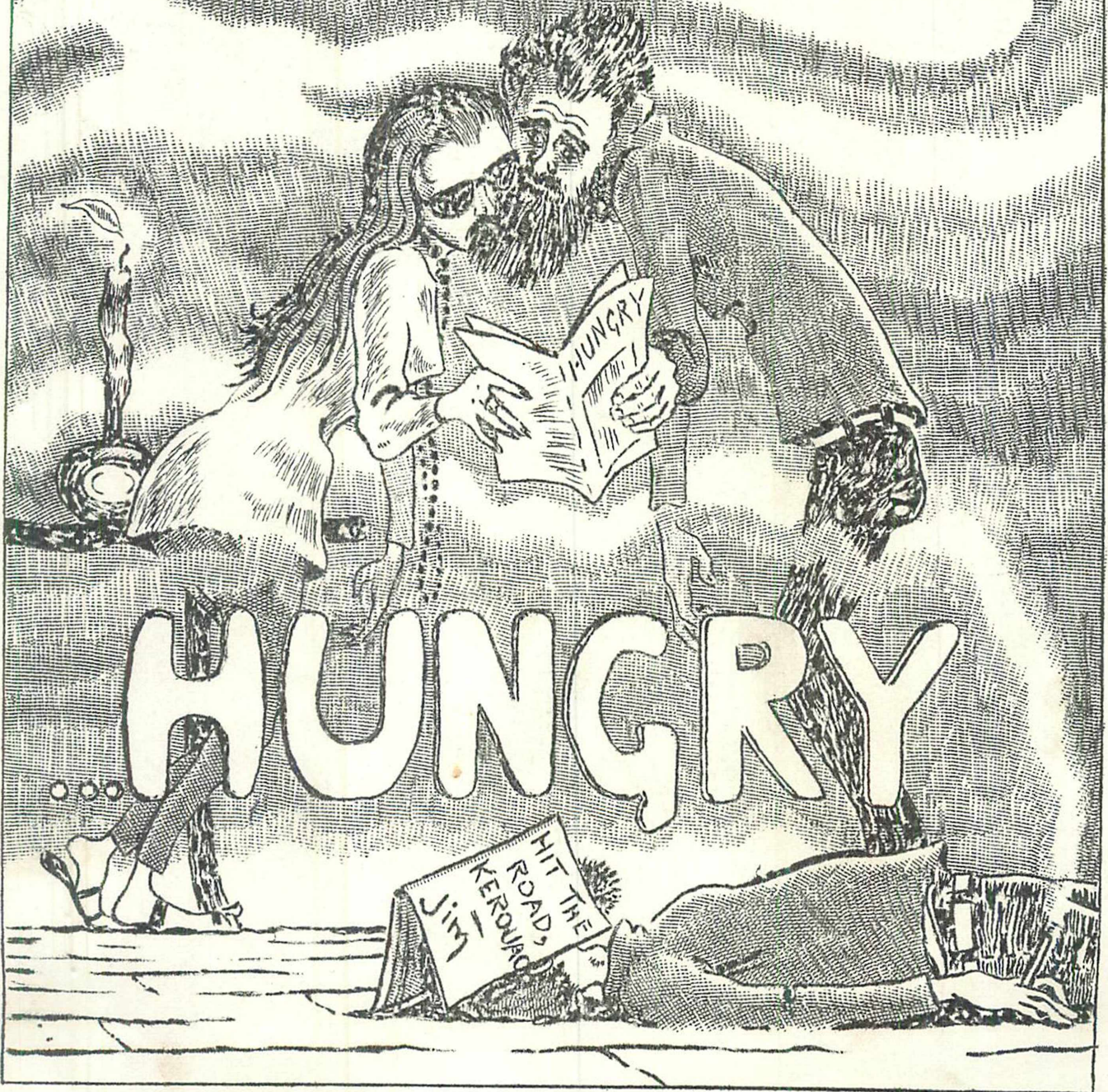
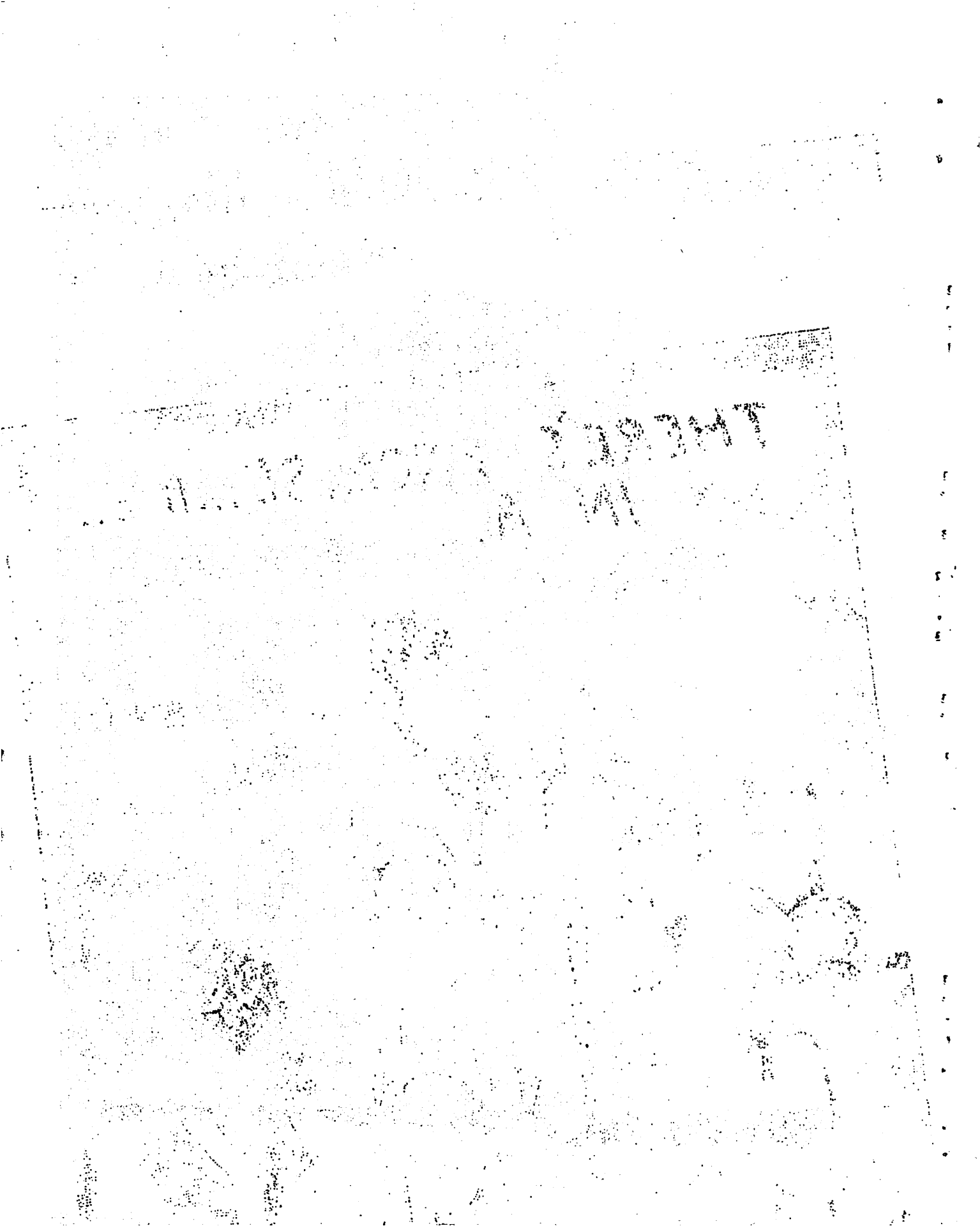


