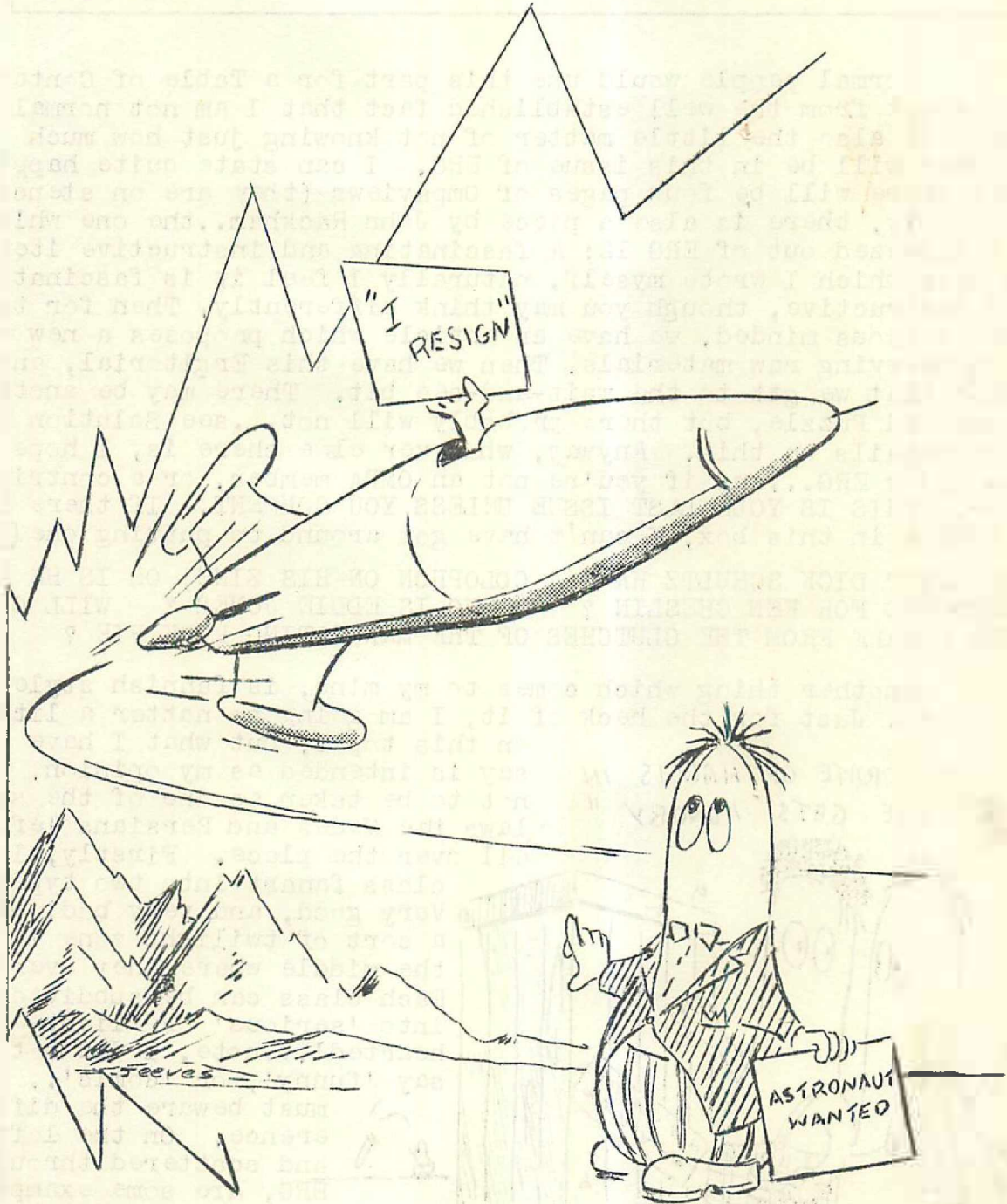


ERC

13



ERG  
OCTOBER 1962

13

PRINTED, PUBLISHED & PERPETRATED  
by  
Terry Jeeves  
30 Thompson Road  
Sheffield 11

Normal people would use this part for a Table of Contents, but apart from the well established fact that I am not normal, there is also the little matter of not knowing just how much of what will be in this issue of ERG. I can state quite happily that there will be four pages of Ompaviews (they are on stencil) Similarly, there is also a piece by John Rackham..the one which got squeezed out of ERG 12; A fascinating and instructive item on Jazz which I wrote myself, naturally I feel it is fascinating and instructive, though you may think differently. Then for the more serious minded, we have an article which proposes a new way of conserving raw materials. Then we have this Ergitorial, and after that we get to the wait-and-see bit. There may be another Crossword Puzzle, but there probably will not...see Solution for more details on this. Anyway, whatever else there is, I hope you enjoy ERG...and if you're not an OMPA member, or a contributor...THIS IS YOUR LAST ISSUE UNLESS YOU COMMENT. If there is not an x in this box, I can't have got around to putting one ☐

WHY CAN'T DICK SCHULTZ HAVE A COLOPHON ON HIS ZINE, OR IS HE A PSEUDOPOD FOR KEN CHESLIN ? WHO IS EDDIE JONES ? WILL OUR HERO ESCAPE FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE MAN-EATING PORK PIE ?

Another thing which comes to my mind, is fannish style art work. Just for the heck of it, I am going to natter a little on this topic, but what I have to say is intended as my opinion, and not to be taken as one of the stray laws the Medes and Persians left all over the place. Firstly, I class fanart into two types. Very good, and very bad...with a sort of twilight zone in the middle where they overlap. Each class can be subdivided into 'serious' or 'light-hearted'...note, I did not say 'funny', or 'comic'...we must beware the difference. On the left, and scattered through ERG, are some examples of what I mean by 'light hearted'...I doubt very much if they will make anyone



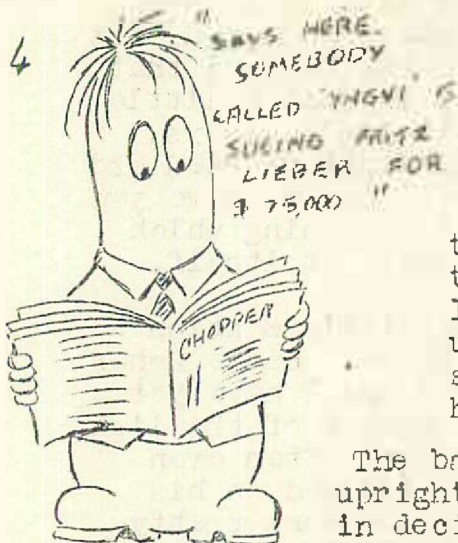


laugh, or refer to them as either funny or comic. It is more difficult for me to be objective about the class good/bad, but I feel (if you won't accuse me of being too big headed) that my artwork in this issue and ERG in general, is just a little on the credit side of that twilight zone...it isn't always. My own work then, is I should say around 80% light hearted and 20% serious (covers for Erg 9 and 12 were serious) (to give you some idea) Serious art work, in my view, is something which has no undue levity about it...and doesn't smile at itself.

