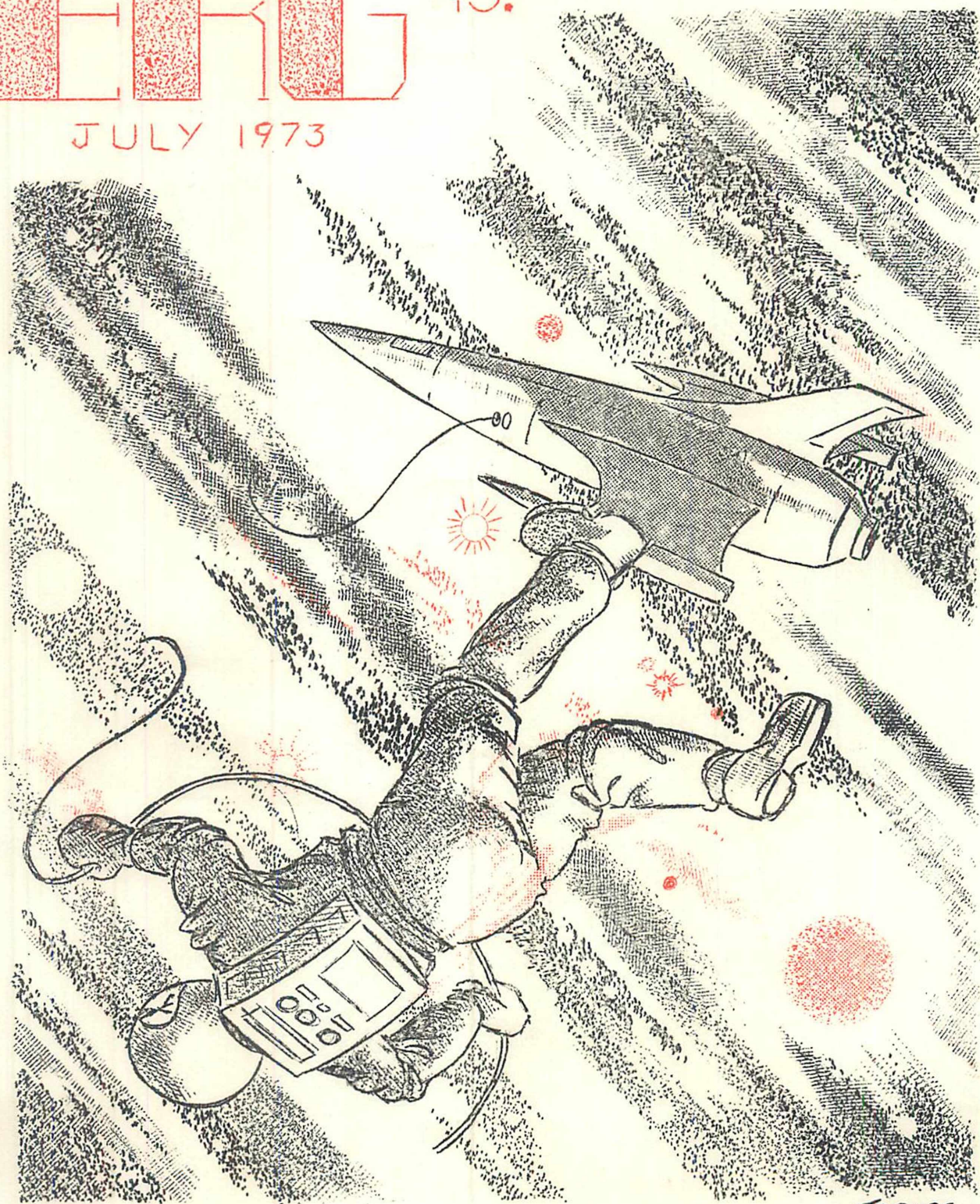


NOW IN ITS 15th YEAR

# ERG 43.

JULY 1973



Jeeves



1911



# EDITORIAL

ERG 43 July 1973

Is the brain ~~stupid~~ child  
of Terry Jeeves,  
230 Bannerdale Rd.,  
Sheffield S11 9FE  
England.

Subscription rates are five issues for 50p in the U.K. In the U.S.A, a dollar bill will get you the next four issues. Hitherto, the dollar sub got you five, but increased paper costs force me to align it with the British rate...existing subs will be honoured, naturally. A CROSS in the Status Box indicates this is your last issue unless you do something about it...sorry, but all dead wood must go.

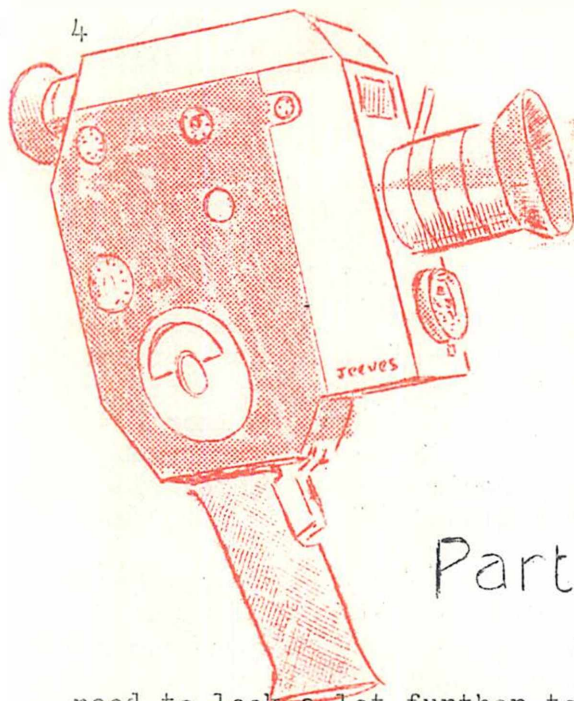
About that paper rise in price. Exactly a year ago, I paid £12.40 for a stock of paper & stencils. The same order has just cost me £18.40. I know VAT has gone 'on' paper, but surely Purchase Tax has come off. Is this increase normal..or exorbitant? Anyone know?

Analog readers who still haven't availed themselves of Part 3 of my Checklist, covering 1950 to 1959, may still do so while supplies last. It costs 50p including postage. Why not make it a double and take out (or renew) an ERG sub at the same time for an all-inclusive quid.

Much against my better judgement, I am once again making the very hefty effort involved in using interior colour in ERG. Previously, this has evoked about as much response as would Mac West get from a pot egg. So if you want to see more colour in ERG, then comment on it in your letters. Speaking of comments, my forecast las month has proved accurate. Because I tromped heavily on the permissive society and drugs, I got a good response. This hides a moral somewhere. However, to all those who object to having their God-given rights to drug themselves into mindless idiocy being taken away. I ask one question. Would they, if parents, allow their babe in arms to crawl into the fire simply because he wanted to do, and it was his God-given right to main himself? Oh belt up you stupid clots, you make me sick. As for the people who asked what harm it did ME if someone else became an addict...Hitler's Jew killing didn't hurt me, yobbos basking up old ladies don't hurt me, the bad apple in the barrel doesn't hurt me. But if you don't kick against such goings on then it soon spreads. The time to shoot that escaped lion is BEFORE it bites you, not AFTER. Here endeth the metaphor..unnix it as you wish.

Huckster's corner. Next issue, the cover will be electronic, and was(will be) financially sponsored by an anonymous donor. He will get the original drawing. Now if anyone out there loves ERG enough to send 90p (or a spare dollar), they can call the tune for ERG 45. In case you think all this lolly chasing unseemly, let me point out that ERG costs money, subscriptions nowhere near pay for it, so every little helps. Conversely, those who make no response just don't help at all, and I can conserve quite a bit of money by including them out.

Final apology...I have just discovered that this issue is part of ERG's FIFTEENTH year, Not its 14th. Well what do you know! No.1 appeared April 1959, so check it for yourself. ....Bestest, Terry.



# Taking up Cine Terry Jeeves

## Part 1.

Hang around any convention and, if you are not speedily blinded by flash-huns, the almost one-to-one affinity of fans for 35mm still cameras is quickly apparent. You need to look a lot further to find anyone toting a cine camera..... which is rather surprising, as a moving picture is far more gripping than a fistful of still photographs. Even with colour slides, how often have you winced as that footling little slide box is passed from hand to hand. What is even more surprising is that cine film is cheaper than that box of still pictures, gives you far greater scope for creativity...and you can even add sound if you wish. So, having oversimplified the case unfairly in favour of cine, let's have a closer look at the actual facts involved.

