





THE SON  
OF THE  
NAKED  
ARTICHOKE  
  
STRIKES  
AGAIN!

Don  
Studebaker

( incognito  
on the road)



((( Studebaker comes in running. His shaggy black hat is covered with wet leaves and grass, both in the first stages of decay. His long brown coat is soaked and the rain has covered his shiny black boots with sticky mud. He shuts the door of the cellar and crosses the room wearing an air of impending disaster. He sits at the brown wooden table and fidgets, his fingers running idly over the keys of the typer.

Cheslin watches him from the depths of a large red-leather armchair, quietly swirling Napoleon brandy around in a small snifter.

Studebaker pounds the keys for a few minutes, knocking out a few pieces for FATE and an article on his experiences as a stud for the Cosa Nostra. The tension hangs in the air on taut piano wires, electric.

"All right, Ken", he pants at last, "I know I'm late and all that, but really I couldn't help it, and you know yourself that it takes time to turn out a column, and the last few months have been rather hectic for me, which is why I didn't send you anything for the last mailing and I've been on the go constantly....."

Cheslin takes from the pocket of his voluminous smoking jacket a peculiar looking golden knife and strops it until, drawn along his thumb, it catches slightly. In his eyes is a feral gleam.

Studebaker notices that Cheslin is cross-gartered, rather like Malvolio. - But the garters are red, not yellow, and as they drip stickily onto the floor they exude a carrion smell.....

"No, Ken! Not that! he cries, and flings himself at the typer, his finger twitching spasmodically.....)))))))))

It must be wonderful to sit down to a typewriter and turn out page upon page of soggy nostalgia; stuff that brings tears to the eyes of Neo and Eofan alike. Reminiscence for the good old days when fanzines were so literate that today's young wits can't understand a word of them. (Rather a symptom of Literati influence out of Mundanity, I should say). It must be wonderful. To write like Willis.

(Put down that shillelagh! Ethel, don't hit me with that bottle of Scottishe..er Scotch!).

You see, gentle reader, I'm a little jealous. (Gnashes tooth), I have hardly anything to write nostalgically about. (Prepositions ending with which and all besides) I wasn't there. I haven't been in fandom long enough to get poetic about Hair Oil, or really plumb the depths of references to rosebuds. I just wasn't in fandom Way Back When.

So, in an attempt to get on the nostalgia bandwaggon, to cash in on some of that vintage egoboo, I shall tell you something about my extra-fannish life, the dark secrets that have made me what I am; viz; a fan. Return with us then to those golden days of yesteryear, ~~The Lone Ranger~~!./ (er..) The Naked Artichoke relives his childhood.

I don't remember Mama as she rolled into her new number, dressed in slight black sequins, because I was too young to notice such things when Mama was in Burlesque. She prudently disposed of all her posters and publicity releases before I was old enough to read.

But I do remember Mama fighting the flood waters. The storm broke when we were on the way to our new house. The rain was much too thick to see where we were going, so my stepfather speeded up a bit. It was a stake-body truck, and all our precious possessions were lashed to the back, with no covering.

We turned into the little side road that led to the house, and neglected to remember the Drop. A railroad ran along the top of a steep hill over which the road passed; On one side of the tracks, the road was level, on the other a seventy-five degree incline. At sixty miles an hour we left the level plateau, crossed the tracks, and negotiated the wet air space well beyond the base of the hill.

All four tires burst as we came down. With four flats we continued the half mile to our genuine Stately Crumbling Cottage. We nearly missed it. The hedge (ordinary boxwood) had, uh, grown, in the few months since our purchase. It was fifteen feet tall, and covered the house from our view.

Inside it was warm and ...flooded. Pardon, I exaggerate slightly. There was only four inches of rain in the attic, which could hardly be called a flood. Grandfather took care of that immediately by searching through the packing cases for his tool box, finding a brace and bit, and drilling holes in the attic floor.

(Perhaps I should explain that the weight of the water was dangerous; it could easily have caused the plaster ceiling of the first floor to collapse) (( as indeed it did with the very next storm)) This added the four inches of rain in the attic to the five inches of rain on the first floor, so Grandfather had to drill holes in the hardwood floors to let out nine inches of water. The nine inches of water didn't matter much when added to the six feet of water in the basement.

While Grandfather was thus engaged, the rest of us unloaded the furniture and tried to save it from further damage. It was period furniture---made in the roaring twenties and as heavy as lead. The thick cotton padding was already soaked, so we had the weight of two hundred gallons of rain to move as well.

But wait! I must make my childhood sound dismal and unhappy. This is not strictly true! There were periods of lightness and gaiety. Surely I can be more happily nostalgic, give more of a Willis-type *joi de vivre*.

As I mentioned, the ceiling collapsed with the next storm. By the time we cleared away all the broken plaster, pumped out the water in the basement, and fought down the hundreds of snakes that came with the spring rains, it was winter. The new furnace had not arrived, and we cursed the fact until we found out about the Autumn floods. You see, in the Autumn we had hurricanes.....and though they weren't really as dangerous as in more southerly latitudes, they did cause the river to rise. We found then the one piece of good about our new house. For our township it was ideally situated. Halfway between the river flood and the swamp flood. At the southern end of our street people arrived in motor-boats, evacuated from the riverside colony. At the northern end they arrived in galoshes from the swamp.

Perhaps I'd better explain about the swamp. It was only a block away, and at the top of a hill, situated in an abandoned quarry for the most part.

That is quite correct, our house was below the level of the swamp.



The swamps of home..How many happy memories that dear phrase conjures. I was bred a city boy, and I'd never really seen so many trees and so much wild-life. Willow, Pin Oak, briars, brambles, thistles, nettles, poison ivy and poison oak....There were hundreds of playful little animals. Birds of various species, squirrels, rats, snakes, mosquitoes, turtles, (snapping turtles that is), dragon flies, and, once every seventeen years, a plague of locusts. Those were halcyon days. I explored every inch of that swamp, and eventually went Beyond.

Beyond was the city dump and the gas works. Two of those giant floating tanks and several huge buildings surrounded by a barbed wire fence. I'll never forget the day the gasworks exploded. Every window for three miles was broken.

It was wonderful, exploring the ruins and playing amateur archeologist. Trying to reconstruct the scene of mayhem and horror that must have occurred when all that gas went up in smoke.

There were other ruins as well, In our town things got done rather slowly, and the city council has not got around to repairing the damage done by the British in the war of 1812. There were remnants of a gunpowder factory or some such structure which were always fraught with mystery and excitement. The huge concrete pylings had long, coffin-shaped recesses in their bases, with fragile chemical stalactites depending from their roofs. These stalactites were probably poisonous, but we enjoyed playing with them. All the rocks and stones in the area were discoloured with a peculiar verdigris blue substance, and there were plenty of cotton mouth moccasins to make our games exciting.

My-Grandmother worried constantly. Not so much about the natural dangers, but that some Dirty Old Man might leap out of the woods at any moment and Do Horrible Things to my brother and I. What Horrible Things she mean't, she never made clear, but I began to suspect, as I grew older, that my Grandmother had a particulalry vivid, and frightful, imagination. We discovered, after her death, that she made pin money by taking bets on the "numbers", and that she was an honorably retired Hookie.

I remember running through our one public park. It was mostly sand, left by the floods, and oak trees. The oak trees filled the sand with acorns, so one couldn't go barefoot in the park. In the centre of the park was the 'Duck Pond'. There were never any ducks, just turtles, frogs, carp, and millions of leaches. I was running, as I did most every day, to escape the vicious dogs and the school bullies. Perhaps its unfair to apply these epitaphs, but the dogs tore my pet rabbit to pieces, and I was the bottom of the scholastic pecking order. By sixth grade I had made one friend, and the rest of the school a carefully organised enemy.

Oh, those happy days of nostalgic reminiscence.

Have you ever been run over by a Trolley? That's what puppy love did for me. I was walking Peggy to the pet shoppe. I worked at the pet shoppe for ten cents a week plus all I could drink, and I became so absorbed in Peggy's-witty conversation that I didn't see the trolley coming. From the front, forcrissake, and I was walking on the track.

The driver was furious, and I escaped with a stupid expression on my face and every bone in my body aching.

