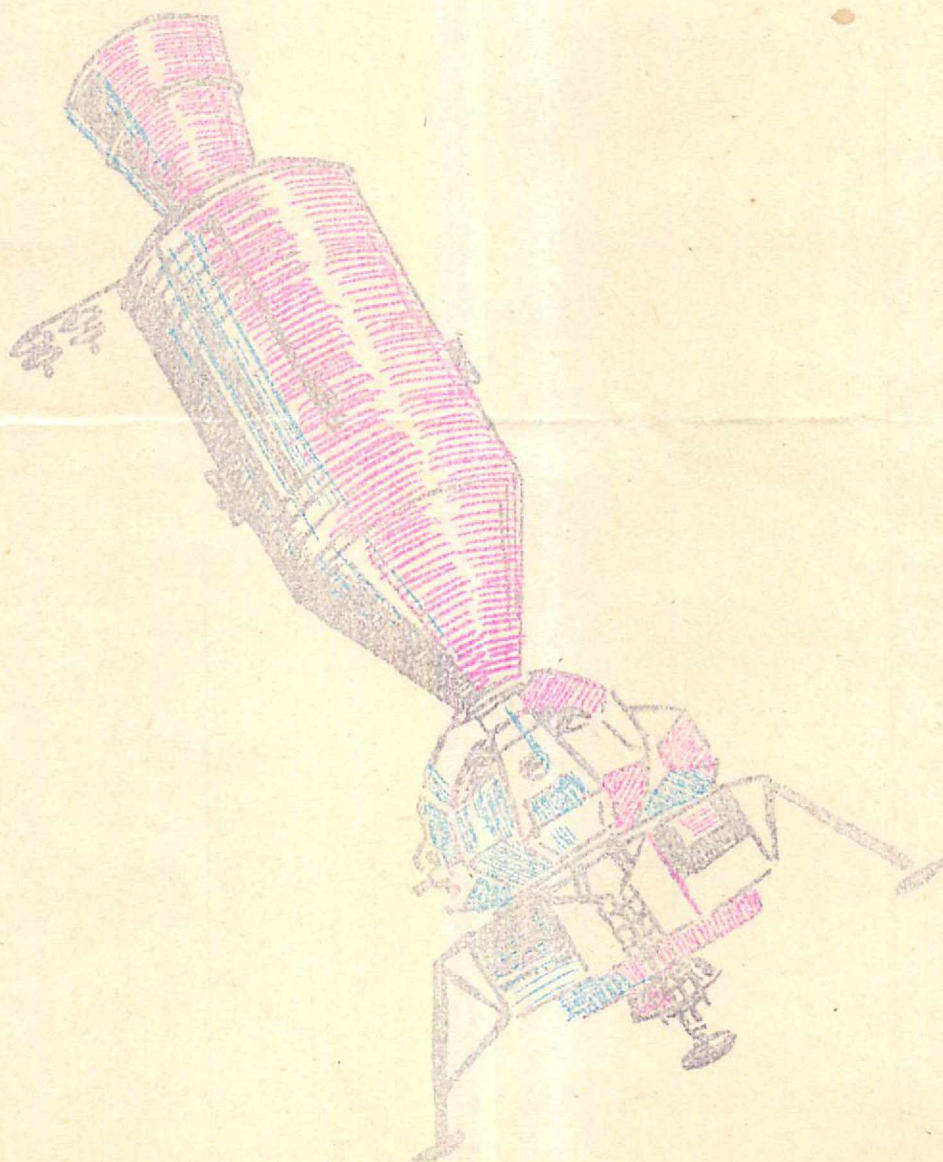


# ERIC

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# EDITORIAL

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Then again, last issue I mentioned hoping to have sold an article to Movie Maker..it duly appeared in the April issue, complete with drawings and photo of my lovely bonce. Naturally, fired with success, I have set to work and produced another piece which I hope they will buy..at the time of writing, it has been with them a month, so I have hopes.

Have you ever wondered why zoos put those nasty bars round some of those awfully docile and pettable animals they have in their cages ? Wonder no more, ERG's roving reporter has investigated for you. The other day, we visited Riber Fauna Reserve (Please don't call it a ZOO(They ask)) which turned out to be a pretty tatty place. However, they did have a couple of animated hearth rugs (Big bear and medium-sized bear)(Little bear was off noshing on Goldilocks). I duly wound up the camera, bunged the lens through the mesh and filmed medium-sized bear as it ambled slowly towards me..it looked just like a big stupid sheepdog, and very, very strokable. Nevertheless, discretion being the better part of valour (even at peace demonstrations) I panned/dollied or what have you, back from the mesh as the Msb drew nearer...which was a good job, as it made a lightning like swipe at where the camera had just been and followed it up with a flashing pair of jaws. I've never seen anything move so fast from such a deceptively slow start...so be warned. Do not tease the animals (or the yobbos)

A further word about artwork. If any of you can use any of my stuff, I have quite a bit laying around loose...BUT, it needs electro-stencilling...so if you're interested, holler. Then again, if you would like any doing direct onto stencil, shoot the stencil along...but I would appreciate return postage...over the years I must have spent a small fortune that way, and if I can reduce that load a bit, then so much the better. I also have quite a few scraper-board drawings...but I gather electro won't handle these...however if you use a process that will....holler again.

[illegible]

ERG 31 is the brain-~~stork~~ child of Terry Jeeves, 30 Thompson Rd. Sheffield S11. 8RB. All material is the work of the editor unless otherwise stated. (So blane me) Non-Comps may get the next issue by sending a LOC (preferably with a 4d stamp), by way of trade for their own zines, or by sending a copy of a U.S. prozine other than Analog, or by just being somebody I like. A few back issues are available at 4d a copy to cover postage...namely No.s 30,29,28,22,21,18, and 15. From the US, you can get 3 copies for any prozine other than Analog. ERG 31 July 1970

五、本行在辦理各項業務時，應遵守下列規定：



4  
Last week, I went on a course for Remedial Reading Teachers.  
So what? says the voice at the back...well it just so happens that I may  
have found...THE PERFECT (PERMANENT ? & CONVENTION CENTRE ...pin back your  
lug 'oles and listen.

There were fifty of us on the course (The place holds 400) and  
we had all the following facilities :-

Large lounge with several smaller exhibition rooms off it.

Smaller lounge with adjacent rooms.

Two large convention halls (one with TV) and each holding around 200.

One large exhibition hall with adjacent tea room, and its own bar.

Large dining hall; conservatory with table tennis table.

Use of entrance foyer and tables for registration, and sundry other  
smaller exhibition rooms.

Bedrooms are mostly singles, each with large wardrobe, small locker and  
reading light. Washing is in a central complex, though a few rooms  
have washbasins.