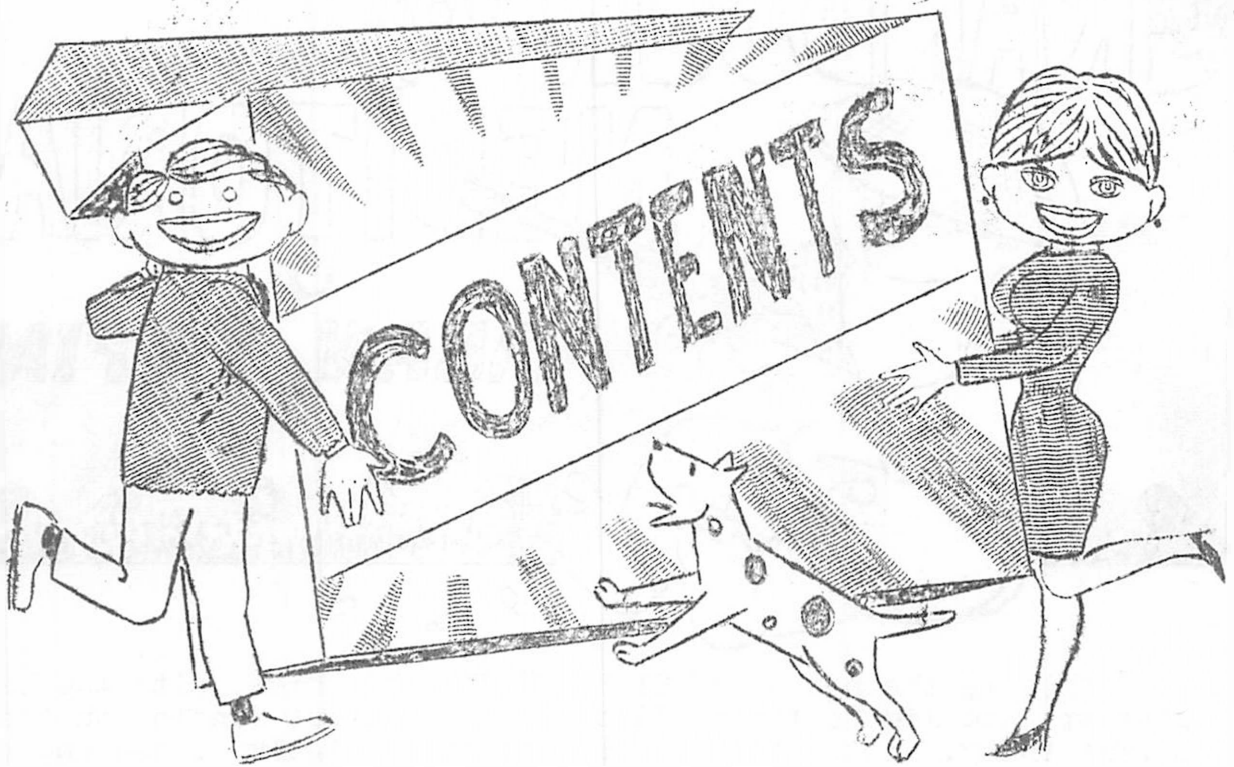
THERE'S PROMISE...like..
IN A...



HUNGRY

HIT THE
ROAD,
KEROUAC
Jim





Grandson of Neditorial Alan Rispin

What's Wrong With U?... .. . Brian Jordan

... Who, Me? Francis Mary Worsley, B.A.
(gave up)

ASK FOR HUNGRY...
IT'S CHOCK-FULL OF...

Art Editor : Jim Cawthorne

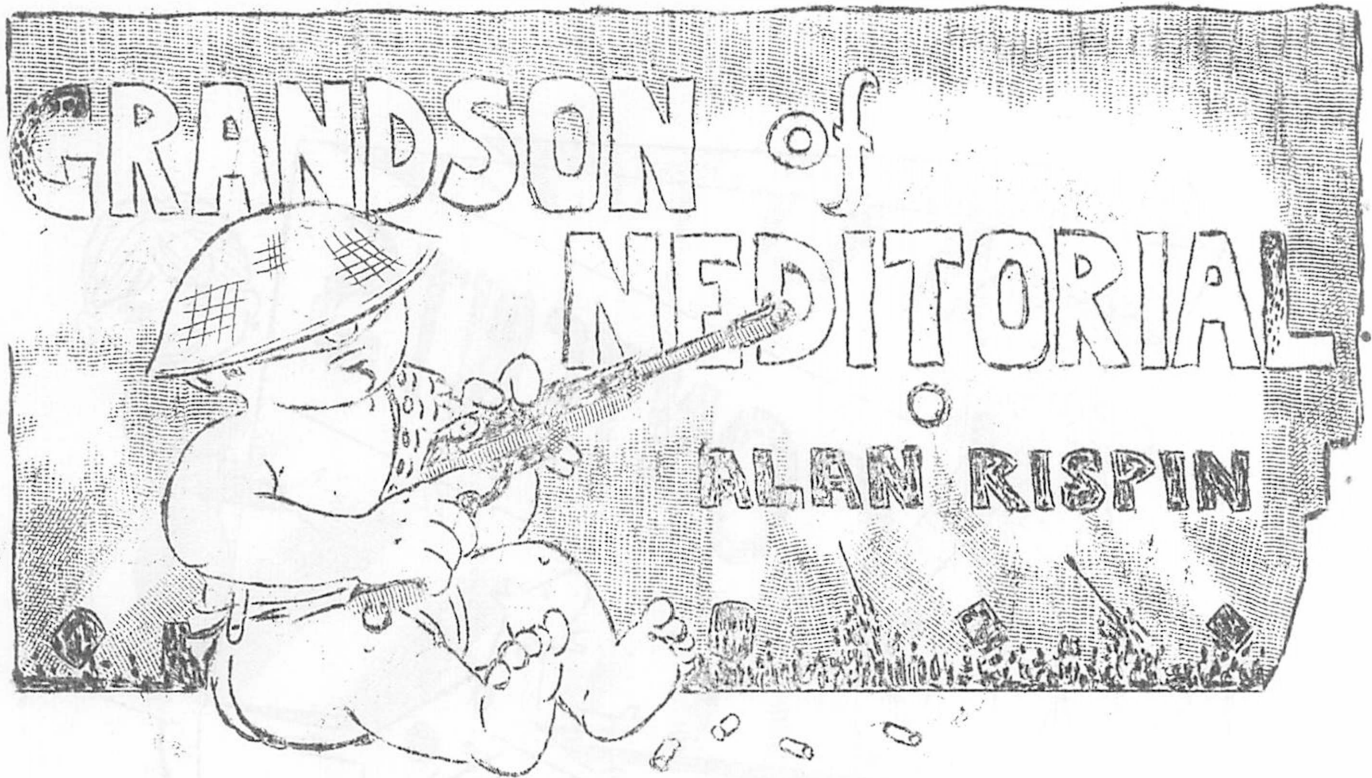
Stencil Cutting : NELL

Editorial Assistant : NELL

Chief Distraction : NELL

.... RISPIN ?!

HUNGRY FIVE, from Alan Rispin, 5, Kingdon Road, London NW6
33rd Mailing of ORPA.