Maybe I'd better leave childhood nostalgia to George Spencer. We seem to have had similar experiences, and he writes about it so much better than I, and besides, all this happy nostalgia is rather depressing.....

I suppose some OMPAN's are wondering why I never do mailing comments. Why? I seldom tell Ethel how much I enjoyed SCOTTISHE, when its obvious that I do, just like everyone else, go wild over every precious word she writes.

Well, partly its because of finances. LP is published by windfall, and, thanks to Ken, I now have a column in which to sound-off a bit.

But I can't really believe that what I say about your magazine in particular, people, will be as interesting as what I might say in general. Still, egoboo is dear to us all, and I do try to write mailing comments.

I sit down and read the mailing through, then I let the artistic trance take over, and whatever channels of thought have been inspired work themselves out on paper. Thus, a thing like A HAPPY PARABIE, or LUST AND LUDMILLA, is actually a reflection on what is going on in OMPA, a not-so-direct comment on the last, or next to last, mailing.

I can, however, understand the feeling that one has to know what the reader thought about a piece. So this time I'm going to include a little bit of mailing comment addressed directly to specific topics, and hope that it gives somebody a pleasant dose of egoboo. Starting with:

This bussiness of changing the mailing dates and membership number and redefining things.

Its all so much nonsense! I haven't been in OMPA long, but I think I am in a position to speak with authority; after all, I have as many faults as any OMPAN could have in regard to his membership.

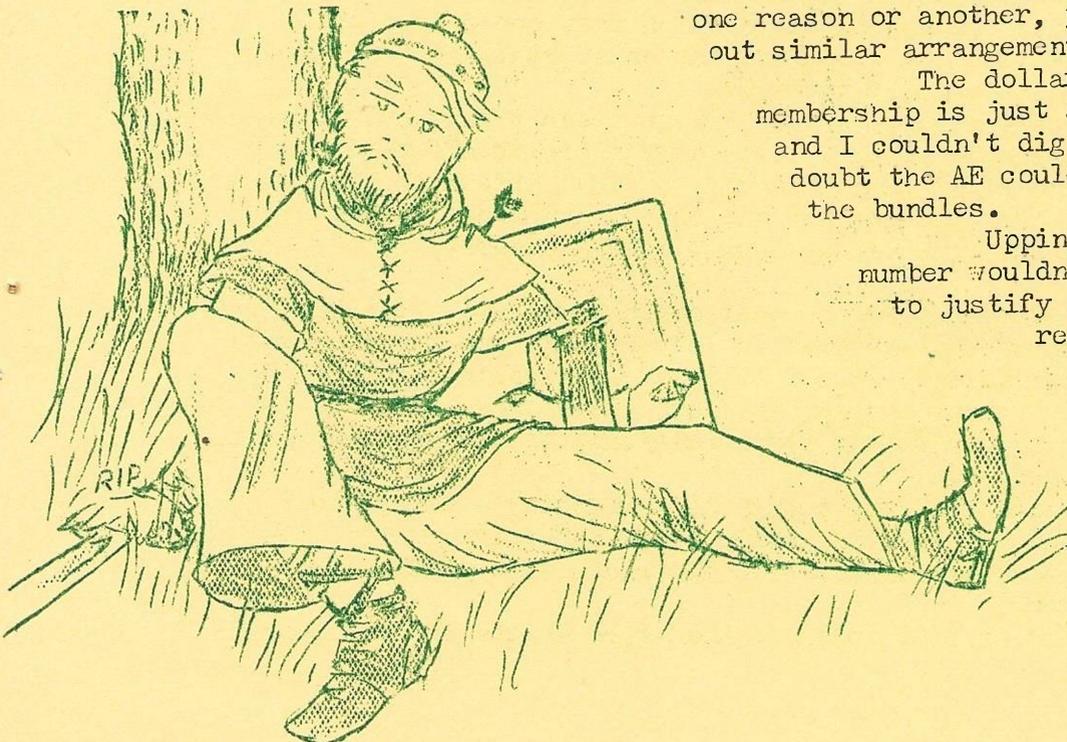
I publish L.P. when I can afford it, which isn't very often. This column takes care of my miniac. If there are people out there who can

write enough to take care of their miniac, but who somehow don't get around to publishing for one reason or another, perhaps they could work out similar arrangements with other OMPANs.

The dollar we Americans pay for membership is just about right. Any more and I couldn't dig it up; any less and I doubt the AE could afford to send out the bundles.

Upping the mailing membership number wouldn't add enough to OMPA to justify the bother of

reorientating that bit of information in my skull. There have been times in the recent past when five more members in OMPA would have done away with our waiting list. And what kind of APA doesn't have a waiting list, I ask you?.....



Before I joined I looked around Fandom and checked the various requirements of APAs, as balanced against what each APA offered in exchange. I lighted on OMPA as just about exactly what I was looking for. A nice relaxed place to publish, with a friendly atmosphere and no stuffiness. A place I could write mailing comments if I ever wanted to, or science fiction, or fantasy, or mundane fiction, and not have somebody jump on me about "unfannishness" or "ignoring the Great Important Issues Of The Day". I like OMPA. If people want it improved, I'd suggest they devote more time to improving their own magazines. Mailing comments are writing, so is everything you say in OMPA. Writing is something a little sacred, and deserves attention.

OMPA is fun as it is. It won't be fun if we dissolve into a group whose purpose is the re-definition of its own political system, or its own economic system, or a self-centred organism concerned primarily with its public image. Sure, good members leave! But not because there aren't enough members in the Organisation. It's because they are having to write all the decent material themselves. Bad members leave too, because they aren't writing anything readable; or anything at all. If a man considers his membership worth having, he'll consider it worth keeping. If not, he'll drop out. If he considers it worth keeping, he'll put something into it. Please ignore those people who send through junk to keep their memberships. They are paying the price, they are getting something out of OMPA, and if they can't do any better, so what?. If they enjoy my writing enough to stay on, that makes me happy, since, after all, I'm writing to be read. If they can't do any better, but want to, they can always pick up a copy of STRUNK'S ELEMENTS and FOWLER'S MODERN ENGLISH USAGE, and with those two volumes become decent if not good writers.

People who go around finding things to do, and never doing things, make me retch. (I often look in the mirror, and retch..)(Thus I avoid mirrors and try to keep this annoying trait out of my OMPAc.).

Politicians are people who spend their lives and the taxpayer's money in finding schemes for doing things which they could have done themselves in half the time at a quarter the cost. Statesmen are like politicians, save that they do it themselves.

If a man inherits a vast fortune, and he doesn't know how to handle it, he'll lose it. Plain and simple. Death duty's are an after-the-fact infringement on a man's right to make money, a final attack on a man's liberty to be better than somebody (by the effort and sweat of his own brow) in the one situation wherein he cannot defend himself, namely, when he's dead.

My family owned slaves before that certain war, and after that war we set them free. Many of them refused to leave. Don't get the idea that I advocate owning human beings! But I will defend a man's right to be subserviant to another man by choice. When our slaves were set free we tried to help them to adjust to the new conditions, We did what we could. Maybe that wasn't good enough.

But I don't think its good enough to take today's Negro's out of 'catfish row' slums and put them in middle class suburbs, or 'developmental' apartment houses, and expect them to behave like middle-class bourgeoisie. It won't work.

Nor will it work to take Tobbacco Road type whites and put them in similar conditions.



People are not classes. Neither are they races. They are individuals. Each man has his own culture, his own values, his self. Take a man out of a slum, put him in a fine and shiny white house with aluminum shutters; then put a chain link fence around the house, and tell him he can't paint the walls to suit himself, or hang pictures on the walls, or let his children play with the children in the next block because they might get together and form a 'gang'.

The slums will return, maybe worse than ever. The kids will climb over the fences when they are old enough, and they will fight with the Strangers up the

street. My block's better than your block, and both are exactly alike. Only the dirt and filth are different, because that's all the people are allowed of their old culture. The great menace in America today is cultural standardisation, and one of the greatest wastes is the spending for government housing projects which succeed only in taking people from a friendly, if savage, environment, and putting them in a coldly savage environment which destroys their last vestiges of self-respect.

