

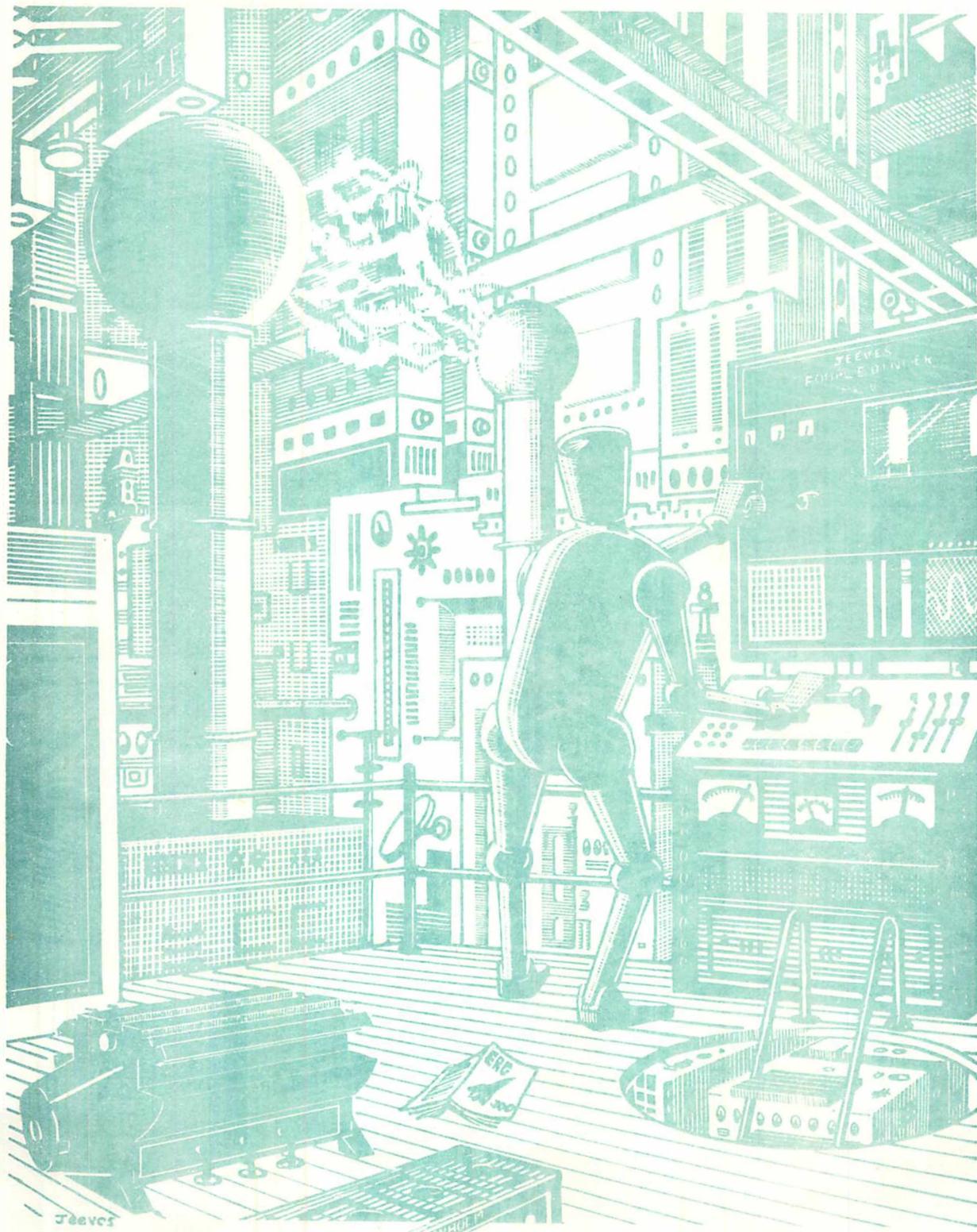
ERG

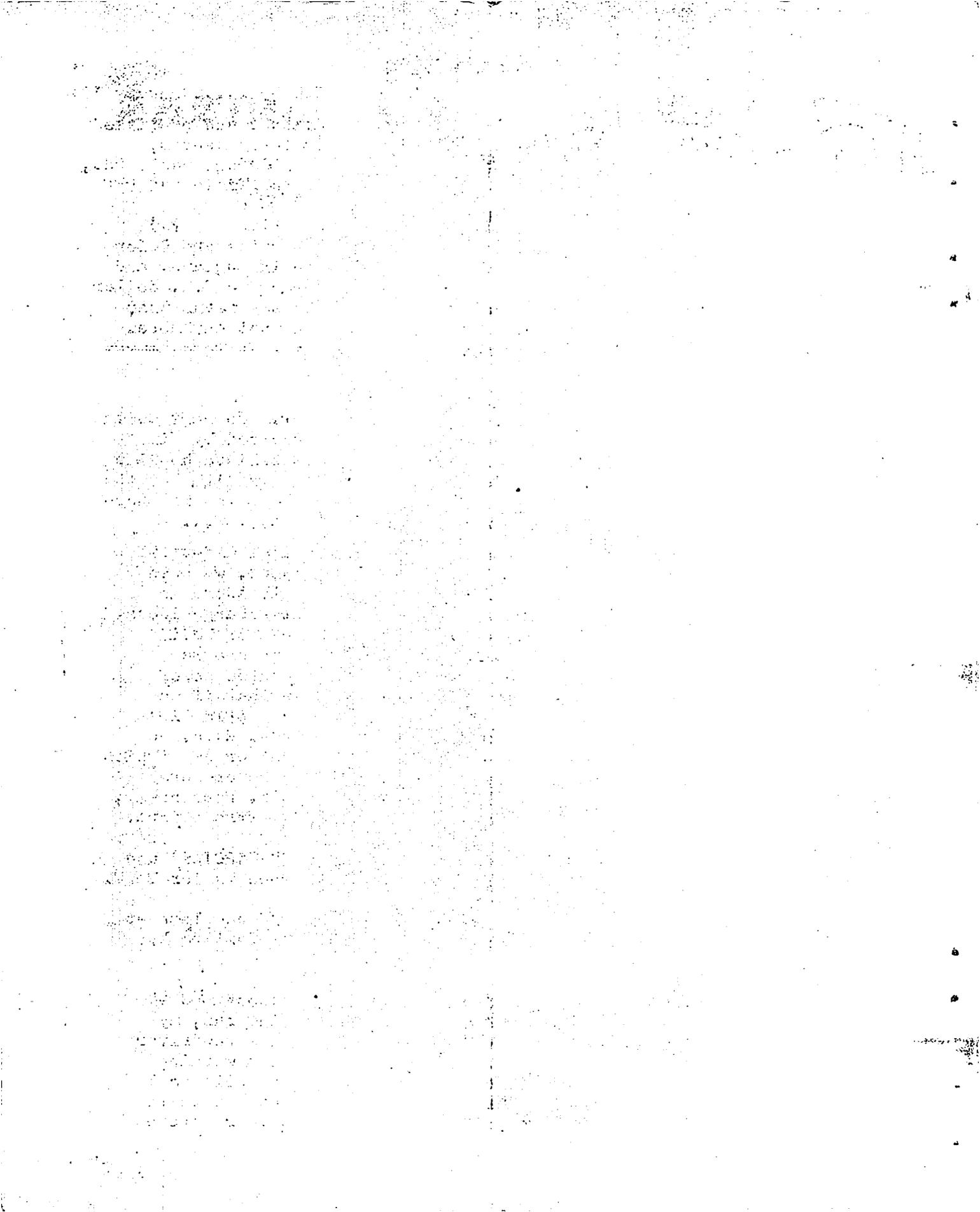
45

January 1974

Quarterly

Now in its 15th. year





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EDITORIAL

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Sub rates are 5 for
50p in England, and
4 for one U.S. dollar

if you live over there. A cross in the above parentheses means that you will have to do something (like subscribe) if you want any more.

