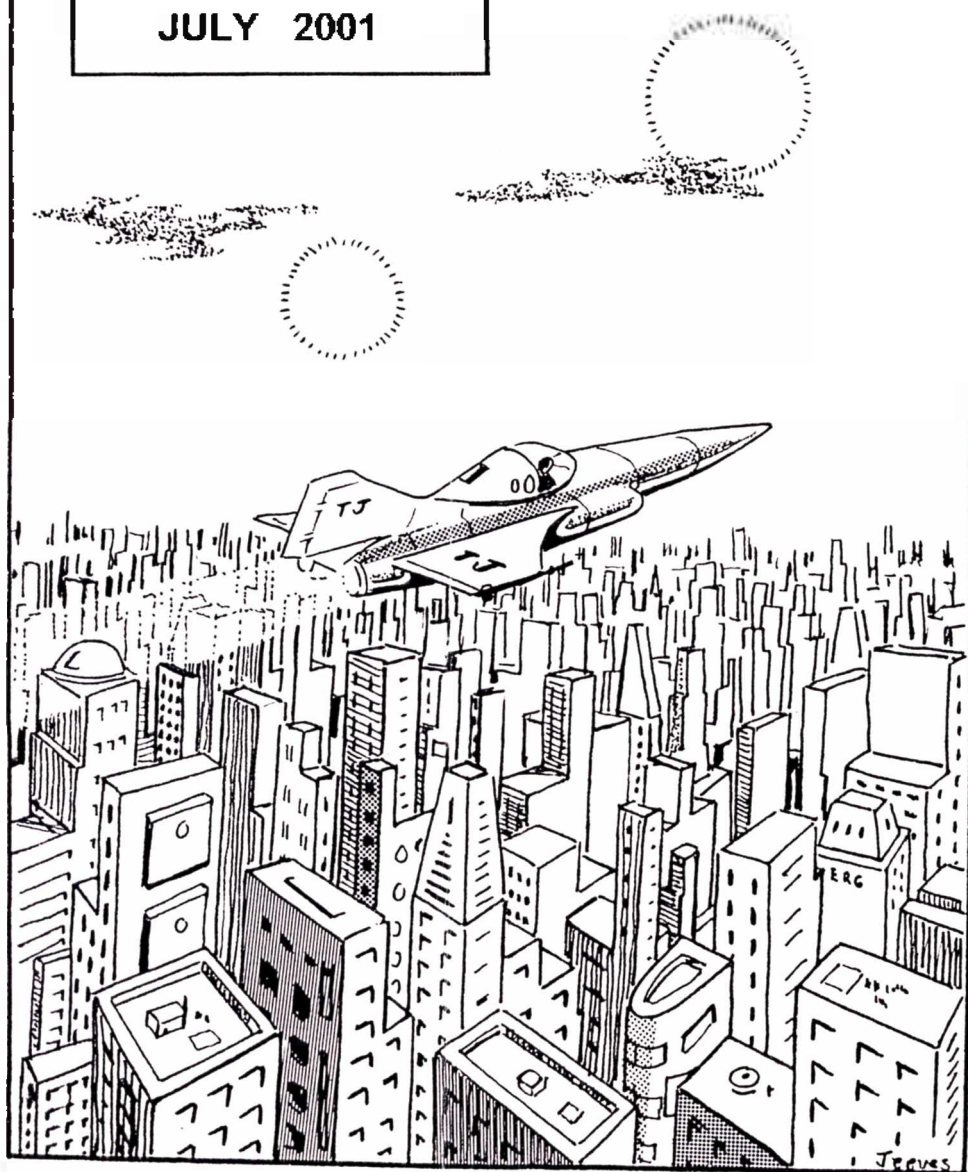


ERG 154

QUARTERLY

JULY 2001



ERG '54

QUARTERLY

JULY 2001

Terry Jeeves
54 Red Scar Drive
Searborough
N.Yorks. YO12 5RQ



This issue comes to you in person. You can get the next issue for a LOC

Greetings ERGbods,

This is a time for idle thoughts, the first of which comes to mind concerns those politicians who tell us to save energy by switching off a light. I think a much greater saving could be achieved if this was practised in all the garish signs in Piccadilly, Las Vegas, Reno, Blackpool and all the similar places where energy is squandered in very large dollops. I'd suggest a hefty power tax on such places. It would benefit the Government as well as encourage energy saving.

Idle thought 2. How much energy do we waste by jumping into our cars to drive to the nearest town or supermarket to buy groceries etc.? Housing developments and estates no longer include corner shops, they lower the tone you know. Heck, you're lucky if they get a church, pub or school. As a kid I grew up in an area where corner shops abounded. Ghu knows how they survived, but within a distance of 200 yards we had 4 grocery shops, one chip shop, a garage and a milliners. Within 400 yards we had a further grocer's, a cobbler, a fruit shop, another chip shop, a barber's and a butcher. Only slightly further away encompassed an ironmonger, three more grocery shops, two newsagents, another butcher and a bakery. Just think how much petrol we saved by walking to them. Nowadays you need to drive several miles for such shops, followed by a struggle to find a parking spot. Ain't progress grand?

Descending from soap box, I begin to think about future ERGs. DMBL is coming to an end so I'm wondering whether or not to re-run my autobiography, CARRY ON JEEVES. I ran that series some 15 years ago, so it may be new to a lot of you. Any comments on that idea? I also have most back issues from 98 onward. 50p a go, postage included. If you want 'em, send no cash, just a list of the issues you want. I'll send what I have and you pay then. If you want to buy books or mags, send a stamp for lists, say which.