FOOD was excellent. tea at 7-30 Breakfast (with freshly-cut grapefruit)  
etc. at 8-15. Coffee at 11. Lunch at 1. Afternoon tea, scones, BB and  
jam at 4. Supper (three course meal) at 7. and Evening Refreshments  
at 9.

The cost of this was £6.4.6 for three days, plus 1/6 for  
parking at a tanner a day (bags of space) I don't know if any of this  
was subsidised, but since I shall be getting part of the amount repaid  
by the Sheffield Education Committee, it couldn't have been subsidised  
much.

Its not just for Education Boards, when we left, the Salvation  
Army moved in, and previously, they had had the annual 'do' of the  
Licensed Victuallers Association, who brought their own bar...so the  
place is used to beer, skittles and noise. As for the latter, it is in  
huge grounds, and the manager lives in a house elsewhere in the park in  
which it is set, so he isn't worried I gather I checked, and it is  
open for bookings.

SNAGS...access is not easy unless you come by car. Get there by train  
to Chesterfield or Derby, then by bus. By car, it is dead easy, being  
two minutes off the M.1. along the dual carriageway Alferton by-pass.  
.....Food, since Swanwick has only five shops, you must stay and eat  
at the Con House, there just ain't nowhere else. Since it is a serve  
yourself (no waiter) system, whoever gets landed at the end of the table  
serves the rest. Time is rather tight, as if you come thirty minutes  
late, the food has all gone.

....the place is in such great demand, that you have to book well in  
advance...two years probably wouldn't be too early for an Eastercon.

....make your own beds and keep your room tidy

At the price for what we got, it is simply fantastic, and I've attended  
my share of cons in the past, I can unhesitatingly say that this one  
would be the tops. Please pass the gen along to next years (and the  
one after con committee) if you know them (I missed this year's con,  
so have no clue. Address is THE HAYES CONVENTION CENTRE

Swanwick  
DERBYSHIRE

see to see you there.

# Carry on Teeves

part 7.

( or, HOW I WON THE WAR )

Salbani was a tiny village boasting at least a dozen mud huts. Two or three miles from this teeming (!) necropolis was our squadron. 356 and 355 Bomber squadrons consisted of a sprawl of adobe thatch huts and an airstrip studded around the perimeter track with concrete pens for aircraft dispersal and maintenance. Transport to and from the workshops and runways was in a 3-ton Bedford lorry. Since we had to make this trip several times day, plus numerous sorties around the Liberators, it seemed a good idea

for me to learn to drive the 3-tonner. My sergeant was amenable to give me the instruction, the Signals Officer gave his O.K. and so I duly learned the techniques of double-de-cluthhing required to shift the lorry around. The lessons took place on the perimeter strip flanked by scrub jungle, and I would duly tickle the Bedford in and out of empty dispersal bays at a reckless fifteen miles an hour evening after evening provided there were no ops on. One night the Sergeant got a bit bored so pointed to to a clearing in the scrub and said, "Drive down there". I duly did, and found myself bumping along over tree roots, termite hills and frantically trying to see where the next Bedford sized space was coming from. By superlative navigation coupled with pure blind luck, we eventually lurched through a drainage ditch and emerged back on to the taxi strip.

Lessons continued until I eventually went 'solo' in the Bedford. A proud moment ! To celebrate, I drove the airmen round the flight line-up, dropping them off with their radio gear at each kite. The Bedford seemed a bit sluggish, but I put that down to the load of men and machinery. It wasn't until I got back to the W/E section that I found I'd driven all the way with the hand-brake on....at least I had been ready to make an emergency stop.

The run back to the billets was usually handled by a gigantic Angl Indian called Bigg-Withers (No kidding) and he delighted in seeing just how fast he could chicane the truck between two huge concrete blocks diagonalled across the road with the aim of slowing down the boisterous drivers. Biggy's ambition was to manage the manoeuvre 1 mph faster each time he tried it...he had the game up to 40 mph before he removed a wing on one of the blocks. Exit Biggy's licence.

\*\*\*\*\*BROWN FOR TAFF \*\*\*\* now p.t.o..

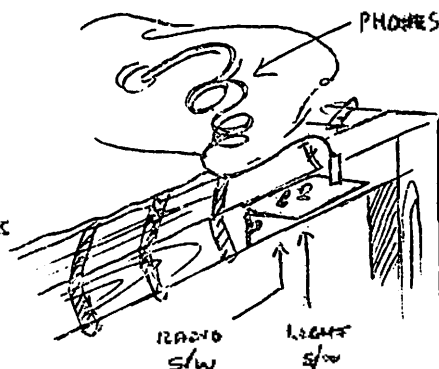
Another unforgettable item from Salbani life, was the camp cinema which was about 20 yards from our basha. The sole interval music was the record, 'BRAZIL', and the operator so loved this piece that he would play it over and over again until around 2a.m.

It was around this time that a grateful Government, ever-thoughtful of our boys overseas, instituted a free issue of some weird cigarettes called, I think, V's. Sort of boost the men's morale you know. In actual fact, they were so horrible (and mildewed) that nobody ever smoked 'em. Instead, we used to give them to the bearers as an added perk (two or three bearers did odd jobs for around forty airmen, and got a rupee a week from each airman). This had been going on for some time before I happened to notice that the bearer was smoking an Indian made 'reefer'. I asked him why he wasn't smoking V's, and found out that he thought them rubbish too, so he sold them to the coolies in Salbani. Praise be to a kind Government.

Another great morale booster (in a downwards direction) was the 'home leave' scheme introduced around 1944. Why this scheme was so loved, was because the airman's standard Indian tour was four years, and we were repeatedly told that this could not be reduced because of lack of transport to get airmen home earlier. Imagine how this 'explanation' fitted in with a scheme which could carry men back to England for leave...back to India for the rest of their tour, and finally back to England again once their tour was over. Transport space my foot. The final blow came when it was announced that only men with less than two years overseas were eligible. Poor clots such as me, then in their third year overseas had to face doing the full term, while others on the squadron, in India only 18 months were flown back home for a spot of leave. Big deal!

On the brighter side, was the table Pat O'Hanlon and I made from a latrine door, and a charpoy sawn in half for the legs. To cover the bare wood we bought a length of rag from the durzi (tailor) and nailed it on the top. To settle disputes as to who was hogging the table, we painted a line down the middle of the cloth...anything that strayed across to enemy territory became the property of the other.

The most Heath-Robinson gadget was my charpoy. Having made a radio from liberated odds and ends...including a battery of 6 volt indicator bulbs as a voltage dropper...thus making a set which lit up like Blackpool illuminations, it seemed a good idea to run an extension socket for headphones and screw it on to the edge of the bed to permit late night listening in bed. The next obvious step was to run the radio's On/Off switch to the bed as well. The final refinement was to hang a 75 watt bulb over the charpoi, and screw the switch for that onto the bed too. Very civilised to lay in bed reading and listening to the radio...then flick the whole lot off, turn off and go to sleep.