Greetings ERGbods,

And may 1974 smile on you one and all. To begin with, the cover this time is (I hope) a photo-lith job reproduced by Jim Divincy from my scraper board original. You wouldn't believe how long it took to draw, so I won't tell you...but I hope you like it. At the moment, I have one tentative sponsor for the cover of 46...so if there is anyone else out there wanting to be a philanthropist.....?

Ian Maule is trying to form ROMPA (Rival Off-trail Magazine Publisher's Association). I applaud his project, we need more 'organised fanac', but deplore the 'Rival'. Surely there is room for us both in fandom? Moreover, can we not interchange ideas, magazines, members and competitions? Ian accuses OMPA of having a 'stranglehold on British fandom' ..clearly rubbish, no one was conscripted in, or kept by force. However, he then accuses us of lowering standards of fandom. Not only does this mean that if we had a stranglehold, we also affect non-ompans...but by implication then Ian must be setting out to actually raise standards. Nuts! We don't need brick-heaving. By all means let us have another APA (Which proves right away we have no stranglehold, or it could never form) but let it be in friendly competition...not antagonistic. Personally, I'D like to be in both organisations could I spare the extra effort.

*****PETER ROBERTS is a good man (READ CHECKPOINT) and as such deserves your support in the TAFF campaign. Roberts for TAFF.

Still on TAFF...The Moffatt's have their TAFF report 2/3 complete at the time of writing (and plan to Soggyise it), so don't fail to buy a copy.

Those of you who detected a sort of sub-standard look about ERG 44 may be interested to know that half way through the print run, my trusty duplicator crunched to a halt. By dint of much screwdriver work and part removal, I was able to bodge it back into a working order. I live in hope that it will stay that way for a while as I haven't the cash to get it overhauled ...is there anyone out there who wants to do a Manly Banister act for me ?? (esoteric reference which only older fen will take up)

TAKING UP CINE

by

(PART 3)

Terry Seaver



ANIMATION

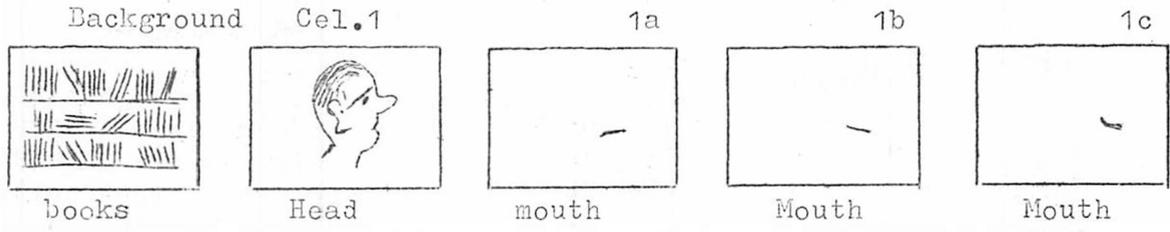
Animation isn't just Walt Disney churning out umpteen thousand separate drawings to bring Mickey Mouse to your screen. It comes in many guises with a common denominator - single shots are taken of the subject with small changes between each one. On projection at normal speed, the changes blend together to give an illusion of true movement. For convenience, we can broadly divide the basic material into three types.

1. Drawings
2. Cut-outs
3. Models & inanimate objects.

These divisions are not hard and fast, but form a handy way of looking at the basic techniques. Naturally, in practice they can all be used together or in combination according to what you wish to achieve.

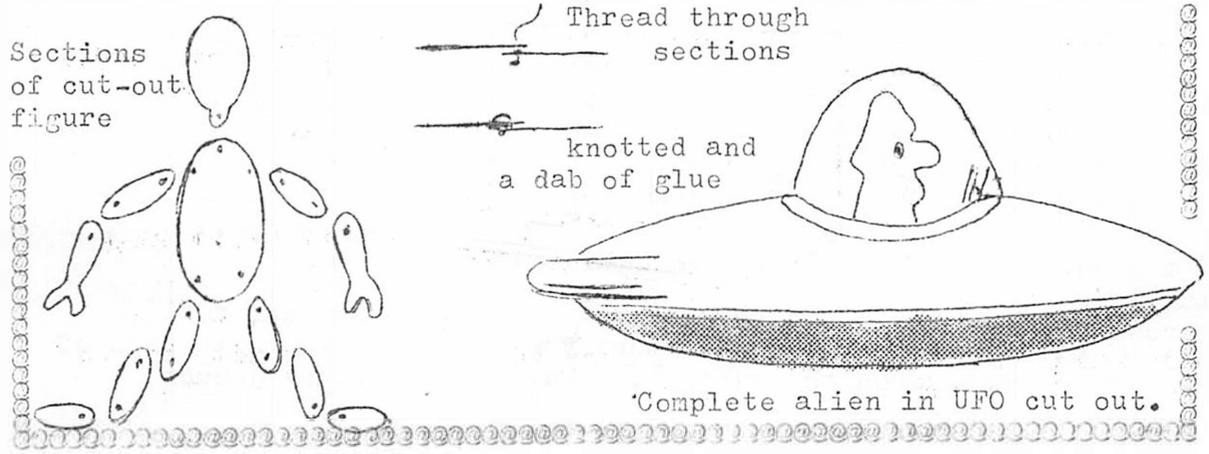
1. Drawings Movie films (and TV pictures) are only possible because of the phenomenon known as persistence of vision. Above a certain frequency of presentation, the eye can no longer detect individual changes, and we get the illusion of movement. The frequency varies in proportion to (among other things) the level of illumination, but for film and TV work, and especially home movies, then 18 frames per second is quite high enough (16 on some older equipment). Since this might at first glance appear to still involve you in 1080 drawings for each minute of film relax; there are quite a few short cuts. Instead of single shots, we can take two shots of each drawing (or puppet) before changing. This 'double framing' is not quite as smooth, but still satisfactory. Another common dodge, is using repeat cycles of drawings. Next time you watch Popeye in action, watch the background, and you'll see him drive past the same tree three or four times. By using a cycle of sketches several times, we can again cut down the work load. A further reduction is possible by doing the basic illustration on a sheet of celluloid (called a 'cel', and laying this on a movable background. In this way, eight basic 'walk' drawings and one background, can keep your character walking for hours. Two or three layers of cels may be used to reduce the drawing job even more. These all have holes punched in their corners to allow them to be placed accurately on register pegs during filming. In this way, various bits of a scene don't float around in unwanted directions. A simple example of this is to imagine a man in a book lined study smiling in response to some stimulus. First we make a background drawing as detailed as we like showing library and books. Two register peg

holes are punched in the corners, and the drawing is then laid on a board fitted with two matching pegs. Next a cel is laid on top, and the man's head drawn on in ink, but without any mouth. This is basic cel 1. It is then removed, and painted a matt pink inside the man's outline on its back. This not only stops the background showing through, but by painting the back, leaves the pen outline intact on the front. When dry, it is returned to the pegs, and cel 2a laid on it. A mouth is drawn in register with the man's head, then cel 1b replaces it and the mouth starts to smile, this is followed by 1c and 1d etc until sufficiently wide a smile has been reached, and that is the lot. You don't need to de-smile, simply go back down the cel sequence. Here is a simplified sketch of the basic items. For simplicity, only three 'mouth' cels are shown.