Having thoroughly confused the issue, let's mention a few names and styles to see if you agree with me. Eddie Jones is a master of both serious and light hearted and I have yet to see a poor illo by him. Atom, is more a master of the light but he is no slouch at serious work..though very often even here, the light shines through. John Rackham (judged on his Ompa offerings alone), can handle mechanical nude work pretty well, but I haven't seen any other art by him to form a judgement. Dave Prosser has a magnificent technique, but a slight tendency to overfatten his females. Jim Cawthorn is superb when he wants to be. Jack Wilson (see early issue of Triode) has a marvellously intricate pen style..but one which demanded an electronic stencil to cope with it. George Metzger has a grand fluid style, but one which is too complicated for ordinary stencil work...and so it goes. Balanced against the above, we have the other end of the scale (and that above list is NOT intended to be full, before someone jumps me..it was an off the cuff line-up) where people ruin stencils and offer them as art work. I have seen a certain drawing which appeared in the last OMPA mailing..at least twice before. I'll spare the name of the artist, but I hope he has the courtesy to blush..even more so, since he has to hide the hard bits..arms and hand. BUT, the point is this..unless you PAY cash for that zine, then you really ought to take the attitude "It's his money..and I hope he improves with practice"...and the very happy point is that he will. I may not be a top line artist, but I know darned well, I can draw better now than when I first started drawing for fanzines back in 1946 or 7. End of diatribe. THREE CHEERS FOR ETHEL LINDSAY.

We (the school) were visited by Government Inspectors the other week. Because I have a Responsibility Post for Remedial Work, the head one selected me as his guinea-pig. On walking around the class, he opened a Geography





back at a duplicated map of North America. (I've been telling 'em all about Canada, New York, Boyd Raeburn, and Ted White in case they ever grow up and run for TAFF). The benevolent Inspector said to horrible little child, "Have you been learning about this country?" .... "Yes sár" says hlc. Well then what is the name of this country?" says Inspector... "I don't know" says hlc with utter simplicity. Off stage, there is a dull sickening thud - thud - thud as I bash my head slowly against the wall.

The bashin' of heads increased its tempo when the upright Inspector got the class counting upwards in decimals... "98.4...98.5...98.6...." I waited for what I KNEW would happen... it did... "Ninety eight point ten" rattled happily from thirty throats.

WANTED...JOB AS GAS PLANT OPERATIVE...BELSEN VARIETY. WORK WITH CHILDREN PREFERRED...SALARY NO OBJECT...ADVERTISER LOVES THE WORK

Betty Kujawa has recently issued a warning on tape which deserves a wider audience. Telling us of a very painful state of affairs currently croggling American manhood, we were convulsed by Betty's account of what happened to many people who used the new detergent bars in their bath tub. For full details, contact Betty. On the other hand, maybe you're a daredevil, and care to find out by personal experiment.

Phone call from the Tape Recording Magazine...Will I give permission to the Gosmocord Microphone Co. to use one of my Soggy cartoons in their advertising? Naturally, I said yes...so I'd be obliged if anyone seeing the ad, would clip me a copy...probably be a month or two before it appears anywhere..bout now in fact, when I think of mailing date. Income Tax people wrote wanting to know how much I intended making out of Soggies during 62/63 ..nits. I gave 'em the obvious answer...all I can. I'm thinking of making myself an ancient monument and getting the government to support me...trouble is, I can't see anyone paying half a dollar to see round the premises. Speaking of premises, we took Ron Ellik round and about, and in one stately home, we posed him on an empty plinth in a row of Roman statues (Sheffield has history you know) and photographed the lot...he looks delightful.

CONGRATULATIONS (AND CONGRATULIONS) TO BRIAN JORDAN ON GETTING HIS DEGREE AT SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY. Brian WISHES TO DENY THE RUMOUR THAT HIS MOTOR BICYCLE OPERATE ON THE DEAN DRIVE.

Numerous poetsarcs have been arriving here from various places behind the Iron Curtain...Alan Burns has just spent a tour in Russia, and according to the tape we got on his return, had a wonderful..if tiring time. We suspect the strings of poetsarcs was intended to help fandom in tracing Alan in case the OGPU took him to have a closer look at the Northlights in Siberia. Safely back again, I'm trying to coax Alan into describing the trip in



5  
Erg, but I rather expect it will form the basis for the next issue from the Burns' household. Also cavorting abroad are the Bentcliffes who are honeymooning in Venice. It seems they are having rather a poor time, as according to Eric, the place is flooded. Still on the holiday kick, Dave & Ruth Kyle sent a card from the DISCLAVE, and Betty Kujawa sent a shoal of drooly type magazines depicting their recent trip to the Bahamas. Even Brian Jordan sent us a pootsared from York on his visit there. We intend to be different. We will in all probability spend our summer vacation at the stately ancestral Jeeves home in Sheffield, the address of which happens to coincide with our normal one.

# AND NOW TO THE CROSSWORD.

Apparently the puzzle proved too hard for most people, as at the time of writing, only ONE solution has been received. The UK prize of two 1937 Amazings containing the serial 'By Jove' was won by Jim Linwood. Naturally, there is still time (as of now) for an entry from the USA to come in and take the 'EG Wells' back, but for all those who got stuck, here is the solution.

MAGOG TAPER  
U R R R O O  
SPACE ATLAS  
E S YEN A E  
SISAL SIRE  
V E M E  
NYLON IDYLL  
O E SET N A  
STEAM TIGER  
E D ACE V K  
SUSAN RUINS

July 16th. Xword Solution from Ron Ellick... 'Time Machine' mailed.

July 19th Solution from Don Studebaker. Consolation prize mailed.

So the Stateside Ompan's win the Xword Stakes 2:1 Congratulations ! See if you can di it again.

" I KNOW IT ISN'T AS EFFECTIVE AS SITTING AT ALDERMASTON, BUT IT'S MUCH MORE PLEASANT "



I had thought of offering a prize for the first man powered flight around the local gas works, but apparently no one likes flying round the gas works. Another brilliant idea which didn't pan out was to invest in some parking meters and scatter them at strategic points throughout the city...I got off with a caution.

Have you ever thought ?

Many members of Ompa would no doubt be amazed to hear that Sheffield was at one time noted for being an ancient Greek watering place. They would be even more amazed if it turned out to be true. So would I

*Bea & Witches  
1/10/11*



I have often been asked 'Why do you write s-f?' It's a simple sounding question, but what catches the ear is the tone of voice, and the very specific qualification. Writing as a pursuit seems to be one of those permissible addictions that the average-man-in-the-street is prepared to accept .. just. He will allow that some people enjoy playing the guitar, others collect stamps, or rear hamsters .. and some write. Odd, but understandable. Yet, as soon as you add the magic ingredient 's-f' you get the standard rejection-reaction. Why?

In puzzling over it, I've tried reversing the question. Why do so many people shudder away from s-f? Why do so few read it? Why do I like reading and writing it? The interesting thing is that I find one general answer which covers all these questions. It goes something like this.

Most people like to be able to sort things out into neat categories, all complete with labels. They find this makes life easier. This brand of beans may be better, bigger, more expensive .. but if it says 'beans' on the label, then you know, near enough, what you're going to find when you open it up. It is passable, even, if the label says 'vegetable salad', because you still know, near enough, what you've got. But a label which said 'Guess what?' wouldn't sell many of whatever.

And, to a lot of people, the label 's-f' has come to mean just that. First taste tells you it is 'space-opera', say. But the next one has a flavour of 'mutants', and the third 'time travel'. Then 'robots', and then you come across one which tastes of 'the sociological extrapolation of the African development phenomenon' .. and you give up. What is this stuff?