An acquaintance recently showed slides of the slums in Barcelona. They are beautiful. They are slums, and they don't come up to the standards of middle-class suburbia, (save possibly that the people are a little better at sticking to their own moral standards) and they are no architectural wonders. Just houses thrown together out of mud and what-have-you. They are neatly white-washed, and bright coloured clothes dangle wetly in the wind from clothes lines stretched between them. There are flower pots on the window sills. The people are as happy as anybody can be expected to be in this life, which is tolerably so. By their own standards, (not mine or yours, but the standards of their own culture), they are happy, healthy and clean. But the important thing is this: they have a culture of their own, and nobody is taking it away from them.

Incredible as it may seem, there are people who enjoy living in the slums, who enjoy life in the slums, (Their own slums, not the chromium slums the government builds for them, not the ones they are forced to live in, not the rented slums), and its them I'm sticking up for. It is their right not to become supermen, not to raise themselves up!.

How many of you are comfortable at coronations? How many like to wear a tight tuxedo and dance stiffly in a ballroom with crystal chandeleers? Sometimes, for a change, but I'll wager not as a steady diet! Not many of you. People live in different cultures, and its that which gives variety and interest to this little planet.

I've spent a lot of time in slums lately. Not the beautiful Barcelona slums, but our plain old American eyesores. There are people who who sing and dance in the streets. Don't tell me its because they can't afford television; most of them own a big ugly idiot box, even if its the only thing they own. But they go out, and fifteen year old girls practice popular songs, and the boys practice singing in groups. They sing!.

I am somewhat a pauper. I'm not rich because there is something I would rather do than making money. I would rather write. I would rather spend five, or ten, or twenty or sixty years learning how to write a decent book, a fine piece of science fiction, a beautiful fantasy, I would rather learn to be observant, to glean from every little ray a light reflecting back a drab object, the particular item of beauty therein, the inherant beauty, and with ink and paper etch words about it and make it apparent to somebody, andbody who hasn't time to do it for themselves. As my alternative to a quiet paying job with security, I prefer the all-or-nothing gamble that I might get what I want, that I might end up a writer of some value.

So maybe I'll starve to death and never get anything. So what? Tough apples, Charlie, thats the game, and I've played it my way. Thats what freedom is. The ability to play the game your own way as best you can.

Never mind if a man is black, or white, or purple, just for gawdsake treat a man as a Man, and let him do what he wants. If he want's to leave his estate to a sniveling brat, let him do so, If the kid can't handle it, you can be sure someone else will. If a man groks making money, he'll make it.

If you wan't to keep people from starving, don't go around worrying how you can take it from the rich and give it to the poor. Teach the poor to take it for themselves. If they want it bad enough, thay'll listen. If they don't, its neither your fault, nor your bussiness. The proper concern of the man who works against poverty and and want, slavery and oppression, is the human soul, where all the barriers allowing of these things have their foundations.

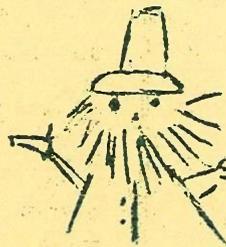
.....oooooooooooooooo-----oooooooooooooooo.....

I think I've written enough for this time, but there are so many things I want to say in this mailing. Well, I suppose I'll have to condense, put everything into a sentance or two, and drop any bombs I may still retain in a small area.

Elinor and Alcohol is the first thing I want to talk about. Eli, Baby, anything for your recipe for Dandelion Wine. I've been drooling since I read the Bradbury book. Please publish your process in DOLPHIN. (or would a plain brown wrapper be more appropriate?) ...I make an old family stuff called BLOOD OF THE DUTCHMAN, which requires, amongst other things,



# THE REGULAR MONSTER



To be quite honest it was never my intention to take on another case after the shocking affair of the Ghost Train. However.

I had decided that the best way to recover from the terrible strain of the aforementioned case was to take a holiday...far from the madding crowd, and all that rot. So it will not greatly surprise you to learn that a couple of weeks later I was safely ensconced in "The Goo' Shepard", a quiet little inn situated in the village of Graigness, a few miles from John o Groats.

The village was difficult of access, being difficult to get to it was therefore little frequented by tourists. The main industries seemed to be fishing and sheep farming...often the sheep farmer and the fisherman was the same man. I was there almost a week before I heard of the Graigness monster...

"Aye...its abbot due" I heard one old salt say, somewhat dourley. (I was sitting in one of those geat high backed and sided chairs, by the side of the fire in the pubs great parlour...the light was from the fire and oil lamps only so the locals didn't notice me...at least, not at first). "Tha's reet", says another old codger.. "'tis near the firrust o' the month...it should be along any day now...".. "or night" put in another. "aye, or niget" they all growled, softly.

You may imagine that my interest was aroused. Mayhap they are expecting the Excise launch, I thought, because half the hard stuff they serve here never saw a tax stamp. Suffice to say that by dint of careful questioning I managed to piece together a rather curious local legend.

The area, it seemed, was inhabited by some sort of aquatic creature of enormous size...estimates varied from forty to 120 feet in length, the head of the creature being carried, again estimates varied, 6 to 20 feet out of the water...the head of the monster, estimates etc., was 4 to 15 feet long, and it had great gaping jaws, filled with gigantic and nasty looking teeth, a pair of eyes which they swore glowed green, and on the creatures head wre a pair of queer shaped horns. Not the sort of creature one would like to meet on a dark night in fact. The monster was variously reported as having small humps along its spine, and a peculiar tail arrangement.

The evening passed pleasantly enough after that, we swapped yarns about similar phenomena and indulged in wild speculation as to the origin and nature of the various beasties mentioned. Of their own local tale they had no doubts. They were quietly convinced of its reality and of its nature. One chap even went to get the local policeman (the innkeepers fourth son) to bear witness, which he did, quoting copiously from his notebook the times and nature of the various sightings and the identity of the witnesses...a pretty thorough job in fact.

I had opportunity to talk to this officer of the law the next morning..in the cold light of day I confess I felt the story a good deal less convincing. But Ian, (the constable) soon dissuaded this opinion.

"As a matter of fact" he said, "I've been meaning to speak to you about the whole thing. For when I heard you were in the detection business I thought, 'Ah, just the man to ask', I know you are up here on holiday, but if you could see your way to making a bit of an investigation...." he laid an arm affectionately on a keg of fine scotch..."Ye'll find us very appreciative". So, having nothing to lose..and much to gain...I agreed to have a nose around to see what I could see.

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The first thing I did, of course. ( you know my methods ). Was to assemble all the data relevant to the sightings. This done I got rid of Dave for a couple of days by hiring him out to a local shepherd, (who declared enthusiastically that he was the best working collie he'd ever come across, much to Daves gratification), and started on the task of making sense out of the assembled data.

Soon a pattern started to emerge. The beastie was always seen travelling either approximately South-east or approximately North-west. Following fish migrations? I speculated. And the timing of the various appearances was rather curious....every three moths, about the 2nd of the month going south..and about the 8th of the month going north. Most peculiar...and it reminded me of something.

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The next day being the 2nd I decided to take a boat out to see if I could see anything of the sea creature. Dave rowed us out beyond the point, the water being shallow here we were nearly a mile from shore, where we anchored. While Dave took his axe and jumped over the side to do a spot of fishing I opened the hamper I'd thoughtfully caused to be packed and indulged myself in a spot of tea and a couple of ham sandwiches.

The day wore on. Being early March the daylight soon faded and the air grew cold. As the sun sank in the sky I saw the beginnings of a mist start from the sea. I got Daves bell and, holding it under the water, I rang it a couple of times. In a few minutes Dave surfaced and climbed into the boat. Unfortunately the anchor had caught on the bottom and Dave had to go down again to free it. By this time it had become much darker, and the mist was turning into a fog. We rowed around for an half hour before I saw

that we were getting nowhere. We might be rowing out to sea. So I told Dave to throw the anchor over again and prepared to make a night of it.