Contrary to what many people think, cine films come in a variety of sizes ranging from such giants as 70mm (wide) Cinerama, Todd A-O, normal 35mm and on down. However, before you get lost in a morass of millimetres, let's be practical. 16mm is the first gauge anywhere near the amateur's price range...normally used by BBC teams, works units and the like, unless you have lolly to spare, pass it over. That leaves 9.5mm as the next in line. It has much to recommend it, but for a variety of reasons (including little available equipment) we'll miss that out too. Then we come to the true amateur gauges...the 8mm gauges. Three of em.

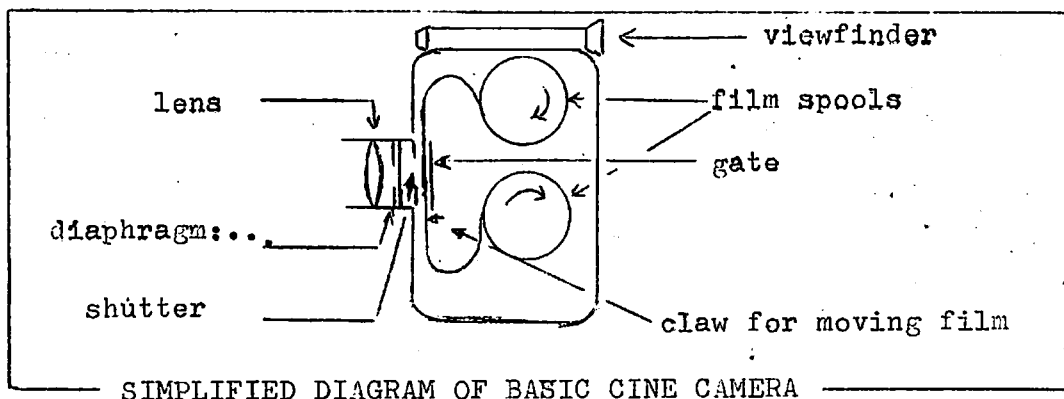
First 'Standard 8', or Double Run as it is often called. This is basically a 25ft length of 16mm film which goes through the camera once to expose one half of the film, and is then turned over and put through again to use the second half...much the same as a tape in a two track recorder. After processing, the film is split down its length, and the two (now 8mm) lengths of 25ft joined to make a single 50ft length with sprocket holes down only one edge. Widely used until a few years ago, but now being edged out by Kodak's introduction of Super 8. There are still many excellent second hand outfits on the market, but the only new equipment is Russian...and very good it is, and at unbeatable prices. A Quarz 5 outfit can be bought new for as little as £20..but more of that later....on to 'Super 8'

Super 8 was introduced by Kodak a few years ago. It is the Instamatic version in cine. A 50 ft long, 8mm wide cassette of film clips into the camera, and runs through once only. This not only makes for easier loading, but also avoids the awkward turnover at the half way mark which is the bugbear of Standard 8. The Super 8 has a slightly larger frame area..very slightly... but its supporters claim better picture quality. Whether you can spot the difference on the screen is problematical, the difference is so small....especially when you consider that starting with a frame measuring only one fifth of an inch wide by one seventh high, this is multiplied some 30,000 times to give a picture three feet wide! One snag of Super 8 is that the cassette system prevents backwinding for dissolves or fades in the camera except on the most expensive models. The film itself costs around £1.50 for a roll of Standard, slightly more for Super. This gives about four minutes of screen time, but if you think that sounds short, remember that the average Disney cartoon only runs seven minutes.

The Japanese firm of Fuji introduced 'Single 8', a gauge almost identical with Super in size and details, but using a different (and hard to splice) film base. So really, your choice lies between Standard and Super. Personally, I started in the days of Standard, and have stayed with that gauge. My first camera was a three lens Kodak which I later traded in for a Quarz M because I wanted single-shot facility for making animated cartoons. This was followed a year or so ago, by the Quarz 5, a superb camera at the recommended price of £36, but offered by discount firms as low as £20. For this, you get a camera with a 3 to 1 zoom lens, reflex viewing (which avoids parallax errors) a built in meter, several filming speeds, 3 close up lenses, several filters, pistol grip, cable release, film splitter, lens hood, lens brush and a carrying case for which you would pay at least £15 with any other make of camera. The Russians also make a reasonably priced dual gauge (Standard & Super) projector, but my choice was the Eumig P8M Imperial which lasted me faithfully for 11 years until I traded it in for the latest dual gauge Eumig S710D which is a sound projector with built in recorder for adding sound to your own films. So if you want to save money, shop around and buy Standard 8, new or one of the many second hand bargains. Super 8 has a much wider choice...but the price are also much higher.

Screens vary in price...if you buy one. For years, I got along with a sheet of hardboard coated with white Fablon, and edged with black for contrast. Recently, I made a hardboard frame with centre cut out covered with tracing paper..and now I back project my films using a mirror to re-reverse the image. This gives a brighter picture, keeps all the gear away from the audience (and avoids those silhouettes of people who will bung their head in the light beam..it also means that the sound comes from the screen, instead of from somewhere in the audience.

Let's look at a typical cine camera to see what all the bits are for. Many of them are the same as in a still camera. A box to hold the film, lens for focussing the image, shutter to let the exposure be made, diaphragm to regulate the light, and a film to record the picture. The difference with the cine is that a motor transports the film rapidly between consecutive shots so that you take 16 still pictures every second..which when projected back at the same speed



give the illusion of movement on the screen. This is achieved by a tiny claw which moves forward, engages a sprocket hole, pulls down the film between sprung guides called the gate, releases it and goes back up to re-engage in the next sprocket hole to pull down another frame. In between, the shutter opens for about  $1/32$  of a second and makes the exposure. The film is gradually pulled off the feed spool, through the gate, and collected on the take up spool. When completely exposed, it is sent for processing (all included in the film price), and since this is not negative, but reversal film, you get back your own film, not a print, all ready to shove in your projector.

Basic cameras have no frills, fixed focus lens, and a simple tube with eyepiece for a viewfinder. As you pay more, you get more. Focussing lenses which can be adjusted to give you a sharp picture at any distance...unless like me, you forget to adjust them, and end up with a blurred picture at every distance. The zoom lens is a lens of variable focal length. This enables you to change from wide angle to telephoto during a shot...a much overused activity known as 'playing the trombone'. The basic use is to allow a fully framed shot without having to approach (or withdraw from) your subject. The reflex camera has a light splitting prism in the light path...part of the light coming in through the lens is diverted up to the viewfinder, so that you actually see what will go on film. This is of great use in close up shots where otherwise, the tube viewfinder would show you the top half of an object while the lens was filming the bottom part...not always desirable.

Variable speeds are also very useful. The basic 8mm film speed is 16 frames per second...but for better quality sound, 18 is becoming the standard. These two are so close, that films shot at one rate are OK if projected at the other (although the sound may not be). For special effects, if you film at 8fps and project normally, the action on screen will be speeded up and pixilated. For slow motion, you film at (say) 32 fps and on projection, everything is slowed down. But the greatest boon, is the single shot. Using this, you can film a sequence of drawings, and they come to life on the screen as an animated cartoon...as do buttons, tin cans, and on one amateur film, cacti. Even more spectacular is to single shot some slow natural event...cloud motion, or even plants growing. Project this back, and LO! The clouds race, and the plants grow before your eyes.

(End of Part One)



# RED QUEEN'S MATE

by  
A  
L  
A  
BURNS

The Red Queen and I were playing gin rummy and drinking some pretty rummy gin that she'd picked up as a bargain offer at the supermarket when the White Rabbit came in looking worried, (which he always was) and followed by the Mad Hatter. I noticed the Hatter's headgear was marked down to 12p which meant that he was disturbed plenty.

"So what's the trouble?" I asked.

"Gin," said the Red Queen laying down her cards.

"Thanks I will," said the Hatter, poured himself a generous glass and coughed it down valiantly.

"It's Alice," squeaked the White Rabbit, "she's been kidnapped."

"Who by?" I asked.

"The Jabberwock of course," snapped the Red Queen, "he's always got his claw in some dirty work. Any ransom note?"

"Yes," answered the Hatter, "he and his pack of cards want to take over the Carroll Club. If we don't agree--well Alice won't be around to listen to any more stories."

"I take it they've got her on ice in the Tulgey Wood," said the Queen.

"Yes," agreed the Hatter gloomily, "and probably where the Tum Tum trees are thickest. Anyone going there gets stuck with uffish thoughts."

"Use your vorpal sword," I suggested.