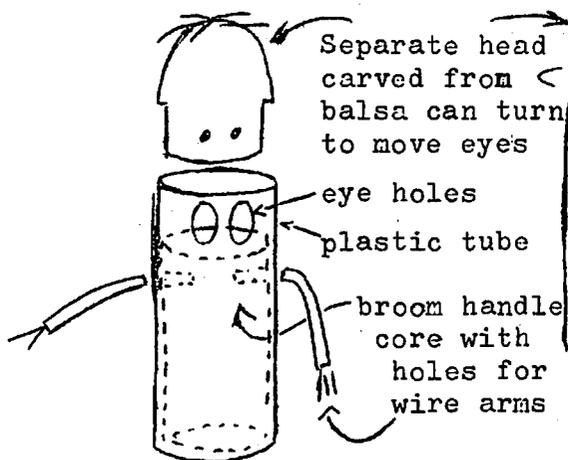
To film, cel 1 is laid, with 1a on top, both on the background. Several establishing frames are shot (say 20), then 1b replaces 1a and two frames shot, then 1c, 1d, and 1e. This is held for say 8 frames, then back comes 1d, then 1c, 1b and finally 1a. On projection, the man hesitates, smiles and then resumes his serious look. Similar short-cuts can be used for most scenes, you soon find yourself looking for them in cartoon films rather than watching the film for its own sake.

2, Cut-outs These may be used in place of drawings, or together with them. In the example of the smiling man, a series of mouths could be cut from very thin card, and laid in turn on the head. Pro films usually do this by having a whole replaceable chin section to allow it to be registered to the head outline. Alternatively, you can build up a cut out character, rather like a lay figure, but with thin card limbs, and joints made of cotton. Joints overlap, and a hole punched through. Knotted cotton is fed through, cut short, and a dab of glue added. The figure is then laid on the background and moved fractionally between shots. In some cases, a complete cut-out may be animated across the screen as per my alien in a UFO from one of my films :-



Another possibility in this field, is the use of a children's toy called 'Fuzzy Felt'. multi-coloured felt cut outs of various shapes may be arranged on a black felt background...naturally, if we move these between frames, we have animated cut outs. Those who saw my Con film, 'The Burglar', may remember the scene he sees in the 'What the Butler Saw' machine. This was done using 'Fuzzy Felt'.

3. Puppets (etc) Basically, small jointed figures or plasticine models as per the Burglar, and the dinosaur who chased him. These are moved very slightly between frames...but a steady hand is needed, or a model may appear to have palsy or nervous twitch. The burglar was made from a 2" length of broomstick inside a plastic tube. In this way, the body could be rotated around the core to allow eye movement. Hair was just glued on cotton thread, and the arms were lengths of copper cored plastic wire, with all strands removed save one, to allow easy movement.

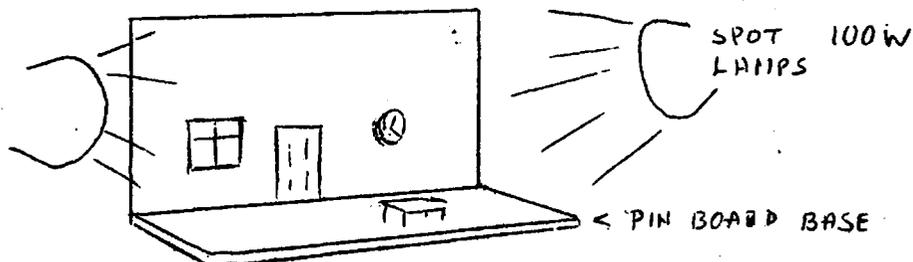


The dinosaur was about five inches long, and of plasticine on a copper wire frame. One point to watch is the lighting. This can soften a model until it collapses if you have it too close.

Almost any item can be animated, one Ten Best winner animated cactus plants by moving their pots around between shots. Another did it with coloured buttons. You might like to pep up an ordinary film by having the milkman put a bottle of milk

by the garden gate, then animate it up the path so that it delivers itself. Watch the lighting again here. Intermittent clouds can play hob with your exposures...and passing cars in the background can ruin the whole works.

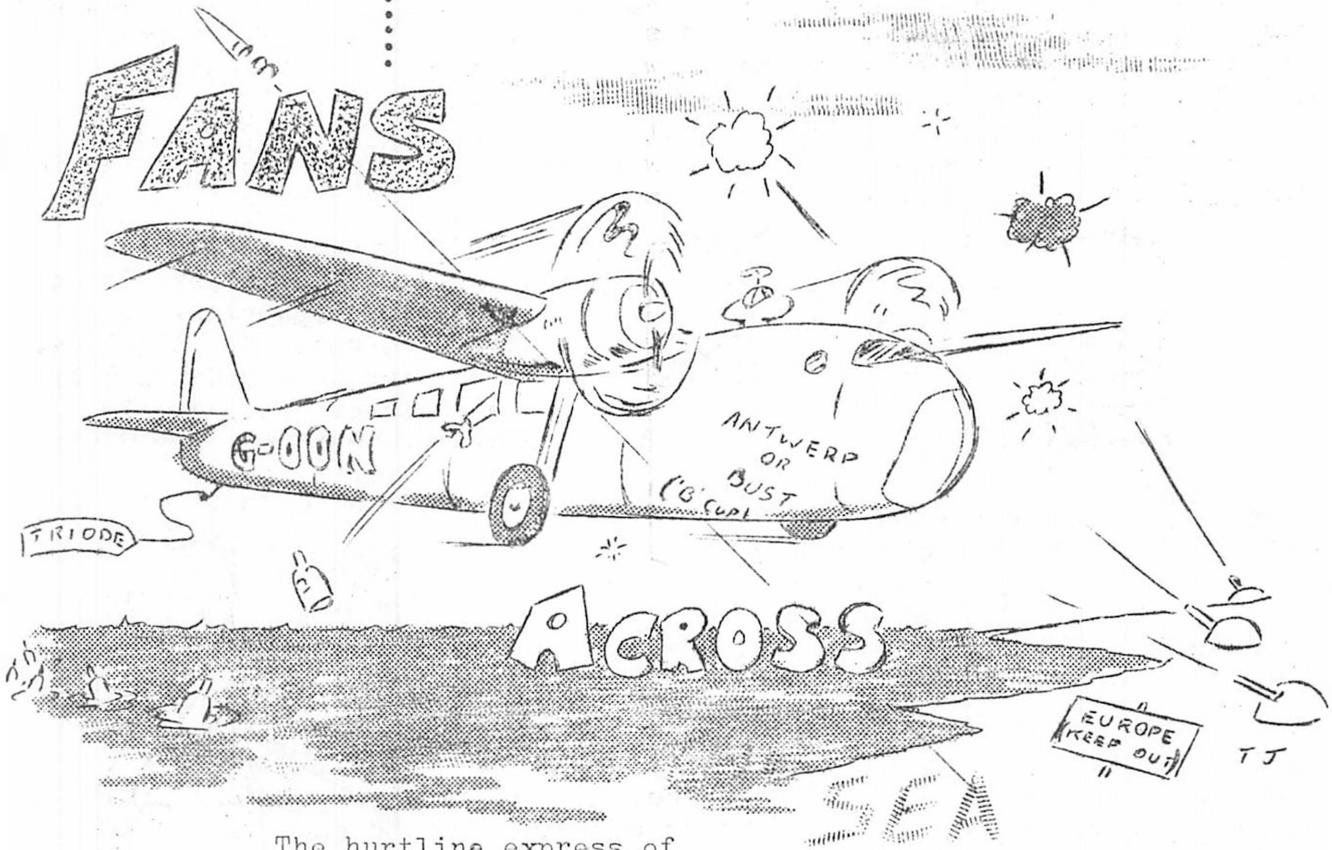
Backgrounds for such model films are simple affairs. Mainly a very stiff card backing firmly fixed to a wooden or pin board base. Card doors hinged with tape, and a couple of spot lamps for illumination. The camera must be fixed though, or movement can ruin a shot. It is also a good idea to change the camera angle after each re-wind to avoid minor unwanted movements in the finished film



