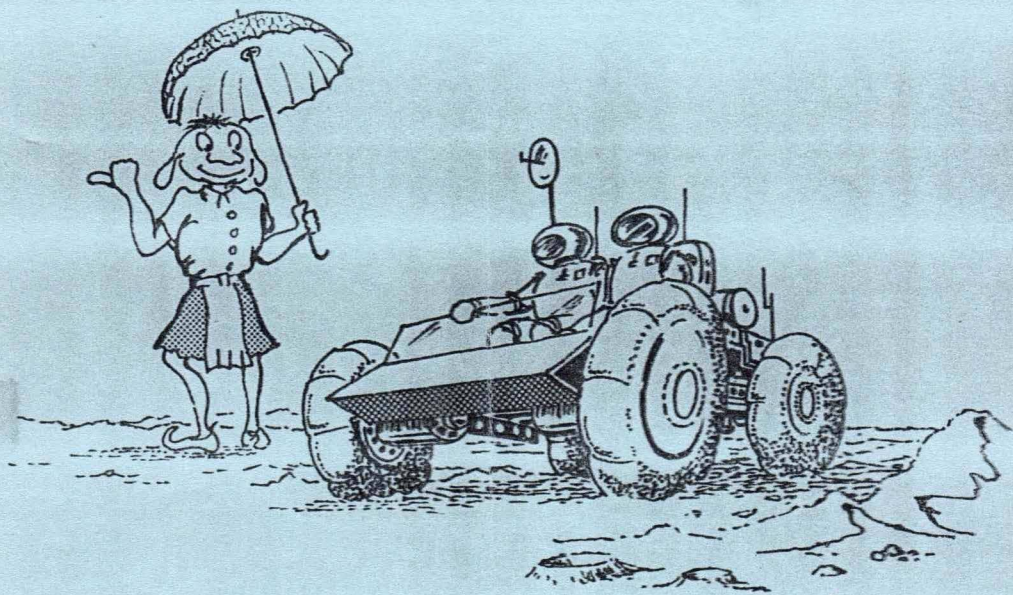
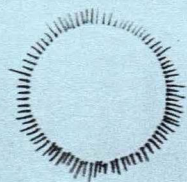


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**ERG 113**

**APRIL 1991**

**32nd. ANNIVERSARY ISSUE**



ERG

113

APRIL 1991

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ERG'S 32nd. ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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Greetings ERGbods,

Having said that ERG 112 would be the last issue, I found I was getting withdrawal symptoms. As a result, I began to potter away at another issue. The pottering escalated, and you are now holding the result - ERG's 32nd. Annish.

However, there will be a few changes. I've dropped the 'Quarterly' from the title. ERG will appear if and when I feel like it. I'll probably drift away from SF now and then - as with the photography and 'coupon' articles in this issue. I'll write pieces on whatever takes my fancy. The biggest difference will be in how you get ERG. In the past, trades, subscribers and non-responders meant I was mailing out many copies into a vacuum. To avoid that, I am asking you, IF you enjoyed this issue, to pay for it by sending me either THREE, second class stamps, or a dollar bill. That pays for this issue. When I produce an ERG 114, then you'll be sent a copy on the same terms. If I don't hear from you, I'll assume you don't want any future issues.

Sorry if that sounds mercenary, but ERG was getting costly with too many copies being mailed into Limbo. I hope that many (most) of you will accept this new system, and of course, I shall still treasure your LOCs. There isn't a letter column this issue because I didn't think there'd be another ERG, so I didn't save them. Apologies for that, all will be rectified with another issue.

Other news - Having had the Nova for exactly two years, we had clocked up no less than 26000 miles, or over a thousand a month. To celebrate, I went out and traded it in for a 5-door, 1.4cc Astra. Naturally, this brought snow and ice to Britain so that in two weeks, we hadn't reached the 200 mile mark. Coming up in May is Mexican in Harrogate. Val and I will be there and look forward to meeting old friends and making some new ones. Hopefully, I'll be reporting the weekend in a future issue.

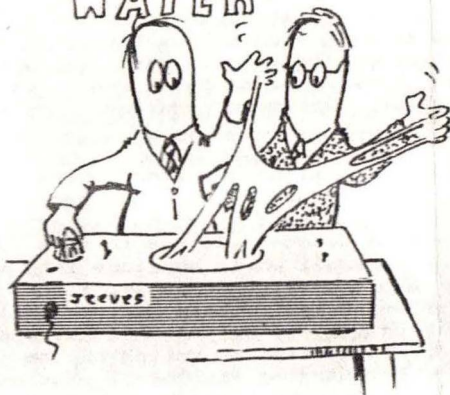
If any of you want to buy paperbacks or hardcovers, I have oodles of both on offer, send me a SAE and I'll let you have printouts.

Meanwhile, all the very best.

*Jerry*

CARRY ON JEEVES. 16.

# WORLD CON WATER



Now and then we encountered heaps of old climbing gear, presumably abandoned by earlier expeditions. Reaching our rooms without needing the oxygen masks, the first things to be unpacked were the emergency whisky rations - as a result, the rest of the weekend tends to get a bit blurry around the edges.

The King's Court had one of the longest, narrowest Convention halls I have ever come across, some ten feet wide and two miles long. In addition, it also served as the breakfast room as well as being the main thoroughway between other parts of the hotel. Throw in the fact that before retiring for the night, the staff liked to set the place up for breakfast and you have the classic situation where Convention attendees were requested, "Please do not walk through the Convention Hall, it puts dust on the cornflakes."

I actually got to meet the late, great and highly idiosyncratic John W Campbell who created modern SF and was surprised to find he wasn't ten feet tall. I can finally enter the glades of FAFIA knowing that I actually talked with him. It came about that Eric Jones had built a Hieronymus Machine (ask grandad to tell you all about that, Junior) and had asked me to look after it whilst he went for a game of Ludo. I was happily twiddling its dials and trying to kid myself that I had got a tactile response, when JWC came by. Naturally he had to stop - you might say we got stuck on the same Hieronymus machine together. We had a pleasant natter about the machine and the general availability of miniaturised bits and pieces inside the thing, before he moved on .. but I HAD talked with him.

Incidentally, John W. Campbell had come over to enjoy the first 'World' Convention held outside the USA. He was so disgusted with the hotel's coffee that he went out and located a chemical supply company. Here he bought beakers, funnels, filter papers and a small spirit lamp. He set this array up on his breakfast table so that each morning he could make his favourite brew just the way he liked it.

At the end of the week, we flew back to London for the 1957, World Science Fiction Convention. It was held in the rather ghastly King's Court Hotel. The reception desk was well defended, but we climbed over paint pots, ladders, rolls of paper and yards of tarpaulin. For some idiotic reason, the management had decided to start decorating the place during the Convention. We grabbed an unwary desk clerk and added our names to a list including neos such as Willis, Bennett, Lindsay, etc. It turned out that our rooms were on the fourth floor. Things could have been worse, we might have been on the fifth - except the place only had four floors. Naturally, the lift wasn't working, so we set off on a mountaineering ascent.

The Saturday evening Fancy Dress Ball suffered somewhat from the presence of the 'Tonight' TV crew. They set up several Megawatts of lighting in the lounge and began to interview the 'notables'. Since everybody wanted to get their mugs on TV, a huge traffic jam built up as everyone milled around murmuring "Rhubarb, rhubarb" whilst trying to ensure their best profiles faced the cameras. It must have looked hilarious to outsiders. This had one great advantage though, it left the dance hall deserted. I was able to escort Dave Newman's fiancee in untepen uninterrupted circuits of the floor. When the Fancy Dress judging finally took place, honeymooners Dave and Ruth Kyle deservedly won prized for their improptu costumes devised from Woolworth's kitchen utensils.