Of course, normal (?) service life ran its merry way...such as the day the Signals Officer sent for me and said that he understood that I was keen to get in the odd bit of flying whenever the chance came up. I pleaded guilty, so he went on to add that he had arranged for me to go up in a Lib being air-tested that day. I duly collected 'chute, harness and 'Mae West', then toddled round to dispersal where the C.O. was briefing the crew. It turned out that he was going to take up a Harvard and attack us, while the Lib pilot would heave his B-24 around the sky in evasive action and the crew pooped away at the Harvard with camera guns. We took off and rendezvoused over Salbani, where the C.O. proceeded to make like a fighter pilot as our B-24 heaved and pitched all over the sky. It was a fascinating flight, and up on the flight deck, I kept my nose glued to the tiny window for the whole of the performance..... It wasn't until we landed and the Signals Officer asked me how everything worked, that I realised I had been supposed to air-test the radio gear. Oh well, he should have said.

On another bright sunny day, a Lib caught fire on the bomb line just before an op. The other aircraft were hastily taxied away from the danger area as .5 cannon shells whined off in all directions, and airmen did the same. Finally, the bombs and petrol tanks let go all at once and we had a lovely view of what a mini A-bomb would look like a year later when the first one dropped on Japan. As for the crew chief who entered and taxied away the adjacent Lib...he got praised by the C.O.....and the C.O. got a 'gong' for bravery or summat.

Then there was the time we worked right through the day and into the wee small hours trying to get a recalcitrant radio-compass to stop giving a bearing 180° out of true. After changing the loop, and the compass it eventually boiled down to a new Corporal who had managed to bend the pins on the loop socket around so that the plug could be inserted the wrong way round. Another lovely fault was the inter-com system that went u/s every time the kite flew...and was OK on a ground test. Eventually, it went u/s and stayed that way, so we set to work to isolate the fault. It proved to be a tiny drilling of Aluminium about half an inch long, which had dropped across a terminal strip... it kept jiggling up and down in flight and shorting out the whole inter-com system.

There were dozens of such incidents at Salbani..including the new Signals Officer who was a Dead Keen Type, and who would frequently drive down to the airmens billets late at night to drag use out to the aircraft to play around with the gear. This got to such a stage that at the first sight of headlights outside the hut, we would dash off into the jungle clad only in a towel (standard off duty wear in the hot nights) until his jeep headed off elsewhere to find some other mug.

However, there were compensations...such as leave ...but that comes later...so stay tuned for Part Eight.....Leave in Naini Tal.

(TO BE CONTINUED.....) (BROWN FOR TAFF)

# DOWN MEMORY-BANK LANE PART. 5

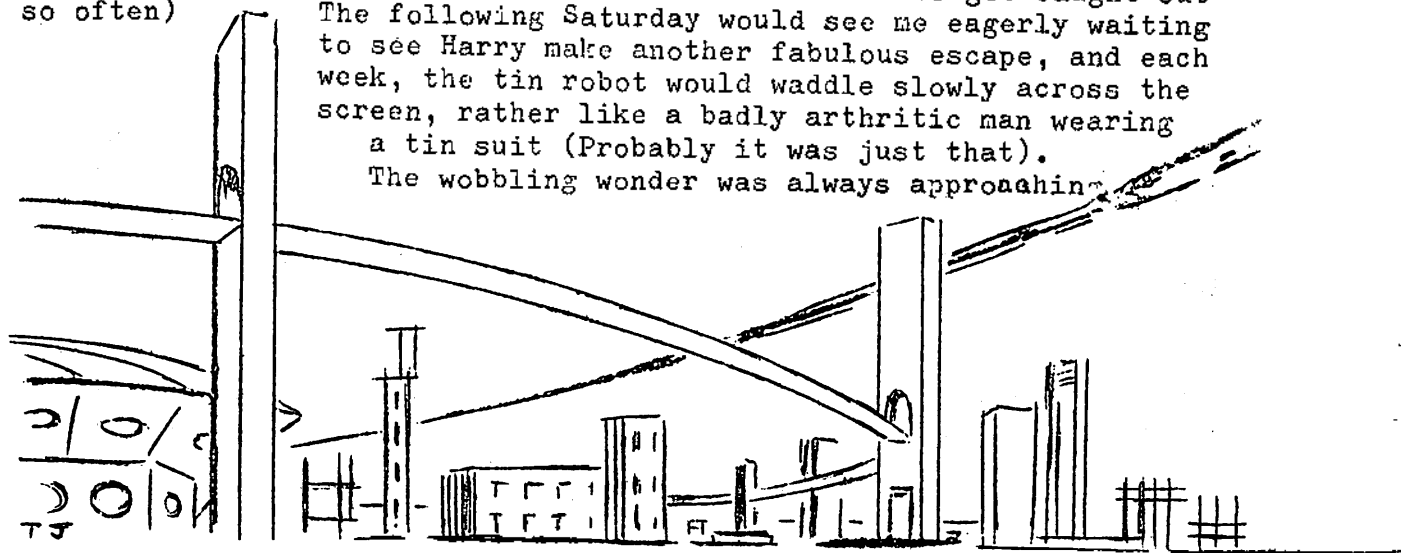
by  
Terry Jeeves

Pre-war science fiction was not confined solely to the pulp magazines. Films and comics also contributed their tiny quota, and fragmentary memories of these linger on. I missed out on some of the earlier greats such as, 'Girl in The Moon' and 'Metropolis', although I did manage to catch the latter at a convention.

Probably the earliest s-f film I saw featured the great escapologist, Harry Houdini. He was ranged against the forces of some underworld gang which had somehow got control of a large metal robot. This epic ran as a serial (of about 297 episodes it seemed) at the Saturday afternoon children's matinee...(Do they still have 'em these days?) After dinner, I would collect my 3d to admit me to the elite audience in the balcony...the 'nice' children. However, my usual technique was to splurge 2d on sweets, and use the remaining 1d to get me into the downstairs 'pit' among the riff-raff. From this vantage point, I watched enthralled the numerous tussles between Houdini and the baddies. Each episode usually culminated with the redoubtable Harry being chained, tied, immersed, buried, or generally rendered hors-de-combat in some way designed to make him slightly dead by the following week. (He must have been a bit of a nit to get caught out so often)

The following Saturday would see me eagerly waiting to see Harry make another fabulous escape, and each week, the tin robot would waddle slowly across the screen, rather like a badly arthritic man wearing a tin suit (Probably it was just that).