At the risk of offending my Scots readers (note I didn't write 'Scotch'), I'd like to mention a recent LOC to the BBC's 'Points of View' in which a Scot complained bitterly at the way the English mispronounce "Auld Lang Syne". I sympathise, and hope we can expect similar corrections being applied to his countrymen who like to tok to each other when going for a long wok. Sauce for the goose?

All the best, Terry

DOWN MEMORY BANK LANE. 19

FANZINES

THE BRITISH

SCIENTIFICTION

FANTASY REVIEW

Vol. 1, No. 1

JANUARY, 1937

Sixpence

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Subscription Rates:

In Great Britain and Dominions: Three Shillings for Six Issues
In U.S.A.: One Dollar for Six Issues

In the Summer of 1937, I bought the first issue of TALES OF WONDER.

Buried at the foot of one page was an advertisement destined to change my life. I responded to its lure by sending off a whole three shillings, (15p in today's money) for the next SIX issues of Walter Gillings fanzine 'SCIENTIFICTION'.

Each issue ran to 16, A5 pages - ERG-size to be precise. It even ran to the occasional photograph. In that first issue, Walter pleaded for more subscribers in order to expand. Under a pseudonym he gave us details of a possible English SF magazine (which I fancy was referring to the TOW in which I had found his ad. Another shy writer, 'Moon Man' relayed news items about magazines, authors etc. Then there was an interview with John Beynon. Benson Herbert predicted more and better British SF films, J.R.Fearn said that SF would become the predominant literary

form and Festus Pragnell capily said that we could never forecast what might happen -- this from an SF writer! Three books were reviewed, 'Trumpeter' (pseudonyms flourished) looked at current magazines and the issue wound up with a report of the first

British Conference (sic) held in Leeds in January 1937. A darned good tanner's worth which treated SF seriously without being dull, dusty, over pedantic or sesquipedalian. Succeeding issues saw interviews with Pragnell, Fearn, Russell, Keller, Hugi, Carnell, etc., but after seven issues the mag merged with 'TOMORROW The Magazine Of The Future' along with a doubling of page size and more photographs. It was edited by Doug Mayer of the Leeds SFL Chapter and Gillings was Associate Editor

Happily, all the flavour of Scientifiction. was retained. Professor A.M.Low wrote on the future and I.O.Evans told us how he compiled his fag card series, 'WORLD OF TOMORROW'. Sadly, it only

lasted three more issues, leaving me without fanzine contact until after the war. In early 1947 the indefatigable Gillings returned with FANTASY REVIEW which later became SCIENCE FANTASY REVIEW, both in the same format as STF but boasting 20 pages and amazingly, after 10 years, still only 6d a copy.. There was news of forthcoming new magazine, FANTASY, and the Liverpool one-shot named OUTLANDS. There were author interviews, book reviews and other goodies. It was manna from heaven even when the price rose to 1/- This superlative little zine breathed its last with issue 18 in 1950. It was a 40 page issue with articles on Destination Moon and Hugo Gernsback. There were contributions by Forry Ackerman, Arthur C. Clarke and other goodies. In 1969, Gillings had a final fling at the fanzine field with three issues of COSMOS which had card covers, 20 pages and a price of 2/-, but it was as good as ever.

Then Captain K.F.Slater's OPERATION FANTAST came along. Duplicated for a while, in 1949 it switched to photo offset and a smaller format, ERG-sized and 6d a copy. It featured news, short stories (including my first two fannish writings), General Chuntering, book reviews, etc. Ken gradually built up the circulation into a lightly serious



FANTASY REVIEW

Vol. 1, No. 1 SIXPENCE FEB. MAR. 1947

REVIVAL

If your experience of science-fantasy goes back to the days when a magazine devoted to it was a rare discovery, you will probably remember *Scientifiction*—The British Fantasy Review. That there were in those islands at that time enough fantasy readers to justify a journal catering for their interests was a significant factor in the development which followed. It was not long before the first British science fiction magazine, *Tales of Wonder*, appeared. Hard on its heels came *Fantasy*; and had it not been for the war, which separated most British readers from the American magazines as well, there is little doubt that the medium would by now have established itself firmly in the field of popular literature.

But the war did not stop the continued evolution of fantasy fiction in America, whence to a fortunate few have come evidences of a change for the better in the method of its presentation—not so much in magazines as in the more permanent form of books. This elevation of fantasy to a more distinguished sphere has brought an intense activity in the reading and collecting of volumes of both science and weird fiction, a trend which has had repercussions among well-informed readers on this side of the Atlantic.