Sunday morning was one of the usual bleary kind where everyone had hazy edges. Funny how a few drinks makes other people go like that. Everyone walked softly, and I can't hear stamping violently on the carpet was heaved out of the nearest window. It was in this sort of atmosphere that someone shoved a small white envelope into my hand. Bravely ignoring the shattering sound of ripping paper, I tore it open to find that my presence was requested in the main hall to help with the Knights of St. Fanthony Ceremony to be presented by Cheltenham Fen. I duly turned up at the appointed time expecting to be saddled with operating the tape recorder or guarding equipment. Not so, I was inducted into the Order, along with Eric Bentcliffe, Walt Willis, Rory Faulkner, Roberta Wilde, Robert Silverberg, Bob Madle, Frank Dietz, Boyd Raeburn and Ellis Mills.

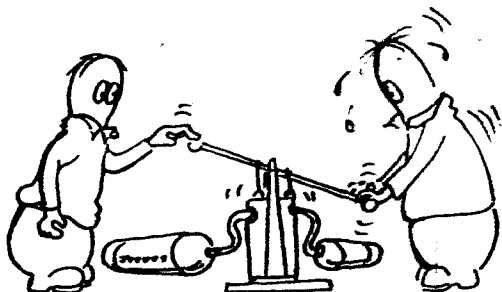
For those who have never seen the ceremony, new candidates are lined up whilst established members in their highly colourful costumes perform sundry functions. Trumpets blared, an official scroll was read out, then came the test of Trufannish Worth - the downing of a glass of water from 'The Well of t. Fanthony'. This was actually a noggin of undiluted 140 Proof Polish rocket fuel and had to be taken in one swig. Happily, we all passed and became full Knights of The Order. I still have my presentation statue, as well as blazer and ar badges.

Following this, the cartoon film, 'Mr. Wonderbird' was shown. I found it not only tedious, but downright dangerous as I had to stand on a rickety table at the back of that two-mile long hall. Telescopes were not provided, so I went to drift around the room parties.

My next overseas expedition came up shortly after I joined the 'Underwater Explorers Club'. Most of the time, the nearest we got to liquid was the weekly pub meeting where members would agree that merely slogging across the English Channel was not a real test of swimming ability. The general theme was that real swimmers actually did exciting things in the water. Talking was easy, but then the Club Secretary had a minor brainstorm and suggested it would be a good idea if we all went diving for sunken ships (and treasure) off the coast of Spain.

The hair-brained idea caught on, regular practice sessions were organised and a 'swimming achievement standard' drawn up. When it came to actual swimming, a lame duck could have swum rings around me. When pushed to my absolute limit, I could manage two lengths of the baths. Nevertheless, I put my name down for what promised to be a cheap foreign holiday without too much effort.

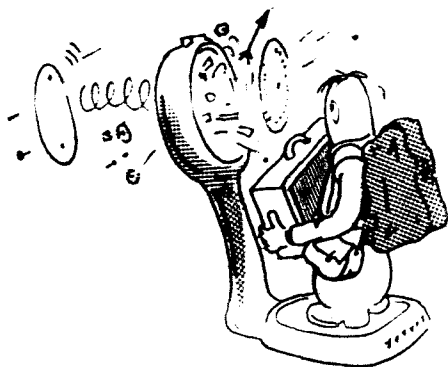
At first, things went fairly easily, with just a weekly session at the baths where I tried manfully to do a full length underwater in order to qualify as a 'diver'. Rather tricky as everyone else steamed around like Johnny Weissmuller in search of a stray crocodile. Time for the expedition drew near, activities increased as we prepared equipment. Compressed-air bottles for the aqualungs had to be filled. Someone had decided that it would save money to carry full bottles all the way to Spain, rather than pay high prices when we got there. Ignoring the dangers inherent in carting high-pressure air bottles across Europe, this might seem a simple task, especially so if you have never pumped up anything more stropy than a bicycle tyre. Even a car tyre at 25 pounds pressure, only goes up to less than two atmospheres. Air bottles needed no less than TWENTY 'ats', or around 320 pounds per square inch! To simplify matters, we fed our hand pump from a commercial cylinder of some 12 'ats', even so, we had to pump this up a further 3. With two men on a double-handed pump, it was still WORK!



On one of these stints, I was paired with the 6' 2" secretary Bill. He already had a low opinion of my swimming abilities. He also, suspected, quite rightly, that I was taking his fiancée out dancing. Here was his chance to show up this weakling teacher. However, Machiavelli-Jeeves hadn't been born yesterday, or even the

day before that. We grasped the handles and began to pump, but being crafty, I merely used just enough effort to make it seem that I was doing my share. In reality, poor old Bill on the other end was virtually doing the whole job on his own. After a mere two minutes, he was puffing like the proverbial grampus and forced to drop out. For appearance sake, I put in a further minute partnering his relief. Truly, the skipping of sets has many wonderful ways.

Moving off day arrived. Heaving a huge suitcase and a small sidepack, I met the other intrepid explorers at the Railway Station to collect my share of the diving gear which had been dumped from a lorry. The ration proved to be a giant haversack holding an aqualung, two full air-tanks and a belt of lead weights. Hefting the



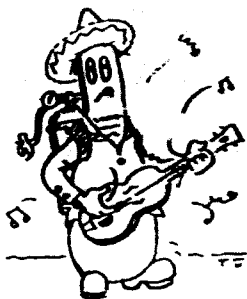
lot, I climbed onto the platform of a handy weighing machine. In those days, my own weight was eleven and a half stones. With all that gear, the pointer reached nineteen and a half. I was to carry some 112 pounds of dead weight to Spain! As things turned out, it had one minor advantage, British, French and Spanish Customs officials panicked at the sight of mountain luggage approaching. They hastily chalked their hieroglyphics on any available surface before waving me through.

We finally reached Tarragona via London, Dover, Cherbourg, Paris and Barcelona. A short wait of an hour or two while our Spanish speaking secretary arranged transport, then we reached the Hotel Miramar. Set on the edge of the Plaza San Giorgio, it was only a hundred yards from the harbour side. I had a nice little room overlooking a courtyard where the Spanish señoritas ironed the hotel's laundry.

Next morning, we carted our diving gear down to the harbour and before an audience of goggling locals, dived in between a couple of rusty tramp steamers. Being the worst swimmer of the lot, I soon surfaced, floundered to the side and struggled out again to find myself covered with some streaks of heavy oil. The other swimmers stayed in longer to prove their toughness. By the time they came out they had collected so much oil, they had to spend the rest of the day scrubbing it off again. That was the last time we tested things out in the harbour.

By some finagling, our trusty secretary Bill, had arranged for the loan of a Spanish Navy motor-boat. It came complete with a captain, mate and the services of internationally known diver and author, Antoni Ribera. The big snag was that Bill's command of Spanish wasn't as good as he thought it was. It turned out we were expected to pay the wages of the captain and mate plus those of Mr. Ribera. The resulting levy on all members rather put a crimp in our finances.

Toni Ribera proudly exhibited pictures of himself in diving gear alongside Jacques Cousteau. Apparently they used to go diving in the same ocean. Ribera's English was excellent and wonder of wonders, he turned out to be a writer of SF. The captain spoke no English, but liked our drinking habits. As a



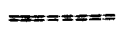
result, he and Ribera joined my friend Bob Stone and I, for most evenings. On one occasion, we were seated round a table outside the hotel, busily imbibing cheap champagne, when along came our beloved leader. Now Bill was a Grade A moocher. He would sit in for any round of drinks until it was his turn to pay. Whereupon he invariably had to dash away on urgent business. This time, seeing his approach, we hastily shoved the champagne bottles beneath the table. Even so, Bill sat down to grace us with his company. Fairly soon, (liquor evaporates quickly in that climate) our glasses needed refilling. No one wanted to bring Bill in on the

communal bottles, so we took turns to distract his attention whilst reaching under the table for refills. It worked beautifully with Bill baffled at how we kept drinking from never-emptying glasses. Then as Bill was trying to spot a non-existent senorita, Ribera had pointed out, there came an almighty crash. Bob had dropped a bottle. I'm not sure whose face was the best picture. Bill's or Bob's.

