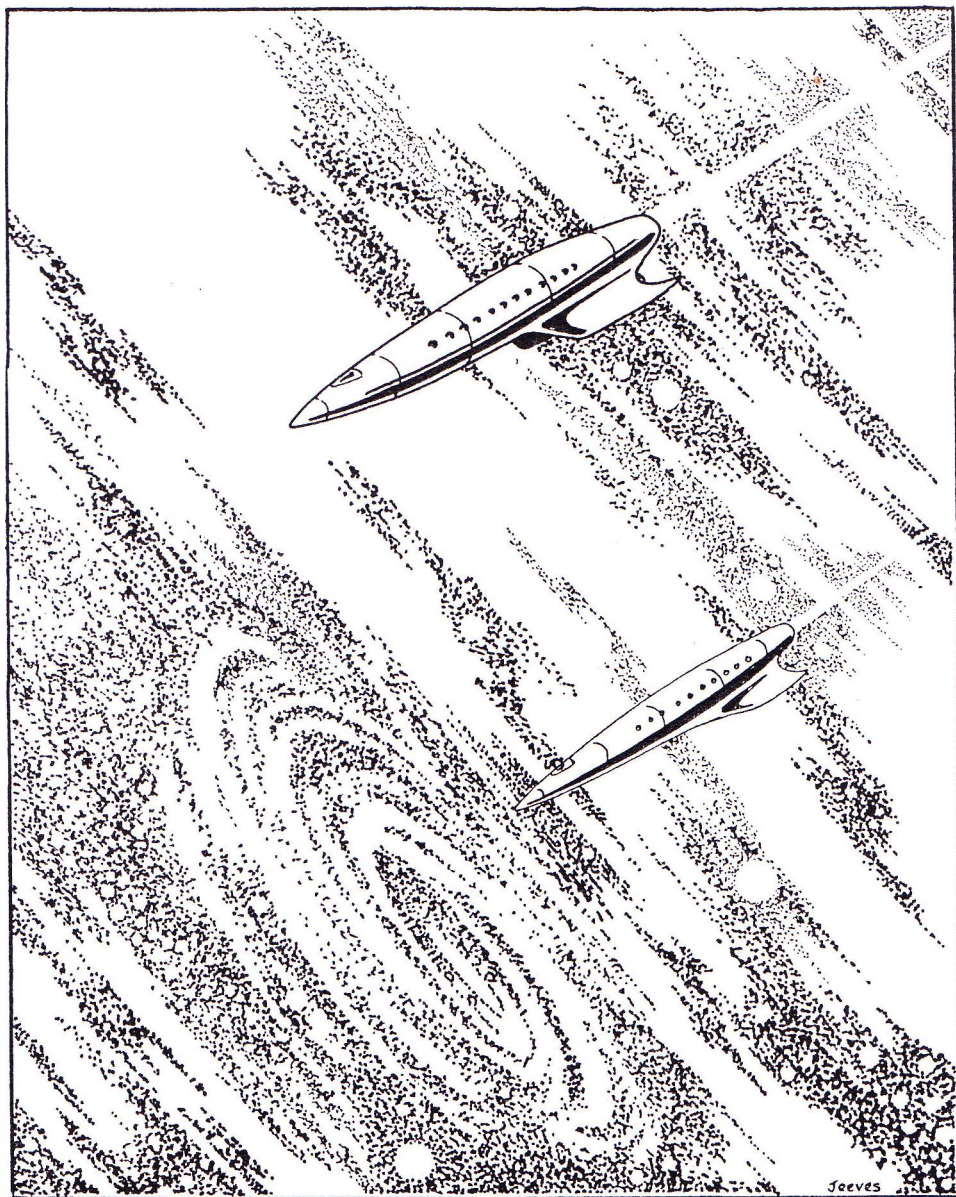
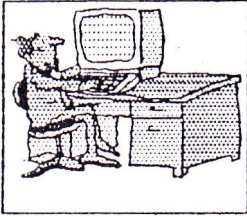


ERG 150

July 2000



Now in its 42nd year



ERG 150

July 2000

Now in its 42 year

Greetings ERGbods, ERG comes to you from Terry Jeeves, 56 Red Scar Drive, Scarborough, N.Yorks, YO12 5R. Once again the mighty thundering Jeeves' production line brings you yet another issue. If you like it and would like more, a LOC is the easiest way. First item on the agenda is to thank all those who sent (always welcome) USA stamps, both used and mint, especially Michael Waite and Don Franson whose contributions alone have brought my collection into its third album. Then there's Dave Rowe who sent me a lovely model kit of the Convair XFY-1, tail-sitter - and of course, all those kind fen mentioned in the last issue, who got me this new PC.

Yes, after an initial snafu when Freeserve accepted an in-use password and kept sending my mail to another address, I am now on the net, e-mail erg40@madasafish.com. However, since my PC time (and ability) are limited, please keep 'em short or use letter post as I can read this by the fireside.

Now for a commercial. If you want to buy older SF pbs from my collection, hard and softback non-fiction titles or aircraft books, drop me an SAE for lists.

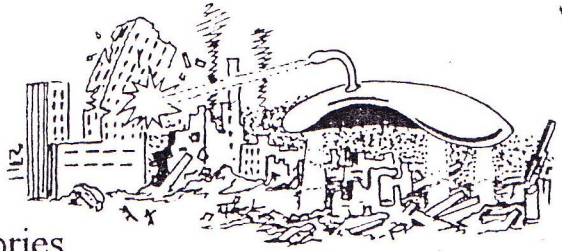
Reversing the process, can anybody sell or trade me any of the followeing titles.