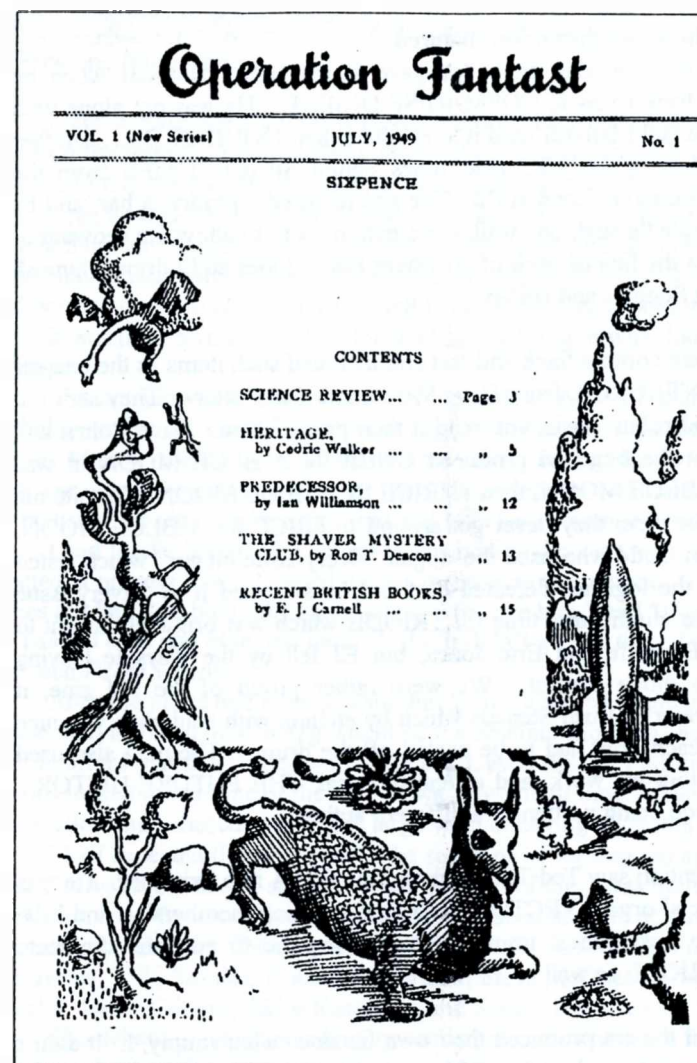
With the return to peace and the effects of war-time influences on reading tastes, there is ample indication of a desire on the part of publishers on both sides to meet the increasing demand for fantasy. New magazines; new books; new publishing concerns specialising in the medium. The fantasy fan has no cause for complaint, now—except, perhaps, that there is nothing to keep him up to date with all the information he needs to pursue his fascinating hobby.

Hence *FANTASY REVIEW*, which has been revived under its new title to cover the entire field of fantasy fiction and its allied interests, to reflect its growing popularity here and abroad, and to serve the discriminating reader and collector. To fulfil this function, we have recruited experts in every branch of the medium to serve its readers, and we shall keep its columns open to all who wish to express their views on any aspect of the literature in which they delight. It is the journal of the fantasy reader—produced by fantasy readers. As such it should make a valuable contribution to the further development of the medium; and as a source of reliable information and guidance, it should be indispensable to all who are interested in any of its ramifications.

THE EDITOR.

blend of news, criticism and comment. Sadly, it lasted only 18 issues. A year back, Ken planned a revival, but illness stopped that - maybe yet, Ken?

Good as all these 'little' zines were, Manley Bannister produced the first, near professional, fanzine with NEKROMANTIKON. This was type-set, quarto-sized, full of excellent fiction and artwork. The first 54 page issue (1950), had a two colour cover, 5 stories two articles, 4 poems, and a newspaper reprint on UFOs. All this for 25c. It only saw 4 issues, but I made it into the last along with Wilson Tucker, Ted Tub, Alan Hunter and Lilith Lorraine. A wry note, while Bannister was publishing the zine at 25c, The F&SF



Operation Fantast

VOL. 1 (New Series) JULY, 1949 No. 1

SIXPENCE

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Book Co. was selling back issues for 75c!

Then there was the legendary SLANT from Walt Willis in the wilds of Belfast. type-set and with lino-cut illustrations, I believe Bannister helped out by parcelling up his unwanted printing press and typefonts and sending them off to Walt. SLANT was delight, lovely material by Bob Shaw (including the fabulous article on how to convert an old bicycle into a duplicator). No lesser person than James White was art editor. Running somewhere around SLANT was HYPHEN which among other delights featured the doings of the Goon Detective Agency, a series lovingly illustrated by Atom and which included my article on disguise, thus qualifying me as an Honorary Goon. Eric Bentscliffe

and I visited Antwerp in 1957 and were tickled to see a sign pointing to Antigoon. We made plans to use it somehow, but they never matured.

Ace Books either got the idea from (or gave it to) Henry Burwell when he published the two in one, back to back, COSMAG/SF DIGEST. He was not alone with the idea as Bill Bowers and Bill Mallardi used it to produce their DOUBLE BILL, another fanzine of the fifties. Over in the UK, Eric Jones edited SPACE TIMES from the Cheltenham Circle's clubrooms on London Rd. The site featured a library, a bar, and by virtue of Eric knocking a hole through one wall, a projection room to allow the showing of films. Another feature was the fannish wall of art where Eddie Jones and I drew a fannish noughts and crosses using Soggies and BEMs.

By now, fanzines were coming thick and fast and included such items as the one-off issues STELLAR and CENTAURUS, from Dave Wood and Ken Potter. They sent out the single copy on a 'round robin' basis, you read it then passed it on. Dave Cohen and the Manchester Group got the bug and produced ONCE IN A BLUE MOON, it was followed by TWICE IN A BLUE MOON, then THRICE IN A BLUE MOON. Despite me doing all the duplicating for them they never got around to FRICE IN A BLUE MOON. CAMBER came from Alan Dodd who used the slogan "Every issue bigger" which lasted only a short while before the logistics defeated him and he swapped it to "Every issue better". It's demise left me duplicating time for TRIODE which was originally meant to come from myself, Eric Bentcliffe and Eric Jones, but EJ fell by the wayside leaving TRIODE to soldier on in diode control. We were rather proud of the old zine, it pioneered the use of Gestetner's Brush Stencils which by etching with acid gave you nice areas of solid black (but each print had to be peeled off the drum.) The mag also used electronic stencils, two colour art work, and a fannish serial, THE FUTURE HISTORY OF FANDOM, each episode being written by a different author.