The wobbling wonder was always approaching

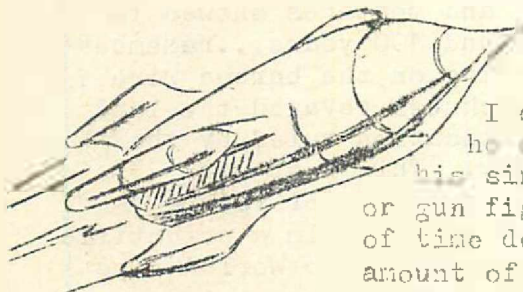




to 'do' someone, but in the event, the nearest it came was to lay one claw on its victims shoulder as the magic words flashed on the screen 'To be continued next week'....and next week, the victim always shot off sharpish like a scalded cat. Still, it was a real robot, and what more could a ten year old ask for ?

If one robot was good, then picture the effect on my gentle mind of scads of the things (Obviously, I never recovered). Throw in a buried city, futuristic buildings and costumes and you might think it would be Paradise. True enough, but even Eden had its serpent...so did 'PHANTOM EMPIRE'...in the shape of a singing cowboy ! Gene Autry, who managed to burst into song at least once in every episode. A baby-faced 'cowboy' (snigger) more at home with guitar than gun, and who never, NEVER got involved in fistcuffs. The complete antithesis of my previous heroes, Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, Ken Maynard etc. This particular film was aimed at three targets...The music (ecch !) lovers, the cowboy buffs, and the s-f fans, all of which made for a rather complicated plot. It went something like this... Autry ran a dude ranch (so he could sing to his guests every night)(Poor sods), but buried somewhere beneath his property was a futuristic city..I forget how it got there, probably hiding from Autry..The inhabitants of this city wanted to drive Autry off the ranch (so did I), and to do this, masked, caped and helmeted riders would regularly ride roughshod over his ranch to do some dirty deed. Having done their dirty deed, they vanished down their bolt hole...a hinged wall in a dead-end canyon, rather like Aladdin's cave...a stock shot which was used at least once each week. Otherwise, the stock ingredients of each episode were :-

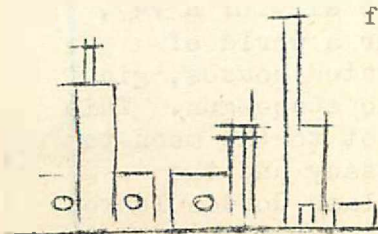
1. Autry escaped from the peril threatening him from last week.
2. He sang a song
3. The masked rider tore around, did their nastiness and vanished down the plug hole.
4. Autry pursued them and ended up in trouble again...usually knocked out on a conveyor belt about to be spot-welded by a robot .



My objections to this serial were many.. I couldn't stick Autry, and felt cheated when he ~~occupied~~ the spot-welding treatment. I hated his singing, and also dude ranches (no fistfights or gun fights) I also got bored with the vast amount of time devoted to cowboy fiddling, and the minimum amount of footage given to the city and the robots.

Worst of all was the way Autry escaped each week. It is summed up in the old joke...'after our hero had escaped from the pit of man-eating fishcakes' Each week would see Autry vanishing head first into the fiery maw of a robot welder...and the next episode started with him regaining his senses before getting anywhere near the place of execution. This got a bit tedious when in week x he fell over a cliff, and in week x + 1 managed to stay safely on the edge.

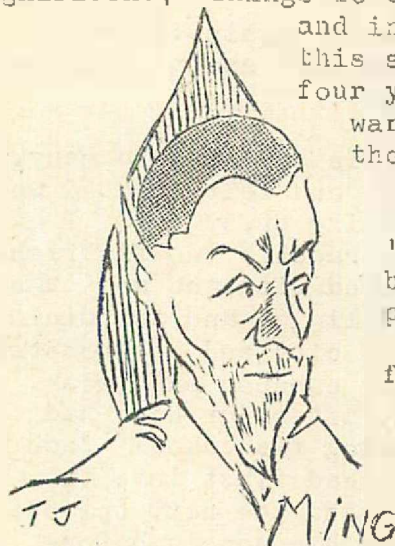
A most unsatisfactory arrangement.



Then there was Flash Gordon....somehow I never took to him either. Partly because all the aliens were just dressed up human beings with strong American accents. Then again, Flash's acting ability as portrayed by Buster Crabbe was only underceded by his girl friend Dale, although she had nice legs and a more interesting shape than Flash by way of recompense. The rocketplane shots were good..if you liked inertialess rockets. The models would make nice approaches (spraying sparks like a Brock's benefit) but jerk to a halt or spun round on their own axes. The abrupt manoeuvres would have mashed anyone not equipped with a Bergenholm. However the girls were the cat's whiskers, and I must admit to a sneaking sympathy for the Emperor Ming and his designs on Dale for whom he planned a fate worse than death...at least he had the right idea. Good old fuddy-duddy Flash, true to the morals of his day, never even kissed Dale. Sex never reared its smashing head.

F.P.1 (or to give it its full name, Floating Platform Number One) featured Conrad Veidt. It concerned a huge metal raft anchored in mid Atlantic as a staging post to allow airliners to make a refuelling stop. This idea was often bruited about in the Popular Science magazines of the day as a solution to the short-range aircraft then in use. Another film 'solution' to crossing the herring pond was 'The Tunnel' starring Richard Dix as the rock-faced engineer who was drilling a tunnel beneath the Atlantic ocean..with all the dangers inherent in the job. Scenes featuring the tunnel entrance were filmed in Liverpool at the Mersey tunnel. More on the fantasy side, was 'Death Takes a Holiday' wherein the old man with a scythe goes on a spot of leave..and during his absence the most disastrous accidents produce no fatalities...including one man taking a swan dive off the Eiffel tower.

Perhaps the best film of that era however, was Korda's magnificent, 'Things To Come'. Reputedly based on the Wells' book and in actual fact having no discernible connection this started off with World War 2 (then three or four years in the future) and montages showed the war dragging on for around 100 years...remember the soldier disintegrating on the barbed wire?



The 'wandering sickness ravaged the land and a barbarian civilisation ruled by the 'Boss' struggled along. This post-war barbarism became a stereotype for future post A-bomb stories. In the film a scientific society called, 'Wings Over The World' rose from nowhere and took over. We must ignore how such a society could remain completely apart from a war decimated world, and at the same time, construct a fleet of super-bombers each about three times the size of a 747.

From here on in, we enter a world of futuristic machines, excavating machines, prefabricated houses, giant TV screens, miniature wrist TV sets and of course the space-gun. This supplied the climax when the first travellers are shot to the moon to the accompaniment of a stirring speech by Raymond Massey and the Marvellous Music of Bliss. Beside this, Autry and Flash Gordon looked like sweepings from the cuttin' moon floor.