Each method has its strengths and weaknesses. If you are really interested, a trip to the local library will supply you with bags of detailed literature on the subject. Have fun. Terry Jeeves

Carrying on the true ERG tradition of being the last with the oldest news, the following account originally appeared in TRIODE 12 in 1957. I offer absolutely no apologies for reprinting it here in a slightly abridged and revised version to form part of the 'CARRY ON JEEVES' series, 13.

EPISODE 12

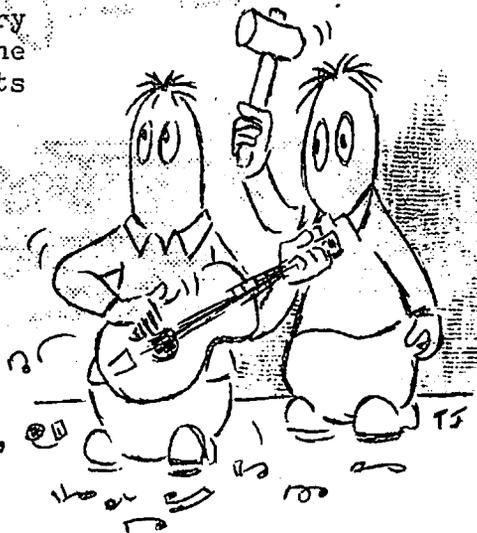


The hurtling express of British Railways crawled into St. Pancras less than an hour late. Unloading my crate of portable fanning gear, I staggered off down the platform in search of Arthur Thomson (without a 'p') among the hordes of people milling around. I had no difficulty, being a member of the Goon Detective Agency, his false beard, slouch hat, and buckled trench coat made identification easy. My accurate diagnosis was confirmed by the large poster, 'ARTHUR THOMSON' he held over his head. We exchanged passwords and fannish amenities and Arthur gave me his hand - I gave him my case. Apparently this was one case the GDA man refused to accept and Arthur set off towards a tube station at top speed. I was forced to totter along behind him, leaving a trail of mutilated passengers nursing battered shins and broken ankles.

The escalator presented no problem, as I was able to let my case slide down the steps. Arthur obligingly stopped it at the bottom or it might have hurt someone. I lifted it off him, and we boarded the first train in. The only blemish being an old lady who chided me for not letting my grand-dad sit down. The incident did not please Atom and he shot off the train, out of the station, across the

road and on to a waiting bus. With a cry of "All cases must go upstairs" he vanished up the steps. Fifteen minutes later with my heart dropping back to a steady 100 rpm, Arthur again leaped to his feet and shot down the stairs. I followed at top speed, not wanting to miss him - - I didn't, the case slipped from my hand and vanished down the stairs. An anguished yell from the platform told me of a unique event. Instead of the Goon being on a case, this time, the case was on the Goon. He handed it back with an injured air, disentangled his false whiskers from the conductor's braces and made another half mile dash to the doorway of a huge block of flats. Removing his false beard and hanging it on a nail beside a sign saying 'BROCKHAM HOUSE' he nonchalantly thumbed the lift button. Naturally, it wasn't working. Three floors later, with the traditional sickening thud, I collapsed on the Thomson doorstep. The click-click of high heels disturbed my bemused brain. Opening one eye and caught a glimpse of a silk clad ankle as Mrs. Atom hovered over me like a ministering angel. Accustomed as she was to bodies, she merely stirred me with her toe and murmured, "But you can't leave it here Arthur, it looks so untidy." Atom solved the problem by waving a double whisky in front of my nose, just out of reach, until he had lured me into his den - then he drank the darned thing himself. However Mrs Atom (Olive) resuscitated me with tea and sandwiches until I was recovered.

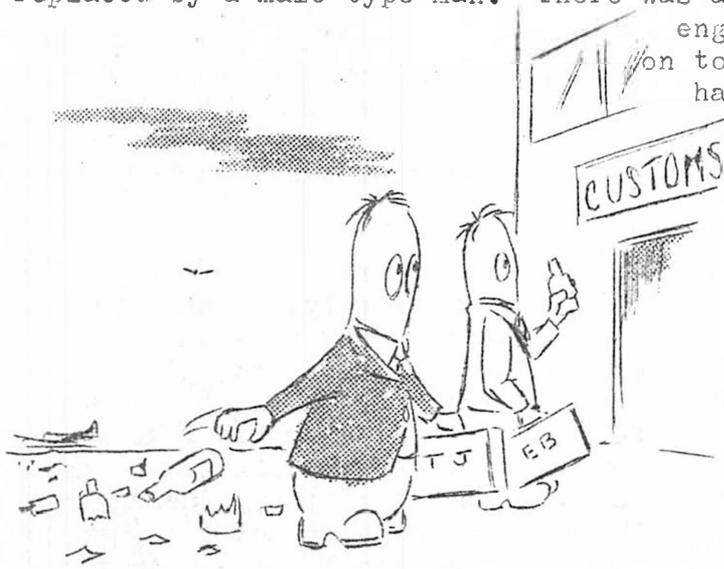
Tempus fugit on its merry way, and it was soon time to collect Eric the Bent from the station. We sampled a few pints of BRale (the kind you touch to find out about), and returned to Brockham House to find the place over-run with fen. Mike Moorcock (and his guitar) did most of the filling with Lars Helander playing a supporting role. A transfusion of Atom's home brew soon silenced the piffle group, and Olive lured Eric into the kitchen to discuss duplicating problems. Atom took this chance to draw me aside (he is a very good drawer). Motioning me to silence, he looked under the carpet, on top of the chandelier, then donned a false beard before whispering in my ear. "I am making you a trainee Goon operative. Pin this badge, on your pajamas at all times. Your assignment is to watch Eric. We suspect him to be in the pay of Anti-goon, and may try to contact headquarters while in Belgium. Before you go, we must arrange identification. Have you a pound note ?" Silently, I handed him one. He tore it in half and put one piece in his wallet. He held up the other, "This is your identification, but to keep it from falling into the wrong hands, I will look after it for you." He thrust the second piece into his wallet. Before I could think of an alternative plan, he had rescued Olive from the kitchen, bundled Eric and I off to bed, and silence reigned (Apart from Eric's snores) over Brockham House.