The Kettering Convention saw Ted Tubb railroad the BSFA into existence. He was to edit the magazine's official organ, VECTOR, with Eric handling membership and I the duping. Ted resigned the post almost immediately, leaving me to edit and duplicate VECTOR and duplicate TRIODE as well.

The London Circle of the era produced their own fanzine called simply, I. It didn't last long but the final issue ran to no less than 200 quarto pages. Vince Clarke produced his informative SF NEWS and Ron Bennett's SKYRACK also kept us au fait with the SF scene as well as retailing the doings of his mythical pet elephant, 'Cecil'. Not all that mythical as I have a phone which at least show me feeding his trunk - which was really Archie Mercer's arm with his pullover sleeve pulled down. From somewhere in the middle east appeared a new fanzine and a new female fan, Joan Carr. It was quite a while before the secret was revealed. Joan was a pseudonym for established fan, Ron Bennett. Other femfen appeared, Ethel Lindsay and Frances Evans produced FEMIZINE.

All in all, the fifties were the golden years of fanpubbing - or do you disagree?

THE OLD MILL STREAM -- A Country Column of City Life by Penelope Fandergaste

I remembered the plain brown envelope only a fortnight later when I answered a knock on the front door bell to find a thick set policeman standing out in the rain (who was it who said that the gardens could do with some?). He was idly twirling a pair of handcuffs. He'd come, he told me, to check whether I'd received my summons for jury service and if so, was there any reason, such as insanity in the family (I hadn't realised that they knew about Uncle Fred), why I hadn't acknowledged their kind letter. Evidently, they'd even paid postage on it, so apparently they felt I should have answered it.

It was their own fault, I felt, for sending the thing in what looked like a council tax envelope.

I'm not allowed to discuss the trial I attended. After all, there weren't any footballers in the dock and I don't want Terry to suffer the same fate as the editor of the *Sunday Mirror*. Suffice it to say that the two bozos on trial had been nicked driving a new, white car out of the police station car park. Their defence was something to do with their not realising the significance of the red and blue lights mounted on the car's roof.

I had fondly imagined a couple of fascinating days in court while the jury would be selected, a process I've witnessed dozens of times in the movies. "I reject this man because he has red hair and blue eyes and it might influence him," and "I reject this woman because she has red eyes and blue hair and..." But it didn't go like that. I don't think that lot had ever seen *Perry Mason*.

After the judge had made his summing up we retired to the jury room. I knew, of course, that a contributor to *Erg* would be the obvious choice to chair this little gathering, but I'm afraid that this carried no weight at all, even though I informed each of the eleven morons locked in with me of the fact. It was a waste of time. Meanwhile, the actual deliberations had started, with some large woman having taken the chair.

I half expected that there would be someone of holding out against the rest of us. After *Twelve Angry Men* I supposed that this sort of thing was quite natural. Which reminds me, how many of you out there, who must have seen the film at least twelve (haha!) times, can name them? Me? Certainly: Henry Fonda, Lee J Cobb, Martin Balsam, John Cassavetes, Telly Savalas, Donald Sutherland, Steve McQueen, Charles Bronson, Robert Vaughn, James Coburn, Akira Kurosawa and Sessue Hayakawa. There. Piece of cake.

The debating, which was mainly concerned with whether a full house of red aces over fours beat a full house of black aces over fours, went on for some little time.

Eventually we were called back into the courtroom and were told in no uncertain terms that the court calendar was overcrowded, that this was "an open and shut case" and that we should "move things along." We returned to our cosy little room, where it was a darn sight warmer and resumed our deliberations.

About three hours later we were called into the courtroom again. The judge was really getting annoyed by this time and his speech began to be littered with words like "contempt" and "mutiny."

There was only thing for it.

We returned to our little room, found the judge guilty and all went home.

- pf

SLOW SUPPER

Finding the large diamond did it; Tom Carter would have to be killed. Carl Brant had been toying with the idea for quite a while, ever since they had discovered small diamonds in their mine. Now the finding of a really big stone made up his mind. Sold on the open market their haul would bring in enough cash to ensure a comfortable living for the two of them. On the other hand, this latest find meant sheer luxury if confined to one. Brant intended to be that one. With that decided the remaining problem was how to dispose of Carter. Violence in the form of gun, knife or club would leave incriminating evidence for the local magistrate who would certainly come snooping around. Something much more subtle was called for and Brant thought he had the answer. Up to now, he'd had no time for the local tribesmen but seeing their hunters in action had given him the ideal method.

His first step was to waylay one of the natives as he came along the narrow path alongside the murky, crocodile-infested river. Blocking the man's path, Brant drew his revolver and tapped it gently on the tribesman's bare chest.

"What your name, fella?"

"Olusoji, baas", came the frightened reply.

"You like gun?" asked Brant, giving the man a harder tap.

"Yes baas, Olusoji like gun". The trembling fellow couldn't keep his eyes off the weapon.

"Would Olusoji like to have gun?" Brant didn't wait for a reply, the gleam of avarice in the man's eyes was answer enough.

"Olusoji bring me spear poison. He tell nobody, then I give gun to Olusoji"

"Yes baas, I bring spear stuff, quick quick." Edging around Brant, the hunter hurried off along the river bank. Brant gave a satisfied smirk and lit a cheroot as he sat down to wait. His greedy musings were interrupted by the chattering of a monkey on a tree branch over the river. Slowly, Brant drew his gun and took aim. The crashing report sent tropical birds scattering with raucous cries. The monkey, one leg shattered by the bullet, fell screaming into the river. A log-like something slid forward, there was one quick gaping of jaws and only a few ripples remained on the water.