Then there was the time when Bob and I were gazing at the sea from up on the Esplanade. We noticed dark lines in the water which we were convinced marked a forgotten harbour and the possibilities of sunken treasure. The upshot of that was we roused out the captain to tow us, three at a time, behind his boat up and down that bit of coast. The idea was that we could use schnorkels for breathing whilst gazing under water through our face masks. It didn't work. I happened to be right behind the boat and thus got all the engine noise and turbulence. The water was so disturbed you could only see a couple of feet, and because I wasn't swimming but only being towed, I had no self-generated warmth. Even the Med can be cold in conditions like that. A few days later, at a totally different spot, somebody actually found a decrepit amphora, so our expedition wasn't totally fruitless.

On another evening, half a dozen of us sallied out to a ten-pin bowling alley which also sported a dance floor and bar. In between heaving king-size wooden footballs along the alleys, we danced with the ladies and laced at the bar. This particular alley wasn't mechanised. The pins were re-set by young Spanish lads who having set up the pins would scramble up and sit in the ball return chutes until they were needed again. They felt quite safe in such a position, but potential international incidents are built on such false assumptions.

Bob, nicely steeped in Cointreau, wound up and heaved a ball with all the devastating energy of a Briton on holiday. Forceful in delivery, but erratic in aim. The missile zoomed diagonally across Bob's alley, bounced across the adjacent one and thumped into the return chute of the lane beyond that. Scarcely reduced in velocity, it hurtled up the gulley and clouted the relaxed pin boy in his rear end. He bounced from his perch and landed on the pins, just as the Spaniard using that alley sent his ball down. Chaos! All the other pin boys went on strike in support of their wronged companion. They began flashing their lights on and off whilst shrieking naughty Spanish phrases at the totally innocent Spaniards who they thought to be the culprits. The players, equally offended at the interruption of their game, howled abuse back. Tempers were getting decidedly frayed so Bob didn't bother to ask for his ball back. At the height of this brouhaha the small band of Underwater explorers slid gently out of a side door and into the night. I have often wondered if it was this incident that led to Spain being so niggly over Gibraltar - one never knows.





Apart from SF and ERG, my hobbies include painting, modelling and photography. Paintings get sold, given away or damaged. Models invariably succumb to attacks of the deadly, rampant feather duster.

I preserve their memories by photography. Other uses for my camera have been the compiling of a complete set of Astounding/Analog cover photos, the copying of pulp artwork for reproduction in ERG, views and montages for Christmas cards and family history shots for Val. To achieve satisfactory results in these areas isn't difficult, but there are a few pitfalls for the unwary. For those of you who would like to use your cameras for a bit more than family or holiday snaps, I hope the following notes will be of use.

First the camera. 'Instamatic', 'point and shoot' and technological miracles with all-dancing, all-singing automatic gubbans are to be avoided. Such cameras have snags which rule them out for model photography or copy work. The fixed focus job can't take close-up shots nearer than about three feet. Admittedly you can get round this by using supplementary lenses screwed on the front, but then you have to contend with 'parallax'. This simply means that since the viewfinder glass is offset from the taking lens by several inches, what you see through the viewfinder is that many inches to one side of what will be in the photograph. This doesn't matter with objects several feet away, but if you're taking something small, very close to the lens, you could miss it altogether. To get round this, you need a Single Lens Reflex camera (SLR). With this, the viewing eyepiece actually looks through the taking lens and what you see is virtually what you get - plus a tiny extra margin to allow for error.

As for snags with automatics, you can't fool the exposure meter as you may wish to do with certain special shots. Moreover, an automatic focus job doesn't always focus on what YOU want to be sharp. Personally, I prefer a SLR with manual focus and manually adjustable aperture and shutter speeds, with that I can fiddle to my heart's content.

I use a Fujica STX-1. This takes interchangeable lenses, but since these can be costly, for close-up work I have three supplementary lenses which just screw on the front. They are of 1, 2 and 3 dioptres - don't let that worry you, a dioptre is simply the main lens diameter divided by the focal length of the supplementary lens. The higher the number, the closer you can focus - and you can stack 'em together. My 1, 2 & 3 lenses thus also give me 4.5 and 5.5 dioptres. Forget the dioptres, in practice I can focus on objects about two inches wide, only a few inches from the lens.

Cameras operate on incoming light, so having got your SLR, there are several variables you can juggle with to control this. They are, film speed, shutter speed, aperture (or diaphragm) and the



actual source of the light. Let's take 'em in order.

FILM SPEED This is simply how short a time the film needs to get an image. The faster the speed, the quicker it does the job. Speeds are usually measured in ASA numbers. You can get films of anything from 25ASA, up to a thousand or so, and these can be enhanced further in the processing - but there's a catch. The faster the film, the grainier the photograph, so for most shots, I find a 200ASA film is ideal.

SHUTTER SPEED In poor light, you use a slow shutter speed to let light in. In bright light, you can get the same amount of light through in a shorter shutter time. Unless you use a firm tripod and cable release on your camera, don't use a shutter speed of less than 1/30 of a second, or you'll get blurred photos due to camera shake.

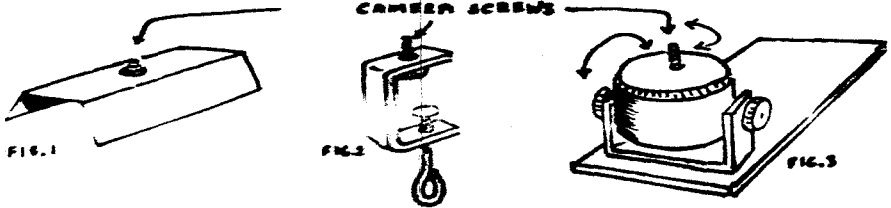
DIAPHRAGM This is a tiny aperture which can be opened or closed to vary the amount of light entering the camera. Most cameras being adjustable between about f2.8 and f.16. Forget the f bit, just remember that the higher the number, the smaller the aperture. Remember too, that because the best part of a lens is its centre. By using a small aperture (and thus only the lens centre) the sharper will be your photographs.

LIGHT SOURCE You can work outside and use the sun, but this can cloud over at a critical moment and being a virtual point source, you can't control the shadows very well. In addition, wind can cause chaos. I prefer to stay in doors using Photoflood lamps in reflectors.

So those are your variables - shove a 200ASA film in the camera, pick your subject and you're ready to go. Suppose you're wanting to take a model aircraft, screw on a suitable closeup lens to suit the size of the subject. Set up a couple of Photofloods in reflectors and adjust them to give the lighting you want on the model. Since these lamps have a limited life, it is a good idea to use either a series/parallel switch, or as I do, a homemade dimmer to avoid the on/off shock to the filament.

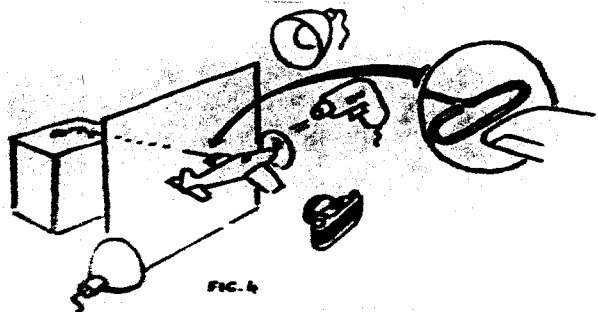
With lighting right, focus your camera - here's where it gets a bit tricky. The closer one focusses, the less 'depth of field' stays in clear focus. This simply means that with a normal lens, everything between around 3 feet to infinity is reasonably sharp, but as you focus nearer, those limits drop to only a few inches and in extreme closeups, the latitude may be less than an inch. The way round this, is to use as much light as possible and the highest f number possible. This means in turn, you'll need to use a lower shutter speed which is where using a tripod and cable release will minimise camera shake.

