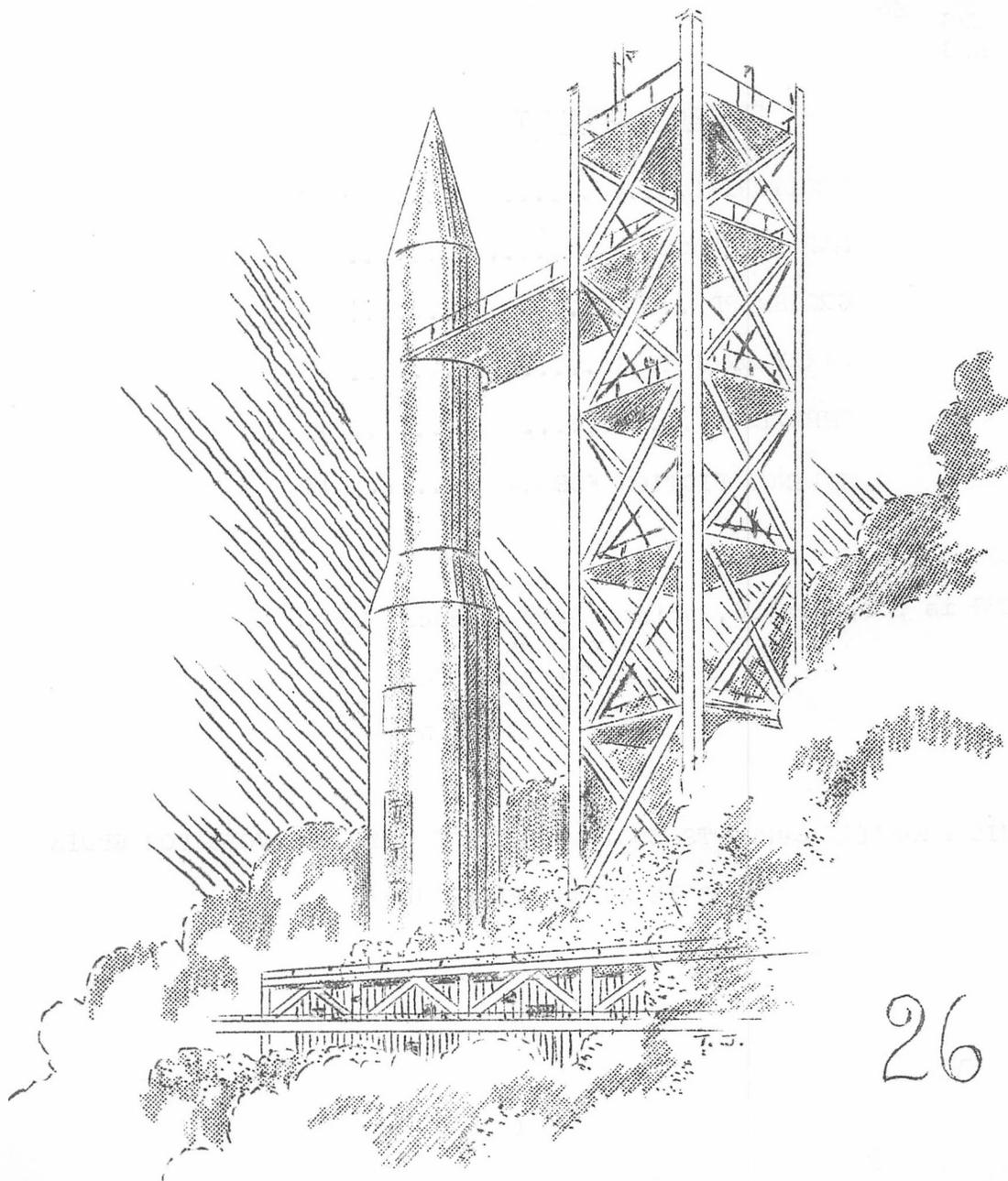


EROG

TWENTY-SIX

MARCH
1969



ERG
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ERG 26
ERG

ERG.26 CONTENTS

EDITORIAL.....Page 3
MAN IN SPACE 6
CROSSWORD 7
CARRY ON JEEVES 8
OMPAVIEWS 11
SCIENCE FICTION FOR SALE..... 15

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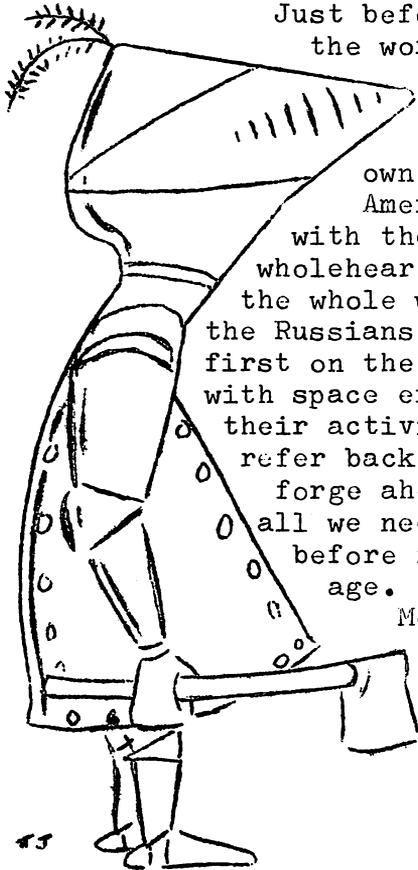
THIS MAGAZINE SUPPORTS EDDIE JONES FOR TAFF.....VOTE FOR EDDIE