WANTED Books by Stephen Leacock THE DRY PICKWICK LAST LEAVES
TOO MUCH COLLEGE MODEL MEMOIRS FUNNY PIECES
AFTERNOONS IN UTOPIA OUR BRITISH EMPIRE
THE UNSOLVED RIDDLE OF SOCIAL JUSTICE
HUMOUR: ITS THEORY AND TECHNIQUES

Also wanted THE WORLD OF TOMORROW I.O.Evans THE PULPS T.Goodstone
THE PULP JUNGLE Frank Gruber CHEAP THRILLS Frank Gruber
Part.2 of The Campbell Letters -- Perry Chapdelaine -- if there is such a book

SOAP BOX CORNER Where I stick my neck out. SF ain't what it used to be. Nowadays, it seems to be that if you want to sell a story, it's a great help if the central character is a black, female lesbian with a physical handicap, a drug dependency and is a user of gutter language. Plot doesn't matter. When I started reading SF (in the early 30s) plots were slam-bang juvenile with true-grit, upright heroes (no heroines). Crude, but they had some sort of plot which was eventually resolved. With the late 50s, SF began to acquire literary style, reasonable plots and credible characters. Then along came 'New Wave', 'experimental writing' and all the other shenanigans of 'Emperor's New Clothes' which no one must criticise on pain of being dubbed reactionary. Out went plots and characters with whom one could empathise and SF became bland, tedious and highly unreadable fantasy. Thank goodness for one's collection treasures. Or do you disagree?

More
Movie
Memories



Of course, it isn't just the oldies which I remember with delight. Many of the more recent big screen offerings also bring a warm glow of memory. There was the excellent 'War Of The Worlds', the setting is transferred to California and the Martian 'striding machines' float on anti-gravity beams, but otherwise, this is a strikingly effective SF film, arguably one of the best ever made.

I fancy Wells must have had more of his books turned into films than any other author bar Ian Fleming. The rather tedious work, 'Things To Come', saw the celluloid version outdo its book origins but other Wellsian stories that have become films include 'The Invisible Man', 'The Man Who could Work Miracles', 'The First Men In The Moon', 'The Island Of Dr. Moreau', and 'The Time Machine' made in 1959. This was directed by George Pal, once famous for his animated 'Puppetoons', and who also gave us 'Destination Moon'. His animation skills came in handy with the wonderful shop window sequence depicting the changing clothing styles of a window model as the time machine travels into the future.

I came across an interesting point about this film in 'FOCUS ON THE SCIENCE FICTION FILM' by William Johnson, Spectrum 1972 (Canada).

Apparently, when the story was published in 1895, Robert Paul, an engineer who was also a film-maker, took out a patent for 'A Novel Form of Entertainment'. Paul proposed a mixed media display of film, sound and other effects to be presented in a theatre equipped with a moving floor. The idea was to present a journey forward, then by stopping and reversing the projector, to give the audience the illusion of a trip back in time. Disneyland, are you listening? The patent number is 19984, dated 1895!

Do you remember the wonderful trick photography which brought to life the giant ape, 'King Kong'? His dramatic appearance at the huge gate on the desert island is particularly memorable. Even in sometimes jerky animation, Kong was a better actor than his human counterparts, Fay Wray and Bruce Cabot. It was impossible not to feel pity for him when his unrequited love for Fay led to his death in a final fall from the Empire State Building. King Kong's success was followed by 'Son Of Kong', and 'mighty Joe Young', but these were far less memorable offerings.

Messrs Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi gave us a spine chilling collection of horror films when, as Frankenstein's monster and Count Dracula they stalked the screens. They were aided by the ultra-sharp, stark black and white film of the era which gave them an eerie quality lacked by modern colour films. Karloff was a vastly under-rated actor. Not only did he scare the daylights out of us a lumbering monster, but whilst doing so, he often managed to elicit our pity and sympathy in that and many other roles.

His most memorable film part was of course, the monster in 'Frankenstein'. Fitted with a flawed brain and stimulated by flashes of lightning and high-voltage sparks, the creature slowly comes alive. Despite its horrible appearance and deeds, it is impossible not to feel sorry for the poor misunderstood being, hounded by ignorant peasants. Various Frankenstein films followed, but only 'Bride Of Frankenstein' managed to recapture that original magic.



'The Ghoul' saw Karloff stalking various victims. In 'The Walking Dead', he portrayed a man 'framed' and executed for a murder. Revived by a scientist, he sets out to find revenge. In 'The Mummy', Karloff was an Egyptian priest buried alive for daring to fall in love with the Pharaoh's daughter. An archaeologist discovers the mummy along with a scroll bearing an incantation to raise the dead. Naturally, the idiot starts to read the it aloud. Behind him the mummy slowly stirs and returns to life. The idea has since been pinched for many another horror movie - remember the ice-bound creature thawing out in the movie version of John W. Campbell's, 'The Thing'? A good film, but not as gripping as the book.

Lacking Karloff's ability, Bela Lugosi was more of a ham actor who relied on sleek black hair, two false tusks and posturings with a cape to project menace. Even so, he brought chills down my spine in several 'Dracula' films.

Other memories include Lionel Atwill in 'Mystery Of The Wax Museum'. Everyone wondered at the accuracy of his statues - until it was revealed that it was achieved by dipping his victims in a huge vat of boiling wax. Naturally, in the final scene, he falls into the stuff - no doubt it made him wax wroth. Even so, the idea made me rather nervous when visiting Moe. Tussauds in London.

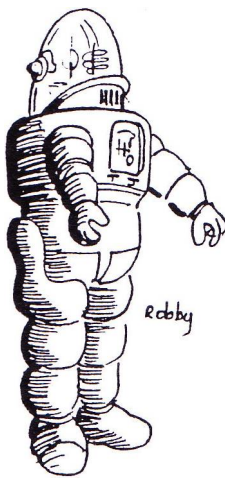
'Lost Horizon' was another great film. Based on the novel by James Hilton. Probably its most memorable scene was the torchlit procession for the funeral of the High Lama. The film showed Ronald Colman escaping China only to crash land in the Himalayas. He is rescued by the inhabitants of the lost city of Shangri La where people age very slowly - provided they stay in the community. Colman escapes with his girl, only to have her age and die before his eyes once they leave the valley - a scene not unlike the one in 'She' where the immortal Ayesha finally ages.