G.D.A.
1/1

Next morning, we waved goodbye to Olive (Aton was busily sticking two pieces of blue paper together with Sellotape) and headed off for London Airport. We followed our hostess to the plane, a lovely sleek thing with smooth lines, rounded curves and a provocative hip wiggle. The plane wasn't so entrancing although it DID have two beanies, one each side, and king-size, horizontal ones at that. We climbed in...and out again. No pilot ! The hostess explained that he had a little room to himself up front as he was rather shy. She helpfully clamped us to our seats using a network of belts, mainly on Eric's hands, then treacherously nipped out of the aircraft to be replaced by a male-type man. There was a thundering noise from the

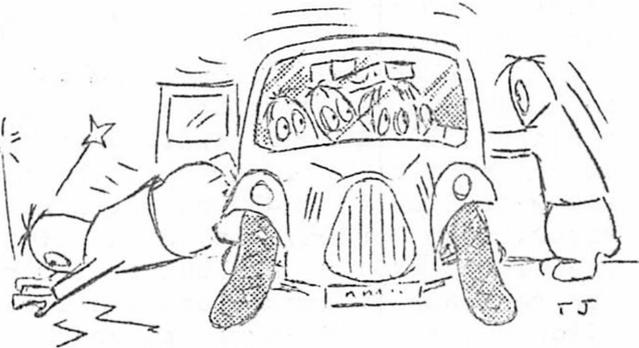
engines, the plane rolled out on to the runway, and before Eric had bitten more than three of his finger nails off, we were in the air and the sneaky male-type came round to sell us whisky at duty free rates.



To the accompaniment of jingling bottles we emerged at Ostend airport and weaved our way over to the Customs shed. They have some pretty queer customs in Ostend, but we had no trouble getting certified. Leaving the airport staff mending all the punctures, we shot out

to the carpark where we were met by Fan Jansen, his charming wife Rosa and daughter Sonya. A very bright child, she could speak Belgian fluently. We all squashed into his 2 hp Citroen, and after one or two false starts managed to get both doors shut with everyone still inside.

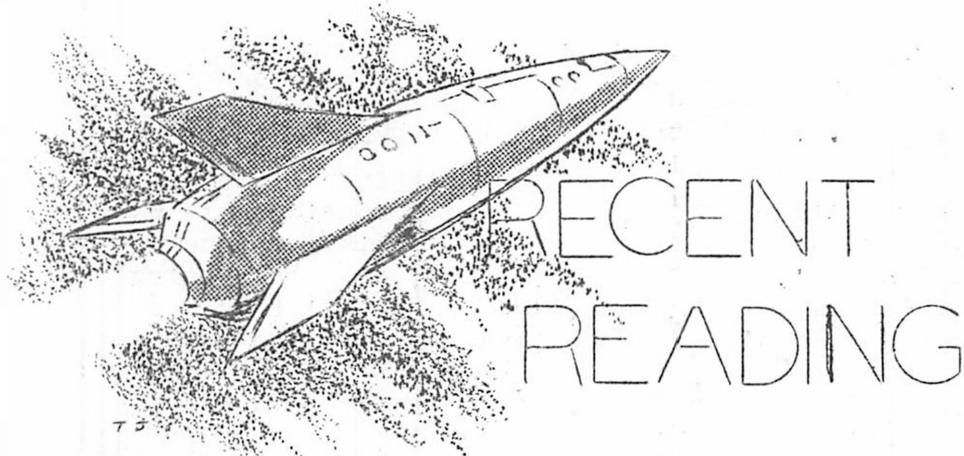
The airport staff gave us a rousing send-off, but all the bottles missed and we tootled off on the wrong side of the road. Not as dangerous as it might have been, as all the other clots were doing the same. Arriving in Antwerp, Jan weaved through the traffic and delivered us to the Cecil Hotel, a combined beer garden, hotel and cafe. We staggered inside to register, Eric's scarlet beanie and the silk stocking dangling from his pocket causing some peculiar looks. Like any normal English hotel, this one had no rooms on the first or ground floors, so we climbed steadily upwards in search of room 79. Three flights up, we established a base camp (Later to be named the 'South Col') and prepared our oxygen equipment for the assault on the summit. Finally reaching room 79, we officially claimed it on behalf of the World Science Fiction Society, and tried the amenities.



10
The cold tap was tried, and pronounced Cold. The hot tap was tried and pronounced empty. Two small cupboards by the beds were examined and pronounced pottery stores. Finally, the little room next door was tested and pronounced both wet and noisy. Having fully cased the joint, we went downstairs and in fluent English, ordered two Pils (beers to you) The discovery of a pin-ball machine started a week-long battle to see who could get the highest score. When Jan came to collect us, I copied down the combination Eric had left on the dials, in case it proved to be a code message to the Antigoon. When I decyphered it later, it translated to 'TILT' After a wander around the traffic filled streets, we spent the afternoon at an exhibition of magic, and attended a showing of the film, 'Vampyras', which to complicate matters, was in Danish, with Flemish sub-titles. Jan translated these into English, but even so, we never did find out what it was all about. The hero (?) went fishing in his best suit, became a ghost, a young woman became a vampire, shadows walked all over the place and some other twit got buried beneath corn in a grinding mill. All very confusing, rather like a tale by J.G. Ballard.

Next morning, Jan collected us bright and early and drove us straight to the Police Station. Apparently, he had been stopped for driving with faulty lights (on the car) and must now show they had been repaired. After knocking up the policeman from his Early morning kip, Jan demonstrated the operation of the light switch and the lights failed to work. The cop, marked at losing his beauty sleep, made a date to see Jan again - at the next Assizes and waved us on our way. After an hour's driving, I was aroused from my dozing to see a sign flash by, 'POLYGOON'. Obviously the fiendish Antigoon was now recruiting parrots. Hardly had I reached this conclusion, than the car pulled to a halt at a road barrier. Armed men surrounded us and in a flash; I had ripped my Goon badge from my undervest and swallowed it. Bravely, I faced the nearest guard. With a gentle smile, he took our passport, stamped them, and waved us across the border into Holland. The loss of my Goon badge pained me considerably, but even so, I noticed that the country looked just the same. No canals, clogs or windmills in sight. Taken down for the end of the holiday season no doubt. Once in Amsterdam, we drove around looking for a hotel prepared to accept a plane load of Americans... Dave Kyle and his flock who were to arrive at Schiphol at 9pm. We arrived there after a day touring the city, and waited until 10-30 pm during which time, we had watched people arrive from Persia, Blackpool, Timbuktu and all points of the compass except the U.S. of A. Our coat lapels were worn through by flashing our Worldcon badges at any likely candidates who might be Dave Kyle. After a hectic exchange of bursts of Flemish. Jan found the reception desk were holding a message for a 'Mr. Fan Junsen'. Kyle and Co. had arrived at 7-30, and were waiting for us at the KLM depot in Amsterdam, a hundred yards from where we had started. We raced back there to find a heap of weary Americans busily chewing lumps out of the carpet. Jan raced around, gear was loaded into taxis and the giant fleet swung off in impressive array tailed by the tiny Citroen. We gave the Royal Churchillian salute to the audience, took a wrong turning, just missed ending in the canal, and finally got to the hotel in time to sample some of the Kyle's lovely wedding cake (It happened to be their honeymoon) before heading back to Antwerp.