Time passed, Olusoji came panting up, a small earthenware pot clutched in his hand. In broken English he explained that it held the spear poison. It did not kill the victim but only paralysed the prey for a couple of hours. He added that though unable to move, the prey could still feel pain, a fact which gave Brant considerable delight. Olusoji handed over the jar and reached out greedily for the revolver.

"Now you let Olusoji have gun, yes?"

"You want this?" Brant grinned as he drew the weapon.

"Yes, yes" the native's face twisted in a grimace of expectant delight.

"Then you'd better have it". With a swift motion, Brant struck the native viciously on the head. As he fell, half-stunned, Brant grasped one skinny arm and twisted it cruelly behind the fellow's back.

"Before we do anything else, we'd better test this stuff. Got to make sure it works haven't we". Forcing back the native's head he poured a few drops of the potion between the gasping lips. Olusoji struggled for a moment, then slumped limply in Brant's grasp. His only sign of life, a wild terrified glare in his eyes.

"Well the stuff seems to paralyse well enough. Now let's see if you can still feel pain." Brant grasped one of his victim's fingers and began to force it slowly backwards. He placed his other hand on the man's chest to feel the heartbeat. It was throbbing rapidly at first but began to speed up as the pressure on the strained finger increased. Gradually it reached an unnatural angle. There was a dull crack! The heartbeat raced and agony blazed from the captured man's eyes. No further proof was needed, but for good measure, the torturer slowly broke one finger after another. Throughout the sadistic process, not a sound escaped the victim's lips, but the agony in his eyes and madly racing heartbeat told his torturer all he wanted to know.

Finally wearying of his cruel game, Brant heaved the paralysed figure into the river and left the crocodiles to do the rest. The meeting had been in secret and in any case the authorities would have little or no interest in a missing native. Brant's chance came a few days later with the discovery of another rough diamond. The two men returned to their shack. Brant clapped his partner on the back,

"Well Tom, we're rich now. I reckon we deserve a drink to celebrate. Sit down and I'll pour us a couple of stiff ones." Carter tossed his sun helmet on the table,

"Not to stiff for me, you know I don't drink a lot and the last thing I want is a thumping headache in the morning." Peeling off his shirt, he slumped into a rickety chair.

"Right then, a small one it is and I'll top it up with water." Brant slopped liquor into a couple of mugs and set the bottle on the table. He carried the mugs outside as if to add water from the pot on the verandah, but as well as a little water he added a few drops of the poison to Carter's drink before going back inside and assuming a cheerful grin.

"There you are mate, get that inside you and enjoy yourself a bit." He handed the doctored mug to his partner, chinked the mugs together and took a swig from his own. As Carter raised his mug, Brant was unable to hide his exultation. To cover it he pretended to cough at his own drink.

"I reckon mine could do with a spot of water as well,". Turning, he hastened outside where he allowed his delight to transform his features into a cruel grin. Finally getting his triumph under control, he downed his drink and returned inside. His partner was slumped helplessly in his chair, before him an empty mug and the uncapped bottle. Brant tipped back the paralysed man's head and grinned into the wide open eyes.

"Don't worry old chap, you're not dead, only paralysed. You can still feel everything, see!" He gave his partner a violent slap across the face.

"I understand from someone who ought to know, that the effect will wear off in a few hours and leave you right as rain. I'm afraid you won't have that long though. It will be

sundown in half an hour, then I'm going to take you down to the river for a little swim. You can give the crocs their evening meal. It may hurt like blazes but I'm sure they'll enjoy it even if you don't." Carl heaved his partner upright. He struggled outside and wrestled Carter into the crude wheelbarrow they used for the mine.

"Phew, you've put on weight old son. I reckon I could do with another drink before I take you down to the river." He turned to re-enter the hut. By the verandah step termites had industriously begun to build one of their mounds. Brant loathed the sickly white creatures and the way they would eat anything available. With an oath, he kicked their work to pieces and stamped inside. He grabbed the liquor bottle and carried it outside. Triumphantly he raised the bottle in mock salute to Carter then downed a large draught.

"Right my friend, now to feed you to the crocs." His vision blurred momentarily and was followed by a dizzy spell. The bottle slipped from his fingers and shattered on the rough planking. The horrible truth flashed through his mind. Carter hadn't wanted a big drink, he must have poured his doctored drink back into the bottle while Brant was outside exulting and now he had drunk some of it. He staggered, took one step off the verandah, then collapsed painfully to the ground. His head landed squarely across the remains of the termite mound. Unable to move, he could still see and feel the creatures crawling towards him, into his eyes and ears.

Termite paradise is sunset and an unexpected free supper is also welcome. The wriggling hordes began to feed. They do this very well - but also very slowly. It took Brant an awfully long time to die.