Then of course, there was the horror film as perfected by Messrs Karloff and Lugosi. Films which were enhanced by the black and white film then used. The modern Technicolour re-hashed affairs produced by Hammer and suchlike companies just make me laugh. The oldies had atmosphere and credibility from the word 'Go'. The modern versions are beautifully staged and photographed...and flops.

Who could forget Karloff's 'Mummy' coming slowly to life behind the Egyptologist busily decyphering the incantation for reviving the dead? Who could fail to thrill to the sight of Frankenstein's monster emerging from the very bowels of the pit? I even felt great sympathy for the poor caretaker (janitor) played by Boris in the epic 'The Walking Dead'. His greatest triumphs were of course in the 'Frankenstein' series, which caused the monster to become 'Frankenstein' in the public mind. The essential ingredients of all these was a deserted castle, preferably on a hill and unhabited by whoever was going to carry out the latest bit of wizardry. This involved waiting for a torrential rainstorm with attendant thunder and lightning (the latter supplied the electricity). As soon as the roof bridge washed out and the 'phone lines came down, the experiment could begin. Oudin coils rubbed shoulders with Wimshurst generators as sparks flashed all over the place. The monster got his battery recharged. A lovely mayhem would follow until the finale when the nasty thing got its comeuppance once more. I loved the films, but never seemed to sleep well after seeing them...maybe it was the fault of the stuffy air beneath the bedclothes.

Lugosi was less of an actor than Karloff, he depended more on a deadpan visage and weird makeup for his effects, coupled with a hammy gesture with his cape. I couldn't help feeling that whereas Karloff entered into and became the character, Lugosi was little more than a competent ham. Whether or not this is true, the fact remains that these films marked the zenith of the Gothic horror film.

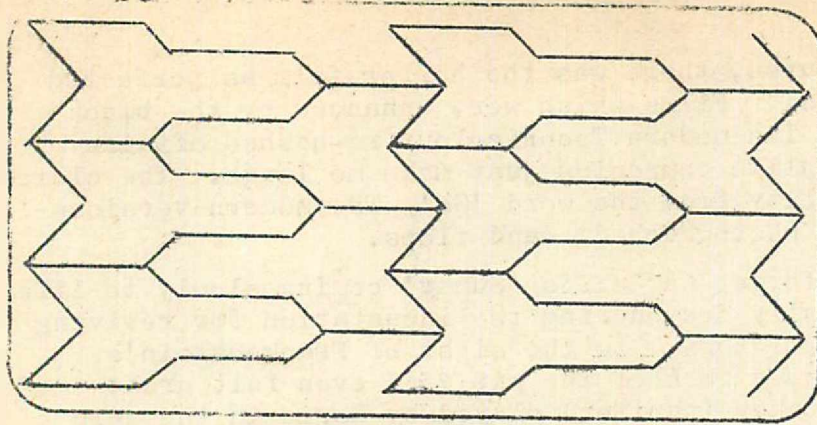
Less memorable perhaps, but equally gripping, was Lionel Atwill's performance in the 'Mystery of the Wax Museum'....which contained some of the most realistic wax-works ever seen...which wasn't surprising in view of the fact that Atwill's artistry came from the simple method of murdering people then wax-coating their bodies. Predictably, he ended up in a vat of boiling wax....Ackerman would have said it probably made him wax wrath.

Then there was the 'Invisible Man' with some excellent trick photography. Just how did they film the footprints appearing in the snow? How did he unwound himself from an invisible head, Smoke? Drink? I never did find out, but I thoroughly enjoyed the film. I also enjoyed (and still do) King's hopeless love for Fay Wray which led to his eventual machine gunning and fall from the Empire State Building. The follow-up, 'Son of Kong', was a mere pot-boiler.

It seems surprising really, that an age which supported several s-f mags, horror mags, and films on both themes could have looked upon spf and astronautics as both being something not quite proper.... "I like s-f, but I wouldn't let my daughter marry one"... anyone who admitted to liking the stuff was regarded as slightly puzzled. It was a proud and lonely thing to be a fan.

T. J.





# RECENT READING

Being a sort of rambling review of some of the things I have read in the last few weeks.

## WORLDS OF THE IMPERIUM Keith Laumer, Ace M-165

The hero is kidnapped into an alternate time-track in order to pose as (and kill) a dictator who is his double. Bags of thud and blundering action by cardboard characters in improbable situations, otherwise quite entertaining. Recommended for insomniacs.

## EDGE OF TIME, David Grinnell Ace M-162

A scientist creates a sub miniature universe to spy on its secrets. The mini-creatures expand into the macro-universe in spaceships (how?) and still expanding, vanish into the night (where?) above the laboratory. Campbell, Sturgeon, and JRF have all done this plot better. This re-hash is just that... a hash up. Give it to an enemy..if you have no enemies, then give it to somebody, and you soon will have.

## THE THIRD EYE. Theodore Cogswell, Belmont B50-840

Belmont usually scare me off with pot-boilers. This collection of 15 stories is different. There's nothing really great here, but I enjoy nearly all these prozine-culled yarns. Buy it if you don't sub to all the zines.

## DRIVING H.M.S.O. 12/6 The ministry of Transport Driving manual. It tells you just about everything you need to know, whether you are a beginner or expert. I bet you don't know it all. It is probably too heavy and detailed for a learner to assimilate at one shot, but for reference, or brushing up your 'experienced knowhow' it is a must for every driver and road user.

## AMERICAN COMBAT PLANE Ray Wagner, MacDonald & Co. 450 pages...I got this at the library and don't know the price. Ideal for aircraft buffs, its hefty bulk gives details of every combat plane in the USAF ..and some I never heard of, such as the super-powered B-29 which could hit 392 mph. It also settles the 'flying wing' no. thing we queried a while back. It was the YB 49 (formerly the XB 35).

## THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS Heinlein. Luna is populated by a convict evolved society (as Australia) and they want freedom. I found this rather too wordy & slow in parts. Well detailed, but not one of Heinlein's best. Once again (As in Stranger) he oversimplifies his Utopian society...people seem to govern themselves by common sense and unwritten laws in an extension of the six-gun principle of the Wild West. Heinlein doesn't tell us what happens when the big baddie pushes

13  
the little goodie around ..the general theory seems to be that the baddies kill each other off, and the little goodies don't deserve to survive any how, so only the good big tough polite guys survive...Hmhm. But I liked the intelligent computer which headed the underground movement..otherwise I was bored.

BASIC BOOKBINDING, A.W.Lewis, Blandford Press.

An excellent book crammed with facts, details and explanations of how to do it. Excellent. clear line drawings and lucid descriptions enabling you to get down to it with a minimum of fuss. Make your own photo albums, scrap books, magazine anthologies. Since reading this, I seem to be spending all my spare time making books or binding up stuff into hardcovers. Highly recommended.