"Can't," said the Rabbit, "they were getting rusty so we tried boiling them in wine, and they lost their temper."

"I'll lose my temper in a minute," I exploded, "don't you gang of gardeners know that that method only works for railway bridges."

"Let's go down to the Carroll Club," said the Queen, "Maybe someone has an idea there."

When we arrived at the club it was packed with slithy toves, gyring and gimbling to the outgrabing of the Mome Raths. They're a good group, but they've not made the big time, if the Jabberwock took over they'd be out at once and on the bread line. We found the Dormouse and the March Hare sadly drinking tea at a corner table.

"Doesn't seem the same place without Alice," sighed the

Dormouse.

"Look," said the Red Queen, "we've got to put on our thinking caps."

"15p," mused the Hatter, "wait a minute," he said to me, why couldn't you go in and spy out the land? You could always fade away if there was trouble."

"Yes," I said, "the trouble is that my smile would be left and they'd spot me."

"Wait a minute," said the Queen, "that's given me an idea."

She went over to the bar and came back with a bottle of "Drink me" and a slab of "Eat me."

"Look," she said, "The Jabberwock will have to go out for food and such, I'll get the man at the Supermart to sell him this cake and meanwhile I'll get the bottle to Alice, "she'll drink it and be big enough to get away."

The Supermart manager quickly swapped the label on the "Eat me" for one labelled Madiera Cake and we waited in a bar across the street in shifts. Presently the March Hare reported that the Jabberwock had arrived for his shopping. We got the message from our walkie-talkie and we were straight into the Tulgey wood. It didn't take long to find the Jabberwock's hideout, and I faded as much as I could and went in for a look-see. As I'd guessed the cards were all playing solo, and Alice was in a locked potting shed. I gave the word to the Red queen and she crept in and Passed the bottle to Alice, telling her what we'd done.

We hid and presently we saw the Jabberwock whiffling back, burbling cheerfully to himself. We inched towards the hideout and saw that they'd got quite a tea-party going. All we had to hope for was that the Jabberwock would take the cake first. We breathed a sigh of relief as he took the first slice and suddenly began to shrink. We dashed into the camp, the Red Queen yelling "Off with their heads". The cards didn't know what had hit them, and presently the potting shed turned to matchwood as Alice, now twice her size, smashed her way out. The rest of us arrived in time to finish the mopping up and in no-time the jabberwock and his cards were booked.

We took Alice back to the club for a big party. The Red Queen was having a ball but as I was dancing with her I noticed her looking at her watch.

"Going some place?" I asked her.

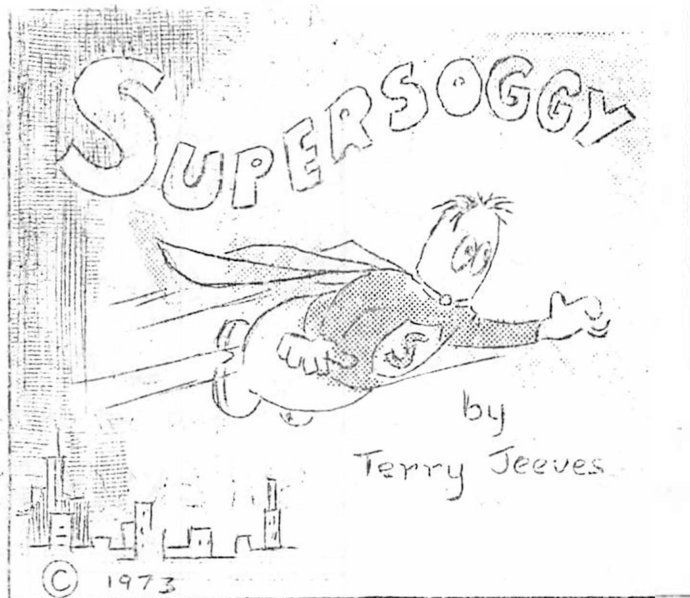
"Got to run," she said. I grinned all over at that; because when the Red Queen says she's got to run that means she'll be staying a long time.

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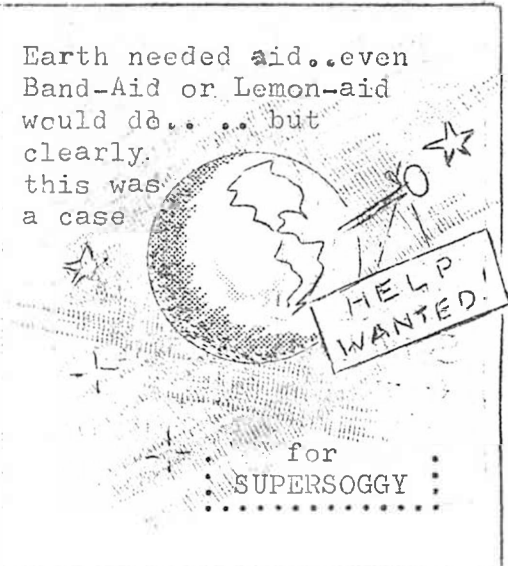
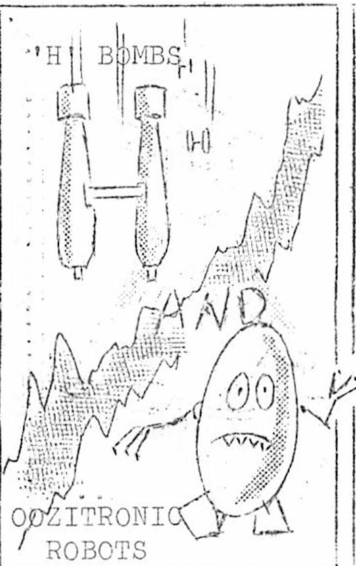
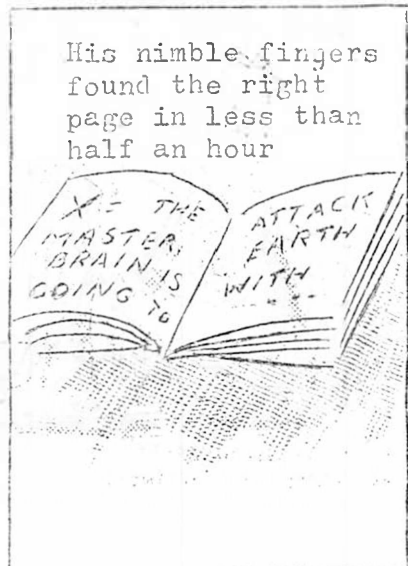
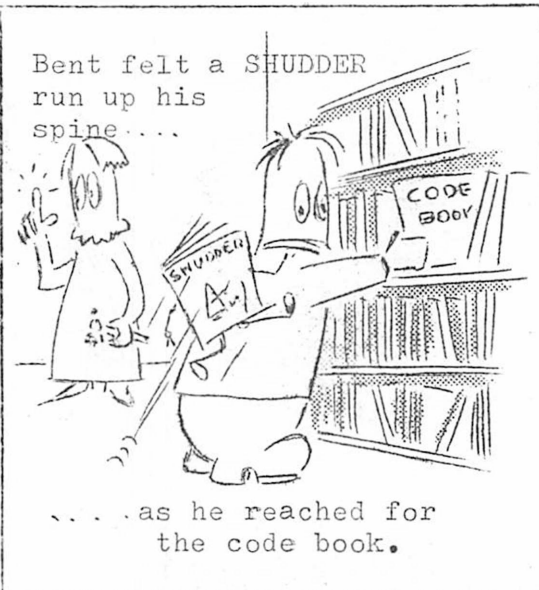
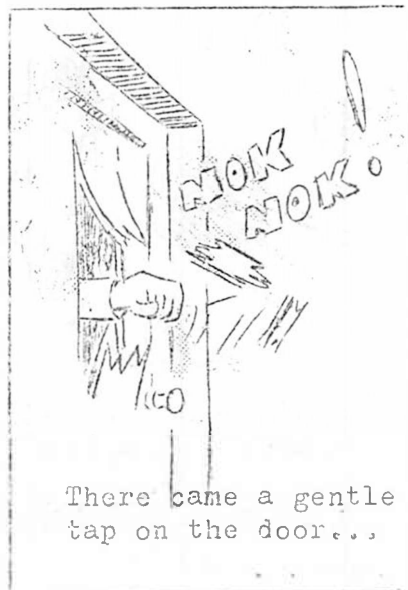
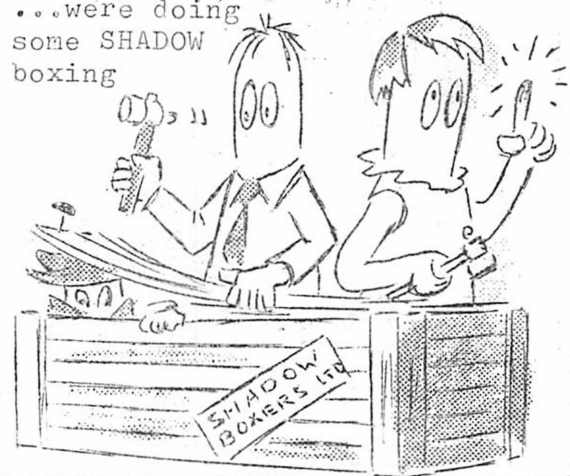
A CHECKLIST TO ASTOUNDING Part 3 (1950 to 1959) Price 50p from ERG.