'A Matter Of Life And Death' showed David Niven as a fighter pilot who bails out without a parachute and is missed by the angel sent to collect him. He is hauled up to Heaven and put on trial to argue his case against Raymond Massey who is superb as the prosecuting Counsel. My main memory is of Niven being carried up a tremendously long escalator and worrying in case he fell off the top.

In 'The Man In The White Suit', Alec Guinness played a slightly croggled scientist who invents a fabric which never wears or shows dirt. It withstands, (better than its wearer) all the troubles which come along. However, it had its own built-in obsolescence which led to an embarrassing sequence for Guinness when it disintegrated.

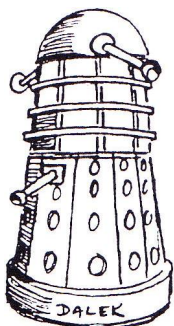
'Hands Of Orlac', saw several versions, 'Mad Love' being one of them. It was originally a German film re-made by American studios. When Concert pianist, Colin Clive (ex-Frankenstein) loses his hands in an accident, mad scientist Peter Lorre replaces them with those of an executed murderer. In between concertos, they lead their new owner into performing sundry killings.

Capsule memories of some films which also come to mind include 'Forbidden Planet', marred by wooden acting and a puerile love interest. It did have excellent special effects including Robby The Robot who went on to star in a couple of other films.



Robby

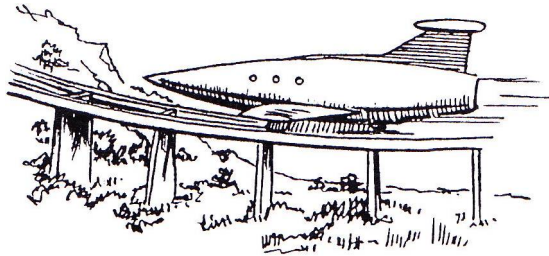
Film robots, such as in 'The Perfect Woman' are usually humanoid to save money on gadgetry, but of course we had 'The Daleks' (who could have easily been foiled by having a few more doorsteps in their path.



'Conquest Of Space' had very good special effects but a totally puerile story line. Not only did it include a technicolour song and dance routine, but failed to explain why the spaceship, built for a Moon trip had been fitted with wings, the diversion to Mars found a use for them. 'Rocket Ship XM' was abysmal, right down to the Martian landing sequence using a V-2 launch in reverse. What made it ludicrous was

the inclusion of the umbilical cables rearing up to re-connect with the rocket.

'When Worlds Collide' was a fairly good 'end of world' and near mainstream cliff hanger until the final Disneylike scene of the surface of planet Zyra faced by the emerging space travellers. 'The Trollenberg Terror' was a 'B' movie concerning a monster lurking in the side of a Swiss mountain. Even so, it had some nice scary moments. The James Bond 'Moonraker' was better than many in the space effects department - apart from spinning the station to build artificial 'g' which then operated down the axis instead of radially outwards.



SF films such as 'THE THING', 'THEM', 'DESTINATION MOON' and 'WAR OF THE WORLDS' still give me fond memories, but it is to those long-gone days of the children's matinee that I tend to turn with nostalgia. I remember all those post-cinema 'gunfights' when we fired off thousands of rounds from the inexhaustable chambers of our extended forefingers or walked stiff-legged and jerky to emulate the robots which tried vainly to spot-weld that singing horror, Gene Autrey in the serial, 'Phantom Empire'.

Nostalgia recalls the ropes we tied to tree branches so we could swing to and fro in Tarzan-like fashion whilst ululating laryngitis-giving screams. How we tied old bed springs to our feet to become 'Spring Heeled Jack', or strove to hurl each other to the ground in the best 'Mr. Moto' ju-jitsu style. The bows and arrows we made after watching Robin Hood perform or how our bicycles became fighter aircraft in the trail of some war epic in which lumbering biplanes cavorted in the sky. No need to fake crashes, they were automatically part of the action.

No doubt about it, the films had a great effect on our innocent young lives, emulating our heroes was an essential part of the cinema experience and along the way we unconsciously took in a lot of other things as well. Heroes always had white hats, white shirts, rode white horses and were clean-shaven. They never smoked or drank, whereas the baddies went around in black, soaked long, thin, cheroots and usually had thin black moustaches. Scientists were easily spotted, they wore beards as a sort of trademark to make it easier to identify them at fifty paces on a dark night.

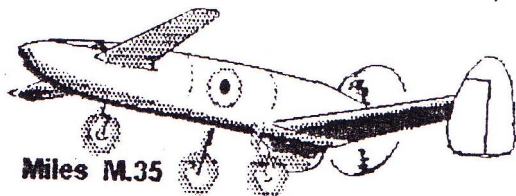
Our prejudices were smoothly and carefully manipulated; Germans were inevitably the darkest of villains, Lascar seamen untrustworthy and dressed in dungarees and dirty sweatshirts. Negroes spent most of their time shining shoes, singing spirituals or rolling their eyes in fright. As for the Chinese, they threw knives, wandered around in embroidered dressing gowns, were opium addicts and master criminals to a man. Rich and important people stalked around in top hats, evening dress, carried black canes and spoke 'posh'. Plebs such as common soldiers, were inevitably Cockneys, had cloth caps and dropped their aitches. Officers could be relied upon to speak nicely, smoke pipes and always keep a stiff upper (moustached) lip.