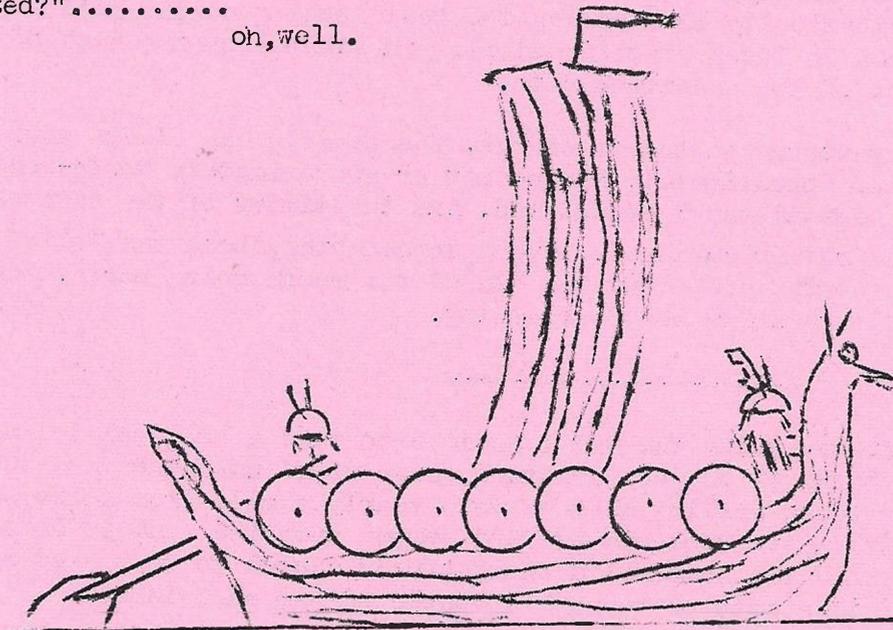
I was awakened about 5am the next morning by Dave shaking my shoulder. Silently he pointed into the gloom. I strained my eyes, I stretched my ears..and then. A creak of cordage..the rustle of water under the bows...a low dark shape loomed out of the mist. A pair of glowing green eyes...a flare of red nostrils...

We were almost run down, but luckily Dave yelled out in time, and the helmsman swung the rudder round...scared half to death by the bloodcurdling bellow, he said afterwards.. and a few minutes later our boat was taken in tow and we were aboard and slipping south.

Surrounded by a crew of bearded grinning Viking types, horned helmets and all, I looked around. One of them I noticed was cleanshaven... things began to click into place...Vikings, ship...seadragon..monster! Vikings...between the 2nd and 8th of the month...south and north...I looked across, popeyed..."Fred", I cried, "FRED!!!",

As I sat there, swigging mead and swapping yarns, I thought..."How on earth can I explain to the villagers of Graigness that their monster was Fred Hunter in his Viking craft taking his OMPA mailings to be posted?".....

oh, well.



THE END

have

at

you!



OFF TRAILS.

I'm sorry I sent you one short Ethel, I had plenty to spare so I must have made a miscount when I bundled the OMPA copies up.

Extra copies from members, while not within the letter of the constitution, is surely not such an objectionable thing. If it comes to that the surplus you cannot get rid of by any other means can be given away. I see no problem there...unless the membership absolutely insists upon the spares being sold, at all costs, and I do not feel they would do so. If you don't want to use the members money by posing them....put them on a "help yourself" table at the con. They'll go.

Oh, any remarks I've made while commenting about the idea of increasing the membership to 'enliven' OMPA would seem to have had the ground cut from under them. We can hardly increase the membership if so few people (re; the current, Dec, waiting list) want to become members. Oh well, back to the drawing board.

SCOTTISHE 34. Ethel. complete with another superb atomillo...on board yet.hmmmand back cover is board.

"the frothy sort of mailing comments that are churned out by that ertwhile publisher Ken Cheslin."

Very well, I'll grant you that every mailing comment is "frothy", and that the adjective "ertwhile" is thouroughly justified. OK. You seem to have a down on mailing comments. But,

in Whatsit 1,2,3,4,5,& 6. there are I have.

Covers.....6 Mcs.pps. 48 others.pp. 31.  
Sally Port 1,2,3.

covers. 1. Mcs.pp. 15. other.pp. 10pp.

Envoys 3,4,6,8,10,12,13,14, (remember myself & Dick Schults alternated issues)

covers. 8. mcs.pp.52 others.pp. 60pp plus

Baxter 4pp. Art Hayes 4pp legal lenth. and Studebakers 15pp.

now I figure that,while I do do mcs., you are not entirely justified in making what I consider to be scathing comments, as out of the 216pp I've personally produced, no less than 101 have consisted of fiction or articles .... not the mcs., you find so objectionable. And,dammit, IF you allow me to add the covers and the odd items by other contributors I've run, I've had a lot more non-mcs than mcs., so there.see?.

I'm a retiring,innofensive bloke,but I object to being tromped on.

I don't feel like commenting on WAW,tho' twas interesting enough, or even the Machiavarley's amusing yarn.

SOUFFLE 6 JMB. Yes, I noticed the MENSA clipping..heh.heh....I liked the one about Stan Freberg toc...in fact all of them....I must remember to cut out a few things that I see, like there was a beaut last summer. A negro gentleman,in shirtsleeves,and weafing a bowler hat and carrying a furred umbrella was observed to be wearing a roller skate on one foot and scooting happilly down Regents Street. Oh, your remarks about the Manchurian Candidate. So many people have mentioned the thing that I went and bought it the other week. Now all I have to do is find time to read it. ("there are no less than 57..." broke me up..).

SIZAR 10-11 combined. BBurn. I hope the American report on the relationship of cigarette smoking to lung cancer gives you that warm,satisfied glow...at least you can now say "I told you so" with considerabl more authority...there has been some talk about making tobbaoco illegal....but I don't think much will come of that idea. Not with the tax on tobacco as useful to the government, ...any government...as it is. Old nuthead Wilson was oiling his way thru' a television interview the other night...as far as I recall he said something about trying to reduce the number of adverts for fags...(I hear Imperial Tobacco Co shares took a nosedive....)....



SIZAR continued....

I always thought that a faggot was a single lump of cut wood, but you're right, its a bundle of twigs bound together, but on the other hand its also a sort of "dish" made of chopped up liver and seasoning and baked. I always imagined it was something as revolting as tripe, or maybe pigs trotters.

AMBIE 15. Archie. SIASL was another of those books

I heard so much about...and when you come right down to it there is nothing much there...oh, a bit about eating people, is that so wrong?, and the setup in the nests..which is not a new idea by any means...and quite harmless...the book was entertaining, I enjoyed it in spite of my dislike ..I thought it awkward and unecessary, of the "supernatural" organisation.. why, all his powers have been gone over time and again....the result, to my mind, was, "mixture much as before, but improved by the writing skill of Heinlein,".

Oh well, "as common as

cigarettes" is just a metaphor....maybe it will soon become a dead metaphor if anyone takes notice of the latest medical report. Hmmm now how about finding me a new comparison..having ruined that one?.

Ashmolean is something to do with historical libraries or something like that...it isn't in my dictionaries, but a couple of history books I have thank them for assistance in the preface...

MEIN OMPF. Colin Freeman. nice to see you here Colin. a survey map of Northern England in which Yorkshire is completely missing?. Yup...(screams hysterically) that sounds like Archies work... Oh, ARCHIE. If I don't see you before you read this, please..P L E A S E. where did you get that Viking ship you gave to Colin, and, have they got any more?. Yus, Colin, I'd love to have a photo of the thing. (Archie, for heavens sak..whats keeping you...where did you get that damn ship!!!).. actually thats just the thing...we've been messing around with a cinecamera just lately...I think that a couple of those ships..hmmm, a few modle..Vikings made out of papiermache, etc., and we could make a nice little cartoon...(we used of 1 inch high soldiers and the Indians and made a film of the Indians massecreing the Union waggon train...came out very fair....next time we'll use colour...that way all out effort in painting them is put to use.)...

if there is anything in the idea that OMPF needs more humour to liven it up, I reckon you will provide enough in this one zine.hum.

no room,go to next pp. please?.

MEIN OMP-F Colin. (I hope I can think of something to say now I've started with another heading)... actually its very frustrating to get a good zine and then be unable to think of anything to say about it...at least,I feel frustrated...and I guess that if you've been forced to leave a zine practically unremarked for this reason you do appreciate it when,perhaps, someone confesses to being unable to think, of anything to say about your own zine...at least...I try to look at it like that when my pride-and-joy only gets one line.