Contents include... 1. Complete contents listing of each issue.  
 2. Alphabetical list of all stories. 2. Alphabetical list of all authors 3. Alphabetical list of all fact articles  
 4. Author/pseudonym list. 5. List of all editorial, a precis of their topic, and a listing of artists in each issue.





One day, 'Half' Bent and girl reporter, 'Lucy Lastic'....  
...were doing some SHADOW boxing

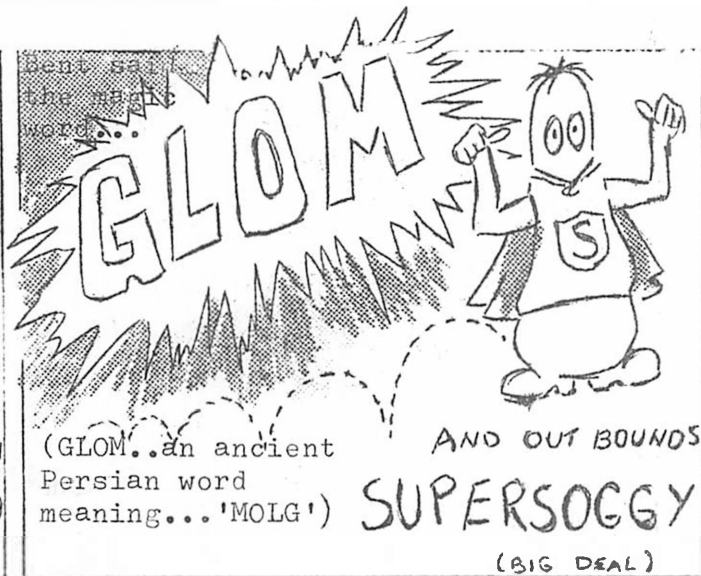


First sending Lucy out on a pretext,

GO AND GET  
SOME BAND-AIDS



Don't call  
the magic  
word...



(GLOM...an ancient  
Persian word  
meaning... 'MOLG')

AND OUT BOUNDS

SUPERSOGGY

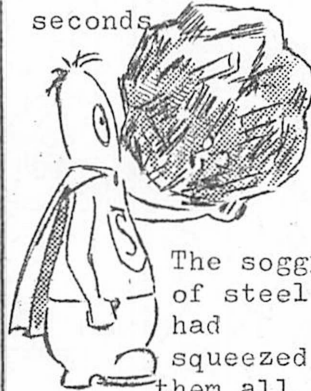
(BIG DEAL)

A few flashing  
orbits of the  
Earth

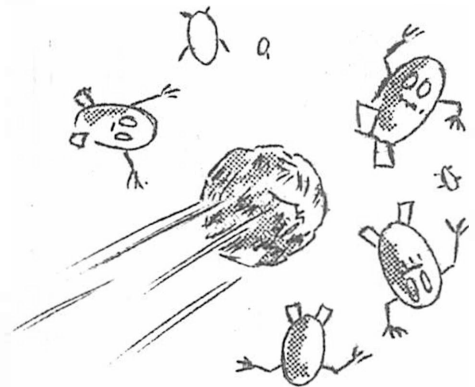


to scoop up all  
the falling bombs

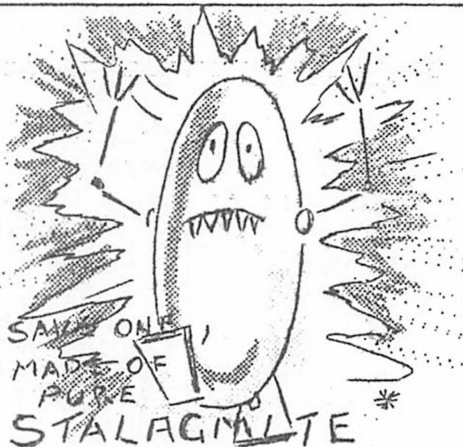
and in a few  
seconds



The soggy  
of steel  
had  
squeezed  
them all  
into a giant  
bowling ball....



...with which he scattered all  
the dreadful Oozitronic  
robots.



SALE ONE  
MADE OF  
PURE  
STALAGMITE \*

(\* Stalagmite... a rare  
mineral found only in  
Stalag IV)

There are TWO  
kinds of Stalagmite



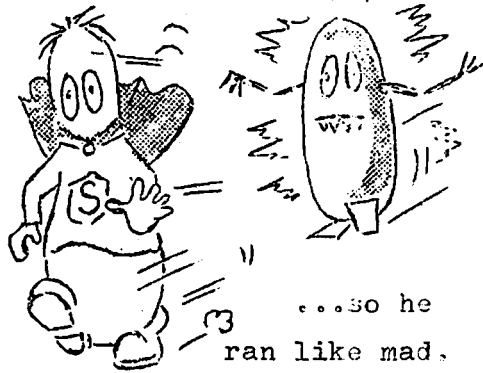
BLUE Stalagmite  
which makes  
his head spin....

...And... GREEN  
Stalagmite,  
which glues him to  
the spot



ERG LAST REFUGE OF  
THE HAND-CUT STENCIL

But this Stalagmite was a mixture  
Supersoggy didn't know whether  
to twist or stick....



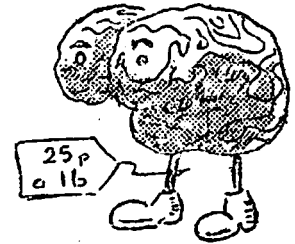
...so he  
ran like mad.  
So fast did he run, and

friction melted the  
Oozitronic robot  
and it melted into  
a pool of molten  
Stalagmite.....



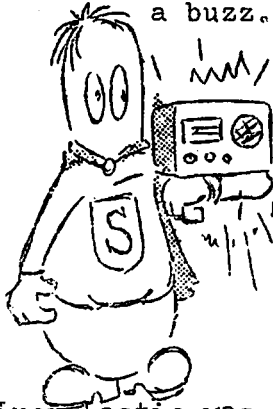
(Note close simi-  
larity to fried egg.  
However, the taste  
is quite different)

leaving  
Supersoggy to  
seek out...

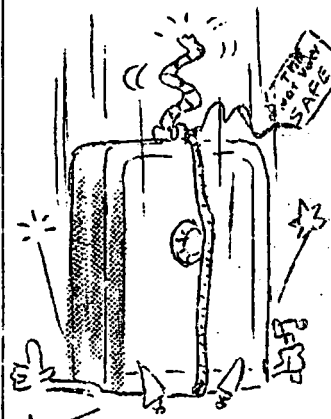


The **BRAIN!**

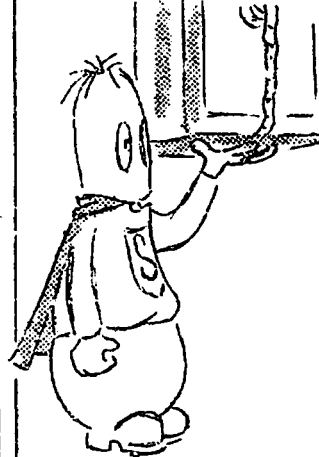
Just then Bent's  
wrist radio gave  
a buzz.



Lucy Lastic was  
in distress...

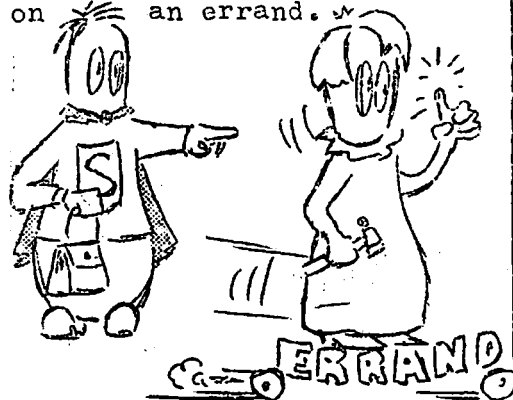


Supersoggy's iron  
muscles hoisted  
the safe.....