It's this old business of definitions again. A definition is just a fancy label for 'label'. You define a thing so you can handle it. It is no accident that the colloquialism for 'name' is 'handle'. But a handle or a label, doesn't help at all unless you know what you mean by it, and what the other chap means, too. And it is common knowledge that even the addicts cannot agree as to what they mean by s-f. Some have even gone so far as to declare that it cannot be defined. This is to say that they like and enjoy it, even pose as critics .. but

7  
they don't know what it is ! All of which is very off-putting to the general reader.

What's in the can anyway ? It sounds like a straight question, and the questioner tends to be indignant when he doesn't get a straight answer. But this in fact, is what the philosopher's call an 'improper question'. No, not a rude answer. Perhaps an analogy will help, here. Let's say we take a subject familiar to everyone. Suppose someone came to you and asked, "What is poetry ?". Now you could say, "It is writing about fair maidens and flowers, stars and rainbows, skylarks and dewy mornings, Ancient mariners and albatrosses .." and, in an idiot sense, you would be right. Poetry has been written about all these, and many other things. Poetry can and does range all the way from epic to clerihew.

But, to stop being naive, we know, don't we ? that poetry is to be defined, not by what it is about, but by the way it is put together. By form, and, if you feel that way inclined and you can handle the form, you can write verse about practically anything. And .. this is the point .. you can write s-f about practically anything too, if you understand the form. And it is in the form that the definition lies, not in the subject matter.

So the label on the can won't tell you what is inside. It will only tell you something of the way in which it has been canned. Not with added syrup, or tomato-juice. No sugar, saccharine, colouring-matter or spices added. Not vitamin enriched. And no money-back guarantee either. This can may contain one portion of logical and plausible probability .. processed as fiction .. but otherwise untouched by human hands. And, at the bottom of the label, in big print, is the caution .. **LIKE IT OR NOT.** It's that last bit which puts the average citizen right off.. which sells me, every time. This is that something extra which has been excised from our carefully programmed and tailored life .. where everything has been diluted, sugared, made simple, pre-digested and mashed into mush in a thousand different ways in a frantic attempt to make absolutely sure we will like it.

Reality just isn't like that. The Universe ticks over, steadily, solidly. not caring one single solitary damn whether we like it or not. All out fancy flavourings are just an attempt to run away from that basic fact .. to kid ourselves that we can make the end work out the way we want it. I've said this more than once, in other places, but it won't come amiss here. For me, s-f is the only non-specialist field which dares to poke an inquisitive finger through the curtain of conformity and try to see what it is really like on the other side. And that, for me, is the flavour of the month, any month. **LIKE IT OR NOT+**

\*\*\*\*\*



## NEW USES

FOR

## OLD BODIES

A plea the conservation of raw materials

When disposing of surplus bodies, the standard methods of fiction have long been limited to leaving them in the linen-closet or secretly stowing them in the boot of a neighbour's car. A shade less orthodox have been the systems evolved by real-life murderers which have ranged from torses in trunks (cabin variety) to brides in the bath, and sundry other highly imaginative methods of getting rid of unwanted remains.

Such methods may have been tolerated in the past, but in this modern era of soil conservation, re-afforestation and land reclamation, we can no longer afford to overlook the vast source of raw materials currently going to waste through uncontrolled body disposal. History records a few half-hearted and sporadic attempts at utilising this material, as witness Mark Anthony's famous and impassioned plea for ears, and the more recent musical complaint, "I ain't got no body". The time is now past for such half measures, and we must all do our utmost to devise new and practical uses for surplus cadavers.

Terry Jeeves

One great advantage which the corpse has over its living counterpart, is the greatly increased rigidity of the whole frame. Advantage may be taken of this by the home craftsman with some slight knowledge of electricity. A suitably posed body is easily converted into an aesthetic standard lamp, which any housewife would be proud to own. Bullet-riddled bodies are best for this purpose, since the holes provide ready made access for the flex.

For best results, a coat of varnish (or even gilded enamel) may be applied to the exterior to add lustre to the finished article, and there is endless scope for experiments in the use of sequins, fluorescent paints and modern chromium fittings.



Another practical project, well within the scope of the average do-it-yourself enthusiast is the conversion of a defunct member of the family into a smart, modern, coat-rack. Once again, this takes advantage of the thermo-setting properties of the medium. On grandfather's demise (and on no account must you attempt to hasten this), simply brace the body upright in an artistic pose with arms out-



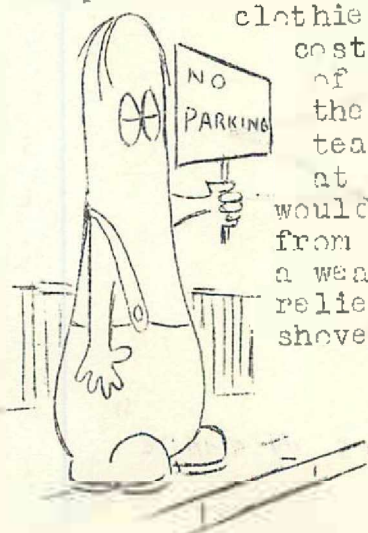
-stretched (for retaining umbrella, walking sticks, etc.) and the fingers splayed upwards and outwards (hats, coats, scarves etc.,) Leave for 24 hours or so, when the thermo-setting will be complete, and the bracing may be removed. A lick of paint, or perhaps a touch of French polish, and you have a coat rack which is the last word in modern decor.



For the more affluent and regal hobbyist, old bodies may be used for filling (and stiffening) the numerous suits of armour to be found in so many of English homes to-day. For those who inhabit the stately crumbling mansions of Britain, a rapidly stiffening corpse may be used to shore up a sagging wall in lieu of the more orthodox, but far less artistic baulk of timber...and an added factor is the shocking cost of such timber these days. Then of course what better place to utilise a slightly damaged (fall down cellar stairs) type of corpse, than in the dungeons? The increased attraction to half-crown trippers, of seeing a real body clumped into the Iron Maiden will soon repay your original investment in a bar of soap.

Concert first-nighters, and inveterate sales-goers will find an invaluable aid to place saving in the use of carefully posed body-sitters strategically arranged in the queue. Furthermore they can be transported to the queueing site and located well in advance of any opening date. Such spot markers have the built in advantage of requiring no heating, amusement, or food, and thus ensure the body parker a front place in practically any queue. However, out of deference to others, it should be a point of honour to make regular visits to the site for the purpose of dusting, and removing any cobwebs which may have accumulated.

Coated with a layer of plaster, and suitably equipped with sword/book/horse/scroll/ or what-have-you, the less presentable corpses can be pressed into service as park statues. Drapers and clothiers would no doubt be overjoyed to obtain such low cost window dummies, and even the still-life section of the local Art school would be quick to appreciate the advantages of models needing no fees, heating, or tea breaks. Dressed in Police uniform, and placed at strategic points along the highways, such bodies would deter all but the most case hardened motorist from exceeding the speed limit. Within the city, many a weary navvy would eagerly accept such a stand-in to relieve him of the daily drudgery of leaning on a shovel.