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To cheer you up after that, here's something completely different
CAST OFF THE ANCHOR .. A nautical episode of the Sea

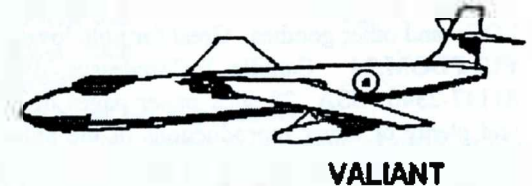
Captain Aidu Fibalot, master of the good ship Veenuz, and part-time ballet-dancer was sitting peacefully in his cabin. By his side, a half empty whisky bottle and clasped tightly in his strong right hand, salt-hardened by many years before the mast and some behind it, a battered copy of 'Advanced thermo-chromodynamics'. Fibalot couldn't understand a word of it, but it made an excellent fly-swatter. Suddenly, there was an almighty crash as he crushed three flies with one mighty blow. It was followed by an even mightier crash as the ship struck an uncharted reef and sank with all hands - save Fibalot who paused only to finish off the whisky and complete the embroidery on a sampler he had been making for his mother. That done, he leaped into the water and began the 500 mile swim to the nearest land. Once there, the brave captain began raising funds for the creation of a giant marker buoy to be placed upon the fatal reef as a warning to other sailors. The giant marker was soon built and loaded aboard the merchant ship Elfia, along with a cargo of fire-lighters and paraffin, destined for famine relief. The craft was ready to sail when it caught fire. Worried about his part of the cargo, Fibalot hastened to the dockside. Too late! The buoy stood on the burning deck.

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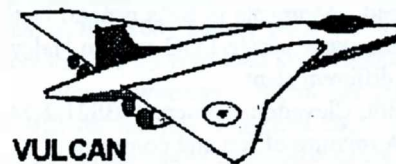
THE V BOMBERS

With the arrival of jet engines, A-bombs and the Cold War it was deemed advisable to have an up-to-date bomber system to replace the out-dated Lancaster, its descendants and their contemporaries such as the American B-29. With regard to eggs in baskets, it was decided to develop not one, but three new designs and thus the V bomber program began. In basics, each machine had four, wing-buried engines, crews of five and were of fairly similar sizes. Otherwise there were differences in design and performance.

THE VICKERS 'VALIANT' The first one flew in 1951 and the last one of a total of 108 came off the production line in 1957. A Valiant made the first airdrop of a British nuclear bomb on Malden Island in May 1957 and the bombers were also used against Egyptian air strips during the Suez crisis. Sadly, all were withdrawn from service in 1965 when fatigue cracks developed in wings.



VALIANT



VULCAN

'THE AVRO 'VULCAN' was a charismatic, delta winged aircraft making its first flight in 1952. With the aid of flight refuelling, it saw service in the Falklands war. I saw one flypast at Finningley and it made an awesome sight as it powered away after a low pass.

THE HANDLEY PAGE 'VICTOR' first flew in 1951 and had a distinctive crescent shaped wing and a tailplane mounted high on the fin. Some troubles held up its development and the aircraft finally ended up as a tanker for in-flight refuelling.



VICTOR

Here are the details for their performances with the B-29 added for comparison

Aircraft	Wingspan	Speed	Bomb Load	Ceiling	Range
Valiant	114ft	82M	21,000 lbs	49,000 ft	3250 miles
Vulcan	99ft	86M	21,000 lbs	60,000 ft	4600 miles
Victor	114ft	90M	35,000 lbs	60,000 ft	3500 miles



THE KNARLEY KNEWS
H.&L. Welch, 1525 16th Ave
Grafton, WI 53024-2017, USA
Personal musings, travel,
fanzine and book reviews,
media comment and a shoal of
LOCs. Nice friendly zine
HIDALGO.56 B.E. Brown,

11675 Beaconsfield, Detroit, MI 48224, USA Colour cover of Sheena, Jungle Queen. Contents include reviews of her stories and magazines. Books and personal notes plus LOCs and plenty of illos but the repro suffered in my copy. No.57 just arrived with lots of coverage of Argosy, more personal diary info, nostalgic reviews of stories, long lists, LOCs and other goodies. Great for pulp lovers.

PULPDOM.24 Camille E. Cazedessus, PO Box 2340, Pagosa Springs, Colorado 81147-2340, USA 28 slick paper pages devoted to reminiscences, contents/story indexing and plenty of cover reproductions of the pulpmag, Argosy, including one of its stories. Super time-binding, but \$24 six issues. Definitely for Argosy fans.

ANSIBLE.157 TO 164 Dave Langford, 94 London Rd., Reading, Berks RG1 5AU Each issue is a single page but thanks to a rather small typeface, Dave crams in an incredible amount of news of the SF scene and a lovely haywain pun. Get it for an SAE
VISIONS OF PARADISE.87 Robert Sabella, 24 Cedar Manor Ct., Budd Lake, NJ. 08728, USA Personal diary with a terrific workload. Moments in SF's genetic factor. Columns and Articles on reading, humour and a massive separate LOC section Halcyon Days with as many pages as VOP. Nice one with a different slant.

XYSTER 24 Dave Wood, 1 Friary Close, Marine Hill, Clevedon, Somerset BS21 7QA Snippets on local problems, LOCs and discussion. A mixture of fun and comment
FOSFAX.202 OO of the Society, C/o FOSFA, PO Box 37281, Louisville, Kentucky 40233-7281, USA A massive 84 pages of comment, Con Reports, book & finz reviews, lots of LOCs and plenty of art. Get it for \$4.00

OPUNTIA.47.1A Dale Speirs, Box 630, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2p 2E7. 8 pages of letters, memories of rural life, and fanzine reviews. Small but good. \$3.0 or the usual.

THIS HERE.8 Nic Farey, PO Box 178, St Leonard, MD 20685, USA 24pp of personal comment and doings, building problems, job loss, car racing, wrestling and LOCs.