This is the new GIANT SIZE HUNGRY which, with the new gift wrapped Jim Cawthorne illos is the whitest fanzine on the market today. It's still irregular; still highly priced and still all mine. No-one wants to make a take over bid for HUNGRY anyway! They thought it had finished, they did ... "I'll shown 'em", thought Rispin, and so he thought for the next six months until he realized that the OMPA deadline was creeping nearer ... and that this wasn't any ordinary deadline, but The Final Deadline, after which it would be Banishment to the Waiting List. This cannot be! I might be callous, I might be cruel, but I couldn't force OMPA to miss me as it surely would if I gradually was kicked out. I couldn't force the reams of Al Rispin Appreciation issues on the masses of Fandom. I therefore decided to stay and fight on, for the true cause of making me a (sigh) BNF.

I've just been struck by a horrid thought. Perhaps you people out there have been forgetting that Alan Rispin existed ... or even, what is worse, you've never heard of me. Let me enlighten you ...

As Hitler's armies threw their armoured might against the puny defence of this Tiny Isle, there was a Child born. In the grim, dark days of the blitz, there was a ray of hope for mankind. The race of Rispins had an heir. At the time I was born, my father was in the Home Guard and my mother was soon occupied by a screaming, kicking, bawling, wailing little hunk of misery which they named Alan. Nineteen years later I produced my last issue of HUNGRY, tearfully said goodbye to the Land of The

Permanent Smog Pall, and emigrated to London. I hardly noticed the wrench at first. But of course when one leaves home, it is quite a different attitude towards ones parents that takes shape. Gone is the feverish hate, for they no longer have any power over your movements. There even creeps in a certain (blush) fond regard for their quaint ideas about children, and I think wistfully of the times that were good at home near the Manchester Ship Canal. But then I remember that I don't live there any more, and that is why I can have such a liberal attitude.

When I arrived in London I shared a flat with Bruce Burn, and was just in time to see the Saving of OMPA from the inside. The place we lived in was at 36, Warrington Crescent, which might ring a bell for some of you ... This place is worth describing.

Imagine a room 20 ft. long by 10 ft. across, and about 10 ft. high. All one long wall is taken up with french windows that open out onto a small balcony under each window. Ten feet below is the ground with a couple of acres of communal garden for about three streets that backed onto this greenery. Entering the room, huge and with a patterned plaster ceiling for the first time, I thought how marvellous it would be for the summer ... sun streaming in, and a massive garden to sunbathe in. Wow! But as soon as I moved in, Autumn came along and I realised that this was not quite a snug little home to withstand the winter squalls, but quite the opposite ... It was freezing! There we were - two frozen fans - until at the end of last December we'd both had enough of the place, and we moved.

Since arriving in London, I'd been working for a Consulting Engineering firm near Victoria and there I had made friends with a chap called Maurice Biella. He was a musician and considered his full time employment an unfortunate necessity because he had a wife and a couple of nice young kids. He worked weekends and occasional nights during the week, and when he arrived back in the early morning he often woke up the kids, and then when they woke up at 6 a.m. he'd be woken up, he'd get no rest, his wife would be irritable, and so would he. So they both agreed that he should find a cheap place to sleep when he'd been out on a job. He could afford to keep up another place doing two jobs as he did. So we did the logical thing and clubbed together to find a place to share. It would be even more ideal, we thought, because I used to go to Maidstone to see Diane, my girlfriend, at weekends, which meant that Maurice would have the place to himself. Also Maurice wasn't going to use it except at weekends,

so I'd have the place to myself during the week. Sounds good?
Too good to be true?? ... It was!

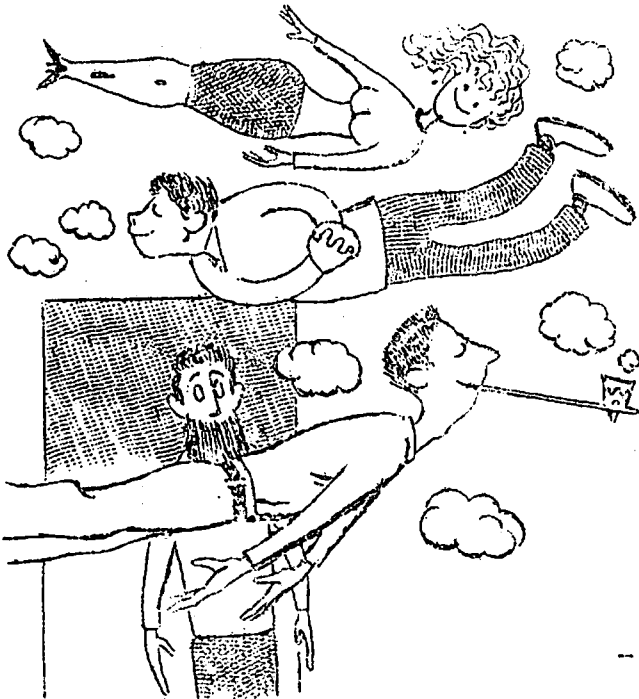
It wasn't too far from Warrington Crescent, but was in a very salubrious area. The flat itself was rented by a friend of Maurices called Peggy Wray. She is a wonderful character and very generous but she wasn't dependable as a landlady. The place was huge and so she determined to sub-let three of the rooms to help herself out with the rent. Maurice and I had one with a little cup-board type room which I used as a bedroom attached. A hopeful trumpetplayer had another, and the last was reserved for a friend of peggies who was an artist. But she wouldn't be taking up residence for a couple of weeks so Bruce could have the room until he found a place.

As soon as I moved up to the new place things started to happen.

The first night that Bruce wanted to stay in his room he returned after a party to find that it was occupied by an American couple! They had turned up out of the blue to Peggies place and so she'd put them up " for a few nights ".... they stayed for a fortnight! And Bruce had paid her for the room alreadyit ended up by him sleeping on HIS Lilo, in HIS sleeping bag, in another blokes room, and paying money for the privilege. Needless to say, Bruce found a place and moved at the end of the first week.

The American who took his place was a long tall guy who walked about smoking an indian pipe of peace all the while, with an expression of extreme pleasure on his face. It wasn't until I got close enough to smell (i.e. I walked in the flat...)

that I found out that it was pot he was smoking. It ponged to high heaven! He was quite free with it too, and although I din't bother everyone else were as high as kites for the rest of the time that the couple were there. He was supposed to have been a millionaire's son, but he was much to like a bum for that to be true. Then again, he spent a packet on clothes before they eventually returned to the States. His wife was sweet though, and she was in complete contrast to the rest of the bunch, who were extremely affected people. She was the only one who didn't get high th that fortnight, besides ol' Al.



The place was jumping most of the night too, because Peggy was "in" with the jazz musician crowd and they'd all land up after their gigs at "Peggy's Place" to carry on raving until morning. This is OK at weekends and all that, but during the week when next morning it was work at 8.30 a.m. it got too much for me. Although I was sleeping at the other end of a long corridor, I was usually disturbed by the revellers. Then Maurice started getting gigs during the week, and sometimes he'd be there every night of the week. And when Diane moved up to London in the New Year, staying with her aunt, I wasn't away so many weekends as before, and so the purpose of the set-up was shattered. I was there about six weeks before I moved.