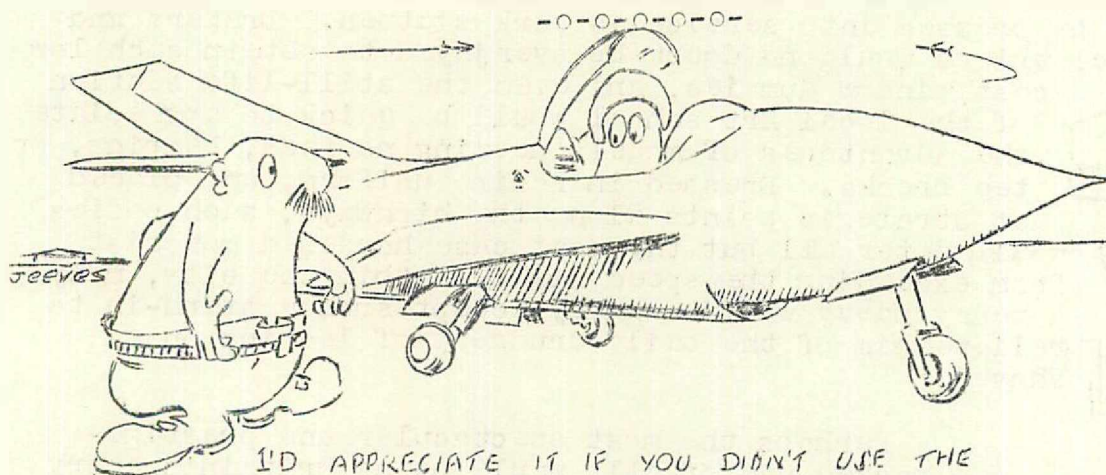
Perhaps the most spectacular and prestige-packed use of all, would be as Britain's entry into the space race. Pumped full of rocket

fuel and fitted with boosters, spare bodies could be fired into different orbits around the earth thus silencing for once and for all the critics who claim that Britain's space program is dead. Coating such satellites with a layer of metallic paint would make them excellent reflectors of Radio and TV frequencies. The variety of sizes available would greatly simplify the task of selecting the correct wavelength.

On a more mundane level, if fitted with casters, such bodies could be used to swell the ranks of marching demonstrators or if caught at the right time (in a sitting posture) would greatly enhance the size of sit down demonstrations without materially affecting the intelligence level of the group.

Caster-fitted bodies could also be employed when testing learner drivers on emergency braking techniques. Bare footed figures would find a place in the infant school for the purpose of teaching the basis of our number system. British Railways could show a profit by stuffing all the second class carriages and thus force people into paying First Class rates if they desire a seat. Civil servants desirous of increasing their establishment (vide 'Parkinson's Law') without increasing the amount of work done would be interested in this scheme, and no doubt the Ford motor factory at Dagenham would be pleased to staff their factory with 'employees' who would not want a longer tea break, shorter hours, less work, and higher wages.

The ramifications of this suggestion are endless, and it will be many years before the full possibilities are even as much as touched. Even so, the day will come, when the words, "You too, can have a body like mine" will have taken on an added social status significance. Until that day, let us never forget those famous words..."They also serve, who only ~~stand~~ and wait"



I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU DIDN'T USE THE  
BRAKE PARACHUTE, I'VE LEFT MY SANDWICHES IN THERE



# RUSSIA

STEPPE

BY

STEPPE

ALAN BURNS

Before reading further I think it would be helpful to fan if they looked through their files of ~~ASThandheadlaistorsby~~ Poul Anderson called "The Helping Hand" I don't recall the date, but it was coincident with JWC's article on Dianetics. Briefly, the story concerns two warring planets, both wrecked by the war and both offered assistance by a benevolent(?) Earth. One planet turned it down and after a long period of misery emerged to technological and psychological superiority, the other who accepted the aid became a mere tourist centre. Russia, I think, and the Iron Curtain countries could be likened to the first planet, no aid, lots of misery and shortage, but now coming out into a sort of Utopian system, as long as it is remembered that in Utopia all personal desires are to be sacrificed on the altar of the common good. From here on the article proper starts.

A tour to Russia is easily arranged. Booking by the firm with which I went (address on request) was swift, efficient, and courteous. Visas---I sent away money and passport photographs and of course my passport and it was all done. We flew from Southend to Ostend, joined the coach there and were on our way. Germany by night looks nothing, except for all the traffic in Europe, it seemed, going at a fast clip down the autobahn. Blearily we emerged into Nuremberg at dawn, breakfasted, and went on our way to Czechoslovakia. The frontier post between Germany and our first Curtain country was quite a contrast. On the one side smiling Germans, on the other side callow youths holding Tommy-guns in the negligent attitude of one who knows how to use them only too well. A group of agricultural labourers passed us by in charge of a gentleman wearing a peaked cap. They went into a field and began working. I am happy to say that their escort worked as hard as they did. After about ten minutes our courier came out with the guide, a delicious little checkmate called Eva. We were on our way. Barring

the changes in guide this was repeated at every frontier, except East Germany, whose guards have nasty suspicious natures and kept us at the frontier for four hours. So we pushed on to Prague.

Prague is fascinating, spires and cupolas all guerdoned with brass, speedy little Volgas and fast luxurious rear-engined Tatra cars running around and everyone cheerfully going on their way. Prague is renowned for its womenfolk, I am happy to report that the standard is still high. We went a tour of the city by morning under the guidance of a fugitive from a robot story whose name(if she had one) I never learnt. She spoke at great length, with perfect English, and what she didn't know about Prague has not been found out. The Czechs, like all other Curtain citizens are industriously rebuilding. Streets are being widened and beautified, blocks of flats of advanced design are under construction at a fantastic rate. In short things are humming. Of course luxuries are short. No chewing gum, no transistor radios(but plenty of TV) clothes are serviceable, where cheap, and two years ahead of the rest of the world in fashion, where dear. Sayou pay your money and take your choice.

Our next stop after Prague was a small Czech village whose name I forget, quite unremarkable except for a very new hotel at which we stayed overnight. The following day we crossed into Poland and reluctantly exchanged Eva for a grim faced secret-police nark called Stanislaus--Ugh! We pressed on to Lodz(pronounced Woots) and instantly drew a crowd. This was to be common in all Curtain countries where we stopped-- I guess Men from Mars would be quite ordinary, but capitalist tourists---Of Lodz little to say, save the Christian Iron Curtain habit of putting free beer on the tables for us. Then on the next day to Brest and Russia.

At the frontier we dropped our Pole, and picked up not one guide but two. Rimma, who was boss and her chum Irma who was a really nice drop of vodka. Both were the sort that lead travellers who know anything to confide in them. I hope the Russians take some of the information I dished out about the best way of building a road to heart. The supposed superhighway to Minsk from Br st was almost as good as our second-class roads. The weather was bad, drenching rain, but we pressed on. The countryside around had been almost levelled by the German invaders, but the Russians were grimly rebuilding, but, with the latest techniques and styles. I think that the devastated part of Russia will be just about a picture in the years ahead. The one thing I'm sure of, the Russians know what war can do, they have an almost psychotic compulsion to maintain peace. So we came at last to Moscow.

Now of Moscow you can say many things. It is a busy metropolis with soft-drink vendomats all over the streets. It has the finest underground in the world. It has a permanent exhibition of economic achievements which is excellent. Again there are nothing but necessities in the shop-windows, but on the other hand there are ten TV aerials for every one we have in England. In short several articles would be needed to deal with Moscow alone, and particularly the Kremlin wherein(if they were real) are jewels and gold from the



Czar's collection, which make our Crown Jewels look like something you pick up in Petticoat Lane for a kid sister. We did quite a lot in Moscow, and some of us, myself included, did a day-trip to Leningrad by Ilushin jet, 550 miles in 55 minutes. Leningrad, what we saw of it in our short stay was excellent. A cross between a pleasant seaside resort and a busy port. Leningrad incidentally, has two Orders of Lenin, the highest Soviet decoration. It was badly damaged in the war, but like all damaged Soviet cities has been magnificently rebuilt.