(To Be Continued)(



RECENT READING

by
Terry Jeeves

STANLEY KUBRICK DIRECTS Alexander Walker, Abacus, £1.00

A king-sized paperback containing over 300 photogravure pages of text and innumerable film stills. The author traces Kubrick's film career from his first, free-lance production, 'Day Of The Fight' to the highly controversial, 'Clockwork Orange'. The first quarter of the book delves into Kubrick's life, motives and methods. His earlier films are critically examined with respect to inspiration and content. Copiously interspersed with stills, Walker's text covers, 'Flying Padre', 'Fear And Desire', 'Killer's Kiss', and 'The Killing'. 'Spartacus' is dealt with rather quickly since Kubrick was not too happy over his lack of freedom in its filming, but 'Lolita' gets a longer treatment.

After the mainly biographical first section, the author then covers succeeding films in much finer detail. 'Paths Of Glory', 'Doctor Strangelove', '2001, A Space Odyssey' and 'Clockwork Orange' all merit chapters of their own, outlining the plot, its origins and filming details together with scores of stills to point up the text. To round up the volume, is a detailed, 'Filmography' giving cast and production notes for each film.

I found this one of the most informative and fascinating film books I have encountered, almost totally devoid of the 'jargon' and in-group pedantry so often masking the message. Not the least of its virtues is the juxtaposition of script and photograph, and the price of £1.00 must make it one of today's best bargains. Buy it for the 2001 material, and enjoy the rest as a bonus.

MASTERS OF THE VORTEX E.E.Smith PhD. Panther, 35p

Originally, Doc Smith wrote three short stories, (Comet 1941, and Astonishing Stories, 1942) and then performed a skilful re-write in 1960 when he joined them together as, 'The Vortex Blaster' from Gnome Press. I admit to no small pride that my own copy is personally dedicated to me by Doc himself. The jacket refers to this as 'Last of the Lensman series', which it is not. It is however set in the Universe of the Lens, shortly after the Boskone wars, and Lensmen do make fleeting appearances. The main action centres round Dr. Neil 'Storm' Cloud who after losing his family to a runaway atomic vortex, sets out to destroy all such vortices which threaten civilisation. Along the way, he has encounters with a thionite drug ring, and protection-racket gangsters before the story was extended to almost twice the length of the original shorts to reveal the nature of the vortices in a well-knit, though slightly

dated tale. Its only weakness is Doc's difficulty with dialogue. Otherwise, a good yarn and well worth adding to your Lensman set.

THE WAR AGAINST THE RULL A.E. van Vogt Panther 30p

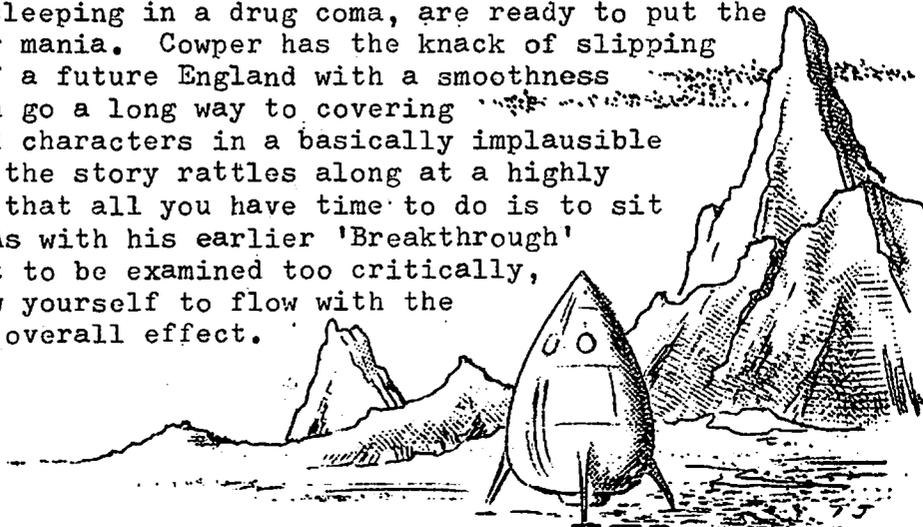
This is another grafting together of several short stories to form a full-length book, but despite considerable re-writing and the addition of much new material, the job is not done as smoothly as in 'Vortex Blaster'. On the credit side, all the original tales are listed at the front - although one, 'Green Forest' from the June '49 Astounding is omitted; an excusable lapse since Simon & Schuster also omitted it when they first brought the book out in 1959.

Dr. Trevor Jamieson is spacewrecked in the company of a hostile telepathic ezwal, they survive by working together ('Co-operate Or Else') Next Jamieson struggles to safety across another hostile planet to his ultimate rescue ('Repetition'). Following this, he is kidnapped by Rulls and escapes by allowing them to be killed by 'lymph' beasts ('The Green Forest'). His nine year old son takes over for a while to foil a Rullian sabotage attempt on a giant spaceship ('The Sound') and finally comes my favourite (The Rull) where Jamieson and a Rull leader are both marooned on a newly discovered planet. Better to read this in stages rather than in one dose. Taken that way, a good slice of vintage s-f.

TIME OUT OF MIND R. Cowper Gollancz £1.90

In their own quiet way, Messrs. Gollancz have been a powerful, but often overlooked influence on the field of British s-f. They have dared to wander from the traditional lush pasture of re-hashed American anthologies to lesser known offerings, and new authors. This is one more step in that direction.

15 year old, Laurie Linton catches a fleeting glimpse of his time-travelling, older self, before the latter returns to the future and is murdered by an all-powerful Police state controlled by Colonel Magobion. The story then flashes back to follow the younger Linton as he grows to his fate. After an extremely brief probationary training period, he becomes a junior officer in Narcos, the anti-narcotic force. Almost immediately, he is hobnobbing with the top brass, he meets and beds his girl, and starts to follow the intertwined trails of a new psycho-kinetic drug (K12) and his own personal nemesis, Magobion. By now, the Colonel has established a secret base to conceal a strong kinetic group, who, sleeping in a drug coma, are ready to put the push behind his power mania. Cowper has the knack of slipping in off beat facets of a future England with a smoothness and credibility which go a long way to covering some rather cardboard characters in a basically implausible plot. Nevertheless, the story rattles along at a highly entertaining pace so that all you have time to do is to sit back and enjoy it. As with his earlier 'Breakthrough' the plot is not meant to be examined too critically, rather you must allow yourself to flow with the action and enjoy its overall effect.