Having focussed the camera take an exposure reading, adjust aperture and shutter speed to suit, as described and you can shoot your photograph. Because of that narrow depth of field, pick the best part of the model as the spot on which to focus. If photographing something flat such as a picture or page of a book, there's no problem. One other point, with certain, very white or bright subjects, your camera meter may give too high a light reading with the result that you underexpose and get a dark picture. To avoid this, it sometimes pays to take your exposure reading from a sheet of greyish card or paper (standard sheets can be bought) temporarily put in place of your subject.



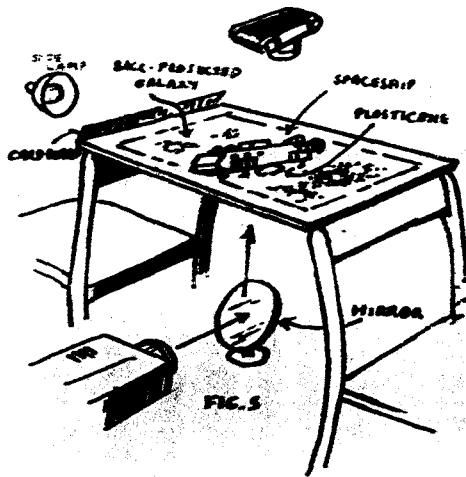
So much for the photography bit, now for a few tips. In place of a tripod, I often use some home-made gadgets which do an even better job. The simplest is a piece of aluminium about 2 1/4" bent into a channel shape with a hole drilled through its centre. A standard camera base screw goes through this and into the camera (Fig.1). This gadget is easier to carry than a tripod and allows me to set up the camera almost anywhere, then use the built-in delay to take the shot. This avoids trigger-shake and for family snaps, allows me get into the picture. The next gadget comes in handy when there isn't a flat surface to use the other. It's simply an ordinary B1 clamp with a hole through it to take a camera screw (Fig.2). This can be clamped to anything handy to hold the camera nice and steady. The third gadget is a bit more esoteric. I acquired part of a Government surplus range-finder which I mounted on a thin piece of wood. (Fig.3). This can be clamped to a table edge, the camera fits on the top screw and can be tracked up and down or from side to side using the two adjusting screws. This gadget also allowed me to pan a cine camera during single-shot animation when making my films, 'The Burglar', '3001, A space Oddity' and others.

Finally, some camera trickery. If you have a plastic model aircraft and want it to 'fly' for the camera, paint a suitable backdrop (or use a travel poster) mounted on a board. Drill a hole through the centre, then feed a piece of stiff, coat-hanger wire through the hole. Make a flat loop at one end to take the



end of a wing and clamp the other end behind the board to something firm. (Fig.4) Adjust your lighting to keep the shadow of the wire out of the way and you're ready to take the shot. If photographing a propeller job, I either borrow Val's hair-drier, or use the blow end of an old vacuum cleaner.

I got really inventive when I wanted to take pictures of an Aerfix spaceship out among the stars. Take a look at (Fig.5) to see the set up. I placed a my back projection cine-screen across two chairs. Lacking one of these, tracing paper stretched across a frame does just as well, but is more fragile. Beneath this, I set



up my slide projector aiming into a front-faced mirror - (You can get a double reflection from a normal mirror). The flat side of a shaving mirror proved ideal. I use this to reflect the image up to the screen, rather than stand the slide projector on end. I loaded in one of my astronomical, galaxy slides and focussed this via the mirror on to the screen. Next step was to lay my model on the surface of the screen, tip it sideways with a bit of cut of sight Plasticene and set up a spot light to illuminate it.

I added a bit of cardboard to one side to keep this light off the screen, and all was ready. I took an exposure reading with just the slide being projected, then another with just the spot lamp on. I adjusted the spot lamp until I got the same reading as for the slide, whereupon, I

switched both units on again and took my picture. It sounds complicated, but proved very effective. Those of you who saw the result reproduced in colour in my article in the final issue of 'Space Voyager' will know just how well it worked.

So now you know. Get out your camera, set up your favourite model and have a go.

Terry Jeeves Scarborough, 1991

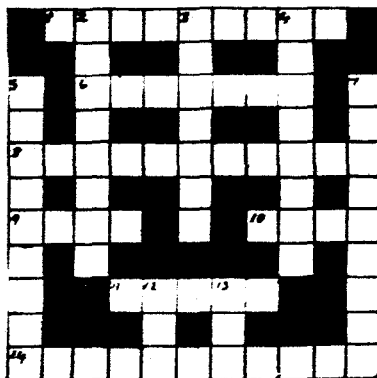
**CROSSWORD**

**CLUES ACROSS**

1. Star-studded study
2. Not a real... ship
3. Unique quality of a black hole
9. Birds in the music box.
10. The only one.
11. Product of volts and amps
14. Rather stormy, must seep out.

**CLUES DOWN**

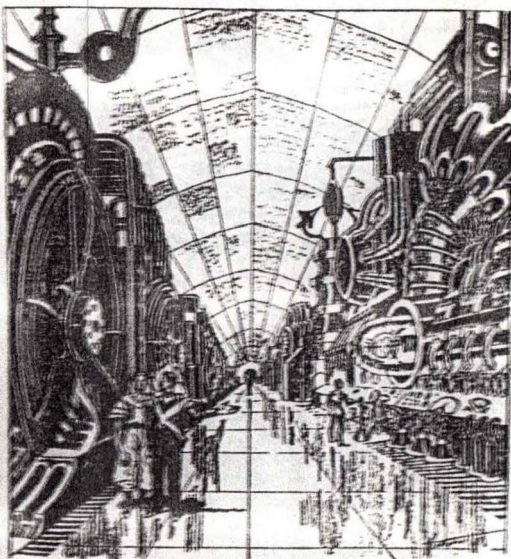
2. Metallic element, No.34
3. Desperate's old man
4. Invaders from the east star.
5. Four-dimensional cube.
7. Hiding places for sewing items.
12. Copy
13. Add, up or down.



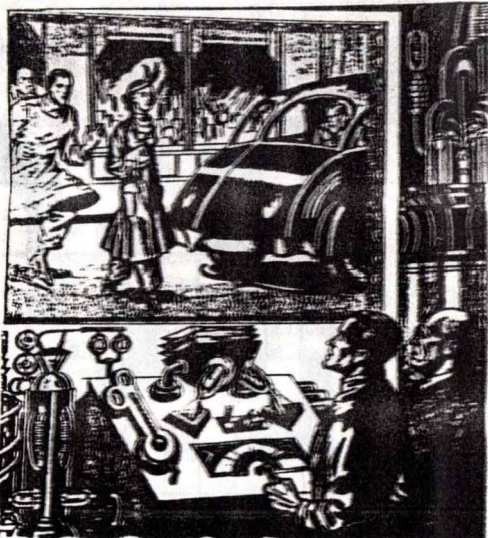
ANSWERS ON PAGE 24

## MARCHIONI

One of the most controversial SF artists of the thirties was Marchioni. Some readers thought his angular machines, weird settings and strangely-garbed figures were excellent, others castigated his work for exactly the same characteristics. Very definitely a case of beauty (or otherwise) being in the eye of the beholder.



A quick glance at the accompanying reproductions will give you an idea of the style. Some curves and parallels being very closely akin to the current design elements of the era, but Marchioni embellished these with angular segments, sharp points and geometrically-derived designs. 'WHEN THE CYCLE MET' is a shining example of some of the things for which he was criticised.