From Moscow we returned the same way as we came, and this was the worst part of the journey, endless miles over dreary farm land, with the only life an occasional car, a trudging peasant, or a tractor working industriously. So at last we arrived in Warsaw.

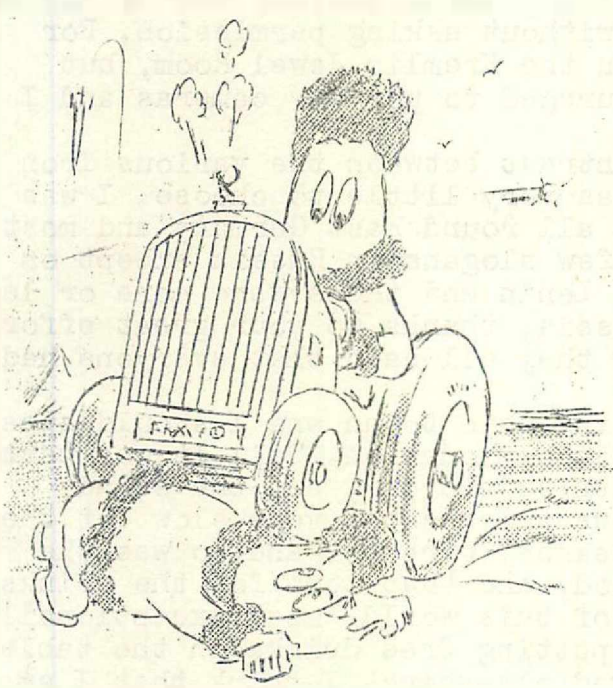
Ninety-five percent of Warsaw was destroyed during the war. It has all been rebuilt except what is left of the ghetto. This stands grimly in the middle of a very plush housing estate. A ruined shell, a monument, and that is all. The Poles will not forget. Among other things that they won't forget is the fact that the Wehrmacht almost had a riot over the orders to destroy the city. They had little hand in the many cruelties and on many times they tipped off the Poles about SS raids and even supplied them with weapons, which backs up the belief that there are good Germans.

From Warsaw into East Germany and West Berlin, almost bursting at the seams with goods of all kinds. We did a tour of both sides of the wall, the contrast was very marked. So from there we went

home, and only now am I digesting what I saw.

Things I will remember seeing. The loving care which the iron curtain countries are lavishing on the rebuilding of churches, particularly Smolensk Cathedral. The space building at the Moscow Exhibition of Economic Achievements, with all the assorted hardware, magnificent diagrams of the solar system and films of space-flights by Gagarin and Titov, plus a look at the huge cabin of the Vostok Rocket. Also there were the spacesuits, the foods and the other equipment on free display. Then there was the wonderful panorama of Moscow from the Lenin Hills, and of course I won't ever forget the Moscow Underground. I could cry when I think what London Transport has failed to do. Finally I won't ever forget well-dressed children, begging for chewing gum and ball-point pens.

Treatment. Couldn't have been better, and this went for all our party, a mixed bag of Americans, South Africans, one Australian, two New Zealanders. There were other foreign people we met who all said the same, the Russians were very kind and



16  
helpful, and tried hard to understand our language, though many did speak English and this is the second language in the schools. The good treatment went as far as whizzing us to the head of the queues, and the only place where I heard a murmur of protest at this was when we went to see Lenin's tomb. I suppose I should say a little about this monolithic place. You go in, down some steps, round the glass case in which old Vladimir Ilyich lolls looking quite pleased with himself, and out into the cemetery in which are buried famous communists including an almost unknown fellow called Stalin--wonder who he was?

We were encouraged to go out and see things for ourselves, and time was left to do it. I was considerably let down over photography. For weeks I had been practicing secret taking of snaps, and when we got there we were not only allowed to take any pictures we wished, we were actually encouraged. The only rule was that we had not to take pictures of any military installation, and we had not to take pictures of anyone in uniform without asking permission. For some reason no pictures were allowed in the Kremlin Jewel Room, but apart from that, as I say we were encouraged to use our cameras and I got some very nice slides.

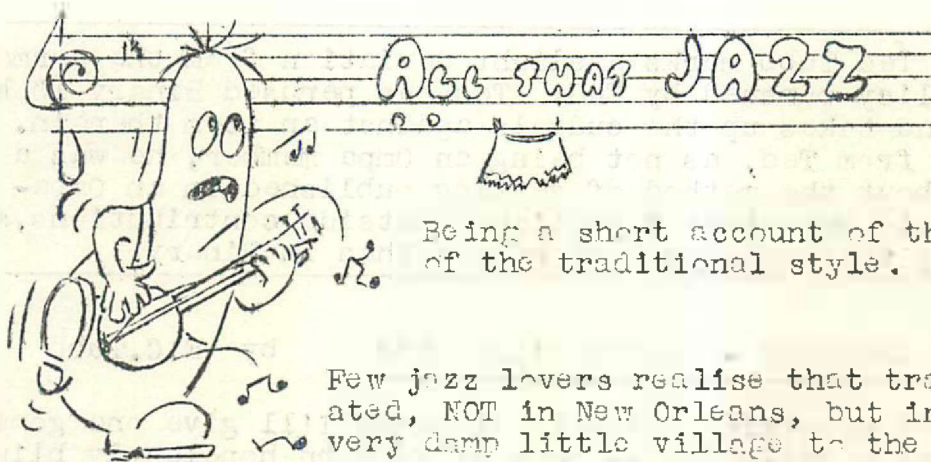
As far as contrast between the various Iron Curtain Countries is concerned there was very little to choose. I was not impressed by the slogans strung up all round East Germany and most especially in East Berlin. I saw very few slogans in Russia except on the huge hoardings bearing pictures of Lenin and these were more or less translatable as "Well done people of Russia, thanks to your great efforts we can--etc, etc." But in East Germany they all said that everyone had to work like blazes or go under.

To bring this to an end I should speak something about Russian food drink and accommodation. Well it was better than good. I liked the cabbage soup with sour cream, and the salad likewise adorned. The service in the restaurants was very slow but they are learning. However plates where necessary were hot and so was the food. Russian ice-cream is dear but good, and that went for the drinks. I still hate vodka. Polish ham is out of this world, most exceptionally delicious, and the Christian habit of putting free drinks on the table for everyone is something to be followed elsewhere. I think that I am inclined to agree with what Mack Reynolds predicts for Russia. Once they get their own house put straight I think the Russians will look outwards. But it may take a lot of years, because they are busily getting Siberia opened up and this is absorbing all their energies.

So to finish off with, Russia and the Iron Curtain countries are very similar to the conditions of a cold bath. Enormously bracing, making you feel fit and well and tingling all over with vibrant health. But if you will excuse me I will just creep away upstairs now and draw myself a nice English bath of hot water, bourgeois reactionary though it may be. Finally(I seem to be using that word a lot. If anyone wants to know anything further I will do my best to answer them. G'bye now!

E N D



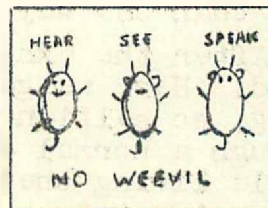


Being a short account of the origins of the traditional style.