Maurice gave up the idea of working so often, as his wife threatened to leave him. His last ditch stand was to open a jazz club at a pub in North East London, with me as "Secretary" - which meant that I collected what money there was to collect at the door. It failed miserably, due to a combination of factors. It was n't on a popular night of the week - Tuesdays, I think it was. It was in a working class area where "jazz" was the stuff Acker Bilk played, and it wasn't good jazz anyway.

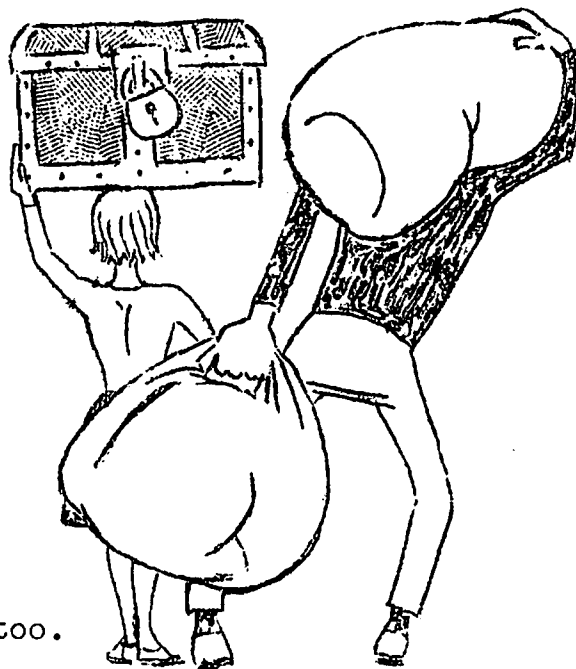
At the time, and at the present also, there is a "revival" of jazz. But by that most people mean a sort of traditional jazz that has become so popularised that it bears little or no relation to real traditional jazz. So for someone lured into THE HALF NOTE CLUB expecting that sort of music, it was most puzzling to get Basie and Ellington tunes. The blokes who played there were doing it for the kicks, and none of them received anything above expense money, if they got that. They came to play because that night of the week they would not get a gig anywhere for money anyway. However, the room we had was huge, and it was still winter, so the place had to be heated ... by one open coal fire! One wall opened into the bar of the pub, and this wall was only a half glassed partition. So that many people came and sat in the bar, listened to the jazz through the open door, watched it through the glass, and were warmer than the musicians! The last night we were there we had no paying customers at all. The guys got disenchanted because it isn't much fun to play to an empty room ... and a cold one too!

I went to all the local notice boards looking for a place and after quite a search I found one that hadn't been taken, was pleasantly furnished and was clean. It was only six weeks later that I moved again! "Clean" was a loaded word there. The landlady was hyperconscious about cleanliness. So much so that I became afraid to wash my hands in case she'd moan about the dirt

on the basin. I didn't get a key to my room, and I had no privacy at all, since she could (and did!) walk in at any time. I stayed there six weeks, and I found a place in the same house as some friends of mine. Friends I'd made whilst staying in London, and they came from Manchester. Alan Elkington, an intellectual draughtsman, and Francis M. Worsley (soon to be Elkington) helped Diane and I to move my stuff from This House of Misery to the new place where I am now. Since most of my belongings consisted of letters and fanzines, this was packed into a big trunk and moved with a great deal of effort the quarter mile to my new place. Then we returned for the rest of the stuff, which I'd thought didn't warrant me emptying the trunk, so I wrapped it all up in four bundles of sheets. As I left, the last of the four to do so, I remembered that I'd left my record player behind, so I left Diane, Alan and Francis on the doorstep while I dashed upstairs to retrieve my precious machine. When I returned, the landlady was holding the door open for me with a distasteful (normal) expression and all the three outside were curled up laughing. I was mystified. She had come to the door when I was upstairs and peered round it at my three friends outside, who were chatting as they hoisted the various bundles to see what sort of weight they would have to carry. When she saw this, her face assumed a disgusted expression, and she mumbled to them, in her Viennese accent, "Please move ... mein husband is a doktor ... we are not used to zebundles!" Which they thought was extremely funny.

Once settled into the new place, things quietened down somewhat, and I still live in the same place now. The landlady is a very nice woman, the other people living in the house are all my friends, so everything in the house is good.

As for the fannish scene ... weeeeeel, let us say that things also quietened down somewhat after I moved into 5, Kingdon Road. Previously I had still kept up my hitching by hitching to Maidstone to see Diane, and back to Manchester to see my parents and friends there, but the winter set in and so hitching fannishly stopped too.



The last trip I did last year was not really a hitch trip, because we went on November the 5th in Al Hoch's Volkswagen to visit Stourbridge Fandom. Dave Hale had invited us up to stay the Bonfire weekend at his place, and so Bruce the Burn, Diane and I went up to St. Albans to meet Al there. We had said a long time back that we'd meet at the railway station. We chose the station that was nearest to us and cased it, looking for a little black VW. It wasn't anywhere about, and so we became quite convinced that we'd never meet Al that day - we'd be hopping from station to station looking for him, while he'd be doing the same thing. So before we set off, we decided to have a cup of tea - and guess who was sitting in the nearest cafe drinking tea like a true Englishman? Good ol' Al Hoch! So we did manage to get to Stourbridge after all.

That night was spent drinking in the local pubs, which Bruce noticed had a quite different atmosphere to the London ones. Here people didn't mind if they appeared a little drunk, and everyone was singing and shouting, and the place was like a den of debauchery by the time we left and wandered back to Dave's home where the fannish natters carried on into the early hours of Sunday morning. Of course, we had the bonfire on the Saturday night instead of the Sunday, just for convenience, and all Ken Cheslin's myriad nieces and nephews enjoyed it tremendously, as it was held in their back garden. Apart from Ken, Dave and his girlfriend, Maggie, Jhim Linwood was there too, so there was quite a little fannish gabfest going on into the night. I was detailed to see Diane and Maggie home through the darkened hills of Stourbridge, and I enjoyed walking back, taking sips of me little "bottle of comfort" that I'd been careful to bring along.

I can't remember much of when I got back. The next day was spent by the whole party eating Mrs. Hale out of house and home. She really did us proud, feeding eight of us without a murmur, and with marvellous food. The London contingent set off on the return journey in the midafternoon, stopping at Stratford-on-Avon on the way, peering into old beamed cottages, and generally making like tourists .

Now, here it is summertime and the hitching will start again soon, as Diane and I set off on three weeks holiday on the continent. A practice hitch was undertaken a short while ago when we set off for the New Forest area from London, at 1 p.m. on a Sunday afternoon, and arriving 77 miles away in Southampton at 4 p.m., after a quite fast ride down, and a cup of coffee with two students at the university there ... they both complained of the lousy architecture in the new buildings being

erected there on the campus. Thereafter lifts didn't arrive, and on the way back, after catching a bus the remaining 5 miles to a place just inside the forest, we had to walk miles with cars in a traffic jam at our side. Arriving back home at 1 p.m., Diane almost persuaded me to give up hitching all together, but we blamed it on the "Sunday motorists" over here.

Sunday is the day when all the families go out together to the seaside in the car, loaded up to the limit with beachballs, portable radios and grandmothers. So no matter how many cars are on the road, you find that the majority go flashing past with a family full of idiots it seems, by the way most of them stare at two people hitching as though we were about to hold them up in broad daylight, on a main road and with all the family watching! And some are even worried at seeing a beard! Peasants! The people who drive on the road during the week are a much more sophisticated crowd. There are lorrydrivers for a start ... they didn't appear at all that Sunday ... and commercial travellers, and people travelling up because it's part of a job. That sort of person is liable to pick a hitcher up because of boredom, whereas a load of holidaymakers are not interested in hitchers for company, but as something to laugh at.