FRONTIERS OF SPACE Bono & Gatland, Blandford Press, 21/-

This is the follow up volume to this publishers earlier (and excellent) volume, 'Manned Spacecraft'. This one is equally well illustrated in colour, and describes the future projects in considerable detail. Well worth having on its own and if you have the other book, then this is a must ! Oh yes, for the Pollyannas, it also explains how we're benefitting from space research.

DESIGN IN MOTION Halas and Maxwell 75/-(ouch) On the design quality of animated cartoons. Chock full of frame enlargements, colour pics, cartoon sequences and the like, with very little text. It is a fantastic source of inspiration if you aspire (as I do) to making better cartoons...but it is NOT a D.I.Y book, but an arty display.

THAT NOTHING FAILED THEM Air Commodore Alan Wheeler. Foulis

Test pilot's account of trying out war-time fighters and bombers. Good reading, but not as interesting as Bridgeman's 'X-15' or Twiss on flying the Fairey Delta 11 to name but a couple...and expensive at 35/-

STARWOLF 1 'The Weapon From Beyond' Edmond Hamilton. Ace G-639 50c

The old master has come up with a new character designed to be the first of a series of space-operas based on the adventures of Morgan Chane, sort of superman pirate. This one is from 1967, but is new to me..there may now be others. Kollicking good adventure, a cut above the usual without being 'intellectual'. Chane is a cast out 'Starwolf' or pirate fleeing from his brethren. Reared on a high-G planet he has strength and speed. Caught up with mercenaries, he has numerous adventures, culminating in a brief encounter with ultra powerful aliens. Nothing really new here, but I thoroughly enjoyed it.

CINE NOTE. SEEING an advert for a new, low prize colour film, I tried it out. Called, Dynachrome, it costs 5/ a standard 8 reel of, 25ft double-run film. The processing costs 10/. The whole shebang comes to half the price of Kodak or Agfa...I used it under very bad conditions and I'm sold on it...top marks. Incidentally, they only sell Type 'A' 40 A.S.A. but I use it all the time with a filter. From :-

Dynachrome Laboratories, St. Margarets Place, Glasgow C.1....and the processing is fast...around four days.

=====

BROWN FOR TAFF +++ VOTE FOR BROWN +++Don't say Hovis, Say 'BROWN'



# In Praise of HIPPIES

by  
Alan Burns

To begin with it is best if we define a hippie. A hippie is an organism of humanoid origin devoted, in one way or another to changing the environment in which it exists for the better--it is hoped. Contrary to the generally held belief, there are two types of hippie, not one. These two strains are hippie parasitus (or publicus as some people incorrectly but appropriately describe it) the hippie strain that makes the headlines. The second strain is hippie symbioticus (or secretus as some people incorrectly but appropriately describe it) this strain is so seldom noticed or heard of that I felt it was necessary to write this article to acquaint everyone in despair that there exists a quiet, but very effective counter to hippie parasitus.

Before starting to praise the hippie s. strain let me generalise for just a paragraph on the hippie p. strain. This strain is regarded as a nuisance. The bulk of it is found wherever dirt and vermin thrive and it has a propensity for adding to this. It can also get out of hand now and then and have to be violently suppressed--CS gas and water cannon are specific to a degree, but the best cure, public floggings at the cart's tail through three parishes has unfortunately been done away with by the misguided efforts of the most dangerous strain of hippie p. such as is exemplified by h.p. Wilsonii. This virulent menace was allowed to get out of hand in 1964, a chance to extirpate it in 1966 was lost, and unless something is done this year or next by a public campaign--one shudders to think of the consequences.

Turning however to the subject of this article, the praise of hippie s. The prime importance of this strain is that it is enormously energetic, and a little goes a long way. It is seldom recognised, preferring to do its good by stealth, and good it does. Rather than describe it in detail, it may best be brought to notice by a study of three types. There are others but they are minor in effect.

I shall deal first with a fairly well-known strain of hippie s., namely h.s. Enocpowellii. This variant is characterised primarily by the belief that the land which it has chosen as its territory and made suitable for its



quiet enjoyment, should not be handed over lock stock and barrel to outsiders who have contributed nothing to it, and who come armed only with vast hunger and a multitude of offspring. H.s. Enoc-powellii is however of a gentle disposition. It believes that first of all, unwelcome interlopers must be persuaded that they are not wanted, and additionally should have generous travelling expenses paid. Only if persuasion of these types fails would h.s. Enocpowellii resort to the "shove-off-chum-you-aren't-wanted" means of removal. This strain of hippie s, is notable for

its lack of the normal reticence shown by other strains. It takes any chance in a gathering in which it happens to be to express its opinions on whatever subject it may find interesting, and having a brilliant intelligence and a tranchant turn of phrase it is always listened to and nor do its words fall upon shallow ground. Some claim that it may ultimately oust h.s. Heathii from pre-eminence, but observers generally discount this possibility.

We shall now consider a strain of Hippie symbioticus which bears certain similarities to h.s. Enocpowellii but which has some quite unique differences. This is h.s. Iansmithii. This variant also believes in the preserving of the territory it has occupied by hard labour, but it sees no reason why an alien strain(h.p. niggerlaborii)should not be allowed in to do the graft in return for certain privileges. Somewhat unfortunately for h.p. niggerlaborii there was a sort of contest of strength between the dominant strain and a wild type of h.p. strain (h.p. laborleftwingii) which resulted in h.s. Iansmithii being cut off from its normal supplies of nutriment. it therefore had to adapt to the products of its own territory which proved satisfactory, and it got by with the help of its friends(h.s. Vorsterii). The important thing to note about h.s. Iansmithii is that it was turned by the wild h.p. strain mentioned above from a rather loosely area attached strain into a putter down of tightly holding ground roots, and the last tenuous connections with the founding strain(h.s. Angloexplorerii) were severed forever.