The perspective focussed strongly on a central line is usually frowned upon by most artists. The figure work, is stilted, limited and almost cartoonish in its simplicity. On the other hand, the illustration does convey the impression of some vast powerhouse awaiting its master's bidding.

The illustration for 'PRE-VISION' by John Pierce has better figure work, but the clothing is very floppy and flouncy. The vehicle about to hit the jaywalker might almost be a preview of the VW 'Beetle'. The equipment, though minimal, is distinctively Marchioni.

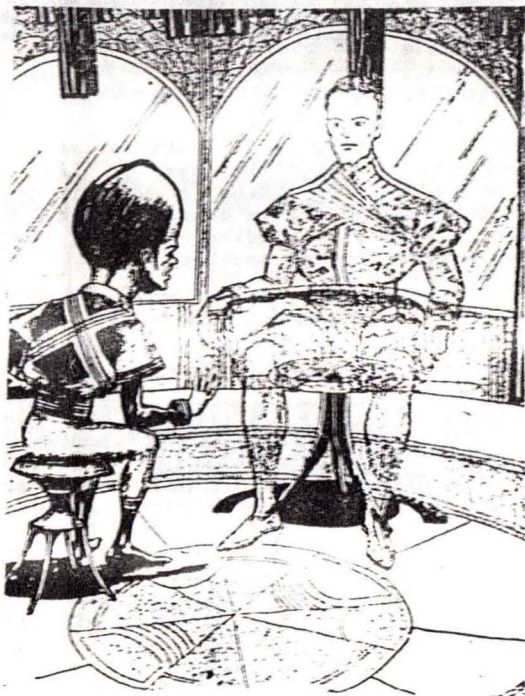


Harl Vincent's 'ENERGY' merits a striking bit of artwork depicting two spacesuit-clad figures operating some gigantic machinery. This is the sort of artwork which fans loved as it really captured the "Gosh wow!" spirit of the era without giving away any secrets of the plot. The fourth illustration is totally different. It shows a bulbous-headed man of the future chatting with a more normal but transparent character. The outlandish costumes (and that enlarged cranium) are the only guides to tell the reader that this a yarn set in the future.

So much for Marchionni's style, what facts are known about the man?

Well, I ploughed through a stack of reference books and SF encyclopedias: Aldiss, Nicholls, Holdstock, Lundwall, Bunn, Sadoul, Ash, Frewin, Del Rey, two by Kyle and two by Rottensteiner. Apart from one or two reproductions the ONLY thing I discovered is that his first name was Mark - a sad tribute to someone who illustrated so many SF stories in pre-war days.

Lacking other information, I leave you to study the artwork and form your own conclusions. Personally, whilst I was never a fan of Marchionni, I'd much prefer his work to that currently appearing in Analog.





## JUST CLIP THE COUPON

Terry Teeves

Looking back through the piles of old magazines which serve as loft insulation and insurance hazard in my home, I can never understand why America is not a country crissed to the gills, ear-flaps or duodenum with highly qualified experts in every possible field of human endeavour.

Why? Well, take the May 1937 issue of Mechanics and Handicraft. Enjoy the fascinating details of floating, Mid-Ocean airports; read how you can take two clapped-out refrigerators, a packet of grass seed and create an 18 hole golf course in your basement. Maybe you would like to add solar power to your lawnmower or convert your cess-pit into an aquarium. Having exhausted such engrossing subjects, take a look at all those opening pages of advertisements which are normally only perused by the criminally insane or people who have eaten too many 'Big Macs'.

What do you find? Wonderful offers of self-improvement - not only by plastic surgery, waist-slimming corsets or height-increasing 'lift' shoes, but by using a variety of knowledge and skills easily acquired by simply sending for the advertiser's free booklet.



High School Course  
at Home

In the heady days of the thirties, many generous philanthropists were willing to place the entire resources of their mighty establishments at the reader's disposal on receipt of

a simple, no-obligation coupon. I'll have you know that these big-hearted souls were not just any Tom, Dick, or what's-his-name. No sirree, they were actually Presidents of their companies. President Petersen of the 'Electric Institute' offered you electricity, and the chance to earn an extra five dollars a week in your spare time. Even better, President Smith of the 'National Radio

EARN UP TO \$75 WEEKLY  
as a  
**RADIO SERVICE EXPERT**

Let R.T.A. Train You At Home

**FREE BOOK**  
tells you  
HOW

Write for the Free Book that will show you why it is a national leader in the radio service field. This book is the only one of its kind and is the only one that will give you the complete details of the R.T.A. training system. It is the only one that will show you how to earn up to \$75 a week in your spare time. Write for the book today. Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Address: \_\_\_\_\_ City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_ Send 5¢ for postage. R.T.A. Training, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

Institute (Box 6A, Illinois) would hand you radio on a plate and fifteen extra bucks a week. Mark you, it can't have been a very big Institute to fit inside Box 6A. "Engineer" doesn't wash to a President, but could give you Draughtsmanship or extra income unspecified, but clearly, he wasn't an airy-fairy academic, but a real practical earner - to prove it, his picture showed him in overalls and an engineer's cap.

I'LL SEND YOU MY FREE PAY-RAISING BOOK



START AT \$1260 TO \$2100 A YEAR

just had to send a measly coupon for their book, catalogue, information sheet or list of available courses.

Usually on the back pages of magazines, Charles Atlas would offer to give you a new body, though it wasn't clear if he included any trade-in allowance on the old one.

Elsewhere, a chap called Koine would help you to release the unused bits of your brain, thus increasing your mental powers.



**FREE AIR CONDITIONING AND DEFRIGERATION TRIAL LESSON**

CHICAGO TECHNICAL COLLEGE

1200 South State, 12th & 12th St., Chicago, Ill.

2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

Rosicrucians would do a similar deal, but in addition, would reveal all sorts of hidden mysteries by letting you work your way higher and higher in a series of concentric 'inner circles'. Here again, they only asked you to send in a coupon - plus a token \$100 for each circle you entered.

Various correspondence courses offered more tempting ways to self-improvement than you could shake a stick at. Law, Art, Engineering, Astronomy, Appliance repair, Buggy-whip-upholstery and how to become a Brain, nailman or railroad engineer, were all on offer.

With all these wonderful opportunities around in the thirties, what puzzles me is why America is not now crammed to the seams with experts in every possible field, each earning at least fifteen dollars a week extra.

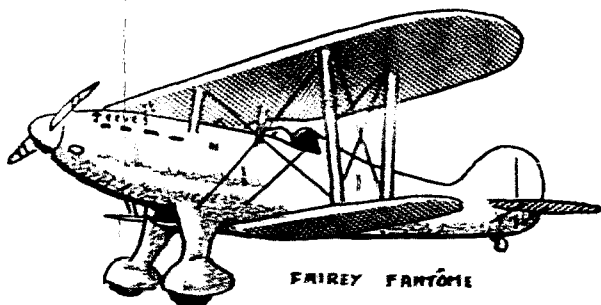
Maybe that's one of the inner circle mysteries the Rosicrucians could have told me about.

NEED MONEY? GET A DEGREE AT HOME



FOLLOW THIS MAN  
Free  
INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE

# THE FAILED FIGHTERS



Over the years, certain fighter aircraft have become household names. Virtually everyone has heard of the Spitfire and Hurricane, many will recall Mustangs, Lightnings, Thunderbolts, Me109s and the Fokke Wulf 190. These were all types which made it through the assault course of proposal, prototype funding, construction, service testing, modification and eventual production.

Not all designs were so lucky, many failed to make the grade for a variety of reasons - often through no fault of their own. In this instalment of W&W I'd like to mention just a few of these 'near misses'.