Yes, thats the trouble of course, some people just don't have any sort of feeling of respocibility for anybody but themselves. An anarcy, which I'm in favour of under certain conditions...would only work if everybody had a sense of obligation. As for these familly groups, you are right there that (unless they were respocible minded) the "family" would have to be supported by law, as monohogamy is supported in this country at the present time. The power of the law to punish breakers of the marrriage code..desertion, non-support,etc., must be a factor in keeping together many marrriages, plus the fact that many people have the impression of supernatural sanction of their marrriage.... and,as you indicate, the property sense,and the "I belong"..the "social instinct", plays a big part too. Personally the closest you could get to a perfect system,as far as I can see, is to do away with formal marrriage...(people could still have legal contracts if they wanted them)... and every child be supported by general taxation. And when they get to be old enough they do a few years state service to pay for their upbringing. I doubt that this is likely to come about in the next thousand years or so. People take a long time to ..um..evolve.

I believe I did, ( tho' I will take correction), point out that the real "sin" Profumo committed was in lieing to the House....Har. Quite a thing..all that queing for the Denning report....I bet the NEWS OF THE WORLD would have given thousands for prior publication rights...people are peculiar,are they not?.

Cheedar chesee,with which to make Welsh Rarebit! it....(wait for it..) ..makes my gorge rise. (ta tar!!)..

DETROIT IRON 4 the Schultz.. LSD sounds interesting. But whenever I hear the word "drugs" I think of addiction,and Chinese ompium dens in the east end...a la Edgar Wallace... You know...(I suppose this has been said before,better), I was thinking the other day about this socalled race hatred...and its not, you know...its class hatred. There are plenty of people,as should be very evident, who live in slums,are dirty,idle,dishonest etc., but white...yet it seems to me that every negro,in some quarters, represents just this image...and some of it, a hundred years ago,was true enough. They were poor, illiterate,ignorant if you like..possibly even shiftless...but thats because they were a supressed class, not because they happened to be born with black skins...and today, the negro is climbing socially,he gets to read and write, even to own a car or a home...to go to college....but a lot of white folk still associate black skins with..all that (dirt,poverty etc.,). What I'm trying to say is that all the skin colour does is to make a person EASILLY IDENTIFIABLE. Ergo. Being identified,he is attributed with certain, now inaccurate (if they ever were accurate) charecteristics. A point in case is Jews. Now the Nazis in Norway couldn't tell a Jew from a "normal", Norweigen...so they ordered them to wear Star-of-David armbands. See?. IDENTIFY. (Not very sucessful tho', cause the King insisted on wearing an armband too,and encouraged his christian subjects to.).



a bit more comment on  
DETROIT IRON 4.

Thanks for reprinting  
VERITAS...I haven't got the  
original, and I love all  
the Berry, Berry/Atom, Atom  
zines... wasn't that  
backcover on the back of  
NEBULA?.

PHENOTYPE operation cri-  
fanac umteen something.  
the Eney.

Wal, at least William  
Rostlers nudes aren't  
mechanical nudes...actually  
I'm not sure exactly what  
they are...but, they are  
surely not mechanical:  
highly chucklesome.

Well, I mentioned a third  
world war as possibly being  
necessary before my idea of a  
family-group society would be  
possible, not so much as from any  
real belief that such a society would

arise after an atom war, but merely because  
I wished to express the opinion that there  
would have to be a considerable change in mental  
outlook, and social conditions, (and all that implies) to  
make such a society even possible. Personally, if I had a few million  
quid damned if I wouldn't buy an island and set up some sort of a  
community like that...hmmm. Although, this might depend on my real  
motives...perhaps the only thing I'd do would be to organise a harem.  
Anyhoo, neither one is likely to come to anything, I can't imagine where  
I'd get a couple of million quid from. (if you think of a safe way, let  
me know...please?). what is an "ofay" ? . opposite to "negro"?,  
And that was a fantastically good account of the DisCon. Thank you.

BIXEL type? Alva Rogers.. Alva. I'll treasure this, honestly. This  
really "completes" "ASI". Like its the  
final touch..the last pinch of salt, the little bit extra that makes  
a monumental but..perhaps..out of focus piece of work, become sharp  
etched...focused...balanced. Anyway, I'll put this next to my copy of  
"A,SI" and ne'er the twain shall be parted.

Dick Eney...as you might infer. This write-up of Alvas' will  
find a good home here. I'd just like to say thanks to you. After reading  
this I find a greater appreciation of "A,SI", therefore a greater  
appreciation for your reprinting of it. thanks.

RURITANIA.. the McJohniel. I'll be very interested to see what goes on  
...how you work these war games...I assume  
you will send the rest of the pages/moves  
through OMPA?. Oh, it says subscription..hmmm,OK, do you want it in  
cash or should I credit it to you?. (for the air-mail sub). Hmm, I  
just noticed a deadline for the first moves..oct 4th 1963. Still.  
I'm interested. You can perhaps find me all the sheets I need?.

HEX 6. Wells. a barrow is a, well, its a..a, sort of one wheeled cart  
...hard cart..that you push by...hum..yes...Tell you  
what. I'll see if I can get someone to draw one for you, failing that  
I'll send you a picture torn out of a gardening book. ((by ghod,fancy.  
I wonder what outlandish names these colonials have thought up for the  
humble wheelbarrow. 'strewth..leave 'em alone for a few decades and  
they start mucking the whole perishing language up....mutter,mutter...)

Am I a traffic controller?. No. I did do a spot of air  
traffic control while in the RAF though. Only visual control, not the  
GCA. Although they were starting to train corporals in GCA when I got  
demobbed. If I should become a great mathematician I hope I become  
one soon. I'm trying to get a pass in one of our British type exams,  
and Algebra is required..which,(its a long story) I haven't done before  
now. Sheesh. I got a couple more months to learn.Its hellish. (I  
must confess,although it may be unworthy, that the word "perspicacity"  
you use makes me uncomfortably afraid you are joshing me...well?).

ERG 18. the Jeeves. (no, not that Jeeves). Hi Terry. Drawn any  
good mechanical nitty amatures lately. (giggles,  
rolls on floor.).

Terry, your teaching reminiscenses are screamingly funny. I  
particularly burred over the "Sir?" one...ho.har. ..his leg...  
..har..hoo.har.... Its people who provide laughs all right...thats  
why I like JMBs "Clippings" and "SCRIBBLE"...ah,mad fools...

ADVERT:) TERRY JEEVES has done a damn fine ASF checklist.(  
part 1).... 4/6. I bought one,so I know.

Personally I'd ~~try to~~ ban the press from any future  
convention as a part of policy. Exceptions are possible. But we've,as  
a general rule, always come off worse from these encounters,and I see  
little hope of improvement.

LEFNUI 1. Fred Patten. I was impressed by the Salamanddrs I saw,Fred,  
and this looks no less good. I hope you find  
OMPA rewarding.(what I really wanted to say was "welcome" in some  
polite but not formal way..if you see what I mean?). Ah, a Fantasy  
fan ch?, in that case,thrice welcome. A good fantasy takes a lot of  
beating...and I'd rather read a good fantasy than a good SF...although  
my ideal would be to read them both. (What SF book has the stature of  
The Lord of the Rings, or The Once and Future King, or even, A Concticut  
Yankee at the Court of King Arthur, or the Robert Graves historical  
fantasies, or Mary Renault,or...oh. hum...musntn't get carried away.

I'll look out for KING LIZARD..

the REEPS OF SPACE was rather Curate's Eggy., No, I haven't read,  
BACH AND THE HEAVANLY CHOIR. But I damn well will as soon as I get  
hold of it. And I'm starting to look as soon as I can get into Brum  
next week. I'd like details of the three books you mention, if you



LEPNUI 1 continued.

as I was saying, I'd be obliged if you could quote author, publisher, date, next mailing. (I'll try to find them by title by enquiring at the big bookshops, but the title may not be enough)

Hey, imagine the problems a Jewish negro would have if he tried to join the Nazi party.