The final strain I shall consider is, unlike the other two, not a territorial holder so much as a territorial defender. H.s. Madmitchii is an organism that thrives upon the taking an subduing of territory held by any inimical strain, usually h.p. wogteroristii. H.s. Madmitchii has a peculiar method of entering enemy territory. It breaks down initial resistance by the emission of sonic and supersonic

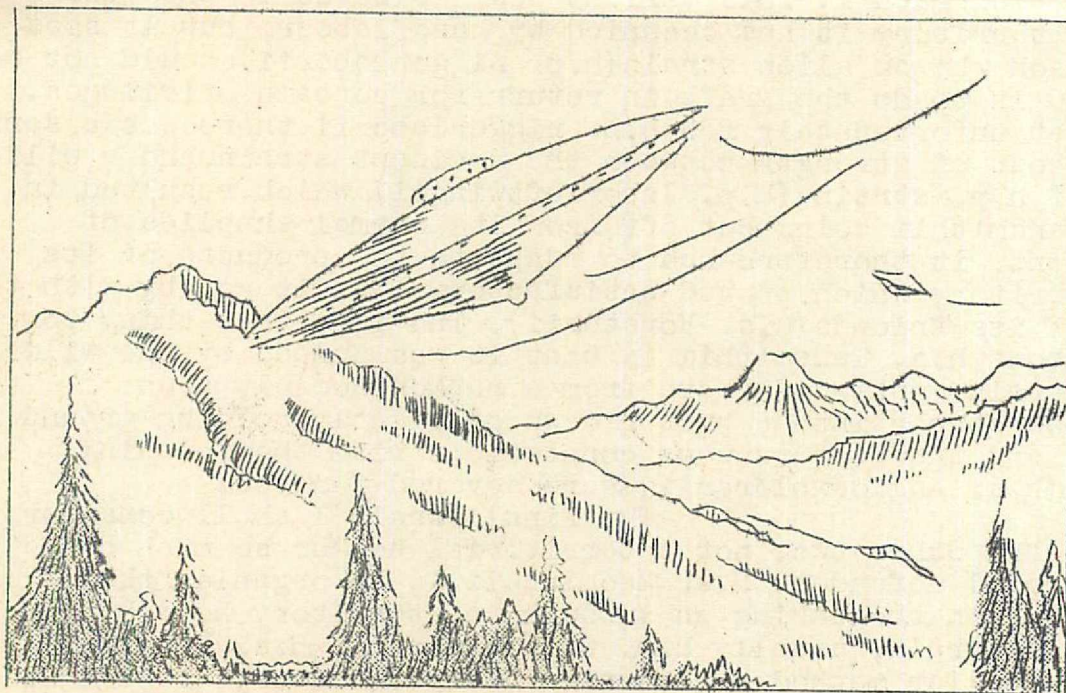


frequencies produced by the expelling of air-sacs gaseous content through special channels. The enemy so being demoralised the organism is equipped with pointed projections which when inserted into the rear of h.p. wogtororistii induces a marked willingness in the latter to co-operate in the pacification of the occupied territory.

These then are but three of the strains of Hippie Symbioticus which I have room to discuss, there are others that will doubtless spring to mind. But one must always be on the look-out for a hippie parasiticus trying to pass itself off as a hippie symbioticus. One such is h.p. studentii. This particular nuisance haunts centres of learning, and is only in evidence where there is to be trouble made. It is curious that the h.s. strains in these centres do nothing to eradicate this pest, perhaps they do, but it must be borne in mind that even an h.s. strain has its early and immature days before reasonable behaviour sets in and h.p. studentii takes advantage of this. However we must, as I say be discriminating in recognising Hippie s. strains, but when we do, we must support them in every way we can.

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REMEMBER 'TRIODE'...Britain's top fanzine? Here's one of the illos which we never got around to printing.....a posthumous McIntyre



This Saucer supports Charlie Brown for TAFF

# Ompaviews

of the 57<sup>th</sup> mailing

BEST COVER....Moth.5

MOST INTERESTING ITEM...  
..Tissuemenology in EGG

## OFF TRAILS

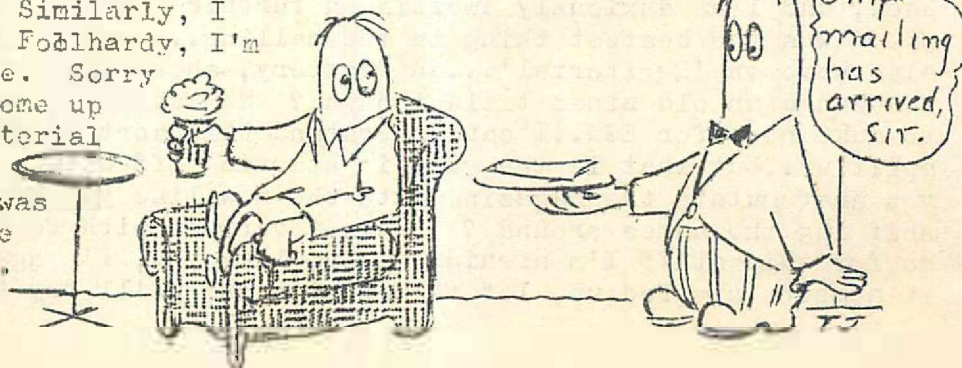
First off, let me moan about the thin mailing this time. Out of 25 members, only five kicked into the mailing, and out of the 92 pages, three people covered 75 of them. The trouble is not the numbers on the roster..BUT THE NUMBERS OF DEAD WOOD there. Once again, may I cite a certain member who has not had a thing in the mailing since the 47th mailing ! unless you count an article in another Ompazine...but this person's activity requirement has been left at around 17 pages owing for all that time ...around four years. How do you expect to get a viable OMPA when deadwood like that clogs the list ? I have no feud against that member...but against the idea of carrying such people on the mailing list and thus keeping out..and discouraging by poor mailings..other people who might have joined. I have cited this case twice before...nothing was done or even replied about...but I wonder how many others there are ???? Incidentally, under the new rule, this one has now been extended to 1971 ! The zines from this member were among the best things in the mailings..very good indeed..but you can't run OMPA on past glories...so how about it ? Let's prune non-actives I propose a new rule...

"Any member who fails to have something in one mailing each calendar year shall be expelled"...and another, "Any member failing to meet their activity requirement within four issues be expelled."

Which leads me to the latest proposals. Naturally, I'm in favour of \$1 dues and four issues a year.. anything less. and it isn't worth playing. As for voting shall we disband OMPA..this offer is undemocratic, and unfair. (probably unconstitutional as well) Suppose 13 members vote to fold up...and 12 want to carry on. That means the poor old 12 have to see the Association fold under them, surely if the 13 don't want it, then all they need to do is resign and make room for someone who will produce.

## FOOLHARDY

The individual cover illos were good, but lumped together it just didn't seem right. Similarly, I just didn't dig Sir Foolhardy, I'm too much of a square. Sorry Mike, you usually come up with darned good material so it must be me and of course that was the only item in the issue to comment on.