To start with, look at the heading illustration of the Fairey 'Fantôme', arguably the most beautiful biplane fighter ever constructed. When it appeared in 1935, it was, at 270mph, the fastest multi-gun fighter in the world. It was designed and built to compete in a Belgian contest and had a 925hp engine, a 20mm Oerlikon cannon firing through the airscrew hub, plus four .303 machine guns.

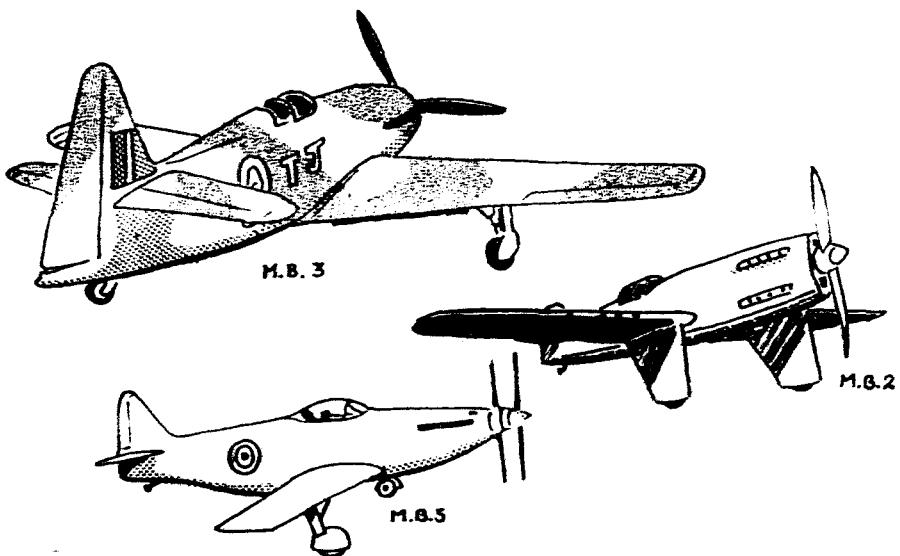
When the prototype was written off in a crash, the design was developed into the 'Feroce', but only two were built. One went to the Air Ministry, the other to Russia. It is surprising that this excellent aircraft did not become the RAF's last biplane fighter instead of the Gloster 'Gladiator' which had but 4 machine guns and a top speed of 255mph.

Nowadays, aircraft buffs associate the name Martin-Baker with top quality ejection seats, but when the company was formed in 1934, it started out by building a light aeroplane, the MB.1. With war looming their next effort was a fighter to fit the Air Ministry Specification F5/34 (Fifth Fighter Specification for 1934). They produced the MB.2, a fixed-undercarriage, 8-gun monoplane. Powered by a Napier-Dagger engine, it first flew in 1938 by which time, both the Spitfire and Hurricane were already in production, so the MB.2 was dropped.

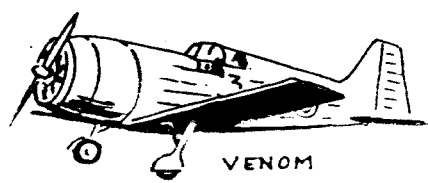
Time passed, the Air Ministry issued Specification F18/39 and Martin-Baker set to work once again. Their new machine, the MB.3 was a sleek, low wing design with retractable undercarriage and no less than a cannon. It first flew in 1942, but again, without getting a contract. I don't know if there was ever an MB.4 or if that was a discarded proposal. Whatever the reason, their next effort was the superb MB.5 which first flew in May, 1944. It had four 20mm cannon and its twin contra-rotating airscrews were driven



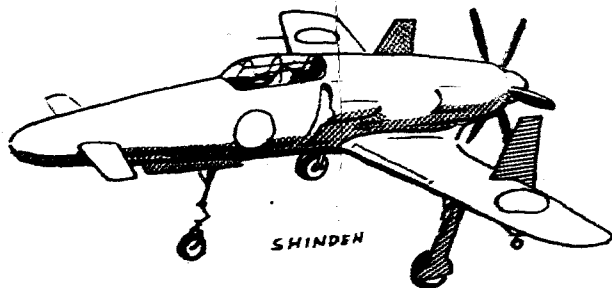
by a 1900hp Rolls-Royce Griffon engine. This gave the aircraft a speed of no less than 460mph at 20,000 feet and a range of some 1100 miles. A brilliant design, but sadly defeated by the course of events. Hawker Tempests and Typhoons were already in or entering production and jet aircraft were on the drawing boards.



The Hurricane and Spitfire had been well established before the MB.2 appeared, but as well as the Spitfire Vickers had another low-wing monoplane fighter designed to FB 14, the Venom, which first flew in June 1936, only three months behind the first Spitfire. It was a single-seater with retractable undercarriage, 8 machine guns and a 650hp Bristol 'Aquila' radial engine. Even so underpowered, it was capable of 312mph. Re-designed into the 'Venom', it was plagued by engine trouble and the only prototype crashed in 1939.

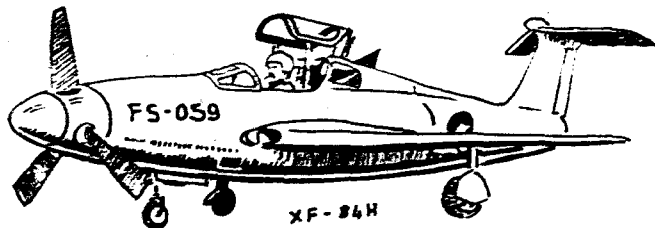


So far, all these machines have been quite orthodox designs, but far away in Japan, despite a widely held reputation for being mere imitators, the designers were doing just what they were quite capable of original thinking. The Avusnu Aircraft Japan, flew their most unusual, J7W1 'Shinden' in August, 1945. I mentioned this in ERG.111, but since then I have unearthed more information. The Shinden was a 'canard' design, that is, a tail-first aircraft with the main wing at the rear. Equally unusual was the fact that not only did it have contra-rotating airscrews, but they were



'pushers', sited at the tail. This scheme had two distinct advantages, first, the aircraft wasn't held back by its own propeller slipstream, and secondly the armament, which in this case, consisted of four 30mm cannon, could be located in the nose, the best aiming position. The Shinden could also carry four 30Kg bombs and had a top speed of around 470mph. The twin, wing mounted fins had small wheels on the bottoms to prevent the airscrew hitting the ground during takeoff rotation. The only Shinden built was sent to the USA after the war and ended up in the Washington Air and Space Museum.

An unusual American aircraft of this period was an experimental version of the Republic F-84 jet fighter. This machine, the XF-84H (originally the F-106) had an Allison XT-40 turboprop. During engine run-up, the stubby, prop blades created a supersonic sound which caused nausea among ground crews. The fastest propeller driven aircraft ever built, it had a top speed of 670mph, a single machine gun and could carry up to 4000lb of bombs. Proposed variants were a twin engined model and a VTOL version, but only two XF-84s were built before vibration problems and a change in requirements operation saw it cancelled.



The XF-84H was followed by the X-9: which had both a turbojet engine and a rocket motor. Named the 'Thunderceptor' it boasted a reverse taper wing and a top speed of 984mph. Only two prototypes were built.

## A CHILLING STORY

Only those who happen to be more than 150 years old, will remember the days when Scarborough harbour became host to a giant iceberg. In the early 19th. Century, the increasing use of tobacco together with the widespread habit of burning those suspected of witchcraft, had put so much soot into the atmosphere that temperatures plunged all over the world. One direct result of this was that icebergs were seen such further South than ever before.

At the beginning of April, 1839, Tom Boler, the skipper of a small fishing boat named 'The Bingo', took one of these 'bergs in tow. He brought it right into the harbour (six feet had to be cut off the end of the jetty) and moored it by Sandside. Hundreds flocked to see it and a public holiday was declared. This missing, or 'skipped' day later became the basis of our traditional 'skipping day'.