FLIGHT FROM TIME ONE

Deane Romano

Sidgwick & Jackson £1.95

The year is 1988, with astral projection an established fact. Astralnauts (Astralnuts, on the jacket blurn) from Russia and America leave their bodies to snoop around missile silos on the astral plane to supervise a gradual run-down of armaments and ensure that both sides play fair. One astralnaut is lost on his mission and his would-be rescuer finds himself in a parallel time track (Time Two) and soon after, in a Nazis-won-the-War, Time Three. The opening is a shade overdrawn as the author establishes the similarity between his astralnauts and mission pilots of W.W.1. Our hero makes his first trip of the book in a Bittershmet, Mach-3 psychpit, which seems pretty poor satire. After this however, everyone seems to go astral without mechanical aids, other than drug injection. Apart from this quibble, the book soon clears its teething troubles and gets along with a fast-paced blend of near- S-F and fantasy which has you hanging on the ropes for the final denouement where Time 3 Nazis try to nudge Time 1 into a final atomic holocaust. Different, and credibly so.

From Corgi's excellent S-F Collector's Library come three good issues, uniform in jacket design, and priced at 35p :-

FANTASTIC VOYAGE by Isaac Asimov. A straight, no frills s-f tale based on the film of the same title. A small group of scientists in a submarine are miniaturised and injected into the blood stream of an injured defector to try and relieve a brain clot. Apart from the implausibility of the basic idea, Asimov has done a great job of sustaining the tension as the adventurers fight the hazards of the body, and of a not too broadly hinted at saboteur.

FAHRENHEIT 451 by Ray Bradbury. One of his all too infrequent 'straight' stories. The world of Montag the fireman in which fires are lit in the homes of book hoarders. Montag succumbs to the temptation and rapidly changes sides completely. The switch is a bit too fast for plausibility, and even less likely is the idea that a society which burns books, homes and their inhabitants for owning books, would allow their drop-outs to live freely..and perpetuate the detested books within walking distance of the city. Even so, a near classic of the genre.

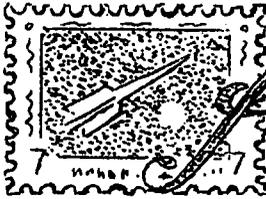
THE MENACE FROM EARTH by Robert A Heinlein, is an 8 story collection of tales which have not been anthologised too often. They comprise, 'Year of The Jackpot', where all statistics peak as the world ends...ruined here by an idiotic typesetter who omitted the last two words and so made it seem maimed. 'By His Bootstraps', one of the definitive time tales. 'Columbus Was A Dope', a potboiler where the Moon is old-hat, but star travel 'impossible'. 'Menace From Earth' is a teenage girl in Luna City. 'Sky Lift' concerns a high-G rescue mission, and my favourite, 'Goldfish Bowl' is about an unknown life form and two waterspouts in mid ocean. Anti A bomb psionics is the theme of 'Project Nightmare', IM 'Water is For Washing' an earthquake floods a valley..don't ask me why. Of the three, Asimov leads the Heinlein by a short head, but all are pretty good value, especially if you missed the hardcovers.

ALSO RECEIVED for review in the next issue :-

JACK OF EAGLES....James Blish Faber & Faber £2.10

NEW WRITINGS IN S-F 23....Ed. by Ken Bulmer)

BEYOND CONTROL ...Ed. Robert Silverberg) Sidgwick & Jackson £1.95



Astrophilately

Astrophilately is a word I made up to cover my collection of stamps on an astronomical theme. If there isn't such a word in the dictionary, then it is high time someone put it there. As for deciding just what should come under the banner of aströphilately this is entirely up to the collector concerned. For my own part, I include such items as a set of stamps showing President Kennedy's meeting with the Pope for the simple reason that tucked away in one corner is a small drawing of the Earth, complete with satellite orbits. Purists may scoff at this, but since the whole affair is meant to be a fun hobby, then any collector can define his own limits. As far as I'm concerned, if a stamp has some connection with the space sciences, then into my album it goes.

Although Russia really began the space age in 1957, space stamps have been around for a long time before that. The earliest I can trace being the following :- In 1932, Belgium issued three stamps depicting Professor Piccard's stratosphere balloon, these were followed closely by Russia with several sets of high altitude balloons on stamps. In 1933 came a set of three, and a further set in 1934 to honour stratosphere disaster victims (Who were the unsung first men to die in space ?) This set was extended in 1944 by a further three stamps to mark the 10th Anniversary of the disasters. In 1938, a stratosphere balloon was included in a set depicting Aviation Records. 1942 saw Mexico produce a lovely set of six, showing Nebulae, Galaxies and Astronomical diagrams. However, if rockets are what you crave, then the first one I can pinpoint on a stamp, is the 1948 one from the U.S.A. where a humble little 3c stamp shows a V-2 being tested. After this, a lull seems to have set in until the launching of Sputnik 1 in 1957 triggered a philatelic avalanche, and astrophilately was born.

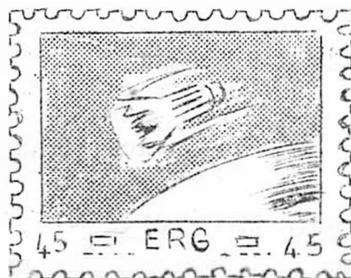
Since Russia started it all, it seems fitting to start with a look at some of the more spectacular stamps from that country. Certainly the most striking must be the one issued in 1962 which measure 15cm by 7 cm....~~as outlined behind this typing.~~ This huge 1 rouble stamp honours Soviet cosmonauts and in addition to a stylised reproduction of the statue, 'To The Stars' depicts the helmeted heads of Gagarin, Nikolayev, Titov and Popovitch. In 1963, Russia issued a philatelic jig-saw puzzle in the form of six 10 kopeck stamps, which together show the Earth and Moon together with the sundry satellites and space probes launched by the U.S.S.R. - an idea duplicated by East Germany the same year with an 8 stamp puzzle on a similar theme. Such 'gimmicks' are obviously more concerned with prestige building or fund raising, than with actual postal utility. Nevertheless, they make an outstanding contribution to any collection. My own copies are franked in Moscow for the Russian issues, but have never been through the post, having simply been franked en masse by the issuing office.

The German stamps are mint, and still surrounded by their 1cm margin. It would be interesting to know if any of these stamps ever did see their way into normal postal service.

Another attractive Russian issue is the 10k 'Mars Rocket' issued in 1962. About 8cm long by 3 wide, it shows the launching rocket in Earth orbit, while the Mars rocket having started its journey, is ejecting the actual probe on to Mars. All this is beautifully illustrated in violet apart from a redly glowing Mars tipped with white polar caps. In general however, while being very colourful, Russian stamps are very cluttered in design. It is almost as if a committee of ten had briefed the artist, and each had asked for the inclusion of one particular item. As an example, take the 1959, Lunik 3 stamp. Although only $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $2\frac{1}{2}$ cms, it crams in the following :- An annotated diagram of the Earth-Moon system, with the moon in three successive orbital steps. The rocket trajectory as it first orbits Earth, then loops its figure eight around the Moon. Also included are short paragraphs of print describing each step in the journey. Earth & Moon are both labelled. Across the heading in bold print is the date 4-10-59. Across the bottom, the value 40k plus the Cyrillic symbols for Russian P stage. And if all this isn't enough, the bottom strip also depicts a launching console and two operators. The right hand strip bears the figure 3 and a stylised grain symbol over a clocktower surmounted by a Red Star. Finally, in small print down the edge is some further Russian information which defies my analysis. All of which gives some idea of how the Russians cram detail into their stamps. Nevertheless, other nations achieve greater pictorial simplicity, but do not always attain to the dignity and beauty of many Russian stamps. To anyone wishing to start as modest collection and still cover many of the great firsts of space exploration, the USSR offers a good starting point...although since they seldom acknowledge America's work, a balanced collection must range further afield.