.. and revealed.. A CLUE!

Our mighty hero borrowed  
Lucy's bag and sent her off  
on an errand.

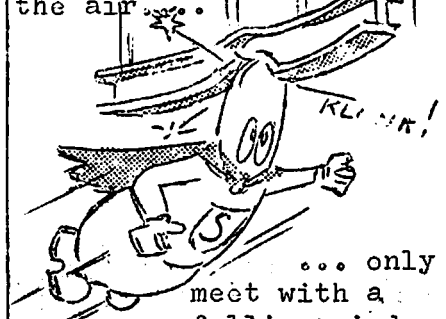


**ERRAND**

Immediately,  
the bag  
EXPLODED.



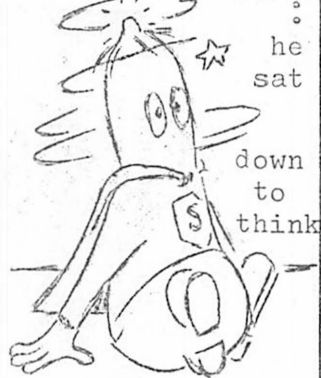
Unharmd, brave, valiant  
SUPERSOGGY bounded high in  
the air...



... only to  
meet with a  
falling girder,  
cunningly left there by  
the arch fiend in  
person, himself.



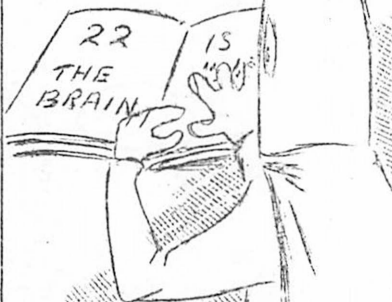
This made a great  
impression on  
Supersoggy:



he  
sat

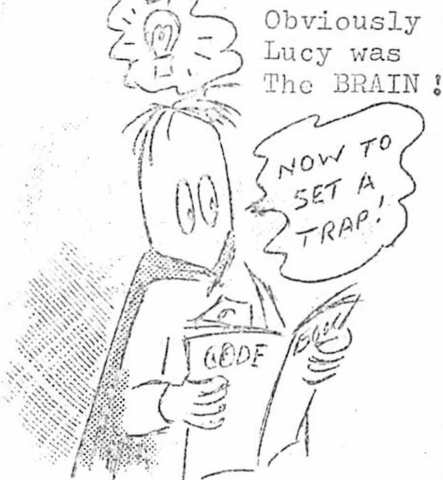
down  
to  
think

Putting 2 and 2  
together, his computer  
like brain found the  
answer 22



Which he looked up  
in the code book.

He saw light.



Obviously  
Lucy was  
The BRAIN!

NOW TO  
SET A  
TRAP!

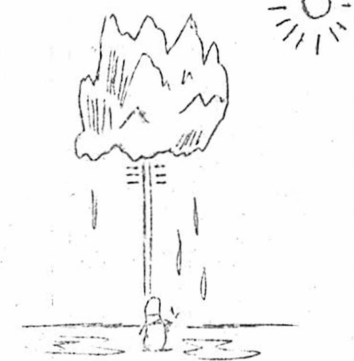
With our hero, to think  
is to act....even if  
a big gap separated the  
two. He balanced a  
handy iceberg on a  
nearby telegraph pole.



And lashed Lucy  
Lastic to the  
base.



When the Sun melted  
the ice...



Lucy  
would  
drown...

and it would be taken as  
a clear case of  
Water on The Brain!



But the arch fiend had  
fooled Supersoggy....

...by sending a  
Lucy robot...and  
now our hero had  
to face the  
real Brain



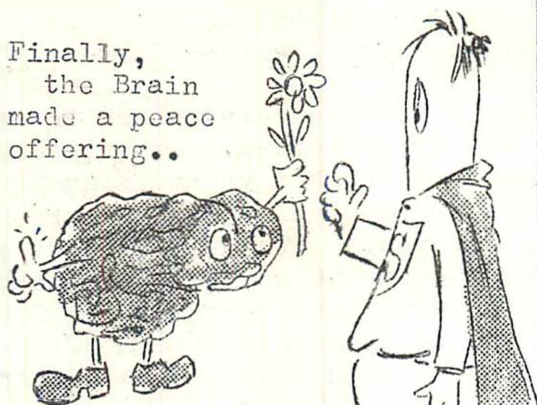
The Soggy of  
Steel .....

...uttered a magic word.



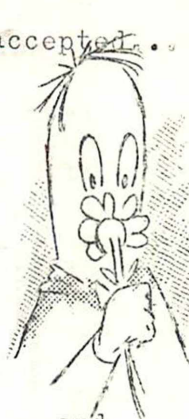
THE BATTLE RAGED

Finally,  
the Brain  
made a peace  
offering..

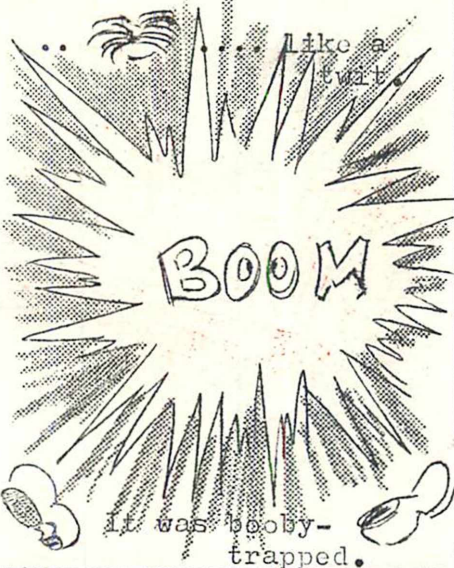


which the innocent,  
big-hearted, trusting  
(stupid) Supersoggy.....

accepted..



.. and  
sniffed.

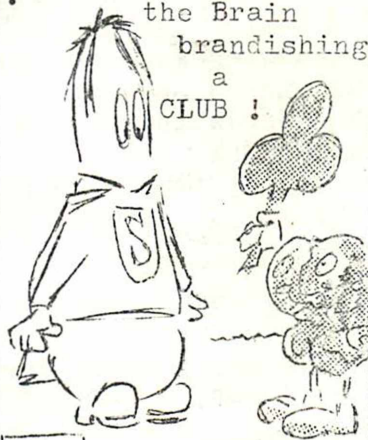


It was booby-  
trapped.

Once again, our  
intrepid  
hero set  
out  
~~after his~~  
.....

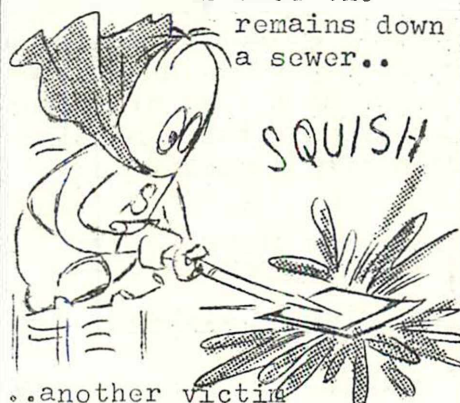


to be confronted by  
the Brain  
brandishing  
a  
CLUB !



READ  
ERG

Supersoggy trumped him  
with a SPADE...and  
flushed the  
remains down  
a sewer..



SQUISH

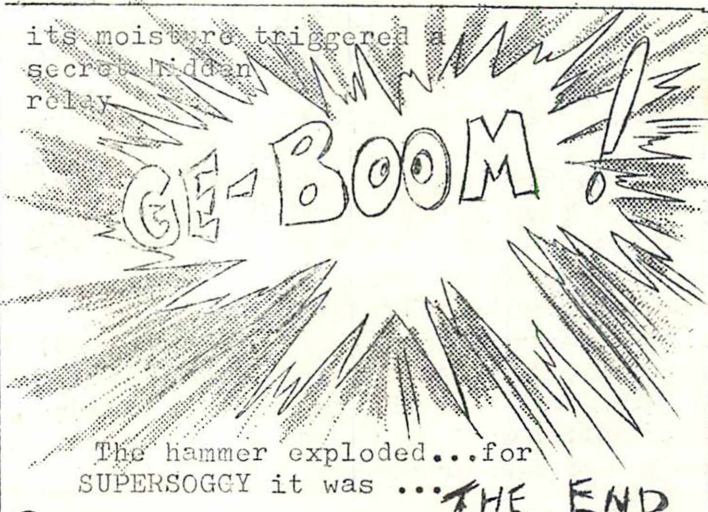
..another victim  
of the Brain drain.