On the other hand we also acquired desirable social values and beliefs such as firm convictions that 'Crime Does Not Pay', 'Honesty Is The Best Policy' and 'Good will always triumph over evil'. These might not have been true precepts, but did help to make us more law-abiding citizens than many of those unfortunates now being raised on a diet of sex, violence, drugs, 'joy'-riding and gutter language. In our fights, we used no kicks, head-butting, karate chops or knees in the groin. Knives and 'bovver' boots were unheard of. If an opponent went down in a scrap, we waited for 'em to get up again. When the brouhaha was finished, we parted as pals.

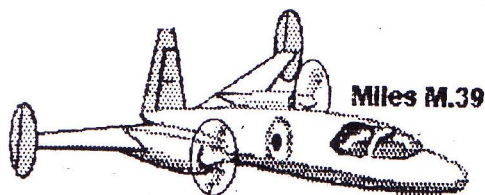
Despite all this, people still tell me that films have no effect on impressionable youngsters. If that is true, why do advertisers spend millions on TV advertising? I wonder just who is living in cloud cuckoo land.



TAILS AWAY



Many strange aircraft have been described in earlier instalments of this series, but now I'd like to mention a few which never got very far past that first flush of enthusiasm in a designer's eye. For openers, the Miles M-35 and M-39 Libellula (The name was derived from the dragonfly) designs take some beating. Both had tricycle undercarriages and were tandem-wing machines, i.e. they had canard foreplanes and no tailplane and in addition, boasted swept-back wings with large end-plates. The idea was that having smaller wings meant that no folding mechanism would be needed for operation from an aircraft carrier.

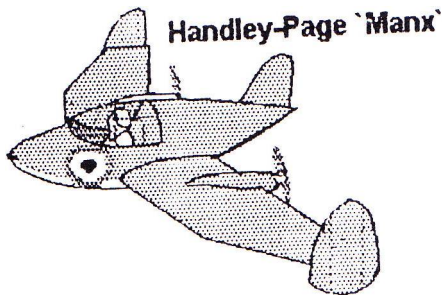


The M-35 was of wooden construction and employed a 130hp engine driving a pusher airscrew, but it was unstable in flight and the design proved unsuitable, Miles developed it into the M-39 by adding a third tail fin and a pair of 130hp engines driving tractor propellers. The design was meant

to become a high speed bomber to be fitted with jet engines if and when they became practical and thus give a speed of over 400mph. After much test flying, the scheme was abandoned.

Another strange, swept-wing design was the Handley-Page 'Manx' so called presumably because it had no tailplane. It was part of a 'Tail-less Research Project' and featured a swept and tapered wing with end-plate fins. Two 140hp engines buried in the fuselage, drove twin pusher airscrews by means of long extension shafts to wing nacelles. It carried a crew of two,

but what the 'observer' could see from his backward facing, slanting window, was problematical. Originally due to fly in 1939, the aircraft was beset by engine, weight and structural problems so that the first flight did not take place until 1943. The Manx was finally scrapped in 1946.



Another futuristic shape appeared with the Armstrong-Whitworth AW.52 which first surfaced in 1945 as a reduced scale, wooden aircraft designed to test stability and control.

Towed behind a Whitley bomber then air-launched, it proved satisfactory and without vices

Following this, two full-size machines were

These were powered by jet engines. Originally, Rolls Royce Nenes had been planned but lower

power Derwents were fitted instead. Despite the lower power, the designs were reported as having a speed of around 500mph. Once again, the designs proved satisfactory, although one was lost when wing-flutter developed, the pilot ejected. The machine then righted itself but went on to crash. After much test flying without incident, the remaining aircraft came to an ignoble end as a firing range target. A fate which seems to have beset one or two promising designs.

**Armstrong-Whitworth
AW.52**



Fairey FD-2



Lacking both a canard foreplane or a tailplane, but boasting a beautifully swept delta wing as well as a drop-nose to provide better landing visibility, the Fairey FD-2 was originally built to investigate the transonic and supersonic flight regimes. This was a target fully achieved when in 1956, the tiny delta smashed the existing absolute airspeed record of 822mph previously held by a North American Super Sabre. The FD-2 belted past the markers at a blistering 1132mph, some 310mph faster than the earlier record! To be fair, it only carried just enough fuel for the record attempt unlike the Sabre which was basically a military machine.

With a length of 51 feet, but a span of a mere 26 feet, the test flying was not without incident as on one occasion, the engine cut whilst flying at 30,000 feet, some 30 miles from base. The pilot, Peter Twiss refused to abandon the machine and brought it back to a successful landing with virtually no hydraulic power, a feat for which he was later awarded the Queen's Commendation. The actual record flight was not without incident the tiny delta could only carry just enough fuel for the two, each way, flights demanded by the regulations governing the attempt.

The FDD-2 was then used for Concorde development. Renumbered as the BAC-221, it was given a new ogive wing, a lengthened fuselage and new undercarriage. All designed to check systems out before embodying them in Concorde. The machine finally finished its days as a ground exhibit alongside Concorde 002 at Yeovilton where I had the thrill of walking around both machines and still have cine film of the striking pair.

9

THE OLD MILL STREAM -- A Country Column of City Life

by Penelope Fandergaste

At a science-fiction convention some few years ago, some bright spark had the idea of a lucky dip. I've no idea where he got hold of the barrel... possibly from a lucky dip... which he filled with sawdust and wood shavings and inserted into this mess a welter of small packets. You know how it works: you pay a small fee, plunge your hand into the IKEA reject material and pull out a plum. Or whatever. A copy of *Astounding* for January 1930 or a detached back cover from *SFX*.