THE RELUCTANT FAMULUS.56 Tom Sadler, 422 W. Maple Ave., Adrian MI 49221-1627, USA Back after a long absence with a nice cover. 40pp crammed with articles by Sadler, Bovard, Sabella, Mayhew, Birkhead etc on topics as varied as sense of wonder, genealogy, a strange bookstore, travel. There are posthumous pages of Cheslin cartoons plus the first instalment of an article by him (which sadly, gets cut off abruptly) and loads of illos and photos.

NO AWARD.9 Marty Cantor, 11825 Gilmore St., N. Hollywood, CA 91606 USA Two nice covers, debate on 'fan' v 'fan lounge', a take-off of van Vogt's Null-A, a piece on brains and mammoths, a nice load of off-beat and near-logical ideas, columns by Moffatt and Green, LOCs and APA notes. A real mixed bag with something for everyone.

Electric Cars



Electric cars keep cropping up in the news whenever a manufacturer unveils his latest brain child. This is normally shown tooting along quietly and pollution-free, while a commentary extols its virtues as "The car of the future". It usually concludes by adding, "Some development work is needed". At this point I mentally add, "... and quite a lot of it." Oh I know that great strides have been made in producing such vehicles but they still face some formidable problems.

I'm no expert but here's how I see it, and if you know better, please say so.

Take the average (British) family car with a 10hp engine and capable of carrying four adults and their luggage for some 300 miles in around eight hours before it needs re-fuelling. 1 hp equals 746 watts, so our family car needs some 7460 watts to operate. The average car battery delivers 72 watts at normal discharge (Ten-hour rate), so you'd need over a hundred of them to get the equivalent of your petrol car.. Oh you can increase the discharge rate, but that drastically reduces battery life. I haven't weighed a standard battery but it must be at least 10lbs, so that 100+ battery pack will add over 1000lbs load to your car. All of which makes heavy inroads on your load and distance figures.

Worse, whereas a petrol car refuels in five minutes, your batteries will need TEN HOURS for the job at normal rate. This can be upped, but shortens battery life. Those publicity plugs ignore such 'little snags'.

So, until better, lighter batteries come along, electric cars are unlikely to flood our roads. There are three other factors which can speed the process,

1. Government putting heavy taxes on petrol cars
2. Government making heavy subsidies for electric ones
3. Drivers deciding to accept vastly inferior performance

I gather the U.S. Government is already setting compulsory production minima for electric cars - I wonder if they can also enforce the buying thereof.

A different proposition involved tanking up with liquid nitrogen which drove a turbine as it boiled away. Apart from the size, cost and complexity, just imagine the protective clothing and equipment needed for refuelling, or the dangers involved in cutting crash accidents free. One false cut and they're instant 'corpsicles'.

Clive Sinclair C.5 had the right idea but the wrong market. Instead of public roads, his car would have fared better ferrying men, tools and equipment around wide-spread building sites, aerodromes or construction projects - wherever short journeys and small loads were required.

Oh, electric cars will come eventually - when we have better batteries-



ALAN BURNS, 19 The Crescent, Kings Rd.Sth.,North Tyneside NE28 7RE Sorry Penelope, it has been proved that the predilection for chilblains is in your genes. Getting to sleep, well being an old fan I get odd pains, for which I take Boots Ibuprofen caplets and one will always put me to sleep. and there is no hangover the next day. Despite the ads, Horlicks keeps me awake all night.

Idle Thoughts, I never knew what WOG stood for. I am Chinese by name my name is Sneeze. How so? In Chinese I am Ah Chu

STEVE SNEYD, 4Nowell Place, Almondbury, Huddersfield, HD5 8PB To get to sleep I used to try to remember lists, which worked fairly well. One I use now, which, touch wood, works every time is off one of those popular science things on how the brain works. You tell yourself, "I'm not sleeping, merely resting." The brain shows its perversity by saying to itself, "I'll prove he's wrong", and presto. You're asleep.

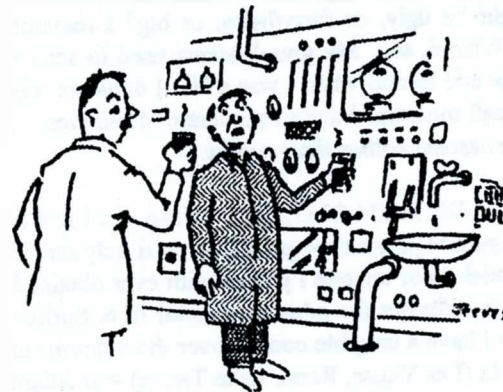
ROGER WADDINGTON, 4 Commercial St. Norton, Malton, N.Yorks YO17 9ES

With all these fly-on-wall documentaries, we're encouraged to see how other people live, but what we're really looking out for are all the crises and upsets, which the camera takes good care to give us in good measure. In quiz shows we were once encouraged to marvel at how much people knew, but now it's laugh at how little. With *The Weakest Link*, they're ritually humiliated on screen. Even with *Who Wants To Be A Millionaire*, we're encouraged to cheer their ignorance. I wonder at the motivation to be on such shows or let cameras into their homes and lives. Don't they see they are going to end up humiliated? [*Ah, but they've been ON Telly*]

PAMELA BOAL, I'm not even going to try and resist the temptation to tell Penelope how I bore my over active mind into submission. It's the old party game of, "The parson's cat is amiable, ...is amiable and beautiful, ...is amiable, beautiful, clever...." Nice attributes are much more soporific than nasty ones. One has to be firm with one's mind, if it starts to stray, go back to the start at once. It helps if one has an aversion to being beaten by trivia. Other versions are the fruit stall, mammals at the zoo, the aviary, choose your own list. I bet you would choose types of aircraft. [*The concentration would keep me awake. I tell myself if I'm not sleeping I can't be tired*]