Seeing the numbers of people on the keyside, the enterprising Captain Boler and his crew set to work with axes and shovels. Very soon, they had hacked out a spiral toboggan ride round and round the huge sound of ice and customers were charged a penny a go for the privilege of climbing up a ship's mast, out along its yard and sliding precariously down the toboggan run.

The surplus ice removed from the run, was packed all the way up Eastborough where more timid folks were encouraged to enjoy a less hazardous slide at the increased fee of twopence - which included transport by donkey cart, to the top of the ride.

These two enterprises alone, made the skipper a rich man, but when the ice began to melt, the ingenious fellow broke it into chunks which were then sold as souvenirs. Several of these have survived until the present day and are preserved in the cellars of the Town Hall. They may be viewed on application, but be warned, you will only be admitted if your body temperature is first chilled to less than 50 degrees as a precaution against melting these irreplaceable relics of Scarborough's past.

Trouble struck in the form of a local group, 'The Daughters Of The Trident'. Objecting to iceberg pollution, they devised a cunning plan which involved setting up numerous hot potato and chestnut stalls along the sea front. The heat from these began melting the ice, which in turn caused the harbour's water level to rise so much that neighbouring buildings were flooded and the 'Golden Ball' Inn could only be reached by boat. Another unexpected side effect saw local doctors besieged by patients suffering from severe sunburn caused by the brilliant reflections from the glistening ice.

Perhaps in years to come, the Tourist Board will hire a ship to bring in another iceberg thus allowing Scarboroughians to celebrate - and perhaps re-enact, those utterly unbelievable events of a century and a half ago.



These are NOT 'critical, erudite reviews', but are merely intended to let you know a little about some titles which you may otherwise have missed. I leave it to you to decide whether or not they tickle your interest-bone enough to make you think they are worth following up. For openers, a couple of 'world wreckers' in which aliens threaten large-scale destruction.

THE FUGITIVE WORLDS Bob Shaw. Orbit £3.50

Sequel to 'The Ragged Astronauts' and 'The Wooden Spaceships'. Land and Overland are twin worlds sharing a common atmosphere (how?). Queen Daseene sends a fleet of jet-powered balloons (!!) to reclaim Land. Pilot Toller, infatuated with the beautiful Vantara, finds she has been captured when a giant ice-disc grows between the two planets. He sets off to the rescue and encounters aliens from the world of Dussara who are fleeing a galactic catastrophe and whose activities will destroy Land and Overland. The setting is near mediaeval and Vance-like; the style and plot could have come straight from a thirties 'pulp'.

DREAM MAKER W.A.Harbinson Orbit £4.50

MRSA physicist, Tony Rydell's wife leaves him when he leaves on a four week mission to investigate a UFO-induced crash in the Antarctic. (For some reason, this metamorphoses into a trip to measure an increase in the ozone-hole). However, UFOs return but no one believes Rydell - until a later trip reveals further manifestations and a giant intelligence threatening all humanity. There's a four-way love-sex sub-plot and a lot of careless writing. Why did Rydell's mission shift from UFOs to ozone? Is it likely that a woman leaving her husband would give her 12 and 10 year old kids the house keys then dump them out of the car to return to a home due to be empty for four weeks? .. and who looked after 'em anyway? With more care, this might have been a 'Sinister Barrier' type blockbuster, but for me, it bombed.

THE DIVIDE Robert Charles Wilson Orbit £6.99

John Shaw is a created, but schizophrenic superman being taken over by his alter ego, Benjamin. His creator Max Kyriakides knows of the trouble and seeks to help. He is aided by research student Susan, and Shaw's lover Aelie. As Shaw's condition changes, further complications follow in the form of Aelie's psychotic brother Roch. Less a superman-hero tale, than a peg on which to hang a tale of escalating tension and menace. I feel it would have been better in a shorter version.

THE MACHIAVELLI INTERFACE Steve Perry Orbit £3.50

Third in the 'Matador' trilogy following 'The Man Who Never Missed' and 'Matadora'. Martial arts superman Khadaii is languishing in a cell, but still manages to effect an escape, bring his fellow Matadors out of hiding and manoeuvre events to overthrow the Confederacy reared by the corrupt Marcus Wall. Fast-paced, action adventure where the 'goodies' manage to evade some 99% of whatever is thrown at them.

KILL THE DEAD Tanith Lee Legend £3.50

Set in a legendary land of inns, villages, peasants and superstition: Ghost-slaver Parl Dro seeks 'Ghyte Mortua', City of the Dead. He is followed by talented minstrel Mval who wishes to compose the ultimate ballad, and the spirit Diddy who suicided after Parl laid her sister's ghost and now seeks revenge. Not normally my choice of reading, but I enjoyed this well-told and colourful tale of ghosts, necromancy and fear. It holds a literary carrot before the reader, luring him (or her) along to find what happens next.

DOES GOD PLAY DICE? Ian Stewart Penguin £6.99

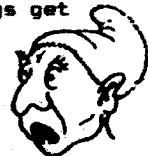
In a deterministic universe, if you know the position and velocity of every particle at a given instant, it is theoretically possible to calculate every event from the remote past to the distant future - or it would be, if chance didn't upset things. However, chance is random and has a pattern linking all dynamic systems. This erudite text examines the story of the discovery of chaos theory, fractals, the Mandelbrot set and the significance of the universal number, 4.6692016090. It isn't an easy read (it lost me repeatedly) but is fascinating in its revelation of the order underlying the unpredictable.

STRANDS OF STARLIGHT Gael Baudino Orbit £7.99

The jacket tells me, 'Miriam is a frail young outcast whose healing powers have branded her a witch in the Inquisition of 14th. Century Europe. Fleeting her city in search of the Free Towns she is brutally violated by a man she saves from the brink of death. Rescued by the intervention of the elves' (Where did they come from in 14th. Century Europe?) 'Miriam swears to exact revenge. First, she must learn the art of swordsmanship and train to be a warrior with her new found powers of elfin sorcery.' That's enough to tell me I wouldn't be interested, but you say so. If so, you get nearly 400 large-size pages for your money.

Following his earlier 'ANOTHER FINE MYTH' and 'MYTH CONCEPTIONS', two new titles by Robert Aspin are now available from Legend at £3.50 each.

MYTH DIRECTIONS This time, Apprentice magician Skeeve (owner of pet dragon, Gleep) accompanies the luscious Tandra on a dimension-hopping trip to steal a present for his boss Ahz. They select a highly coveted game Trophy and then things get hectic. HIT OR MYTH is another anything-goes adventure with Skeeve ordered to become King Roderick for a day, marry the homicidal Queen Heelock and save the kingdom of Possiltua from invasion. The tales are full of puns and word play, 'Diz-ne', 'Ta-hoe' and the like. Need I say more?





FLY BY NIGHT Jenny Jones  
Headline £4.99

Jacket quote - 'Eleanor is a child of her age: spoilt, bored, a stranger to commitment. From another world, a rite of summoning calls and she is carried on a whirling nightmare of hawkflight out of her self-indulgent happiness .. to the wind-lashed coast of the Cavers, worshipper of the Moon Goddess Astret.

The Sun God Lycias and his High Priest Lefevre maintain the stasis which holds Peraldonia in a sumery land of light and eternal life' ... So now you know.

AT WINTER'S END Robert Silverberg Legend £3.50

Various form of life were driven into subteranean caverns by a once in 26 million year meteorite shower. Now, thousands of years later they are emerging to reclaim the Earth. We follow the actions of eight-year old Hresh as his tribe braves rat-wolves, insect-like hjik-men and other perils to reach the fabulous city of Vengiboneeza. Hresh gradually matures, gains knowledge and power as he discovers the city's secrets. A strange tale of a distant and totally different future which grips you from the start and holds you firmly to the end. I'd rate it one of Silverberg's best.