Only the hammer  
remained to  
remind him of Lucy.



Supersoggy stifled a tear...

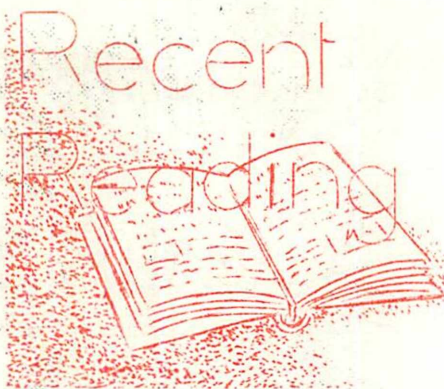
its moisture triggered a  
secret hidden  
relay



The hammer exploded...for  
SUPERSOGGY it was ...THE END

©1973 1 GEEVES



AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESSH.P. Lovecraft    Panther Horror    40p

Personally, I find Lovecraft hard to read, and even harder to review. Nevertheless if you happen to number yourself among his fans, this 300 page, 6 story collection is certainly for you. The title story is of course, the one which first appeared in a 1936 Astounding, and recounts the fate of an Antarctic exploration team after it discovers the frozen bodies of a monstrous life-form.. 'The Old Ones' This sequence is very strongly reminiscent of Campbell's magnificent 'Who Goes There ?' and I for one suspect that here lies his source of inspiration. 'Dreamers in The Witch

House, is an interdimensional tale wherein a student takes residence in an old house and becomes entangled with a mixture of witches, familiars and the horrible world opened to him by the weird angles formed by the corners of his room. 'The Statement of Randolph Carter' deals of an investigation into an implausible graveyard mausoleum. 'The Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath' is where Lovecraft pulls out all the stops, and creates more malignant monsters and alien entities than Cordwainer Smith ever thought of. Dreamer Carter has a saga of terror as he seeks the lost city. His adventures are continued in the remaining two tales, 'The Silver Key', and 'Through the Gates of The Silver Key'. Excellent value for the horror fan. (T.J.)

TALES FROM THE GALAXIES

Edited by Amabel Williams-Ellis &amp; Michael Pearson.

A Pan Piccolo...25 p

4 Stories and a strip cartoon make up this children's primer of s-f. First comes John Wyndham's excellent, 'Red Stuff', the growth which lives in

space, and gradually takes over whatever it touches. Then we have the inevitable item by Miss W-E herself...a little pot boiler about the lovable little furry Kloots (which of course are intelligent) and the cruel traders. Next comes a well drawn, but horribly trite comic strip, 'The Heritage' which is credited to 'Astounding Stories'...not the one we know, unless on a different time track....the last two dying Earthmen find a new emerging race and set out to teach it the true way. Robert Sheckley raises the standard once again with his lovely 'Odour of Thought' about a mailman marooned on a planet where the predators hunt by telepathy. Finally, we have Leinster's, 'Exploration Team' from the pages of Astounding (The Only One). I fancy this collection will go down well with the younger end, even the two bits of deadwood being well aimed at the 12 year old level... buy it for son or nephew, they'll like it. (T.J.)





The scene is a future in which an immortality drug (Biostat) is a reality; but sadly, there is one side effect...it renders all males sterile. The result is a two-tier society comprising the 'Funkies' who are functional males, and the 'cools' who having taken the Biostat and 'tied off' have lost their sexual powers, but do not age beyond the point where they took the drug. Carewe, an executive in a chemical firm is selected as the guinea-pig to test a new Biostat which still leaves the male potent. From here on, things happen fast, his wife becomes pregnant by another man, and in a tantrum, Carewe heads for Africa and a series of murder attempts on his life. The story though not an 'action-man' blood and thunder type, is fast paced, logical and holds the interest throughout. One of Bob's best. (T.J.)

All The Sounds Of FearHarlan Ellison Panther 30p

8 tales by s-f's enfant terrible. 'I Have No Mouth But I Must Scream' has the last five humans tormented by the computer which took over the world. 'The Discarded' has disease created mutants exiled into space. In, 'Deeper Than Darkness', a militant Earth tries to employ a pyrotic as a weapon to Nova an enemy sun, this one fizzles out rather feebly. 'Blind Lightning' has Earthman meeting bestial looking but intelligent alien telepath, and in 'All The Sounds Of Fear, an actor first creates a lifetime of superb roles, then regresses through them. (Silver Corridor' has two rivals meeting within a duelling machine. So far, a reasonably good selection, but then comes the rather pointless bucket of words titled, 'Repent Harlequin! Said The Ticktockman' and to follow it, 'Bright Eyes' which seemed to have something to do with the end of the human race. All in all, the collection opens strongly, but tapers off; not with a bang but a whimper. I'm afraid Ellison isn't my cup of tea, as I dislike the fact that virtually every tale ends with a metaphorical kick in the teeth. (T.J.)

Var The StickPiers Anthony Faber & Faber £1.95

Set in the same post-atomic-war era as 'Sos The Rope' and forming a sequel to that tale, we have Var the mutant. Found as a wild boy dwelling in the badlands he is taken into the tribe by the Nameless One, and eventually chosen as their champion to meet the representative of fortress Helicon. This turns out to be 8 year old Sosi, daughter of Sos, and after fighting to an impasse, events force them to set out on a heroic (and futile) adventure-filled journey to China, pursued by Sos and the Nameless One. Implausible in both individual incidents and in the highly stylised ritual of the fighting circles, the tale nevertheless has its own charm, and is more than a cut above the average barbarian hero saga as it moves smoothly along to the obvious (and mainly up beat) ending. If you enjoyed Sos, then you'll get a kick out of this. (T.J.)

Apollo The Apollo StoryEd. by Peter Fairley. New English Library £1.95

Virtually no text, but 160 (12" x 9") pages of (mainly) black & white photos showing nearly every aspect of the Apollo project from its inception, through training, test missions, the historic 'one small step' right up to Apollo 16. Surprisingly, no mention is made other than a badge reproduction of Apollo 17. Presumably, an iron-clad publishing schedule prevented them holding the book back long enough for the mission to take place. A bonus, is a 3-page capsule commentary on

the Russian space program. Added to this, is a 4½ page section titled, Chronology of The Space Age. a listing of major space events, but with some minor omissions. John Young and Michael Collins are omitted from the crew of Geminis 3 and 10 respectively. Soyuz 10 is highlighted as almost splashing down in a lake, but not credited with its successful docking with space station Salyut. The flight of Apollo 12 has no mention either in this section or in photographs, of its outstanding achievement in landing near, and recovering part of, the Surveyor moon probe. Maybe not a complete documentary of Apollo (which is makes no claims to be), but an excellent pictorial record of one of man's greatest achievements. (T.J.)

The Star Beast Robert A Heinlein. New English Library 30p

John Thomas has a pet (The Star Lumnox) which is best described as an eight-legged hippo-elephant made from cobalt steel, and utterly omnivorous..i- to and including steel bars. It wanders off for a snack, is scared into stampeding through town, leaving a trail of havoc. The Department of Extraterrestrial affairs is called in, and coincidentally, an alien race, hitherto unencountered, arrives to demand back their lost 'Princess' which has taken them 200 years to trace. This turns out to be Lumnox of course, and Heinlein is able to indulge his quasi-legal, homespun, honest-man legal jargon before things get resolved. As usual with RAH, the ages of John T. and his girl friend are glossed over delicately, but allow of such extremes as John being bossed by his mother, destined to enter college...and to get married and on the way to parenthood by the end of the tale. All of which makes for a story with appeal to a wide variety of ages. (T.J.)

And to accompany the cine articles...capsule reviews of allied books

HOW TO MAKE MOVIE MAGIC Focal Cinebook £1.75

An excellent (how to do it) reference book for those with ambitions. It covers everything from exposure fiddling, lens changes, Pepper's ghost, fades, dissolves, chemical wipes, animation, moddls, etc., etc. Plenty of clear diagrams, but now and then I felt some of the ideas were still theory. not having been tried in practice. Apart from this minor quibble, here is a 'must' book for the keen amateur movie maker. (T.J.)

The TECHNIQUE OF FILM ANIMATION Halas & Manvell Focal Press £2.20

Aimed more at the professional, and while covering various techniques, does so more descriptively than in the do-it-yourself vein. It quickly degenerates into more of a history or catalogue of animation people, their techniques and films. Even so, highly readable and interesting. (T.J.)