(sort of, "look, I'm on your side see, at heart I'm 100% Arayan superman..hoog).

sec ya keed.,

MORPH 33 Roles. goshwow, I mean to say, if the BOOK SOCIETY recommends it..wheew, etc., (fantastic, er, fab, um, super, ha, golly gee...hmmm and was it "Holy Cow" that Henry Hargreave used to say, or..maybe "Holy Smoke"..no that was ~~George/Lp~~ Billy something or other, who used to change into CAPTAIN MARVEL, - boy, I wish I had an asterisk on this typer).

I hadn't thought of that.

Actually people who got to be members and get a

bundle or two...and dissappear befor paying dues.. should pay for the bundles they've had...on the other hand, if the AE refuses to accept anyone on the membership roster who HASN'T PAID THE DUES WHILE STILL ON THE WL...then we will be OK even if said member does drop out..we'll have 7/- anyway.

Personally I'm in favour of reviving the real oldfashioned Morris dance..complete to the sacrifice of, say, the local member of parliament.

Possibly if the medical proffession had more governmental support, like at customs, imigration, publicity, facilities, schools, they would have a better chance of stamping out VD. I read each mailing at least twice. Once when I get it, and again to comment, maybe a moth later. Good for Bill Harry.

All the books I've read on Lawrence describe him as thin, small, highly energetic, highly strung? ...and he started off as an Archeologist you know...

all.

THE IDIOT GENIUS 1. Roy Kay. very nice Roy...very nicely written...it gives me an idea...you've seen all these ventriloquists with their dummies?, well, in a small gathering maybe you could use a typer as a "dummy"...hmm, and there are always the imaginary conversations with the typewriter...that could be quite interesting...like.

Hello typer... hello fred (or Boss, or nitwit, or "one-finger" ). I've decided to write a story, about an animated typer... a what typer?... an animated typer..one thats alive..... alive?, don't be daft, whoever heard of a live typer?  
etc.,

Happiness is reading Happiness "things" in TIG. (you have seen the Charlie Brown ones?...v. good ).

and the infamous last words....glorious. But particularly liked the quote of the western type outlaw.. no fripperies there. Sounds like a phrase out of a western book.

a very good start Roy.

COGNATE Rosemary. Hi RH, I had not only my own two library cards but also two that my sister had, but never used...I used to get four books a week out therefor....and usually change the books once a week....

I think I only had one book out over the 14 days allowed...and that was THE THREE WISE MONKEYS by de la Marc....I was too young to appreciate it really.

MY great thrill came when I was allowed to go into the adults section of the library..." oshwow" I thought, "no more kids stuff for me...no more BIGGLES, and THE HARDY BOYS....now I can read real grown-up stuff...like Conan-Doyle, and The Sainr, and westerns, etc., ". Well, I imagine I must have thought something similar... in actual fact all I do remember is a sense of awe and tingling, itchy fingers, at the sight of all those books. Actually I don't believe I've outgrown many of the books I enjoyed as a lad....I can still pick up a "DR DOLITTLE" or a "GALLOWS AND JAZZOPS" book and enjoy it...mayhap tinged with a touch of nostalgia.

Happiness is what you know you had as a kid, but you haven't got now, and didn't appreciate when you had it. (?)

CYRILLE the Evans. actually I didn't realise that such things as the number and type of wheels on an engine, and the reasons therefor, could be so interestingly presented. Honestly. I read that bit absorbedly, yet afterwards I thought, something like, "but it was only about steam engines wheels?".

No observations to make on your trip account... except..hmm, but you've probably forgotten....you remember the old cannon on the banks of the Thames by Tower bridge and the lining up we, (or some of us) did on passing ships? Oh, it seemed quite hilarious at the time... oh well, sic transit gloia Londonium and all that.

COMPACT Ella (SCOW, cert.,) that atom cover is a scream, yes/no?. (ahem.). that neolithic bod on the ~~left~~ right, has a descendant who appears on Skyrack cover carttons...recognise him too?.

I'm using a new type of stencil, for me its new, its an Ellams thing, with a thing they call a protecto film in front of the stencil, supposed to save the keys getting filled with wax. This is the first stencil (the one I'm now cutting) I've used of the Ellams lot...I rather like the "protecto film". But I'm not too sure about the right margins to leave, or how far down the stencil I can safely go. Hmm maybe another 8 or 9 lines.

I get a mag from the States called THE REALIST, (not bad, but sometimes a bit crude, 30,000 circulation. worth getting). and they seem to have dug up a lot of things about the murder of President Kennedy that other newspapers/mags/agencies haven't printed. Like, what about the bullet that killed Kennedy, there seems to have

no attempt to do a ballistics test on the bullets and see if that snaky old rifle did fire them. Furthermore, all the evidence seems to point to the conclusion that Oswald was far from being the rabid communist he was made out to be. The books found in his home were ANTI-communistic...and this about his interest in Cuba...he tried to join an ANTI-CASTRO invasion group.

And expert marksmen have opinionated that the shot from the building was a difficult one, that only an expert could attempt. Oswald's "marksman" rating in the Marines is a THIRD CLASS rating..there are two higher categories..and he wasn't considered very good.

And, that the rifle used was of a type that was awkward to fire rapidly, casting doubt upon the allegation that the three shots, fired so close together, came from that gun, held by that man.

I was particularly impressed by the point made about ballistics tests.

I'm a bit doubtful about sending Arthur over on TAPP you know...what if those damn colonials won't lets us have him back? Invade them? (War; this means WAR!!, send out the fiery cross, rouse the clans, beat the drum...we march on America at once!!!. And we could do it too. Across to Channel in the Harwich ferry, march straight across Russia, over the north pole, down thru' Canada...Aharr, they'd never get away with it..never, never, NEVER!. (of course, Krush might not like a milling horde (well, 20.) of Anglofans marching over his territory...he might consider it an invasion, an act of war..and, boom, WW III. So you Yanks had better give him up peaceful like... Hmmm. of course, you haven't got him yet...yet.)..

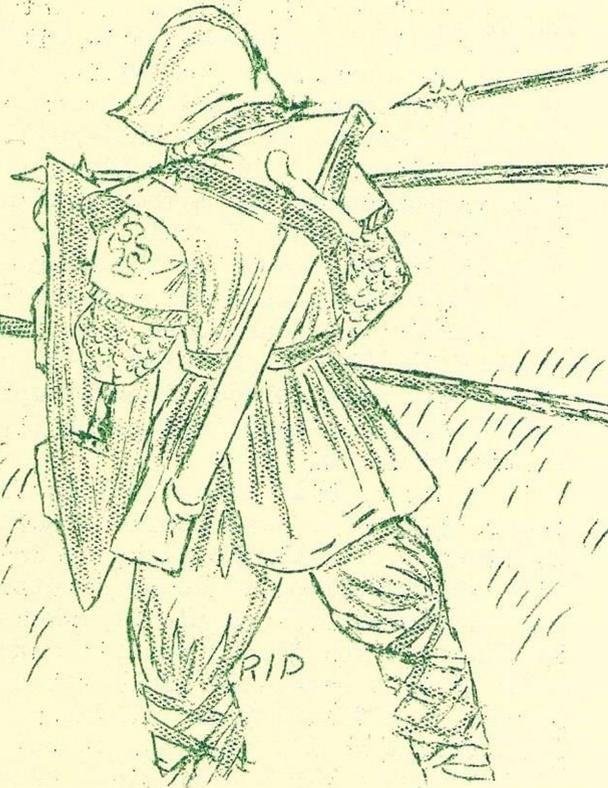
One thing, you didn't lay as much stress to the unconcerned-with-anything-but-their-own-job-ness of the Heinz girls as you did when you nattered to me... I thought that was a rather..hmm, a point for reflection upon.

PEOPLE WHO WANT TO GET THEIR ZINES IN KOMPA, get your zines to me by the seventh day after you get this mailing.

if Arthur hadn't made a name illoing he'd have still had quite a rep because of his writing...altho', this isn't the best thing he's done...oh...I dunno...that description of the "Grand Firework Display" is rather amusing.

My personal opinion. Is that mailing comments are primarily a sort of a Round Robin natterzine. I have a vague notion that we really need a better descriptive term to replace "mailing comments". But I can't think of one..not one that isn't very clumsy.