I mention this little tale of Fannish Days Gone By because it was my birthday recently and a family member gave me a thick paperback called *The Book of Days*. I can only think that he found himself stuck with it after having been suckered into taking part in a lucky dip or some similar enterprise.

But, I have to admit, some of the entries are fascinating. Did you know that on 6th May 1642 Montreal was established under its original name of Ville Marie? Tell me, tell me, how could you have gone on living all these years without that fact to the forefront of your mind?

On the other hand the fact that the Derby was first televised on 3rd June 1931 does strike a chord. Not because I'm particularly a racing fan (though I do know the neat little story of the comedy actor, Tom Walls, investing in a run down horse and entering it in the 1934 Derby as "a bit of fun," and the bag, April the Fifth romping home the clear winner), but because the entry is imbued with a certain Sense of Wonder. TV? in 1931? As early as that! Wow!

And what of this month, the merry month of July? Louis Bleriot and Amy Johnson share the same 1st July birthday, albeit thirty-one years apart.

The fourth of July of course is that day we celebrate getting rid of those irksome American colonies, while Argentina celebrates its National Day on 9th July, which note should thrill the inhabitants of the Falklands.

The French impressionist, Pissaro was born on 10th July 1830. in, of all places, the *Danish West Indies* (and how many of us even knew that there *were* any Danish West Indies?

July 11th is Pancake Tuesday. Well it is here. I happen to like pancakes and can't see why I shouldn't have my own pancake day in my own column, thank you very much.

July 21st of course is National Moon Walking Day. In future years this day will be celebrated by people actually taking day trips to the moon. In the meantime a reasonable substitute is to walk through some of the Birmingham inner city underpasses which are equally as derelict.

You know something? These *Book of Days* entries are *fascinating*. Perhaps there's a lot to be said for Lucky Dips after all.

If you'd like to know some of the evnts which took place in previous years on your birthday or would like to know which famous, or infamous, personalities share your special day, contact me on www.iwouldliketoknowaboutmymotherinlawsbirthday.com forward slash co dot uk backward slash dot com. Don't forget to enclose a second class stamp.

THE WRITE WAY

I lay no claims to be a writing expert although I have sold close on a thousand cartoons plus a few stories and articles in England and the USA. So, I'll dive in and make a few suggestions which have worked for me and may help you. You sit down to write and need an idea, where do ideas come from? If you're lucky they'll come from just thinking about something of interest. I got \$90.00 for a story inspired by thinking about Einstein's equations and a logical outcome of the one which involves time slowing down. When I get the urge or need to write I often fall back on an idea-providing standby. I mull over cliches, saying, proverbs or parables and try to think of other interpretations which can be put on them. Take "Empty vessels make the most noise" Forget jugs etc, what about sailing vessels? How might they make noises? Perhaps a fishing boat is to be retired because of EEC quotas. Its owner makes a protest by sailing off to somewhere outlandish to catch fish, maybe up the Thames. What happens next? That's one way to develop a story line from an old saying.

Take "A stitch in time saves nine"? I twisted this around, dropped the 'stitch', changed 'time' to 'thyme'. and ended up with a little boy who got some chocolate cake his mother was going to make the next day by going into her herb garden and making a 'thyme machine'. Daft maybe, but it was an idea which created itself. Another way is to open a dictionary, choose a word at random, then jot down ideas associated with that word.

How about writing courses?. I've been on two, one totally useless, the other useful. I only attended three sessions of the first before quitting. Each took the same format, the lady running the course would read us one of her pieces (usually half a yard of poetry) then ask for our comments. Naturally, everyone kept these gentle and appreciative. When asked about what we should do about our writing, she explained that we should write whatever took our fancy and that she wouldn't tie us down to set assignments as they were too restricting. For that sort of advice we didn't need a course, so I quietly dropped away.

Course Two was far better. The tutor brought photocopied material from various sources and had us write criticisms of it. On one occasion she gave each of us a Mills & Boon novel and had us write a precis, a criticism and an analysis of each character. It wasn't too onerous and as an offshoot of that I wrote my own parody of the genre, 'Billsand Moon'. On other occasions, she assigned us writing tasks. One of these was, "Write a story, article or poem which brings in the following:- A policeman, No.10 Downing Street, a golf ball, a snowstorm, a monk and a TV set. I really had fun writing that one so for your eddification I'll run it here. You have been warned, now read on.

A COUPLE OF COPPERS

"We'll take this for evidence," said the taller of the two police officers as he retrieved the golf ball from the remains of the shattered TV set. Between them, they ushered the slight figure of the monk out into the driving snow. Behind them, the door of 'No.10 Downing Street' swung closed on the revelry within".

11

"Thank goodness that's finished", said Ted Garvey as he ripped the final sheet of paper from the typewriter. "This little lot is going to win me a fiver down at the pub."

"How's that?" asked his wife Mavis as she placidly stirred a steaming pan of 'Chemin de Fer' for their evening meal.

"Well, you remember that blowhard, Bob Ratchet?" Mavis nodded assent.

"He bet me five quid that I couldn't write a short story which involved a golf ball, a monk, two policemen, a snowstorm and Number Ten Downing Street. I've managed it, so next time I see him, he'll have to shell out. That'll take the smile off his face. What do you think of that, old girl?"

"I think this Chemin de Fer is ready to eat, so we'd better get it down us before we go on duty," replied his better half.

"Right", grinned Ted, "I'll open a bottle of 'Eau de Cheval' just to celebrate".

An hour later, food and wine comfortably disposed of and the dishes gently fragmenting in the washer, the Garveys had changed into uniforms and were pacing slowly down the road to sign on for evening beat duty. Something cold and wet touched Ted's cheek causing him to glance at the darkening sky.

"Damn, it's starting to snow," he grumbled. "I reckon...." His words were interrupted by a metallic voice from the walky-talky clipped to his lapel.