Lorrydrivers are my heroes. I've a secret ambition to get behind the wheel of a big eightwheeler and ride the roads of Britain, from Swansea to Inverness; from St. Ives to Newcastle; from Dover to Holyhead ... and would the hitchers have a field day! They'd be piled all over the lorry. There would be three in the cab with me, and stories of the road would flow ... "Y'know that bend on the A20 near Death Hill? Well ... I was with a bloke in a sports car once ..." and "There was a driver once and he told me this story about a mate who was on a long distance run and who suspected his wife of being unfaithful. So he returned one night and ...". Hahahahahaha ... but I only wish it were true! You have a fair cross section of humanity in the little society of lorrydrivers. There are the type who want you to sit

by their side all the ride without saying anything... but being there "for company". The ex-commando type who tells you tales of the war, and sometimes hilarious ones; the blokes who have a steady job with one of the big haulage firms, and tell you of their family; the earthy Geordie type who tells you of the "women of the road".....they are all better somehow when they are behind the wheel of a lorry.

I've covered the time lapse between one HUNGRY and the next very very slightly, but I hope it's been of some interest to someone in the crowd out there.

And now, a few exclamations and protestations on the way that fate has treated me. No sooner had I started to type the first draft of these natterings, I realised, with one of those freak bursts of inteligent thinking, that I had three weeks to get the magazine produced and not a moment more. I'd carefully chosen my holidays so that they fell just before the deadline.

So....frantic rush.

The subject of education for this issue seemed to be a natural thing for Brian to rant about, being as how he's just finished his course at Sheffield. However, as he's a fellow OMPA member, I'm donating his article to his credit, as I have plenty myself now.

The poem on the back page of the OMPA comments is by a beard toting friend of mine called Mark, who is a sort-of draughtsman. He works on the board only as long as it takes for him to hoard enough money to live for a few months out of work. This particular poem was from a collection of them that he has had with him since he wrote them in Australia five years or more ago. It is the most SF slanted one that he had, and probably one of the best to pub, since some of the others where too none-sense type for OMPA.

After getting this all on stencil and the illos stencilled by JIM hiself, I was left with the problem of how to get it duped. Then I remembered that Jhim Linwood had no duper, yet he miraculously has a magazine occationally....I investigated.

With the result that Nell and I are going down to Salisbury to dupe this on the maeline owned by the parents of Jhims guuurl, Marion Lansdale. So I hereby thank them profusely for saving my OMPA life. Ta!

alan.

WHAT'S

WRONG

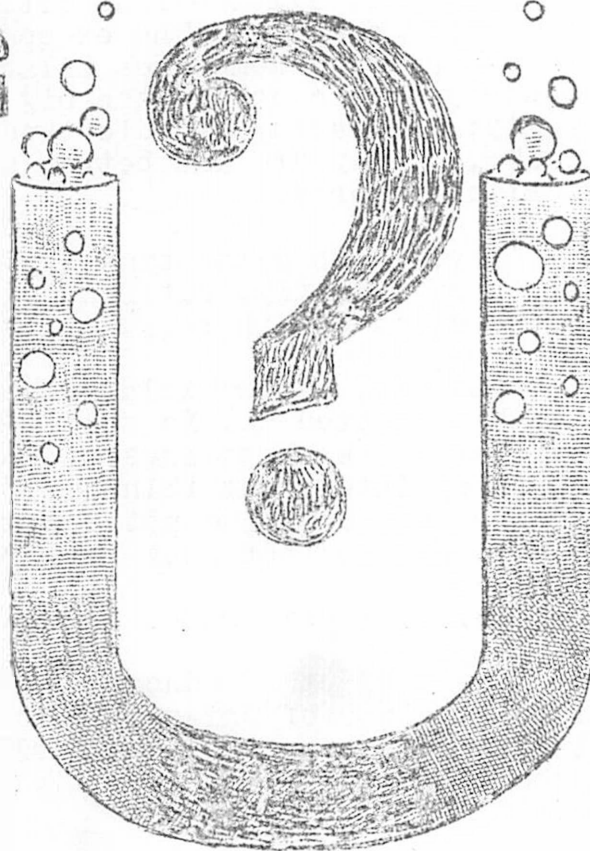
WITH

by Brian Jordan

I did not hurry to leave Sheffield. I drove slowly along the road to the University ... past the original red-brick building ... past the old house, due to be demolished, which housed my - I suppose beloved-bookshop ... past the path to the Student's Union ... past the new maths and physics block, almost completed .. and finally past the large modern chemistry department. I sighed as I left Sheffield.

I find it very difficult to sit down and write this critique of the University system as typified by the Chemistry Dept. at Sheffield. Firstly, the question is so complex, when viewed with no experience of other systems; secondly, the joys and bitternesses of the past three years are so well mixed, and still so very close.

Perhaps the best way to start is by saying that any person capable of getting into the department without a struggle is capable of getting an upper second-class honours degree; and probably anyone else getting in could manage a lower second. Therefore we must ask why this is not done. Is it due to lazyness? Do students suffer sudden loss of ability? Is it the examination which fails to show students at their best? I feel the answer lies some distance from these ideas. It lies in apparent philosophy behind so many courses in today's University science faculties. This seems to be that the course should fill two purposes; firstly, that the few percent who are either brilliant or extremely keen can procede to first-class degree, and thence on towards the



academic staff; secondly, that the rest can be turned out as what amounts to competent technicians - pale shadows of textbooks, with not an original thought in their heads. Indeed, I'm sure that real technicians could make a much more intelligent attack on a problem than could the hypothetical output of these departments.

For better or worse, however, things do not work out this way. The few proceed, as planned, to the firsts ... but in spite of the system, because it is too trivial to better them. They come to study their subject, and study it they will - all of it, regardless of the foolish priorities shoved at them. Even then, a few fall by the wayside under these pressures, and get lower degrees. The places of those who drop behind are taken by people slightly less bright, who - and who can blame them? - flog themselves mightily to the heights of intense work - cram, cram, cram, for two years ... and twice as hard in their final year.

The upper seconds come from the fallen firsts, and those crammers who didn't quite make it. Sometimes, this is the highest degree reached in a given year. The lower second is the run-of-the-mill degree, achieved by usually as many people as all the others put together. Again, however, it drifts from theory, and is gained by both people who have pulled themselves up, and people who have slipped down. Finally, the third class degrees. Here, something has gone wrong, quite definitely.