BRIAN TAWN, 27 Burdett Rd., Wisbech, Cambs PE13 2PR Monsters in ERG, stuff to make you hide under the bed. I have read there are worse to come. A brief article in TV Times about the up-coming John Carter of Mars film said that the green fellows would have 88 arms! Clearly a misunderstanding somewhere along the line - unless ERG had a bit of trouble counting when he described Tars Tarkas. 88 arms - interesting thought - where would they all be attached? [*Perhaps they were small and grew in size when one was lost. Thanks for all the Stateside stamps by the way.*]

FRED SMITH, 10 Braidholm Cresc., Giffnock, Glasgow G46 6HQ I was in a bookshop today when I wandered over to the SF/Fantasy section and (you will never believe this), I hardly recognised any of the authors on the shelves! I joke of course, actually there were a few familiar names, Aldiss, Baxter, Dick, Niven and a couple of reprints of Sturgeon and William Tenn., but that was about it. But there were hundreds of books on those shelves - lots of them series. Who reads all this stuff and is any of it any good? [*I got the nomination form for this year's BSFA Awards and I didn't recognise a single title or any of the authors. It's Anno Domini catching up.*]



"I've put in another 10Gb of RAM and still makes lousy coffee."

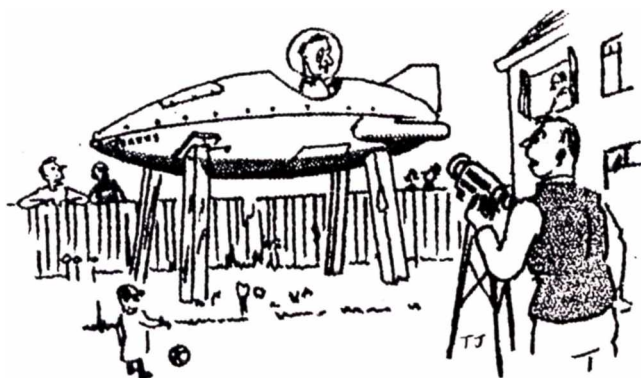
JOSEPH MAJOR, 1409 Christy Ave., Louisville, KY 40204-2040, USA As for "there's a mug born every minute" I was just reading in a new book on medical practices about a groundskeeper who had bopped his head pretty hard. A couple of days later, while at work, he started feeling dizzy, seeing double, and so on. He staggered into the nearby building, which happened to have a roomful of nurses undergoing some training. Several of the nurses began moving their hands in the air over his body. The one who did speak said that perhaps he needed to have a good cry. Finally someone thought to call a

doctor, and the groundskeeper was taken to the hospital to have the blood clot on his brain tended to. The nurses were learning something called "Therapeutic Touch", where the practitioner gets in touch with the patient's energy fields. [*Didn't I read that in 'The Monitor'?*]

RON BENNETT, 36 Harlow Park Cresc., Harrogate, N.Yorks Aliens and Monsters. I refuse to make any comment about my mother in law. I liked the description of Beynon's Perfect Creature which "could run in any direction without turning round". I'll just have to write a piece about an alien that can run in all different directions at the same time. Your wondering about someone going out to eat a Chinese has a parallel in real life. On a recent tour of the great sub-continent a member of a group of cricketers relaxing in a bar and wondering what to have for dinner, was overheard to say, "I could murder an Indian". An ugly scene followed. Political correctness... I wonder whether we'll ever see again that excellent Agatha Christie play, "Ten Little Niggers"? [*If we do it will be re-titled. "Ten vertically restricted dark pigmented gentlepersons"*]

Lloyd Penney, 1706-24 Eva Rd., Etobicoke, ON, CANADA M9C 2B2 I don't think you need to worry about adding more pages to Erg...I think most people would say it's fine just the way it is. We're all aware of the costs in producing a printed zine, so keeping the costs down for yourself will mean respondents will get that familiar Erg on a regular basis, and you're not overly pressed to keep to your quarterly schedule. The term monster has a very negative connotation, something ugly with a bad disposition; yet, some beasts we might call monsters might have a decent or even friendly disposition, or even some modicum of intelligence. Do they deserve that title of monster, simply because they might be ugly, or furry/hairy, or big? I remember such tales of monsters in Rover and Wizard, too. My grandparents used to send me comics like those, plus Hotspur, Dandy and Beano when I was a kid. I think we might find that most beings we'd otherwise call monsters have misunderstood motives. *[I think monsters are those which look gruesome rather than cuddly.]*

Henry Welch, 1525 10th. Ave, Grafton, WI 53024-2017, USA Like you I feel that the lottery is a pipe dream. I used to regularly play a dice game that used only six dice. The best roll in the game was 6 1's which I nor anyone I played with ever obtained. I can't even recall 6 of any number which increases the odds by a factor of 6. Suffice it to say I essentially never gamble unless I have a tangible control over the outcome and then not much then. I've been to Nevada (Las Vegas, Reno, Lake Tahoe) and Atlantic City as well as the local Indian Casinos on a number of occasions. My total gambling expenditures were \$6 just for fun. *[I ventured 50c when in Las Vegas, just to be able to say I'd gambled there. I also got to Tahoe and Reno, but didn't gamble there]*



"For goodness sake, make some effort to appear utterly lost in the trackless depths of outer space!"