"Tango H.Q. to 49. Are you receiving me? Over". Despite the distortion, Ted recognised the voice.

"Garvey here, Harry. What's the matter?"

"Trouble at your local, Tom. Some people in fancy dress on their way to a party called in for a few early drinks. One of 'em seems to have overdone it and is getting a bit stropopy. Can you call in on your way down and sort him out?"

"Can do, Harry. Over and out", Ted clicked off his microphone and grimaced at his wife.

"Starting early tonight, love. Come on".

Reaching the pub, Ted led the way into the saloon bar. He was just in time to hear a slurred voice raised above the general hubbub...

"Stand back and let me show you all how Arnold Palmer drives off". People moved to left and right; among them, a Robin Hood character in Lincoln Green, a rather pudgy Maid Marian and an undersized Little John. Their movement gave Ted and Mavis a clear view of the fourth party goer. A bleary-eyed Friar Tuck was swinging a reversed walking stick in lieu of a golf club. It whistled down, to strike a small white object on the carpet. The ball shot across the saloon narrowly missed the Garveys, and with a resounding 'CRASH!', shattered the pub's TV set and abruptly terminated episode 2743 of Constipation Street.

There was an abrupt hush. Skylarking was one thing, but this time, something had gone wrong. Eyes swung from Friar Tuck to the Garveys and back again. Ted, (now the efficient P.C.49) broke the silence.

"We'll take this for evidence", said the taller of the two police officers as he picked the golf ball from the remains of the shattered TV set. Between them, P.C.49 and his wife, P.C.W.84 ushered the slight figure of the monk out into the snowstorm whilst behind them, the door of the 'No.10, Downing Street' pub swung silently closed.

THE END

IT DOESN'T MATTER

One standby of SF has long been matter transmission; which seems queer as we already have it with us. Wrap up an object, bung it in the mail and if nothing goes wrong, it will eventually be delivered to its destination. A piece of matter has been transmitted from A to B. "Ah, but that's not what I mean by 'matter transmission'", says the SF buff. "What I have in mind is that I put an item on a platform, press a button and the object vanishes from my platform and reappears on the one at its destination. Now that's matter transmission."

OK, that's the fictional idea and I will now stick my neck out and say it will never happen. Let's look at the usual fictional explanation. Start with sound. If you speak, a microphone can pick it up and transmit your voice all over the world. Similarly, a TV camera can 'scan' you and transmit your image. The matter transmitter will 'scan' you, transmit the information and recreate it somewhere else. It's as easy as that.

Rubbish! First take speaking into the microphone. Your voice produces sound waves which impinge on the microphone and give up their energy. The original energy dies away, but it has created a tiny voltage which is amplified and used to modulate a carrier wave which is then radiated to a receiver which picks up that signal, demodulates the carrier, drives a loudspeaker and thus produces a reasonable facsimile of the original sound. Note, I said 'facsimile, NOT the original. Any number of receivers can pick up that signal and reproduce a copy - but they are but copies, NOT the original, that faded and died in the microphone.

TV works in a slightly more tricky manner, but in essence, the picture is scanned and the information used to modulate a carrier. It is only a surface scanning, it reproduces a flat, one-viewpoint picture. Again, this can be picked up by umpteen TV sets which can then reproduce reasonable *copies*, NOT the original

At this point, the fictional doohickey takes over, it scans, not only the surface of our human traveller, but layer after layer of the atoms which compose the subject, and this must be done in a fraction of a second otherwise all the chemical changes continually taking place in the human body will be at different stages on reproduction. This could prove rather nasty. Worse, if Fred is to be transmitted, the body on the platform must be disintegrated and re-created elsewhere. Is it murder to disintegrate body A, even if you then create body B? Then again, where does the material come from to re-create that body? If it comes from a matter bank, then we're back at the 'not matter transmission but copy-creating' argument again. Worse, if several receivers are tuned to the same frequency we could end up with dozens of Fred Bloggins. A handy way for a dictator to raise an army, but not exactly the quick transport system we had in mind. Then there's the problem of motion. If you flick from somewhere on the equator where you're zipping round at some 1000mpoh, to the North pole, you would zip off into space at that velocity. Larry Niven covered this problem nicely in RINGWORLD, His travellers only moved short distances to places of differing velocities/

I'm pretty sure that TV scanning analogy is a real no-no and who wants to be disintegrated, probably painfully, just to go and visit Aunt Agatha? Not me.



FANZINES

ACES.14 from Paul McCall, 5801 W.Henry St., Indianapolis, IN 46241, USA A SUPERB issue with a full colour cover worthy of the 30s pulps to which the mag is dedicated. Crammed with wonderful nostalgic artwork, I revelled in the article on artwork by Cartier and Mayan, plus more Cartier at the back as well as LOCs and Con comments, Richard Kyle on Frank R. Paul articles by Rex Layton, myself, Will Murray and others. A terrific issue, get it for \$10.00 and worth it!

YNGVI IS A LOUSE.63 from T.K.F Weisskopf, 3188 Atlanta Hwy. PMBBox 385, Athens, GA 30606, USA 12 pages holding an article, by Charlotte Proctor, personal notes, photos and LOCs, including a long one on Westerns. Get it for the usual

BENTO.11. David Levine & Kate Yule, 1905 SE 43rd Ave., Portland, OR 97215 USA 46 mini (A6?)pages of natter on profit margins, personal notes, the net, ages, a puzzle, film comment and loads of LOCs. Something for everyone, nice friendly one.