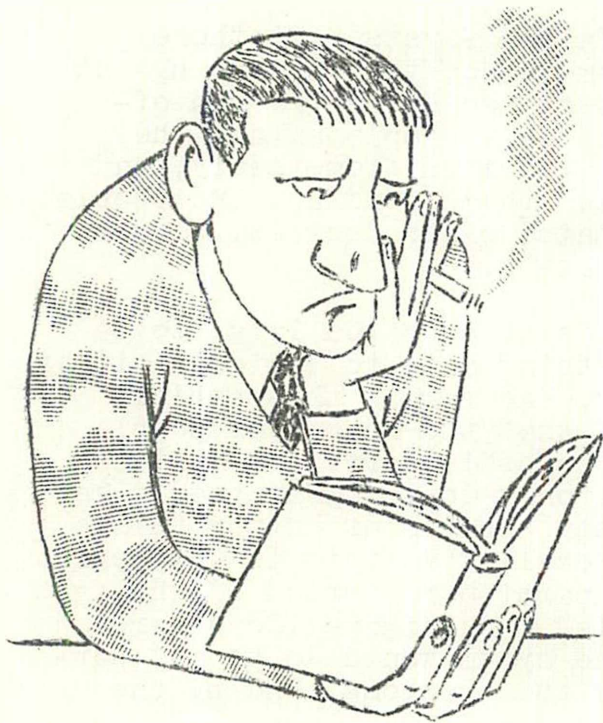
The number of people gaining thirds is much too large to be accounted for by natural causes. Something acts to diminish either (a) their ability or (b) their efforts. As far as this article goes, it doesn't matter which. I feel that the number of people getting third class (or worse, simple "pass") degrees is evidence of a major flaw in the system; for not only do too many people get them, but the people who do are so often capable of better things. Of course, at this point people will recall that this is the degree that I got; this is true, and I'm not particularly proud of the fact - I tried to buck the system, and I failed. But these ideas were forming well before I realised that the system would do to me, personally. They were stimulated both by the symptoms, and by the causes.

As I have said, one of the main troubles lies in the philosophy behind the course. It seeks to take each student to what appears to be, by its standards, the degree relevant to his ability, interest, and effort. This is probably a result of the old university idea, still sacred, that one goes to university to learn, not to be taught. However, this cherished idea, which has in the past so firmly differentiated the university from the school, is now

become debased and betrayed. Instead of offering, in a stimulating and encouraging manner so that he passes from item to item, seeking the effects of each and the links between similar things, modern courses are much cruder.

Presentation of courses is now almost entirely by lectures and recommended texts, coupled with laboratory work which is often training in techniques; the experiments are sometimes quite unrelated to the course of study, or at least presented at the wrong time. The encouragement and stimulus is still present, though somewhat changed: now it is expressed "Pass the exam, or you'll be dropped to a lower course" (or, sometimes - to a lower degree, or thrown out).

Thus the attitude to the student is very reminiscent of the schools; learn this, or else. We are pushed, rather than pulled. Is it any wonder that some, after years of this in school, rebel and turn aside? Is it any wonder that people with ideas of broad university EDUCATION, as opposed to training, seek fulfilment in the committees and societies of the student's union?



But this is not all. Not only are the attitudes behind the courses wrong: there is such an amount of dissatisfaction with the courses, that these must be suspected, too, of not even fulfilling their intended purpose. Obviously, people who are slipping downward will dislike their course. But it is surely significant that some condemnations reflect also on the course-as-supposed-to-be, including those who end up with good degrees. The trouble, mainly, is twofold. Firstly, a considerable amount of trivial, unimportant, detail is included, usually because the head

of the department or a senior lecturer is interested in it. Secondly, courses are periodically mollified in bits and pieces. Thus after a few years, anomalies begin to creep in. Through different people picking and poking at them the courses become uneven and unbalanced. But the departments are so overworked

with administration and such, and the lecturers hard pressed with their own work because of their teaching load, that time can rarely be found to completely rework the course as needed.

Final of my strictures lies in the lectures themselves, as opposed to the content of the lecture-course. At the moment, many lectures are attended only to find what one should read in the textbooks. Many lecturers, while by no means neglecting them, simply do not give good lectures. They cover, in a much too brief time, material adequately covered by the textbooks. But because of their limited time, and lack of lecturing ability, the lectures are much less useful than the books. A current idea among the students, now reaching official student recognition, and also held by a few radical members of staff, is that lecture courses should be turned into either printed texts or book-and-section lists for reading. These would then be read before lectures, when the lecturer would answer questions and clarify points, together with adding recent information not to be found in the books. These, coupled with tutorial schemes which demand that the student expound his ideas on a subject, would be a fine start to a re-building of the teaching methods, and would demonstrate to the department heads that they could get much better results for want of a little trying.

Should the warnings that are mooted around not be heeded, then a stage will be reached when the science courses in universities might as well be reserved for postgraduate degrees, and all the first degree work be done in Technical Colleges. The universities should realise that to make a good scientist you must give him a feeling for his subject, the basic hard core, the methods, the skeleton of the more superficial of the details of his subject, and for Ghu's sake (and their own) let him get the detail of the detail from the reference books which are surely there for that purpose!

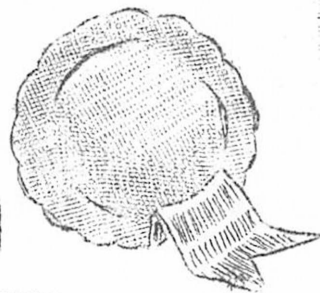


.....WHO-ME?

BY

FRANCES M. WORSLEY,

B.A. [GAVE UP]



I left the University in a joyous hurry - with two hours notice to be precise! I experienced no nostalgia, no remorse, no regrets and untold glee, despite the ignominy surrounding my departure - a mutual decision between myself and the college authorities.

As one who left without a degree, I am not, supposedly, well qualified to write on the subject of "Why so many people capable of good degrees do not get them". However, having always believed that the possession of a degree adds nothing to one's perceptiveness, I shall fire away with no false humility.

So the poor old system has been hit yet another crushing blow! The scapegoat of the frustrated individualist has risen again, neatly wrapped in brown paper, labelled: "The System. Do not expose to daylight. Fragile - etc." (I would be obliged if someone, someday, would kindly explain in the few words that they seem to assume are necessary, exactly what this dreadful ogre is.)

I do not deny that alterations to academic and administrative methods could make the students life happier, but would this really produce more good degrees? Heaven forbid that we should maintain the status quo in education: I am all in favour of changes and experiments if they have a definite purpose. They can experiment to their hearts' content with the academic methods, but I do not think it will make any difference to the actual standards of degrees.

The problem arises here that I studied under a different method to that in the Science Faculty at Sheffield; I took an arts course under the tutorial method and have no experience of

the type of course where the lecture notes form the basis of all knowledge. Perhaps I am, therefore, underestimating the difficulties encountered by many students. I would have thought that the method I experienced would encourage a higher standard of work during the course, BUT, and a very big but, I do not see the logic in the assumption, made by so many, that a good standard of work, or potentially good, coupled with ability, necessarily leads to a good degree. This is why I think the value of changes is much over-estimated.

* Why students capable of a 1st don't get one is because they don't want one: they may just not be interested in the result, but purely in the object of the study. Why should they exert themselves for prestige when all they want is the freedom to learn?

Obviously they are in the minority: the fact is that there are scores of 2nds and 3rds who could have got, and would have liked to have got, a 1st. But it is not enough to "like" something: if you really want a first, you'll stop at nothing to get it, and why so many do not get it is because they do stop at something, if only to lead a normal life. If you don't get the first you want, it is because you do not want it enough, because you are not prepared to sacrifice things that mean a lot to you, because you are not prepared to suffer -

"The fault, dear Brutus, lies not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings".

Changing the system won't change this, because this is the system: in fact the whole attitude behind the system can be summarised by the moral "You can't have your cake and eat it". A bitter pill is hard to swallow? (or cake?). Of course it is, but to alter it one would have to alter the whole code of conventional morals, and that is a job I could not face, so I backed out. (Never was very bright anyway!)