Czechoslovakia has produced a fantastic variety of space stamps, but Hungary must hold the record for sheer output ranging from the IGY, through Luniks and Sputniks to a lovely set of Astronaut portraits both Russian and American. The Arab States have also made some lovely contributions, Manama, Kathiri, Qu'aiti to name but a few, have produced large numbers of stamps, beautiful to look at, engrossing to the s-f enthusiast - and probably totally devoid of any philatelic significance. Nevertheless, since I collect for fun and not for finance, this matters little. I just enjoy gloating over my philatelic record of space travel.

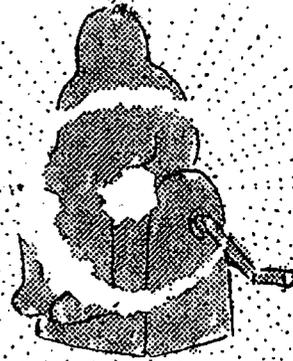
Terry Jeeves



A FAN CALLED IRONSIDE

by

Alon Burns



The D.A. was trying to make it easy, but when you're a Director of Actifen you've a lot of hard things to say to a lot of nice people. He looked at Ironside, stapled forever to his duper.

"Look Bob," he said, "you know the score, the doc said that's how you've got to be the rest of your life. Sure you've been the best Chief of Fanac I've ever had, but now you're fixed. I'm sorry, but it's Gafiation."

"Supposing," Ironside said, "that I can prove I can still do what I've been doing. I spent most of my time at a desk, A Chief of Fanac doesn't have legwork, he uses his head not his feet, and the rest of my staff will do what I can't do. Penman did this to me, and I know you want him bad. I want time to get him, and if I don't then my letter of resignation from OMPA'll be on your desk."

"O.K. Bob," said the D.A. with a sigh. "This thing has to go through channels anyway. You've till the next OMPA mailing to get Penman, and if you do I think I can swing your staying on."

I trundled the chief back down to his office, everyone was there, trying to look hopeful. He grinned at them.

"You all look like you missed your OMPA mailing," he said, "well I've news good and bad. The D.A. wants Penman to grill him about that fanzine he's supposed to be producing, I want him for this," and he patted the duper.

"We know he did it," I said, "couldn't we haul him in for something while we cased his place."

"Knowing isn't proving," the Chief said "and he'll have the stapler he used on me hidden. No, I've a better idea. We'll pay Lisa a visit, you know she's carried a torch for him a while now."

"Yes," said Fran who does the collating for him, "Penman was always too mean to put on the lights to do fanac by."

Chiefs of Fanac were never welcome at the Conesa place, but she'd a new business manager, and I didn't have to guess that he'd put money into her organisation, he looked as if he'd help us.

"Well copper," she said to the chief, "what do you want? An ad in

ZIMRI?"

"I thought you could help," said the chief. "I thought maybe you could tell us where to find Penman."

"I'd see you writing for HELL first," she snarled.

"Cool it Lisa," said her manager. "Look Ironside, we're all sorry to see you like this, and if Penman did it he should take the rap."

"How'd you know Penman did it?" the chief asked.

"Mm words get around. I could have read it in MAYA. But what I say is that Penman's a louse, even if Lisa here is sweet on him. He came from the wrong side of the tracks up where I lived and he can't forget it. He tried some nasty things on me but I can take care of myself. O.K. Ironside, we're saying no more without a mouthpiece." He walked with us to the door.

"You'll have time for more reading now Ironside won't you?" he asked.

"Maybe," said the chief, "why?"

"I hear the library down on Southside Boulevard has a good lot of Zelazny's in, you could catch up on them there."

As I drove the chief away I could see he was thinking.

"That manager of Lisa's place is a good joe," I ventured.

"Yes," the chief remarked thoughtfully, "could be he'll tame Lisa. Just a minute, maybe he did help us. Penman is supposed to have a thing about Zelazny, and you can bet he wouldn't buy them, so he has to borrow them."

"And that means the library on Southside Boulevard," I said, "but it isn't illegal to use a library."

"No," he agreed, "but just the same we'll go there."

The librarian was helpful.

"Yes Chief Ironside," he agreed, "we've had a lot of requests for Works by Zelazny lately, all from one borrower. A most careful man, he even repaired a few damaged copies."

"Have you one of the repaired copies in?" the Chief asked.

"Yes, I think I can get you one," said the librarian. He went away and came back with a dog-eared copy. The chief looked at it and then carefully prised out a staple. He handed the copy back and then told me to go back to Headquarters.

"Yes," said the head of Forensic,

"A Vanguard heavy duty staple, matches the one that got you Chief."

"Now," said the chief, "all we want is Penman to return a book with some more staples in like that and we've got him. Go out and get me a Zelazny, we're going to give a gift to a library."

The chief was a lot better at waiting



than the rest of us, even though the librarian had put a room at our disposal. We saw Penman take the bait and so for three days we kept a round the clock watch. When he brought the book in we could see it had been repaired, the chief rolled out on his duper.

"You take good care of books Penman," he said.

"Yeah," snarled Penman, "and I'm taking good care of you copper," and I saw he had a big ugly Vanguard heavy duty stapler in his hand.

"Shoot," said the chief, "you're still dead Penman. You've no place to run where you won't find a copy of ERG waiting." Things were ugly. We had our staplers ready but if we used them he'd still have time to get the chief. Then the library doors swung open and in came Lisa.

"Hello Thom," she said, "heard you might be in trouble so we've a car waiting."

"Good kid," he said, "but I've just got a copper to get first."

"Oh let him alone," she smiled and ran to him and flung her arms round his neck. Then I heard the spit of a bambi stapler, and Penman collapsed slowly with a look of surprise on his face. Carefully Lisa tucked it back into her stocking top.

"Guess that's it," she said, "he sent me a contrib pinched line for line from Zelazny and I can't forgive him. Going to run me in Ironside?"

"Not me," the chief smiled, "that was self-defence. Get a good mouthpiece and you won't see a charge. Sorry he had to go that way though."

"Yes," she said "he could have amounted to something I guess, but maybe my manager'll help me pick up the pieces. He'll see I'm there if you want me," and she left.

"Well Bob," said the D.A. "You've convinced me enough to let you keep your post as Chief of Fañac. By the way, I got this this morning." He showed a copy of ZIMRI, but completely different and sercon. and scribbled on the cover was a note which simply said "ZIMRI, now under new management."

MEMORIAL AWARD

We now have numerous fannish awards in honour of departed friends, and much as I appreciate Doc Weir, Ken McIntyre, and other fannish honours created to perpetuate such names, might I make a humble suggestion that before these get out of hand...and actually lead to argument, as happened recently over a change of rules. Can we not establish either (or both) a Memorial Cup, or a Memorial Book. Without wishing to be down beat, it is a fact that many fen are now getting long in the tooth and must someday depart for that duplicator in the sky. Instead of proliferating awards, if they are deemed sufficiently worthy, their names would be inscribed on the Memorial Cup and put on display..or awarded each year as with other awards...but it would honour ALL, not one, and we should thus not spread our awards too thin on the ground. A Memorial Book of honoured names could accompany it. Does the idea have possibilities ??? T.J.