FOSFAX.198 the O-O of The Falls of Ohio SF and Fantasy Association, PO Box 37281 Louisville, KY 40233-7281, USA 84pp opening with editorial musings, then loads of reviews, a page of fanzines, history of copying documents and loads of LOCs. Great for book coverage in quantity and depth. 6 issues for \$12.00 USA, and \$18.00 outside the USA

OPUNTIA 44.1 B.C.D. from Dale R Speirs, Box 6830, \Calgary, Alberta, CANADA T2P 2E7 comes in three ERG-sized sections, .B is crammed with fanzine reviews, .C reviews books on alim life forms along with some lovely illos, and .D has LOCs and more reviews. All sections have assorted general comments. Excellent for finding who is publishing what.

MIMOSA.25 Nicki and Richard Lynch, PO Box 3120, Gaithersburg, MD 20885, USA

Excellent wrap-round card cover, holds a massive 60 pages and crammed to the gunwhales (whatever they are), with articles on Aussie Con, Worldcons, Aussie Fandom, Bratislava fans, entering fandom, trips to Sweden., a report on a solar eclipse, early fandom, memories of Willis, oodles of LOCs and much more really time-binding stuff. Highly readable. Get it for LOC, trade or \$4.00 A Real good `un.

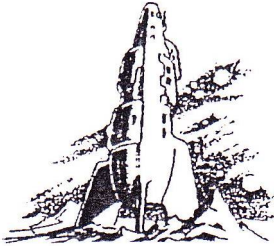
QUASIQUOTE.2 From Sandra Bond, 46 Sterling Rd., London N22 5BP 42 pages crammed with personal notes, background to fanzines, fandom, film comment, the Vargo Statten Mag, oodles of LOCs and a Con trip/Taff Report which started with arrival and then returned to the USA to begin the trip. Nice illos and other goodies. Get it for the usual.

THIS HERE.2 Martin Tudor, 24 Ravensbourne Grove, Willenhall, W.Midlands WV13 1HX Originating as a netzine from N.Farey, this is a 12 page natterzine touching on religion and fish, a lot on pop music and a good lettercol. Nice fillos and plenty of photos.

BANANA WINGS.15 from Martin Tudor, 14 Northway Rd., Croydon, Surrey CR0 6JE and Claire Brialey, 26 Northampton Rd., Croydon, Surrey CR0 7HA.a 54 page trip report omn visiting the Aussiecon and making a grand tour of a large chunk of its real estate. Crammed with humour and anecdotes and a model for all trip reporters.

VARGO STATTEEN: The Inquisitor. Also from Martin & Claire, this is a 52 page slice of pure 50s nostalgia in reprints of 'Inquisitor's' fannish columns from the VSM magazine. The best fan item of the year, full colour card covers, on offer at £3.00, it's a steal. It brought back many long-forgotten memories. If you fanned in the 50s, this is a must for you.

LETTERS



RON SMALL, PO Box 382, Shapleigh, Maine, 04076.

USA About Hallowe'en. I'm not sure where that custom originated, but it is quite popular here. A bit of a nuisance at times, leading some unhappy victims to lace their offerings with razor blades etc.. Some efforts have been made to alter the to something more peaceful, but there is no denying that it gets out of hand here and there. This is the land of guns, 5-year-old children killing their classmates, teenage brats in Germany dropping lethal rocks from overpasses onto motorists, etc. [*We have similar brainless yobbos*] All of this is

absolutely appalling and it seems to get worse and worse. [*I couldn't agree more.*]

ALAN BURNS, 19 The Crescent, Off King's Rd, Wallsend, Tyne & Wear NE28 7JRE

Memorable quotations, my favourite comes from *The Barber of Seville* where Figaro sees a figure crouching in the shadows, "Ah, Count Alma-viva" he says, to which comes the answer, "Hush, I'm in disguise". [*My own favourite is from Dad's Army where the U-boat captain, threateningly says to the brash young soldier, "What is your name?" and Captain Mainwaring jumps in. "Don't tell him, Pike".*] Ken on metrication, I don't see what all the brouhaha is about. Doubtless, like me, you will have used the metric system in career. My first job on the Sinclair computer was to do a table to convert gallons to litres for filling tanks not calibrated in litres. Our old measures had a certain charm, how many foreigners make a man uncivil, forty poles make one rood and so on. [*I like the bit, five and a half yards make one rod, pole or perch.*]

KEN LAKE, 36 Barrington Rd, Loughton, Essex, IG10 2AY I just don't understand you at all. You complain that people won't write LOCs and you chop them from your circulation for not giving any feedback. [*Seems logical to me, I do say 'silent' reade.* I proposed you fit ERG into an apa for two very good reasons, you would get a fair higher level of feedback and people would be able to express themselves without the fear that you would excise anything you chose., and criticise anything else with no hope of their being able to defend themselves. [*I have considered apas, but an extra 20 or 30 ERGs would cost lolly, the publication timings wouldn't fit my issue dates and I couldn't spare an extra three or four pages of apa comments out of my meagre 16 pages in ERG.*] After every issue I give considerable thought to framing a readable LOC. I've learned it's no good ever disagreeing with you; you will either cut that bit out or use your editorial position to make unfair comments. [*How are they unfair?*] Yet this time, you've not only ignored my LOC, but printed someone else's TWICE to fill up the space as an excuse for doing so. [*That's rubbish, the duplication was NOT malice but a snafu thanks to using three PCs, a explained in the ERGitorial. As for your LOCs, you had them in ERGs 146,147 and 148 so you haven't been slighted.*] Under the circumstances I think it would be best to delete me from your mailing list, reading each issue always leaves me annoyed, sometimes downright furious. [*Fair enough, but I shall be sorry to have you go.*]

RON BENNETT, 36 Harlow Park Cresc. Harrogate, N.Yorks HG2 0AW I wasn't allowed to attend the Saturday morning matinees - far too rough. Besides, I spent those joyous times bored-out of my tiny, sitting nrxt to my father in the synagogue...I have the sneaking feeling that I wouldn't have enjoyed going to the matinees anyway. I liked films, went often and I think I'd probably have been annoyed at the interruptions caused by the mayhem around me. Besides, the local flea-pit which held the Saturday morning shows was known affectionately... I think with reason... as "The Bug 'Utch" and my parents would have had kittens had I ever gone there (I seem to remember that I did *once* and they did.)