Few jazz lovers realise that trad. originated, NOT in New Orleans, but in a tiny and very damp little village to the South named rather poetically, Jasmine - - the contraction is obvious. Bicks Kyderbeg, a local grocer, and leader of the village band although utterly incapable of reading music had taught himself to play the piano by ear. Because of this, the other members of his sextet had developed the technique of following Bicks, rather than play from a written score. Since Bicks had a good ear and natural sense of rhythm, the group settled down into a steady combo ideal for local hops and similar functions where well established (and rehearsed) tunes could be played. Adding a new tune to their repertoire involved Bicks first learning to whistle it, then play it, and finally the band adjusting themselves to his rendering.

Things could have continued in this way for many a year, had not an attack of sino-pneumonia (the worst kind) left Bicks with recurring ear trouble which in turn affected his playing. The members of the band to compensate for his erratic playing, were forced to develop their own spasmodic, cacaphonic style to mask their frequent deviations from the norm. A group of 'bright young things' out from New Orleans on a spree dropped in at the roadhouse where the combo was playing. Fascinated by this new music they coaxed Bicks and his men to accept engagements in New Orleans itself. The style spread, copyists sprang up like flies round a block of concrete. Names such as Dizzy Gilspie and Long John Argentum formed their own groups, in fact all the has beens incapable of playing an honest note jumped on the band wagon and within a couple of years, the Dixieland style had assumed the proportions of a tradition. The myths had multiplied to such an extent that to this day, few jazz lovers have any idea as to the true origins of the noises which they have learned to endure with stoicism and veneration.

When the epitaph comes to be written for this ephemeral neo-art form, one wonders will it credit the origins to Bicks, or will time have exonerated him, and the guilt be laid squarely on the round shoulders of many a performer arched over his instrument. One thing is certain jazz uses the same notes as all other music, the only difference being in the way they are treated. The moral of this escapes me, but no doubt there is one there if you have a steam shovel with which to dig it out. Finito



16  
This article by Ted Tubb marks a slight deviation from the normal non-existent policy pursued by ERG. Ted has perused Binary 10 by Joe Patrizio, and takes up the cudgels against an item therein. I got the article from Ted, as not being an Ompa member, he was a little unsure about the method of getting published in an Ompazine....but he did know that I published outside contributions, so now you know why this appears here rather than in Binary.

THE CHROMIUM - PLATED WILDERNESS

by E.C.Tubb

At the risk of upsetting delicate stomachs I'll give one good reason for letting a child die -- When it is born hopelessly blind, deformed, crippled and diseased. And please let us have no religious cant or moral hypocrisy about this. No one has the right to condemn any sentient creature to a life of abject misery. If we force such an unfortunate to survive we are practising the ultimate in sadism - no matter how we choose to dress it up in pretty wordage. Ask yourself if you would be happy to go through life never knowing what it is to live a full, normal, life knowing that all this suffering was forced upon you by those who piously claim to have done their best for you!

That, not the mercy we automatically extend to animals, is the thing which makes me sick.

Now, although it should not be necessary for me to emphasise this, I am going to comment on the article as requested, NOT on the moral concept it contains. The concept is good. I fully agree that children should not be allowed to suffer, that they should be fed, adults too, and that 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn'. I have great respect and admiration for all those who are doing their best to alleviate the sum total of human suffering and I wish that more people would take a more active interest. That clearly understood I will now comment on the ARTICLE as a piece of prose.

It stunk !

It reeked of the same sickening, self righteous, 'holier than thou' stuff so beloved by evangelical tract writers. As a piece of propagand... it was a lousy piece of work. WHY ? Well, let's take a close look at it. The writer was more interested in playing with pretty words of Gothic Horror than he was in presenting a picture of human suffering. e.g. "Lepers corroded and bestial..."

For God's sake ! He's talking of human beings !

Why make them monsters ? Who has any sympathy for monsters ?

Are we supposed to believe that he can have any real feeling for people he takes such pains to present in so disgusting and degrading a light ? No, I'm not being squeamish, just factual. There is more than one way to say a thing - this wasn't the right way.

After the exhibition the journey outside back to the normal world. Here we get both barrels, the 'how can you be so blind, so wrong, so selfish treatment. But how he does it. He is walking through a normal city street, so why is he disturbed at the sight of people living their normal lives ? And can anyone make sense of this snippet ?



11  
"....Italian, Indian, Chinese, anywhere you had a mind to and money for ..... no children squatting in the gutter with empty soup bowls to put you off your food, the managements knew better than that."

Are we to believe that the restaurant managers deliberately drove away the starving children with their empty soup bowls? Or did they fill them before driving them away? Or were there no starving children around in the first place?

All right, so I know about poetic licence and emotion-words as used in the best advertising - and I know the usual reaction to such licence and words. I felt it when I read the article.

The real sickener comes towards the tail. I quote in full to show just how ridiculous the writer became.

"I saw pornographic bookshops selling the promise of lust indulged at so many shillings a time, so many glasses of milk - and doorways into strip clubs, the photographs proud with flesh...no children nuzzled there, the breast being for filthy imaginings. no babies found warmth, birth being a matter of contraception."

This is sick. Mentally sick. Read it again, slowly, and this time try to figure out the kind of mind which would use such phraseology. It doesn't even make any kind of logical sense.

Bookshops in this country do not openly sell pornography... there is a law about it, no matter what a writer after 'atmosphere' might choose to say. "The promise of lust indulged" hardly belongs to a bookshop at all...and brothels are also illegal in this country, no matter what a writer after 'atmosphere' may hint. I will pass over the sweeping generalisation that women who permit their mammary glands to be photographed are automatically childless... and ignore the concept that the breast is for 'filthy imaginings' (Any married men in the house?) But the last few words really hit the bell.. "Birth being a matter of contraception" Contraception? Odd. I always thought it was the other way about.

No, I did not like the article, not only because it strove so hard for effect' and failed so miserably to be anything other than a wild brew of senseless adjectives, but also for a more important reason.

One of the tragedies of the nuclear disarmers is that they are not taken seriously. No thinking man can surely admit that a shower of Atom bombs is a Good Thing, and to be encouraged. ..but the movement has attracted all kinds of beardedies and weirdies, all so eager to jump on the band-waggon to exhibit their 'unconventional way of life' These creeps revolt all serious people who could do something about the movement but who have no desire to be associated with the 'lunatic fringe' The movement has become associated with that fringe, and is therefore, not taken by the public at large as seriously as it would like to be.

The article I've been talking about could also be taken to serve the same purpose as the weirdies...it cannot be taken seriously....therefore the movement cannot be taken seriously.

Now this is all wrong and a great injustice, and the public should know better, we all agree...but who can blame the public? Propaganda is a means to an end....Bad propaganda defeats its own object. I contend that this article is bad propaganda because it

is riddled with nonsense - and if one part of the whole is rubbish then all must be suspect.

One thing occurs to me while writing this. It is awfully romantic to talk of suffering in places on the other side of the world, places with exotic names to which money can be sent and conscience salved with the warm knowledge of something done.

But why go so far ?

Are there not spastics, blind diseased, deformed, unwanted and ill-used children here in England ? Are there not unloved and malnourished creatures in human shape among us ? Our people ? Our responsibility ?