Most of my observations on mailing dates, membership changes, changing the constitution etc., were, supposedly, designed to see if anyone had and interest



WAMFARD BRIDGE

in making these proposals into constitutional rulings. Or to find out if people did, or did not, want OMPA to take certain directions. This one about making the number of pages of mcs, limited to a certain percentage...that was supposed to find out if there really was such an anti-mailing comments feeling in OMPA, (there does not seem to be much...the prevailing attitude is one of, "they're OK if done OK, if they are uninteresting the member gets uninteresting counter comments...and maybe is discouraged"...tho' I wouldn't altogether agree with the logic expressed...)...the three mailings a year or the change of mailing dates so that the OMPA year agreed with the mundane year was a genuine attempt to see if enough people were interested in revising the year...the 3 mailings was a suggestion offered to those overseas members who have difficulty getting off mailings in time. ( I must agree tho' that this would mean an additional couple of months between question and reply...and a conversation is hard work as it is, when each has a 6 month wait between comments). and so on.

Well, actually I do think of myself as handicapped. But on the other hand, (!) I've seen people a hell of a lot worse off than me, as I might have mentioned ... like the bloke at Roehampton who had both arms off to the elbow, and he'd be struggling to do up a button with his artificial limbs. I mean, when you see the really bad off people it makes you feel you ought to be dead happy you got off as light as you did. I mean, I manage OK, I knock off all my own typing, I can write with my left hand...(I admit its not up to much, but I always was a terrible writer), I have no difficulty getting dressed, except for tying shoe laces, and I can do that if I wasn't mostly too lazy to put my hook on specially for it...and, you know this, I can drive a car a damn sight better than a lot of people I know ((down Hale, down Linwood.)).. Actually in one way it has done me some good, I find that I am considerably more aggressive than I used to be..probably a reaction to my subconscious notions that everybody notices me when ever I walk into a room because I've got an "iron Hanad". ((Actually, I find I am quite happy typing all this..I suspect that I must have some sort of masochistic, (sp?) tendency, exhibitionism?..ho, hum, musn't get off the track. Life goes on etc.,

Oh, shyness of handicapped people. Myself, anam, speaking as an Authority as it were, I'd say it was a number of things, together and separately. 1, the idea, which is seldom on a conscious level, that one is "incomplete", and therefore somehow "defiled" or..hmm, lacking...and inferior; and too there is always the feeling, again seldom consciously recognised, of being a centre of attention, like a monkey in a zoo, sort of thing. There are other factors I've noticed, but I can't be sure how many of them are common, and how many depend on personal factors..

well, that seems to have exhausted that for a bit. Questions?..

I loved that transport report that revealed that the BUSSES are mainly to blame for London traffic jams...and that if everybody had mini-vans (like mine...plug). traffic would move twice as fast and take an increase of 80%... "h," I thought, "Bang goes another beautiful theory".

Down Parker, down...comes the revolution and you'll be glad to get into a harem in preference to the ~~coal~~ coal mines. All I can say is, polygamy has worked ..or been in existence.. for a damn sight longer than this newfangled "One each, to each one" bussiness....and anything accepted by a culture as part of the normal way of life will make the people who keep the customs happy enough. Same with all this about how one has to be "in love" to get married..all thought up by those damn A-rabs and the Renaissance boys...and exploited by Hollywood and womens mags untill the gooey blah runs out of chuckleheaded peoples ears. Why, we managed for years and years with parents arranging weddings...and the human race still got along fair enough...(etc..)(Oh, Ella, "feminine", you've been got at! you've been sucked in by TV or films or mags..."feminine" indeed. (no fangled...blah..mutter, grumble...brrrr....

Hey, Parker...just go away and write something uninteresting, will ya. huh.

I know of people ( who collect books for "status" or to look good in the bookshelf), like that...there's been some talk in the States about this "status buying. I hear tell that there is a roaring trade in false coverings like a set of Shakespear wrappers to keep your mags in, or a bar disguised as a bookcase...of all the books really being nothing but spines stuck on a piece of board. One tale, when I was working for the EB, was of one of the lads in Jersey, (I think) who was trying to sell a set of the 2nd or 3rd best covered books...was doing no good. Then the prospect spotted the bloke demonstration mock-up of the (expensive) leather bound edition. "Just the thing" say the prospect, running his eyes/fingers over the tooled leather and gold lettering..."to show off my bookcase"... he bought a couple of sets..about £500 if I remember right.

(hey didn't you say this Ian Peters is an "Indian" fan. ((down Rolers...RED Indians.). I must see if he'd care to write a ream or two for me. (hint, Ella, hint.).

If you see him? Please?.

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Wal, that seems to be that.. (not the caution..not "That's that". but "that seems to be that". This, gentlemen, oh, alright, Ladies and Gentlemen, is what is known as the Scientific Method.

Alas, in these hurried times the Scientific Approach is so oft neglected... If you but glance through the pages of books written in a more leasurly age, ah, see how precise, how scientific... no wonder we British under Queen Victoria, (God bless Her), carved us a commercial empire.

I mean.... 555,172 screaming Devishes rush into Khartoum, brandish ing knives, spears rifles, burning looting... Does Lord Gordon jump to a nasty, (and unscientific) conclusion! Of course not! He screws his monocle firmly into his eye, sticks his tummy out, holds his riding whip in his left hand and twirls his mustache with his left.

"Carruthers", he observes, "the natives seem to be running amok." Carruthers plucks out an arrow, glances at it narrowly. "By gad General", her says, "I do believe you're right. This is a war arrow". "Hum", says Gordon, nimbly dodging a spear, "its my firm opinion that its all this heat that does it. Not good for a man y'know". "I have heard it said, sir" says Carruthers, coughing up a pint of blood, "that M. Pasture believes to the contrary. He says the climate is extremely healthful as the minute animals called germs cannot survive the dryness" ....

"Pasteur, Pasteur? what does a damn froggie know about such things?", so saying he sank to the ground and gave up the ghost.

A lonely runner approaches over the plain. A white something is carried in a forked stick. Its a message from Kitchener, heading the relieving army. Alas it comes too late. It reads...

England 382, Declared. Australia, 113 for 2.

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That was WHATSIT SEVEN, a Cringobinder Publication from;-  
Ken Cheslin, 18 New Farm Road, Stourbridge, Worcs., England,  
for the Thirtieth OMPA Mailing, dated March 1964.

A LETTER FROM AMERICA

---

Indian Rock,  
Saturday.

Dear Ken,

There won't be any mail tomorrow. Nor the next day. I don't know when this letter will get mailed, or if it will reach you in time for the December Mailing. I hope it does.

Last night, before I finished the manuscript I here include, I wrote you a letter. I look at it now, and it seems unworthy. I've been through two days of the world's sorrow. Still, there are some parts worth reading. So you won't think I'm such a piker at the typer, I'll include a few paragraphs from that letter, things I can still feel through the numbness, things that sound good. Strange, but I always seem to be writing you the day after history is made.

The letter goes;-

Dear Ken,

I'm writing you to get something rotten out of my system. Something that stinks and fills up my thinking with black clouds.

.....

"Today our President was Assasinated. Its the first time thats happened in my lifetime. I don't expect it to be the last. There are too many people willing to carry a gun and some bullets and give up their lives for a stupid gesture.....

.....I don't want this to be a sugary epistle eulegising a man because he's dead.....I don't think he was that good a man..... But I couldn't dislike him, because he was doing the best he could..

"Today they killed the man. Somebody took a gun and blew his brains out, and I discover that I sort of liked the man, after all. No great admiration, no hero worship. I've always been His Majestys Loyal Opposition, quick to point a fault that it may be corrected. - But nontheless. I think I liked the man, and I feel sick and filthy tonight because I belong to a race that kills its own for no reason. Because men are fools or gods or something I can't understand. Because I can hear a requium, and yet another requium, on the radio; and because a nation is mourning with music and speeches and lamenting with half-raised flags and sympathy cards to a woman who has enough grief. Because a man is dead. Because people kill people sometimes, because one lousy jerk decided to kill.

"..... how can a man get so excited that he wants to get drunk or spend some time on another planet, mabey just walk out on the world and let it blow itself to pieces? How can a man get that bloody excited, feel so bloody rotten, because one man dies, in a world where millions die, one man he never even met?.

"Hell....I'm miserable about Us, the whole god-forsaken human race. What are we that we have to destroy every little bright piece of hope that has the courage to stand up before us?.