BRIAN TAWN, 27 Burdett Rd., Wisbech. Cambs PE13 2PR I really enjoyed reading about the meal you and Val enjoyed on the NYMR. Oh joy! It took me back to the (non-meal) trip on the NYMR a few years back - and from there, the drifting memories of touring the NYM by car, of strolling round Pickering of.. well, you know the area. So much to do, see and remember. I can't get back too soon. [*It's a lovely area and we haven't had a moment's regret moving here from the city of Sheffield*]

JOSEPH T.MAJOR 1409 Christy Avenue, Louisville, KY 40204-2040, USA Someone in Stet was bemoaning how **terrible** it was that people like Terry Jeeves were not on the Net. [*I'm at erg50@madasafish.com after an initial snafu after Freeserve kept sending my mail to a neighbour*] **The Old Mill Stream** Greatest movie lines of the millennium?, how about "We're fighting for this woman's honour which is more than she ever did!" "Drown in a vat of whisky" "Death where is thy sting?" and of course that eternal indictment, "Well, Stanley, that's another nice mess you've-got me into". [*I like the one I quoted in reply (above) to Alan Burns.*] **Letters.** The hardware store not far from our office sells loose nails. I suppose you could buy just one. However the rule seems to be if think you need just one bolt, you will end up needing at least two. [*Fair enough, but my beef is against having to buy boxes of the things - as with batteries etc.*]

GENE STEWART, 1710 Dianne Ave., Bellevue, NE 68005, USA I find it interesting that as adults those things we remember most fondly seem to be the very things adults were dismissing as utter bosh at the time. Hence SF serials inspired an entire generation or three of SF writers who continued to enjoy that whiz-bang stuff even when they'd grown beyond short trousers. And lo, the most profitable movies of all time are that skiffy stuff, and dignity is damned near fannish. What one wonders, is today's youth enjoying? What do adults despise these days? Is there nothing left for kids? I've actually seen many of the Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers serials. They were used as filler on the Armed Forces Radio and Television Network. Most complained about them but I found those old serials fun. And how true to life were those malcontents in **Things To Come**, being pig-headed about anything they don't understand. Luddites? Reactionaries? Town Councils? [*I fancy they're anti GM crop activists.*] Can't wait for you to grt online. e-mail me when you can. [*No sooner said than done, I'm at erg40@madasafish.com My thanks also for the US stamps, always appreciated*]

PAMELA BOAL, 4 Westfield Way, Wantage, Oxon OX12 7EW Thanks for ERG '49, When you were producing your first ERG I was producing our youngest child and hadn't even heard of fandom. I enjoyed all the items in this ish, especially your delightful account of your January 2nd. outing. James Verran's erudite article on the different calendars made me think. He asks "So what?" I think the what is the need for people to find common ground to celebrate occasionally. Apart from fandom I have other international contacts, I could easily ask a Jewish friend in Israel and a Chinese friend from Singapore plus Buddhist and Muslim acquaintances from other countries to meet me next February 29th. in any part of the world without any worries that there would be any misconception about the date.

Geoff Barker, 19 Oldfield Grove, Stannington, Sheffield S6 6DR 'The Movies'- the only ones I recall, as a child, are TV repeats of Flash Gordon. Now I'm grown up' (41, same age as ERG) and have a video, but do they ever show Flash Gordon? Do they heck. *[I seem to recall they ran the series on BBC a few years ago. See the next letter.]* Roger Waddington's comments on TV celebrity holidays is one of my pet hates too. Why should 'their' opinion be any better than mine? *[I suspect it is worse - they are getting paid and don't want to knock the places they visit in case they don't get invited again..]*

ALAN SULLIVAN, 26 Thornford Rd., LONDON SE13 6SG The Movies, Well, they don't make movies like tht any more. Nowadays, you're lucky to get a main feature, a short (more often than not this is dispensed with by cost-conscious cinema managers) and a lot of adverts. Serials of course, are now a province of TV. A lot of the old film serials were shown a few years back on TV. Not just *Flash Gordon* and *Buck Rogers*, but also *King Of The Rocket Men*, *Batman* and a couple of othersd. At least one of these was set in Atlantis and featured a hero called Brick Bradford (or something) I'm not sure if *Phantom Empire* made it, though I could be mistaken. That robot looks very familiar and I think there was more than a little re-use of stock footage from one film to the next.

KEN CHESLIN, 29 Kestrel Rd., Halesowen, W.Midlands B-63 2PH Those old Gene Autrey films! Worse, were the *Roy Rogers -Flash Gordon*, the falling sparks creased me at the time. They showed these, plus *Hopalong Cassidy*, etc. etc. at the local flea-pit. Penny, mindless spells, I could spit everytime I see the related, dumbed down, could be made by a 12-year-old, modern TV items *[I agree, I hate the modern, cut price animation where only the jaw-line moves]*

Capsule Review

DYNASTY, The Stuarts 1560-1807 John Macleod, Sceptre £8.99 Close on 400 pages including 16 of photographs. After a rather 'grasshopperish' first chapter, the author settles down to relate a fascinating saga of the tempestuous Stuart lineage and the thrones of England and Scotland. It is hard to put down this history of battles, treachery, villainy, cowardice and the sundry intrigues of Stuarts both intelligent and inept. Plenty of amusing anecdotes and frightening cruelty hold the interest throughout. However, keeping track of who is doing what, was rather tricky, the addition of a family tree and possibly a time line of characters and main events would have been a great help.