HOW TO CARTOON Focal Cinebook. Halas & Privett £0.75p

Without doubt, one of the best books on the subject for the amateur. It covers the whole range of making your own animated cartoons...and the equipment you need to go with them. Buy it. (TJ)

No review copy available, but I gather Alan Cleave's CARTOON ANIMATION FOR EVERYONE (Fountain Press/MAP..£2.00) is a book worth having. If one turns up, I'll review it next issue....(T.J.)

This is the first book of a sequel to the author's High History of the Runestaff, and one may assume that there will be another two books to follow. With the author you either rave over him or you rave at him. It is a great pity that he cannot tell a tale as well as he can portray individual incidents, but then you can't have everything. One gets the impression that Moorcock genuinely believes in what he is writing, and therefore, even if you loathe him, once you are into one of his books it is impossible to put down. The story concerns the further adventures of Dorian Hawkmoon, who triumphed over all adversities in the previous series. He has settled down with his love Yisselda, and sired two children, suddenly his people of the Kamarg begin to turn against him, because what seems to be the ghost of Count Brass (slain in the previous trilogy) rides about the marshes, telling all and sundry that Hawkmoon murdered him. Hawkmoon rides out, meets the ghost and those spirits of other friends who died in the Runestaff series, and finds that one of the Dukes of the Dark Empire of Granbretan, Kalan, had in fact escaped when the Dark Empire was toppled and lives only to revenge himself on Hawkmoon. For some reason, his revenge can only be accomplished if Hawkmoon is killed by the ghost of Count Brass. Hawkmoon talks the ghosts (or rather the solid simulacra) of Count Brass and his friends to join with him in pursuit of Kalana. Then follows the usual Moorcock chase through the world and the planes of time, and one by one his friends are removed by Kalan until only he and Count Brass are left. They eventually track Kalan to his laboratory, and in the building they meet up with another Dark Lord Taragorm. There is a ferocious battle, Hawkmoon returns to the final battle that overcame the Dark Empire and saves Count Brass' life (in the Runestaff Trilogy Count Brass died in this battle). Then Hawkmoon wakes up to find himself sinking in a swamp of the Kamarg, but he is rescued by Count Brass, and Yisselda and his two children are no longer there, but were apparently slain in the last battle against the Dark Empire. Here the book ends with the usual Moorcock cliffhanger.

To sum up this book is very much the mixture as before, but it is a good and acceptable mixture and Mayflower's publishing of this form of Science-Fantasy does them considerable credit. It is perhaps too much to say that SF is dead, but with new adventures in it no longer existent, authors of enterprise like Moorcock are turning to Science-Fantasy, and readers, who can see all the SF they want in Tomorrow's World are following them. As I said Moorcock's writings tend to be a bit disjointed, but in the scope of his imaginings this tends to be overlooked, properly so, because that is the author's style. Everyone who likes Moorcock will certainly look forward in anticipation to further books in the series.

Alan Burns



# Radio Telescope

by

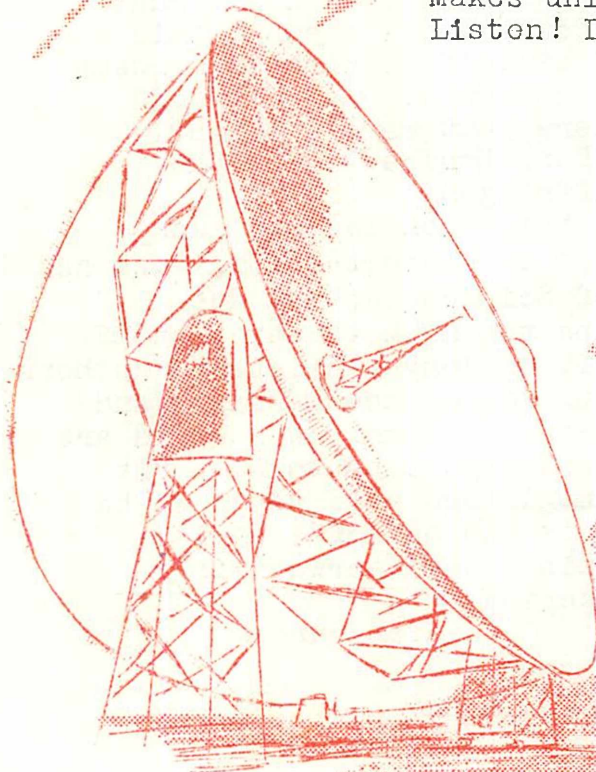
ALAN BURNS

Listen! Listen! The Stars!  
Not the feeble mutters of Venus or Mars,  
But news from the dark where energies pour  
And supernovae roar.  
Listen! Listen! The Stars!

Listen! Listen! A star!  
Sounds from the universe afar  
The laughs of mirth, the sobs of gloom  
The cries of birth or moans of doom.  
Listen! Listen! A star!

Listen! Listen! To Space!  
To constant signals that come apace  
From nebulae beyond our sight  
Or the friendly stars that shine at night.  
Listen! Listen! To Space!

Listen! Listen! The Stars!  
No power man's enquiry bars  
As his searching webbed giant ear  
Makes universal mysteries clear.  
Listen! Listen! The Stars!



# LETTERS

With Ergitorial  
comments  
marked thus..  
((( )))

ERIC BENTCLIFFE

17 Riverside Cresc. Holmes Chapel  
Ches. CW4 7NR

"I am against the use of drugs on emotional grounds (being concerned for my daughter's future) and I am also against them on what I consider to be logical grounds in that the euphoria and possessiveness engendered by taking them doesn't just harm the individual who takes them, but civilisation in general. I'll agree that tobacco and bog are also harmful to the individual, but only so the civilisation in an infinitesimal way when compared the the wholesale drug addiction which could ((( and very certainly would))) follow from present-day trends. As to 'pot' being an acceptable substitute for pipe or fag, I don't agree. 'Pot' affects one's judgement, tobacco doesn't. Alcohol of course does affect the judgement but is far less likely to lead to serious addiction than is pot.

RICHARD E COTTON, 23 Burford Avenue, Swindon, Wiltshire SN3 1BU

"Your Puritan views of drugs really makes me disagree. So you would ban the lot and inflict heavy fines...Why ? (((To stop the filthy trade))) What harm does it do you that so many young people smoke dope. (((It didn't harm me when Hitler gassed unpteen Jews...should I have ignored that idiocy and crime against humanity too ?))) It leads to bigger crimes ? A bit thin that...how many crimes are attributed to drug taking and freaks in search of a fix ((( Check the American statistics..they have the problem NOW...I don't want to see it come here))) The reason for your idea of punishing drug addicts is the fact that you just don't like drug addicts yourself, and take the typical older generation attitude of putting it down as disgusting ((( I hate football, pop music and modern poetry..but I wouldn't dream of punishing them...they aren't sick and degrading like a dope addict))) The thing I can't understand regarding drug taking is the ridiculous way in which people seem to pity drug addicts. My view on this is if they got addicted in the first place, then they alone must suffer the consequences. ((( Your thinking seems muddled here. If drugs are so desirable for all, as you seem to advocate, what dread consequences can there be ? Put it this way. If we can help prevent such idiocies, it is our duty to do so. Would you allow YOUR children the free use of hard and soft drugs...and then blame them for becoming addicts ? Or would you do your level best to keep such stuff away from them...of course, you would be a fuddy duddy old twit to them for trying to curtail their glorious freedom to become shambling addicted wrecks. Big Deal. The time to put a fire out is when the first flame flickers, NOT when the house has burnt down))) Hoping to see you among the crowds at Bristol. ((( Me too, I'm thinning on top, bulging in the mid'le, and with an s-f hlazer)))



KEN OZANNE, 42 Meek's Green, Faulconbridge, NSW, Australia (in 75)  
 "There are three copies (37, 38, & 40) before me as I write this. In 37, I liked your editorial, and was fascinated by 'Lord Of His Domain', and 'Memory Bank Lane'. In 38, the space war articles were only mildly interesting. Liked your book reviews, and thanks for the AUSTRALIA IN 75 editorial. Back to Memory Bank Lane in '37...I didn't know that Doc Smith was an alias of JWC. You made a boob. Seaton and Crane by JWC indeed! (((Congratulations, you were the only bod who spotted that ~~666~~ deliberate mistake))) And now the piece-de-resistance (((Isn't that a Free French tart?))) Through the Lens. Gosh wow! Goshwow and so on...but I want to make some carping criticisms. Arisia did not plant life on the planets which were to form civilisation, they were seeded with Arisian spores, a la Arrhenius. The difference is considerable, because overt Arisian acts had to be hidden from the Eddorians. Secondly, Civilisation did not accomplish physically anything the Eddorians could not have done. It was the mental power of all Lensmen shaped and wielded by the Children of The Lens that destroyed Eddoria. BIOGRAPHICAL BIT. Age 31, Height 5'9" bearded & bespectacled. Occupation, Mathematician specialising in group theory, logic, galois theory etc. Hobbies include reading, bridge, golf, chess, stamps coins and climbing. Married, and have one cat.