Or is charity too unromantic when it begins at home ?

~~~~~

### STOP PRESS

Latest happenings at the time of going to duplicator will come in handy for filling this space, so here goes. 1. The blasted asthma has returned. 2. Having been absorbed into the M3F, I am deluged with welcommittee letters, so if I owe you a reply, please bear with me..you'll get it sooner or later.

Congratulations to the Russian astronauts on a magnificent achievement...but I'm rooting for America, and hope they will yet get Saturn cracking and get the ~~if~~ fustest with the mostest.

CRISIS IN THE BSFA LIBRARY. Peter Mabey..who is the main spring of library activities, is leaving Cheltenham, and the library must (a) Find a new home with a hardworking librarian... or (b) Go into cold storage..with the resultant expense, and with a strong prospect of ultimate dissolution.

DO WE HAVE A VOLUNTEER TO HOUSE AND ADMINISTER THE LIBRARY ?

-o-o-o-o-

Suggestions for Erg special issues at the moment are 1. For an astronomical compendium issue (data, tables etc) and 2. For an issue devoted to Soviet rocketry. I favour the second suggestion at the moment..but information on this topic is hard to come by in any authentic form..so if any of you have surplus material which you want to throw away...shoot it to me. If I get enough to add to my own supply, we may get organised.

-o-o-o-o-

Those of you who have watched the so-called s-f items on BBC T-V will no doubt be taken violently sick whenever the old Corporation heads that way in the future. Though by and large, the BBC churns out better programmes than ITV, s-f seems to be one field where the commercial boys really make the grade. I'm referring to the 'Out of this world' series, A marvellous opening (speeded up growth of rhubarb seedlings) and appropriate theme music set the scene for generally first-class productions. Now if only they would remove the (UN)natural breaks.... FIN.

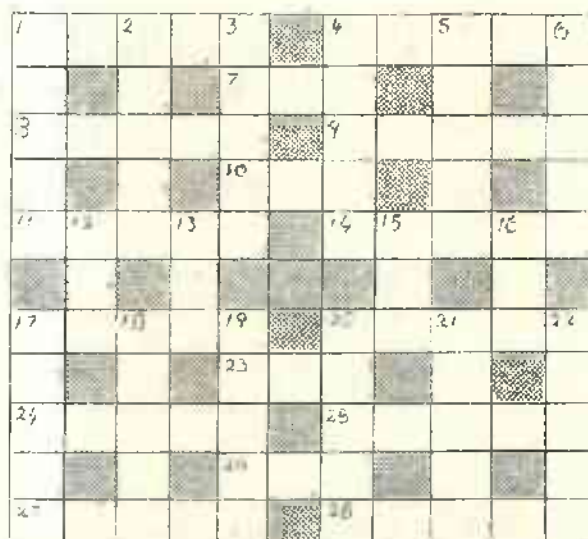


# Prize Crossword No. 2

Apparently the last crossword proved a trifle too difficult, so this one has been eased off a shade...why not have a try at it, and win the prize?

## ACROSS

1. Reverse it before sunburn for a missile
4. Noreen's husband.
7. What  $x$  equals when  $x^2 = x$
8. Capek invented this word
9. Re-arrange a musical term for this asteroid
10. It won't play well without a tip
11. Planet, always in the ecliptic
14. A terse way to adjust
20. A hard mineral.
24. Village nitwit
26. A.C. Clarke's nick name
28. 3.14159 and everything will do the flying
17. Some of them had tendrils.
23. Expands on formation
25. First lady between the Poles
27. Parasites love 'em



## DOWN

1. There can be a number
3. A nick in those not chosen
5. What Fe does if exposed to O<sub>2</sub> and H<sub>2</sub>O
6. It rises in the lonely east
13. A logarithmic base
16. A change for tea
18. Give this author a shilling and something goes wrong
19. Move the sties to new positions
21. An author used by a blacksmith
2. This backward robot was great
4. Not much use without a fulcrum
12. Everything
15. What this appears in.
17. Famous for Lensmen & Skylarks
20. He wrote about talking animals
22. Paul ....., an early s-f author

RULES...Open to any compa member, except the O.E. He wouldn't twist, but I don't want him to get accused of it anyway.

Entries may be on this page, or the usual 'reasonable facsimile'....with your name and address.

First British entry opened wins the British Prize,+++ if  
First USA entry takes the USA prize. +++++correct.

British Prize. Four pocketbooks...I hope these have a little more pulling power than the two copies of Amazing which were won by Jim Linwood (& cost 5/- each from FM(L)) Maybe a guess what prize will do the trick

USA ....At the time of writing, the HG Wells 'Time Machine' & 'Wheels of Chance' is still unclaimed...so this carries on.  
If won, I'll dig out another prize.

Now why not have a go ????????

# OMPAVIEWS

## ON THE THIRTY TOOTH MAILING

BEST COVER....Atom's illo for Scottishe  
BEST ALL ROUND LAYOUT AND REPRODUCTION was  
Dark Star No.1. and a very close second was  
Outpost No. 2. Both these magazines made me  
WANT to read them

PHENOTYPE..Beautifully produced, and with two lovely illos,  
a few more would have gained it the Oscar for appearance. A  
scholarly production, but I'm afraid that since anthropology  
is not my *raison d'être*, I wasn't carried away. However, I  
feel this is a worthy type of contribution to offer OMPA..  
the 'inside' article by an interested party. Tackled in a  
more ambitious way than the two page article, this is one  
of those labours of love (thought it probably wasn't at the  
time) which call forth one's best efforts.

AMBLE.. Once again, I enjoyed the Army reminiscences, and I  
particularly enjoyed the bit about the note saying.."I didn't  
go to church" I'd have been with you on that one mate. About  
that Bentcliffe/Jeeves Ompa deal. I've never gone into it,  
so I can only describe how we operated. I had always understood  
ours was a joint membership registered as 'Bentcliffe' for  
convenience. He paid the dues, and I did all the duping and  
supplied the paper...and we produced half each of the material.  
We lapsed 'Platform' because of pressure of Triode. Until  
right now, I had always assumed I was a founder member of  
Ompa....we live and learn.

OUTPOST.. A beautiful piece of work, and I thoroughly enjoyed  
the description of Up-Helly-Aa, particularly the way in which  
the traditional affair evolved itself into something more in  
keeping with modern requirements. I was  
very sorry that there was no more...MORE.

PHILBY Folio. I wasn't minded to rush out  
and try to raise £100,000 to save this for  
posterity, but on the other hand I think there  
is a definite possibility here for fan cartoon  
fillos. About the serious (?) side of it, I  
wouldn't know.

PFOOT..My only objection to this, was its brevity.  
The more of this kind of the zany type madness,  
the more I like it. YES.

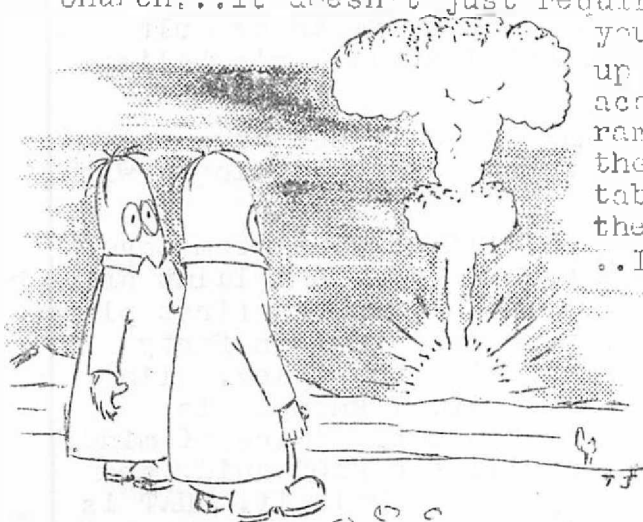




ENVOY..I'm afraid (Local equivalent for 'afraid') that the hitch-hiking piece was so similar to so many other stories on this theme, that it just didn't press any of my push-buttons. Its length, coupled with lack of paragraphs also tended to make it awfully difficult to stick with I'm sorry to say. About Ted Tubb's world. I too, feel he was optimistic and that 1984 'for our own good' is a far more likely future for Britain...and the Western world in general.