The End

X

3/10

Tries
Hard

THORNTON
LAST MAILING
BY ME

ERG 12

That "DRUG RING IN CAFE" story was a typical piece of journalistic writing. The "gun" was a starting pistol and the "drugs" were simple pep pills, the sort that anyone would need if they stayed up a couple of nights on a run talking. Whenever journalists get a chance to show CND in an unfavourable light then they have a field day. Of course there is no way of contradicting the story publicly, since the facts are true, but the implications are entirely false. Trouble is that there are people who believe in The Holy Word of The Observer, and take everything that appears in print as Truth. Try taking The Observer, The Daily Herald, and The Daily Worker, and you'll get a balanced view. Fat chance there is of obtaining one through reading a Tory paper, a Labour paper, or the commie one alone.

The folio that you mention seemed to be a last ditch stand by Daphne Buckmaster to retain her membership, but this time round she's dropped I see. Can't see any merit in the idea of publishing someone else's work in a fanzine of your own, without at least a few pages from the person who's getting the page credit. The nudes were pretty sickening. I'm afraid that I don't like the sort he draws, although the technique was good.

The main memory I have of the Harrogate weekend is of going with Ron Bennett and a few other fen over to his place to collect some bottles to fill with Harrogate Spa Water. When we were there, a woman arrived, saying that she had seen an advertisement for the con somewhere and had dropped in to see what was going on. She was expensively dressed, and spoke with a rather "upper crust" accent, so Ron immediately told her the programme for the day and so she said that she'd be down to the Clarendon that night, to join in all the Festivities. Just as she was leaving, gushing her last farewell, Ron asked her name. "Pollington", she said, and as she wafted out of the door "... Lady Pollington"!

This was a perfect theatrical exit, and to this day I'm not quite sure that it wasn't a stunt on Ron's part. She did turn up for the Fancy Dress thing that night, with an equally twitty looking male "escort", but that's the last I saw of her. There is a Viscount Pollington in the Harrogate Telephone Directory ...

The "thing" after that was to look into space, shake one's head and mutter under the breath ... "Lady Pollington!!" in a completely bewildered and disbelieving tone ...

Explain for me please your comment about Russell. Why can someone who has the mental capacity to be an idealist be "mindless"? Your diatribe against Jhim contained a few points that I'll take up. The CND is an organisation which has as its object the international banning of atomic weapons and/or the unilateral renunciation by Britain of these weapons. What this has to do with Chamberlain's woolly minded attitude I do not know. The US Defence Department has hinted that national deterrents are useless, so why should we, as a country always on the brink of economic collapse, pamper the few military hits who are living in the past, and spend millions of pounds on a "defence" weapon that isn't wanted? We need far more hospitals and roads than a few useless bombs that can't be delivered effectively anyway. The CND is not a pacifist organisation either. It has only one simple aim -

BAN THE BOMB

Your comments on SOUNDS about executing governments if they declare war shows that you are thinking 20 years behind the times. There has been continuous war for the past 10 years in either Egypt, Cyprus, Algeria, Indo China or Korea, without anyone declaring war. It's not the done thing now, mate.

BAN TRANSISTOR RADIOS! I agree with you there, Terry. They certainly do get about in the most beautiful, peaceful places. So I'd buy one of those gadgets off you for me own maniacal delight. At least London Transport has taken a stand against them, and has prominent notices in the buses saying that they aren't allowed. As they get smaller, the annoyance seems to increase.

All in all, this was a stimulating issue, Terry.

VAGARY

I don't like cricket, like Archie, but I'm willing to bet we both know The ~~Ky/ks~~ (ulp ...) Laws, seeing that we were made to play at school. I enjoyed it while I was at school. It's

just that now I have no interest in it at all, and it's the same with football. If I want to exercise myself I'll nip up to Hampstead Heath and swing about among the trees for a few hours. I'm sure that The Competitive Instinct that games inspire in young people isn't altogether healthy. It will suit them for life in our society all right, but whether it'll make them any more interesting as people is a dubious point.

The mathematical extrapolation of the future is something that I've heard of, but don't know any facts on ... get Peter to write about it perhaps?

Your taxes are so high because the country is spending such a hell of a lot on useless weapons and trying to "keep up with the Jones'" of the international scene, not because there is less than 5% of the money which is allotted to National Assistance goes to members of the Commonwealth who are out of a job in this country. And don't blame them for wanting to come to Britain .. who is it who seems like God to the natives? It's the White Man. And he certainly don't disillusion them. The British Empire, long gone though it may be, has a lot to answer for when it brainwashed nations into thinking that Britain was a little piece of heaven on Earth. So what happens when they arrive here? They soon found out that all in the garden isn't roses. I'm willing to bet that there's a goodly percent of the immigrants who come here who return as soon as they can save enough money to do so. And for an unskilled negro in London, that'll be very, very hard. I'm quite convinced that there are still enough true blue British scum to fill out the slum districts of Britain for some few years to come. The fact that foreign people tend to stick together is quite natural, and if they are poor foreign people when they'll live in poor districts. I also object to people who come over here to use the National Health System, on moral grounds. But if there was an immigrant who was dying of cancer and who wanted to get into the country, and I knew that if I turned that human being away because it didn't have a "clean bill of health", then it would be a dark day for my conscience. I have the opinion that the amount of "freeloading" by foreigners on the National Health is insignificant for the amount of good the system does. Like, Ethel says a good deal of sense in her article on the NHS. The British Commonwealth, who have seemingly sent nothing but scum and chisellers to this country, have contributed an AE to this organisation, and I know for a fact that he wouldn't accept National Assistance unless there was no other alternative. Some people are proud of the Commonwealth, and I am one of them. Now how about telling of the good people in it instead of bemoaning about the bad minority? Your comments on the NHS are adequately covered by Ethel's

excellent article in Scottishe. While we're on about the NHS, I'd like to voice my disapproval of the way the AMA has held up the Health Service in their country as a horrid example of "socialized medicine". They, the supposedly highly moral elite of the US, have shown how selfish and utterly without morals they are in fighting what seems to me a simple humanitarian reform. "Welfare" is a dirty word over there, huh?

Your comments re Africa sicken me. Sure, where would they be without the whites? But also they might easily say that the whites didn't come there to help the Afriaans out of a feeling of charity, but because there was good old money in it.

With reference to your comments on education in our welfare state, you'll find some decent articles about this magazine which concern themselves with this very subject ... right from the horse's (geroff! I didn't mean that, Francis) mouth, too.

I would like to ask whether you have ever seen a CND march? I think that at least you should take part in this activity before you condemn all others who do. They hold protest marches because they have no other way to bring the protest to the notice of the populace. And don't say that it doesn't work, because I've had people join in a march when they have seen it coming, although they have never thought of doing so before, and I've seen people start questioning the marchers afterwards, which shows that some people think about the motives behind the march. CND has been going for a long time, and at first it did go about its protests in the usual way. House to house petitions, public meetings and so called "democratic" means. But after five years of getting nowhere the step of peaceful demonstrating was taken, and the growth of the organisation since then has been phenomenal. Yersee, it does work. And if the flaming government would build a few more decent roads then it wouldn't cause so much congestion, would it?

This was a very interesting issue, and about the only thing I agree with you about is the comments on PACZHAMART. Jhim Linwood is not a virgin buster by trade, because there are no virgins down t'mine

SIZAR 7

A Good Saleable Story ... get with it, Bruce, and become a filthy pro so I can bum off you. Don't try a good thing twice... the cover for the previous issue of Sizar was good, but this one wasn't an original, brilliant stroke of ~~brilliant~~ laziness like the other.