ON THE TRAILS Egad, another of these crazy mixed up (sizeways) issues . We never had mixed issues in the Crimea by Ghad. Me and Horrocks would never have stood for it, not even in a NAAFI queue..and I've stood in some in my time, I can tell you..why if EGG asked me to; I'd do it at the drop of a NAAFI rockbun (if the floor would stand it.) Since I correspond with you (thus making you a good man) I hope to see you come a-visiting from Leeds (bring some of that moonrock with you)(mint preferably) Your room Hi-Fi wiring reminded me of my good old RAF days (Sorry EGG old thing)..read Carry on Jeeves for the reason why. Back to this Euthanasia..naturally, I would expect it to be limited to those in agony but mentally capable of weighing up the pros and cons before asking for it . It sounds nice and high minded to deny such people Euthanasia...but would the people who deny them this peace be prepared to suffer with them ? I had five years of it with asthma..and only Val knows what that was like. I wouldn't have asked for euthanasia..but by gun, I was darned near it many times. Until you've suffered hard and long, it doesn't do to howl too much against the idea...I'm with you on this I think. Re Wally's article in VOT...humans. NOT robots smashing St.Pauls..and the illo was in b and w, not colour...but I have the original mag, so why worry.

WHATSIT This was another good cover (nearly made it best of the mailing)

I agree with you over Barbar..when Sandy has it on, I always think the same thing..it is faintly gruesome...the faceless puppet-like humans and that ghastly elephant...ugh. For that atomic rocket, see a recent Analog...yes, I reckon we could run this country better than old Harold (which doesn't say much) GO WEST WITH LABOUR. ...Liked Jean's piece..as for wedding day fiascos...I ushered the rest of the family out of the house and off to church, then went back to don my duds and found the door had locked shut behind me...and not a key in sight. Again, the flowers failed to arrive at Val's place, and had to be chased up...even the tape recording of the ceremony 'wows' like stink...and of course if you numbered your pages (hint) then Jean's piece wouldn't have been scattered around the 'zine. OMPA..how about us making a new one with a dictatorial constitution...produce at least every other mailing..NOT less than two pages...or OUT

ERG..usual superb issue..but have you noticed that there is another zine using a title similar to yours..ah well, philately will get you everywhere, and imitation is the sincerest form of. I accept the condiment in the spirit. And like that

EGG (That title is a good one..very good, yes indeed) Thank you number pages. Have a good mark. My sheet of toilet paper was soon used, and I am anxiously awaiting a further supply. The Tissuemenology piece was the bestest thing in the mailing..very, very super. I see you also have an 'Eggitorial'...ah flattery, sheer flattery. Why do you have to change an old zine's title though ? Why should Checkpoint have to go to make room for EGG..I can understand this sort of thing when two faneds split up..but what is the gain in starting off with a new title..can't you just mutate the magazine into the new line you have chosen without shifting the names around ? Swinefever..as with Foolhardy, I just don't go for this stuff I'm afraid. Yep, like you, I'm against OMPA disbanding if members are fed up, let them resign and we'll try to get some active



ones back in their places. I liked all the artwork, and it was a darn good issue ..but my copy of the 30 page 20C1 review was missing. Shall I complain, or did it vanish into the limbo of the displaced time warp ? MOTH.. ah yes, the ephemeral phanzine. (see comment to Ot On The Trails)

I offer to do a piece if EAG asks..but if you asked, then not only would I tell you about MAAFF queues, but why they had them, and why lots of people joined up voluntarily to get a uniform entitling them to stand there. Ah, me and Horrocks lad, those were our finest hours when back to back, shoulder to shoulder and eye to eye we fought to make England a land of freedom and fit for heroes to raise the current generation of protesters in...and of course where I could make my model aeroplanes without all those nasty bombs dropping on my nut. That's the trouble with people who don't want to fight wars..somebody always picks on 'em, and by their own lights they have to put up with it. Must be a terrible life..imagine Pearl Harbour without any hitting back.. or Britian after accepting Hitler's antics...they are uncouth these warmongers..won't let a body alone. Well, I liked th issue..but when using Panda, why not ring in a few coloured illos as well, its so easy that way (though judging by the mess I made of it last time, no one would think so. Personally, I prefer separate reviews to the dialogue thing...but then I'm queer they tell me..but it was a good issue.

PABLO (s) The little creatures aren't hairy Soggies (advrt.) but GLUGS pronounced GLUGS. I liked the Olaf cartoon cover..a bit more care and I'd have rated it as bestest. Market bookstalls aint what they used to be...shoals of tatty 'Sport', 'Wrestling' and cheap porno-stuff and like that. Whenever I get in a market I hunt up the bookstalls, but nowadays the wonder has gone from it...they only have rubbish. That Russian hombre was also a very good cover..but have you noticed how many zines this time didn't put TITLE, Number or anyother gen on the front...makes it rather like a grab bag..and how many don't number their pages...the cowards. Euthanasia..see comments to OT ON THE TRAILS As for getting Ompa on its feet, well I campaign for pruning the dead wood, and screwing up the activity requirment..this mailing (57) has two or three zines devoted purely to comment...comment on other zines is good, but how long can an APA last if no material on which to comment is forthcoming ?

MOTH (Again)..Incidentally, Terry Jeeves DIDN'T call you a liar..I said..quote.."I doubt very much if you could remember all those wartime details as you were only five when the war ended. Personally, I can recall isolated incidents ( of about half second duration) from the ages of three or four...but no real, useful or valid memory sequences as from later dates...so I still doubt..but I'm NOT calling you a liar, as I could easily be wrong about this..OK ?

MEMBERS ALL....How about sitting down after rea ing this mailing and making a real effort to plan and produce a bumper issue for next mailing. Don't just toss the one aside and say to yourself..I Must do something sometime. DON'T leave it to others..get cracking...if each members came up with only six pages, then we could expect a 150 page mailing at the very least...so HOW ABOUT IT ???????

## Membership List (Off Trails 57)

Name	Page per mailing													
	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59
Ashley M.										10		6		
Bennett R.			12											
Bishop G							12	2			11	8		
Boak G								12						
Burgess B				13										
Charters G		9		26					14	11				
Cheslin K.					64		14	7	8		87	10		
Gray R.	38										9*			
Jeeves T.			16	14				16	16	20	15	22		
Lindsay E.				12				6						
Mercer B.		30	12	33	18		46	31	25	46	23			
Muir J.									13	26				
Pardoe D.									8		4	6		
Pardoe K.												12		
Piper D.										32	23	7		
Reed M.	24						10			14				
Roberts P							8	14		4		21		
Boggs R.					2									
Dietz										14				
Eney R.			42				15			19				
Hickman L,									26	12	45			
Metcalf N			24							16	1			
Patten F.							20	25	11	8				
Studebaker D.					11						25*			
Schwenn					2									

65 → 1966 → 1967 → 1968 → 1969 → 1970

\* Denotes credit for articles in OZ (Gray 9 pages, Studebaker 10)

An interesting breakdown, from which you can draw your own conclusions.

However, you might notice how some members have managed to linger on without producing their activity requirement. And of course there is one character who appears repeatedly in the comment section as, "He has promised faithfully to have something in the next mailing so I let him stay on."

OVER TO YOU.