DARK STAR...Good cover, and simply fascinating layout, I drooled over this one. I'm not so sure I accept your laying the blame for 37x offenders on the British though. Naturally, anyone (and we all do it) can make the odd boo boo. The real acid test is who keeps dropping these literary clangers with every other utterance? Agreed we can find a boob in DS. I try to avoid 'em, but I am willing to bet you'll find a few in ERG. On the other hand, some people know so well that they have clangers to spare, that they deliberately shove in extra ones in an effort (hopeful) to make us all think that it is all good fun, and of course these are intentional..we don't normally write like this. And who shouldn't some people make boobs anyway? Orpa is 'Off Trails', not 'The Literary Connoisseur's guide to ancient monuments. We all do the best with what we have. I'm afraid that Jim Graham seemed more like a bore than a gosh wow funny man...but that is the sad fact. You laugh with your pals and all have a good time together, while the old fuddy duddy across the road thinks you're all cotton-picking nits. You can't win sometimes.

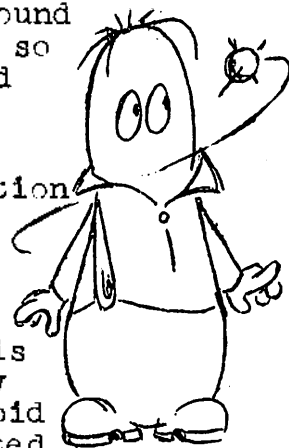
SOUFFLE..I'm glad you typed the name underneath the heading, as I was going slowly mad trying to decypher that fancy type heading. Glad you didn't expose my (our) ignorance in the answers to your poll,cum quiz, but just gave the answers. I have seen and enjoyed 'Magnificent 7' and the odd scene from '7 Samurai'..which I would love to see in tot. Re that masterpiece of social engineering you mention...the Catholic Church...it doesn't just require faith..it damn well bulldozes you into living it. I was brought up in Catholic schools ..by sheer accident..and saw just how they ram their points home. Since then, I've also seen how they keep tabs on their 'flock' I agree they can't lose under that system. ..I just don't want the system.



"You're right, a spot of cobalt makes 'em a lot prettier"

SALLY PORT...I've hear this bit about mammoths found frozen, with fodder undigested in their gizzards so many times..but I'm still waiting for chapter and verse as to the authority. Hast got it ?

ENVOY..agin..Cheslin. Just what gives with this double standard ? I must have missed the explanation somewhere ? It doesn't matter HOW you measure I.Q., there are dozens of tests. The result IQ is established by dividing the Mental Age by the Chronological Age. If you are the correct age on the Mental Scale, for your Chronological Age, this obviously comes out to unity. It is multiplied by 100 to give a complete whole number scale and avoid decimal errors. Now, that Mental Age bit is tested on LARGE numbers to get an average figure and the test is adjusted so that this gives IQ 100. Only then is it used for IQ testing...and the average MUST be 100 by definition, no matter whose tests you use. Naturally, you can have a test error of up to 10% maybe, but that has nothing to do with the statistical norm which is set at 100 and Never at 80. I liked your Con account...at the moment, Brian Alldis is dickering with Boardman for the DSFA anthology business.



VAGARY. This is nearly always the most interesting item in the mailing, but it doesn't always look so, because of the solid print. Can't you break it up somehow Bobbie. I know it does not improve the material..but it does put one in a more receptive frame of mind to enjoy it. Honest. P30..Egad, she calls Yorkshire FLAT. I agree, our weather is to say the least,.. 'variable'..but 'Flat country'. Dig out your contour map huh ? Your comment on page 4 that RAF men got 48 hrs light duty after inoculation is just not true...it may have been for your camp, but I never met it anywhere else...and I had enough to last me a life time with ATT, TAB and all the booster shots before and during my overseas service. I only once got 'light duty', and that was when I came out of hospital in Bombay after having had jaundice...the 'light duty' turned out to be an assault course of one week. I like Vagary, but I still don't believe in witchcraft or re-incarnation.

MORPH..Liked the book notes, but I must have missed a gear somewhere, as I couldn't understand why the book catalogue with prices came in the middle.

SCOTTISHE..CONGRATULIONS on TAFF Ethel. I liked your Atom cover and thought it one of his best to date. Re your complaint about the English battering the Scots (pages 7 & 8) In the first place, those were rough days...and anyway, four uprisings in forty years..they deserved clobbering for breaking the peace. I'm all for the NHS too. I know people abuse it, I know it is probably expensive..but it has one great asset...peace of mind. I don't have to worry about landing a bill for £100 quid..and thus worry myself into sickness in trying to avoid it. THAT is worth a heck of a lot. Thanks also for Haverings, I ought to have acknowledge it..but I've had a week's illness on the NHS.



Having suffered from asthma since last September, I just caught a big attack, had a week in bed (holiday week) and made a full recovery.



BINARY..Re this conscience kick...a bit of perspective helps...sure its hell to see kids suffer..but, apart from the fact that charity begins at home, I have the kids I can afford to raise decently....and don't keep breeding for my own selfish amusement. ~~That is one~~ point. Point two, try to tell those masses about birth control, and they either laugh it off, ignore it, or can't be bothered. Anyway THEIR governments won't help 'em. Next, if we tried to help everybody, we'd be in the same straits. So, perspective...help those you can, but don't knock yourself up doing it, or you help no one....and I wonder how many bobs out of every dozen collected, go to 'expenses'? I liked your comments on JR's pics...I'd all ready told him what to expect, and as it is he and I seem to devote 99% of our letters to arguing with each other (That led towards the Gabriel serial incidentally)

ELIZABETH ST BUGLE..I disagree rather violently with your 'Protest', but I found it fascinating reading. Re the lousy films, the remedy is simple..don't go to see 'em. I don't like 'four letter' cuss words ..filth..in mixed groups, or in a story and I sure as hell would do my best to ban a film which used 'em. Was it necessary to bomb Japan? It has been established they wanted peace.? Who established it? Anyway, what does that have to do with it...I was out in that theatre mate, and men were being killed by the Japs who were 'wanting peace'...ask those who were killed how they liked being killed by a peaceful enemy. That bomb made 'em get a move on, and we got that peace a damn sight quicker. OK, you're march around and then sit down..you don't want the bomb. What am I doing? I'm telling everyone who will listen what nits the CND are..I don't want to ban the bomb. You castigate a heck of a lot of people and accuse 'em of doing damn all...have they written to tell you that they agree with bomb banning? CND is still 90% rabble trying to influence the majority by shouting loud-enough. That dolphin article looked good, until I got into it, and then, apart from the errors, it bore a great resemblance to a precis of an article from an encyclopedia. Who faked it up?

SIZAR..Good for Bennett. Your story had me gripped, and I was fascinated by everything but the ending which I felt slowed down a trifle...otherwise good.

INERTAI..Sorry this had to drop, it is a damned good piece of work, and a pity it arrived too late. I hope Joe will stick around until he gets back into OMFA.

AND THAT'S MY LOT. Cheers.