"And then...he was a man. He's dead now, and that's all we can say about him. John F. Kennedy was President of the United States. He probably would have been for a while longer. Another term at least, because the people of his country loved him. I won't write an epitaph for him. Maybe I should write a prayer for those of us who are left behind. We can't afford to lose his kind....

"I'll maybe write a prayer for those of us who are left behind, and I'll walk in the woods where death is clean, and honest, and with purpose; and maybe I'll get drunk and try to burn out some of that sulphur feeling. Assassination is about the most stinking thing I can think about now, and its all I can think about..... We murder our heroes, burn our martyrs, and crucify our Gods.....

.....  
That's what I wrote last night, Ken. While I was still shocked. Now I just cannot believe its all true. The candles in Berlin, the bells in Westminster Abbey. I just didn't know. I still can't quite conceive of it. That this man was loved. This is the first time I've seen the World mourn for a single man. The whole world in mourning<sub>g</sub>,,,,

And then, now ----

It started when the 'plane arrived in Washington with his body. The rain that now, all day now, has covered the coast.

Its been going on all day, Ken, The world is mourning, and the sky is weeping.

sincerely.

Don.

---

when I heard the news on the telly it was as if someone had thumped me over the heart, hard. I could see tall rockets straining on launching pads in America and Russia, waiting for the touch of an overstrained mans finger on the doom button. I felt fear.

It was not until later, when the shock had become familiar and therefore more endurable, that I felt grief...and I do feel grief, not the soggy half hearted mumblings of a politition making capital of the death...but a sorrow for the promise that was cut short.

my first thoughts...which I'm at loss to explain, was "who will tell Caroline that someone murdered her dad?" I can only think that the personality created by that cartoon book "Miss Caroline" must have stuck. It was Caroline I thought of first anyway.

Simultaneously with the first bulletine I though..."God, I hope he isn't shot bad" not realising what lousey luck had directed the assassins bullets.

Not that I knew anything more of Kennedy and his family than I saw on the newsreels....I remember when they had a look at the old Kennedy home in Ireland how cynically I'd noted how many "relatives" suddenly presented themselves...there was some talk then about the lack or impossibility of effective protection...but nobody..except maybe Kennedy's bodyguard seriously thought anyone would want to do him harm.

...what I liked about him was his progressiveness, the political figure with imagination enough to plan logically for the future is rare....I wonder what will happen to the space programme now..perhaps it is firmly enough entrenched to carry on effectively by itself..but I fear vote-hunting nits will try to cut down the allotments of money.

....I had thought that perhaps Kennedy might have, by dying, accomplished something impossible to him in life...a general public swing towards toleration...but from what I've seen there seems to be amongst the Americans appearing on TV anyway, an impression that civil rights have been struck a hard blow. Men are scared that they will get shot too, rather than being indignant they are saying, "well, what do you expect, stirring up trouble like that".

I though, when I'd got over it a little, "I wonder if this is how people felt when they heard Lincoln was shot?"...over here parallels are drawn between the two..they were from the first.

I wish they had had telerecordings in Lincoln's time, so that I might compare the reactions of the people at both times... and too, so that I too might have heard Lincoln at Gettysburg.

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I didn't like the way the Oswald episode was handled. For one thing, I've not yet seen enough evidence to convince me that Oswald committed the crime.

Imagine, for a moment, you are sitting reading this, and a dozen FBI lads rush in and drag you off. You'd protest, you'd know you were innocent... imagine being charged with such a crime and being innocent... and being murdered in the name of Justice!

IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE... ah... I remember that Ruby's mom (I think) was reported as saying that Ruby brooded about the Kennedy murder... and that she said Ruby "didn't want to be a hero". Implying that it was heroic to murder Oswald.

If it was murder to kill Kennedy, unarmed, unsuspecting, then it is no less murder to kill a man restrained and unarmed and unsuspecting.

Too, I heard one man say, "They've got the bastard", meaning someone had killed Oswald.

But, gentlemen (ok, and you), we do not know for sure if Oswald did kill Kennedy.

And, even if he did, the very rights for which Kennedy fought, and was killed for fighting for, have been terribly violated because he did not have the opportunity of an impartial trial, and the Constitution says he has that right.

The Dallas DA announced, in a overly triumphant and self-satisfied way...it seemed to me. That he had enough evidence to convict Oswald.

I say, evidence to convict Oswald is NOT what he was supposed to be looking for. He was supposed to catch the man who killed his President.

It smacks of catching a bloke and then raking up evidence to hang him, and not bothering to look in case someone else did the deed. From this side of the pond it looks very much like Oswald was a scapegoat..someone the police had their eye on, and who was convenient when they were asked to produce the President's killer.

Also, ITV reported - without names - that when the news of the assassination was heard at one southern school the children

CHEERED.

WHO so poisoned the minds of these children! When the death of a man like Kennedy provokes cheers something is rotten somewhere. Whoever induced, brainwashed these kids, may he roast in hell for all eternity.

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Well, its done now. It cant be undone. (Although we will no doubt get stories, in time, of an alternate world where Kennedy survived to carry out his aims):

The second in command of the Labour shower made a fool of himself on TV when the assassination was reported. He looked, and is rounouerd, half canned...ne was called from some function or club I think...and, by heaven, he stood there .. the great twit, giving, to me at least, the impression that he was trying to say that he and Kennedy were buddies, and that Kennedy generally regarded him, (Brown) as a father figure, and by so doing trying to make election pullers out of the bullets that killed Kennedy.

There has been a stink about it, I'm glad to say.

THAT WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS said, "The BBC are not worried if Harold Wilson is assassinated, they already have a canned tribute by George Brown".

There was a threat against Wilson..and someone (arrested now ) wrote letters threatening to throw acid in the face of the Queen Mother.

At least Kennedy went while he was on the way up. He will be remembered for his vigour and youth. Who knows but it might all be for the best...( I can't really convince myself of that, but its something to assague the loss a little.) $\frac{1}{2}$

Churchill is still going strong...I mean no unkindness, and I'm a great admirer of the old warhorse...but a glorious

...career would have been "capped, and preserved in its prime" if he had been murdered by leftists in 1945 and so swung the electorate away from the follies of the socialists incompetent impractical illorgaised..(etc) fumlblings.

On well. ( Its the Achillies syndrome...you know, the gods offered him a long life in good circumstances, or a short glorious career. He chose the short one. Which would you like?.

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It remains to be seen...(the date now is 13th Dec 1963) how the assassination will affect East-West relations...personally I figure we'll have a crisis fairly soon...so Krush can see what Johnson is likd..hmm ..on the other hand maybe there will be no crisis...or only a little one..if Krush is as wary of the Chinese as he should be.

Of course what people will be watching is how Johnson carries out the civil rights programme.

Sometimes don't you get the feeling that you wish that the South had been allowed to seceed unhindered? I wonder if there is any likdlyhood of a secession now...I can't imagine that another Civil War would be fought if the Southern states did defect.... Neither side could afford a war..although I get the impression that the South wouldn't mind if they dragged the North down with them<sup>11</sup>...the best thing for the North to do is take Canada into the Union and let the South muddle along on its own.

I was thinking too of the effect of the assassination on the South American countries....of course onenhears so many jokes made about South American republics and their weekly revolutions, but I would be inclined to believe that Kennedy's stand on civil rights made him some friends there....perhaps this killing will undo that...the S.Americans saying to themselves, "See, the only person trying to help people like us (peurto Rico?) they don't want...they shoot you up there if you get out of line", (possibly adding "just like down here. And they laughed at our political squabbles!").

somewhere, beyond the sea, on a distant shore, if Kennedy's religion tells him aright, he's hobnobbing with those who have gone before...hmmm, if I had the talent I could write quite a discourse on that meeting...I'd imagine Lincoln would be there, possibly that fanatic Brown, Spartacus?, Livingstone?.

I have a final line all worked out. At the end of it all Lincoln will put his arm round Kennedy's shoulders and say, something very like;-

II see human nature has not changed a jot since my day".

Possibly he'll then get into a barge, (welcomed by 12 queens and Arthur,) and sail away to Avalon.

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*[The text on this page is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a multi-paragraph document, possibly a letter or a report, but the specific words and sentences cannot be discerned.]*