JOE BOWMAN Balinoe Farm, Ardgay, Ross-shire, Scotland. "I thought a loyal fan like yourself would be a member of the Society For the Preservation of Bug-Eyed Monsters in S-F. I'm all for BEMs, not the paste board ones of Telly and cinema, but honest to goodness Galactic monsters with personalities I can sympathise with. There happens to be one in a loch near us ((( Is his name 'Elliot Ness' ? ))) Please enclosed find a sub to ERG (((Ghord man))) I still have a copy of Triode amongst my private mags, the one with a photograph of yourself and other fen

ROBERT JACKSON I enjoyed the ERGs, particularly your moving house editorial. Alan Burns piece moved me to scribble at length O(Not on the loo wall I trust))) He reminds me of that cartoon where an old gent looks at two youngsters and says..."We fought for their freedom, and what do they do with it? They do just what they bloody well like!" Just a short scribble I'm afraid, but I'm behind on medical work. 21 Lyndhurst Rd. Benton, Newc.on-Tyne.

JIM DIVINEY 28 Manchester Rd, Brampton, Huntingdon. PE18 8QF.  
 "Thanks for ERG 42, loved that cover. I have spent 37 million pounds and set myself up to print litho (my Army job for the last 12 years. I'm really only interested in printing fannish things, so if anyone wants litho work, I will do the work 25% cheaper than normal rates..in colour too. ((( There you are litho wanters of the world...get in there and order your next fanzine )))

THANKS to all other LOC writers..space curtailed this issue, but keep writing and make sure of your next issue..unless you sub. Thanks again.

POCKET BOOKS.....CHEAP.....TOP QUALITY. You want 'em, here's where to get 'em....send an S.A.E. to....

JOHN RUPIK  
 19 Glenfield Avenue  
 DONCASTER

New address  
 =====



Best Magazine...Hell 8  
Best Cover...FanJan,  
Honourable Mention..King Kon  
for its cover and coverage.

# OMPRAVIEWS

Comments on the 69th OMPA mailing

(I wish people would learn to spell 'amendments', with one 'm' at start.)

HELL Again, top of the mailing..liked your revised and updated Poll, and now you can see how lethargic some bods are. Lovely layout and art. Agree with you over Star Trek..and TV S-F in general.. it does lack that suspencion of disbelief. ERG comment, page 14, missing from my copy... DAMMM. Otherwise, good comments. Lindsay's piece was superb. Poetry ??? Ugh. Apropos Dave Rows letter...of course ebery fanartist could improve if they couldn't, then they'd be perfect..the same can be said of every editor, reviewer, writer, and so on. We does our best (sob) Sorry to hear Hell may only have two years left of life...why not buy out the brewery, put it on wheels, and drive it to every Con ? Liked your use of two colours. Abloody good issue.

FANJAN Relax Jan, my riposte was directed at those critics, not at you. Liked your cover..and the no staple binding. THIS is an idea which is worth copying, as it makes a great improvement. Missed you at Bristol. Unending Story...Gaah. No more, please. On the other hand, Eddie Bertin on horror tales was excellent...and I don't normally like the stuff. Now you say Off Trails is a bloody mess...and Kench wants to resign. Answer.. you volunteer to take over and improve it. How about it ? That 5p and 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ p variance in postage was probably because the second letter was the Xmas special, which they up the rate for after putting on some silly little picture. Hope to make Brussels next year...this September, we'll be in Blankenberg for a week. How about a con there ?

KING KON I liked that lovely cover caption..hitherto, I had always figured Kong had grabbed Fay Wray for some other reason. An interesting account of what people did in Chester...even if many of them are only names to me....I have met some of 'em...and they were nice fen.

VAGARY Sorry you lost Selina, Bobby. Our dog is almost as old (born in 1960) and we shall miss her...but I doubt if I will let it mean that much to me..and after all, life goes on. As for the suggested psychic manifestations...sorry Bobby, but obviously you were both in just the right frame of mind to want to believe in them. As for paying for a reading. No thanks, I don't charge for my fanart, and since I have no belief whatever in astrology, I won't pay for that either. I hope that when the pain eases, you can find another to replace Selina.

JOY An excellent first issue. A nice clear cover, layout and artwork, but the print looked as if you had cut the stencil without unhooking the typer ribbon (did you ?) I loved that little poem at the foot of page 6..and the one on P.14. Smallest Monster was heartfelt..and great. Glad you liked Nartaz, and agree with your remarks about intelligence, and more so with your comments on Siddhartha. A good bacover rounds off a fine first issue. Keep it up.

EULOGY TWO I found the Banda work a bit faint to read, and won't make much comment, as I have no interest in fan poetry, Tolkein or pop music and mixed media. It would be unfair to pan material just because I don't like it. Especially when the zine itself has taken up

so much hard work. However, if 'In The Poyet' is poetry.....Nuts.  
Liked the Clarke reviews..and the Ompacommments. Have you tried the  
purple Banda carbons ? They seem to print more clearly than black

UL Norman, when are you going to go hog wild, and put out more than  
one page. You have lovely repro, yet limit yourself to the briefest  
of comments. Yep, I guess s-f has launched a clutch of scientists.

GERBISH FINK PROPOSAL SHEET. Well, apart from Ompans who didn't  
attend the Con, for their own good reasons, how about those Ompans who  
did attend...but never offered to help out with any of the work ?  
FRED HEMMINGS, MIKE AND PAT MEARA, and GERBISH (Thou) must have seem  
precious little of the Con...they were almost always working HARD.  
They owe the biggest debt of service that OMPA will ever incur. Thanks  
a million folks, I for one really appreciate the fine job you did.

#### STOP PRESS NEWS ITEMS.

===== Floyd Peill has evinced great faith in ERG and  
I by sending in a \$5.00 sub. Ed Cagle has  
entered 10 for his friends at \$1.00 each. Ghood men.

ALAN HUNTER would like to know if Lyn Hickman is not dead, but only  
sleepeth, as his letters of a year ago, await replies. Can you hear the  
agonised cries LYNN ?

My 4 minute animated film 'The Burglar' won the Delta Film award at  
the Bristol Con. Now I've just got to make another for next year.  
Messrs Robinson & Skelton suggest revised categories for the Ompa Poll.  
I'm inclined to agree, and will try to think them out. Now all the rest  
of you need to do, is to flaming well mail in your votes.

ROGER WADDINGTON regresss his Gafia, inactivity etc, but explains that he  
is making an all out effort to crash the pro-market. Luck Roger.

GEORGEHAY plan on publishing my Analog Checklists in microfiche..so  
I shall have to get on with Part 4 . (part 3 still available at 50p)

SUPERSOGGY in this issue....I have a few specially run off sets with  
unprinted backs (5 pages) available a 15 p each. Any faned who would  
like to run this cartoon in their zine by photocopying ERGs pages, is  
free to do so, provided he sends me a copy of the zine in which it  
re-appears.

OMPA POLL NOTES. I just can't go through each zine and write up your  
poll results. Please type them on a sheet of paper and mail them in  
to me, so that they can be properly tallied. Thank you.

UMPTEN YEARS AGO, Tom (fink) Reamy, editor of TRUMPET, accepted this  
issues 'Supersoggy' cartoon, and advertised that it would be in the  
next issue. Gafia set in..no more Trumpet, no replies to letters..and  
worst of all, no return of the drawings. Luckily, I had taken photos  
of each page, so was able to re-draw the whole thing....fink Reamy.

Which jst about wraps up ERG for this issue. Work can now begin on  
No.44, which will include, 'The Game of Spell & Hero' by Alan Burns,  
and John Piggott's reply to Eric Lindsay's 'Ringworld' piece....but  
a long loud silence will not get you a copy.....be warned.

OMPA currently has no waiting list, so if you are interested, why not  
join us.

Bestest,

Terry