MAINIAC

Andy Main, bem, is a good man ... he sends me his genzine although I never reply ... If you think that Stockholm is a horrible place to get about it, just come to London for the '65 con and have a look about here. It's murderous. I know how you feel though, because my home town is pretty logical ... main street strip development, and when I came here it took me some time to sort everything out.

Your attitude seems vaguely like mine. Middle-class pipple think I'm way out and way out pipple think I'm square. I think I'm very ordinary, and act as I feel, so I don't worry what anyone thinks. Somewhere, sometime you said that hitching is banned in Germany ... it had better not be, because by the time you read this I should have been hitching to Austria, passing through a sizeable chunk of Germany on the way. It wasn't last year anyway. As a fulltime job I'd like to be a hitching inspector of the worlds roads. Appointed by UN to study hitching around the world. Anything that means travel I like.

OUTPOST 2

Enjoyed your little "Life in Lerwick" editorial, and I'm sure that you've more interesting stuff about the locals lying about if you'd care to slap it onto stencils. Do that thing.

The money those fishermen withdraw is a hell of a lot less than the contribution that they have paid on the £20 that they have earned during the week. I wish that the judges that are now recommending deportation for the Commonwealth citizens that have committed a crime like pinching a 4/- chequebook would have the guts to say that they are deporting them for sponging on the National Insurance instead of the paltry crime that they have committed. I'm constantly amazed at the people who will raise an outcry over a coloured guy getting £4 a week for free, and will condone the country sending millions up the creek on useless weapons that are obsolete as soon as they enter production. "It's necessary" they think, and forget it.

BINARY

Hurray! Welcome Joe, and you are a lucid writer when you get going on a subject like CND and other such Bobbie Gray pet hates. Come down to the Globe some night, and I'll buy you a pint ...

SCOTTISHE

I hate to agree with someone like Lord Beaverbrook, but I don't think that we should be pushed into The Common Market by the Americans because they want a buffer "United States of Europe" between the USSR and themselves. I'm all for neutrality and that certainly wouldn't be. Well done, Ethel, I liked the NHS defence ... at least you know all the facts, whereas half the people who get into discussion about it don't. I had a good laugh over the Newburgh affair too. About the clans ... I know only what I've read in a book about THOMAS TELFORD, which agrees with what Ian says. Telford did a lot to stop the depopulation by building his new road sytem throughout the land, and these are used practically without alteration to this day.

ENVOY 6

A nice chatty and so-much-like-you OMPazine that it's a joy to read. These are the sort of magazines that I'd love to see appearing in OMPA mailing after mailing. Your style for the conreport was exactly the same as the style for general natterings and I think that it could have been put over better.

THE ELIZABETH STREET BUGLE

Gad, but it's so obvious that you've been reading Henry Miller! The editorial is a poor imitation of Miller with British Beat undertones, but knowing you personally, I know you aren't in the least like you would have us believe from this magazine. You won't find yourself by imitating others and taking other people's viewpoints, however rational and good they are. A lot of things that you say in the editorial are true and I agree with it, but your manner of presentation is not going to impress many people. Also I wonder how much of it really is your thoughts and not just a rehash of something that you've read. The Miller quote on the back was good, and so was Ken Potter's piece ... but ooooh, I'm looking forward to the reaction of the other members to this mag. Yuk!

AMBLE 10

Absorbing autobiography of yours, and the comments on the mailings make this a topnotcher this time round. There seems to me nothing wrong with nationalization except the people involved. The concept that they are working for themselves is too much for some people to take!

SOUFFLE 3

None of the Olympic Press Books have made an appearance in England yet. Now you mention it I think it would be quite a good idea. At the price he charges (about 22/6 a copy) not many copies would wander "into the hands of innocents". Was interested in the aboriginal magic article, and it was confirmed when Bruce Burn told me the same thing a few days before I read Souffle. The latest sort of controversial film I've seen has been VIRIDIANA, directed by Bunuel. After all the goshwow reviews that it has received it was quite a relief to see that it wasn't such a masterpiece that it was made out to be. It was good though ... a feeling of evil pervades the whole film, and some of the scenes are depraved, to say the least ... like in the middle of a huge orgy that takes place in the mansion with all the tramps getting drunk, there is a scene of two of them making love, all that is visible being their legs which are seen from behind a chair. Then one of the women takes a photo of them ... she poses them all, and although she doesn't seem to have a camera, they comply with her wishes. When she "takes the photo" she stands before them and lifts her tattered skirts above her head, so they can all see her "little camera" and then they collapse in helpless laughter. The acting was quite good, the old man of the mansion being played very well.

UL 7

Hi, Norm, and thanks for doing those few hitching reports a few mailings back. I hear that there has been a complaint about hitchers from the insurance in the states, and that the companies want to have them banned. Some states have already done so and there is no opposition to this. Ghad, hitchers of the world unite! Overthrow the oppressors....down wiv the cadillac riding gentry in the US. Did old Kennedy ever hitch?

ENVOY 7

I liked this story, and until I realised that it was fantasy I thought it was a good hitching report. It still is, although you messed it up by making it fiction. Even as fiction 'twas well constructed and effective.

Let us face it....I like anything that communicates to me the feelings I have when I'm on the road.

I always kick off the conversation with a driver - you soon find out if he wants to talk or not. I couldn't stand the tension of wondering if he's thinking about whether to talk or not.

There's a controversy in Britain at the moment over censorship. The Fascist type movements in Britain like the National Socialist Party and the British National Party have had a lot of publicity and people are taking notice of them.

That's a pity.

Before this big hoo-haw they were a very obscure sect; the sort of people who were laughed at on Speakers Corner on Sunday afternoons. Now they are being taken seriously and there are fights and punch-ups wherever they go. And there is no more than 100 of them in London! Because of the publicity the situation is getting to the drastic stage needed before Questions Are Asked In The House. The opposition want some sort of censorship of the parties that are causing trouble.

Although I can't stomach the BNP or the NSP, I still don't want any form of political censorship like that. It would be like the US Communist Party farce....in the land of Free Speech.

I think that the daily papers should have had more sense than print provocative articles and publicize the meetings to the extent they have done. It'll play out I guess, and they'll be back on the perch in Hyde Park, talking to crowds of dirisive holidaymakers.

INERTIA 1

This is a excellently produced fanzine, and although I didn't like the sercon article and the fanzine reviews, the fan report was passable...good, swinging neofannish stuff that I don't mind. I like your mailing comments....

Re the addresses over here, it is quite simple.

| | |
|----------|---------------------------------------|
| 1st line | Name, |
| 2nd line | No & street |
| 3rd line | Town, followed by district number, if |
| 4th line | County (usually abbrev.) any. |

That's the simplest form. Complications arise when the person lives in a house with a name, or a flat. This would go between lines one and two. e.g. Fred Bloggs,
Flat 2,
4545 Cringebinder Road...

Then there might be a subdivision of the town, like Higher Irlam, which would go between the second and third line. Simple.

alan.

Twenty four hours is a very long time
to be perched on a pole or covered with lime,
but for a creature dripping primeval slime
time does not matter, not our values of time.

Time is not money for a creature like that,
he's not concerned with manhours of a hat,
when he lies down to sleep on his spartan mat
his sleep is sound and deep, and thats that.

He stalks his food aiming a rock.

Unlike a city bound shuttlecock
whose like is shaped by the hands of a clock,
he forms spearheads from flint or rock.

Back to nature all over again,
forget the motor car and electric train,
get rid of worries and nervous strain,
lets start this rignarole all over again.

Mark Kronenberg.