DRAGONMALL Troy Denning Penguin £4.50

Book 2 of the 'Empires Trilogy'. The scene is ancient China and opens as young, outspoken general Batu is about to engage the barbarian hordes of Yamun Khahan about to lay waste the land of Shou Lung. Because of his strategy and deeds, the Emperor appoints him head of his armies. However, there is a soy in the Royal Household and other dangerous intrigues, so that Batu has no easy road to fame. I don't usually like this sort of yarn, but this one had me hooked from the beginning - it may do the same for you.

THE SHEEP LOOK UP John Brunner, Legend £4.99

Picture a frighteningly polluted future, water-rationed, smog-filled and a total ecological disaster. Gangs, drugs and violence abound as the Trainites, followers of the vanished Austin Train, seek to stop the 'big business' pollution activities. Then Austin Train returns and worldwide chaos ensues. Brunner relentlessly hammers home a downbeat image of a hopeless future using a string of depressing vignettes which I found tedious after a while. Normally, I enjoy Brunner, but here, although he has a valid message, his presentation gets in the way.

PRENTICE ALVIN Orson Scott Card Legend £4.99

Set in the slave era of an alternate frontier America where magic works, this is the story of Alvin The Maker - Part.3 His life is watched over and protected by seer Peggy who runs away to prepare herself to marry him after he has completed his apprenticeship with the community blacksmith. Alvin has a younger friend who is wanted by hunters as the illegitimate son of an escaped slave. A nicely-rounded, folksy yarn of magic, prejudice and ordinary settlers in a pioneer setting, but fit to rank alongside 'Earth Abides' or 'Lincoln Hunters'.

SUMMER OF NIGHT Dan Simmons Headline £14.95

Old Central School finally closes and a pupil vanishes. Classmates set out to investigate and the horror begins. A long-dead teacher is seen in the school, the caretaker dumps dead babies, his van is driven at the kids, a WWI soldier prowls the town, strange furrows appear in the ground and an evil force is abroad. A local bully adds nastiness to an excellently escalated tale of terror which avoids the current fad for explicit sex scenes and outright gore. As in all good frighteners, much is deftly left to the reader's own imagination. My only quibble is the incredible behaviour of the twelve-year olds.

AFTER SUNDOWN Randall Boyll Corgi £3.99

Mark and Linda Butler's son Robin is under attack by a psychic power. Neighbours Jill and Glenn Fruett lose their daughter in a freak accident. They all go to an isolated cabin for a recovery break. Marooned by a blizzard the terror really begins as a legendary evil brings horror to all. Plenty of gutter language, sadistic violence and family bickering, to add to the nastiness.

LION OF MACEDON David Gemmell Legend £6.99

A 400pp, large size blockbuster set in Greece during the Spartan wars. For her own reasons, aged sorceress Tamis has made young Parmenion hated by his peers. Winning the war games, he is taken under Xenophon's wing. Despite rivalry, he follows his destiny against a background of battles and machinations of the Dark God. A fairly standard 'underdog achieves greatness against all odds, the difference being the semi-historical setting.

DRENAI TALES David Gemmell Legend £9.99

Four complete novels set in the mediaeval world of the Drenai where mystic powers abound. WAYLANDER is a barbarian assassin, hunted for the killing of a man who ticked him. He sets off to find the legendary maic armour of King Orien and so restore the Drenai powers. DRUSS THE LEGEND continues the saga which is continued in LEGEND and concluded (for the present) in THE KING BEYOND THE GATE. Four epic tales of magic, quests, and strange battles crammed in a 750 large size pages.

THE THUNDER FACTORY Joshua Stoff Arms & Armour Press £14.95

Sub-titled, 'The Illustrated History of the Republic Aircraft Corporation, this Qto sized volume runs to 190 pages crammed with facts and excellent photos. It covers Republic machines from its beginnings as 'Seversky' (A colourful character), to its closure by Fairchild. Starting with float planes, on through all the fighters (and their experimental variants) right up to space contracts and the Fairchild A-10, currently employed in the Gulf. Written in easy narrative manner avoiding the tedious listing of serial numbers, the work concentrates on telling the reader about the aircraft. There's a bibliography and a (too brief) index. A must for every aircraft buff.

CERBERUS: A Wolf In The Fold Jack Chalker Penguin £3.95

Second in the 'Diamond Worlds' tales of the four, virus-ridden Warden worlds which it is impossible to leave. Aliens, aided by the Warden Lords are infiltrating humanoid robots into the Confederacy. Agent Qwin is sent down to Cerberus, mind-cloned in a female body. The local virus causes body-swapping, so Qwin must work his way into the place of the ruling Lord. Fast moving and entertaining.

DREAM SCIENCE Thomas Palmer Collins Harvill £13.99

Rocker Poole is trapped in a closed unit which worker Mac is able to enter and leave via an intangible door. Poole finally gets out - into a dimensional labyrinth of strangely different 'realities' where he faces repeated death as he seeks a way home. His movement release terrible powers, but after a totally gripping opening, the pace slows as Poole struggles to understand what is happening.

EIGHT SKILLED GENTLEMEN Barry Hughart Corgi £3.99

Third in the series set in ancient China. Once again, Master Li and his brawny assistant, 'Number Ten Ox' must solve the problem of why Mandarins are being killed by semi-mythical creatures. The trail uncovers a smuggling operation and the mystery of the birdcages, plus a hazardous journey along with puppeteer, Yen Shih and his beautiful, shaman daughter. A pleasing, gentle fantasy with humour to leaven the doings of the evil ones.

ORBITAL DECAY Allen Steele Legend £4.99

Spacemen based on the orbital 'Skycan' are building a power satellite and are plagued by piped Muzak on orders of their crazy boss. Skykan also houses the 'Big Brother' spy device, 'Big Ear' which is almost ready to go operational. After numerous sub-plots, flash-backs and vignettes, the story reaches the point where destruction of 'Big Ear' is under way. This could have been a good yarn, but for me it was too meandering.

CLARKE COUNTY, SPACE Allen Steele Legend £4.99

This one had much more pace. Set on the heavily populated 'Clarke County' satellite where gangster's moll, Macy has taken refuge from the 'Golem', hit man of the Mafia. She carries incriminating tapes, one of these permits control of an orbital nuclear weapon. Sheriff John Bighorn is faced with the problem of protecting Macy, coping with a crowd of Elvis Presley freaks and plans for the County to secede. An excellent yarn, the only puzzling item is how brutal cop, 'Phil' Bighorn of 'Orbital Decay', became good guy, Sheriff John Bighorn.

LEGEND have started re-issuing Gene Wolfe's 'Book of The New Sun' series. The first two titles of the saga of Severian the Torturer who betrays his oath, leaves the Guild and begins his wanderings are now available. In case you missed them first time round, they are:- THE SHADOW OF THE TORTURER and CLAW OF

THE CONCILIATOR, both priced at £3.99

DRAGGING CLOUDSONG SNAKEMIST SINGERS OF DREAM SWORD VALLEY

I.Ripano Potboila Press \$999.99 Part 23 of the epic 'Drekh' trilogy of Forbidden Lands. Herb-healer, He-Pa is really the long-lost Princess Dildeaux, wielder of Akker, the strange power which can cloud men's minds. Once again, the fiendishly evil undead zombies of Dark Lord Krudh threaten the Kingdom of Nik-Az. He-Pa must undertake a hazardous mission past ghouls, ghosts and naughty men tempting her with bags of sweets, if she is to reach the ruined City of Lost Pro-Pati in order to regain the M'Guphin, a magic talisman of power. You've read it all before, but with a word processor, an author can simply change all names and serve up the same rubbish over and over again. Ideal for the feebleminded.