EDDIE JONES EDDIE JONES

ERGUTORIAL

oo

Those of you wondering how a resigned member can have a magazine in the current mailing may need a few words of explanation. Briefly, it's like this. I have been suffering from asthma for the last six years, and the local triumvirate of doctors, plus two lots of hospital specialists couldn't make any headway with it. As a result, I became less and less able to do any work...Erg has been duplicated generally with the help of Brian Jordan..and at last it became impossible to even use the typewriter. So I resigned from Ompa. The next step came when I changed doctors. The new G.P. shot me off to a different hospital..which had a special clinic for chest disorders ..Ghu knows why the other clots didn't send me there. Anyway, within a week they had me on the up grade, and in a month I was almost back to normal. By now, I can gad around wherever and whenever I want, Val and I go dancing every week (previously walking across the room knocked me up) and the bad days are just a memory..may they never return. It isn't a cure, as ⁺ have to keep on a regular course of tablets and inhalants, but they keep the lurgy in check beautifully. As a result, when the latest OMPA mailing arrived, I shot off a letter and PO to Ah Chee and Beryly, asking to be put back on the waiting list. It seems there wasn't a waiting list, so I was straight in again, and here I am.



Just before typing these lines, the Americans have astounded the world with the fabulous success of their Moon orbiting flight. Beryl has expressed her sentiments in a grand one-shot which she put out (and with which I heartily agree). I would like to add my own two cents worth congratulating the people of America for having the courage as a nation to proceed with the work leading up to this flight, and thank them wholeheartedly for sharing their agony and their triumph with the whole world. This is not the place to crow over beating the Russians..apart from the fact that they still may be the first on the Moon..they also have had the courage to go ahead with space exploration, but sad to say, have preferred to keep their activities very much on the secret list. I am glad to refer back to ERG 9 where I forecast that America would forge ahead when the Saturn rocket became operational. Now all we need is for the UK to get cracking with Blue Streak before it is too late for us to have a hand in the space age.

Meanwhile....

CONGRATULATIONS TO AMERICA AND THE ASTRONAUTS

Changing the subject, this seems as good a place as any to natter about a few of the latest books to end up on my shelves...so here goes.

THE UNIVERSES OF E.E.SMITH by Ellik & Evans Advent 21/- in pocket book version, and available from Ken Slater.

A beautifully printed and fully detailed concordance to the works of Doc Smith, with an intro by James H Schmitz. It also contains synopses of the Lensman and Skylark series; an account of the intelligent entity classification series (ayxpptm); a biography of work by, or about EE Smith, and is a work that every Smith fan will want to own. Its only drawback is the artwork by Bjo. At fantasy and little furry animals, she is excellent, but not, I'm afraid at illustrating space opera. Kinnison for instance emerges as a pudding faced adolescent, and females seem to dominate the art work throughout...both Clarissa Mc Dougall and Helen of Lyrane ending up with deformed bosoms, and the over all standard is very amateurish. If Schneeman's originals were unobtainable (and one is used on the jacket) then Barr, Eddie Jones (FOR TAFFY) to name only two, could have done greater justice to what is so obviously a labour of love.

HOW TO GO PLASTIC MODELLING by Chris Ellis. Patrick Stephens Ltd. 25/-

For lovers of plastic kits of subjects from land sea and air, this book is a 'must'. Profusely illustrated with photographs and excellent line drawings, plus 6 scale plans for those who like to 'roll their own'; this volume covers just about everything you may want to know concerning kit building. It has a brief history of the field. different scales employed, use of tools, materials, methods of work, research, colouring and display. For good measure, it also has a list of 'best' kits, manufacturer's addresses, and a reference section on books, magazines and societies. About the only thing not mentioned, is how to get those long blue lines off the transfers and on to the model ~~airliner~~ in one straight piece. Smoothly and pleasingly written, it covers its subject well and without either condesension or false bon-homie.

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLES AND DIVERSIONS 3/6, and also MORE MATHEMATICAL PUZZLES AND DIVERSIONS 4/-. both by Martin Gardner and published by Pelican.

If you delight in dabbling with math, straightforward or puzzle slanted, try these two. The first covers Hexaflexagons, Noughts and Crosses, Games, Card Tricks, Feats of memory and sundry other items and puzzles.

The second book (which I found the better of the two) deals with Tetraflexagons, The Soma Cune (I made one and had all the family busy with it) Mazes, Logic, Origami, Mechanical Puzzles and a variety of other fascinating fare which will help you to pass many a happy hour.

THE AMBIDEXTROUS UNIVERSE, also by Martin Gardner but costing around 2 gns (Val bought it for me, and removed the tag) from Allen Lane. This deals with the principle of parity...is the universe right hand, left hand, and does it matter. Can we determine which? Project Ozma Mirrors, molecules and everything that contributes to the idea of parity. Hard work, but fascinating.



CHECK YOUR OWN I.Q. by H.J. Eysenck. Pelican 3/6. A set of 5 I.Q. tests, together with some on Verbal and Number ability, plus some for the genius class. It includes an explanation of the general idea and use of the tests, answers, and conversion graphs. I played fair and used the kitchen timer to ensure I only gave 30 minutes to each test. The results gave me an I.Q. averaging a very flattering 147 over the first five tests (143 to 150+) so maybe they're not so hard as they ought to be...I certainly found them very limited in scope. Buy it, and enjoy proving to yourself that you're not one of the marching morons.

BASIC ELECTRONICS Common Core Series. The Technical Press 15/- each. This series covers a wide range in Electronics and electricity. There are also volumes on Radar and servo mechanisms. I have books 3 and 6 (The Electronics set is in 6 parts) and both are excellent 'everyman' instruction booklets, although a certain level of background knowledge is desirable. Diagrams are clear and lucid. Explanations are excellent but without bogging down in advanced maths. Vol.3 concerns amplifiers and oscillators. Vol.6 Has three chapters on Frequency Modulation, and the remaining nine are devoted to Transistors. If you want to know more about transistors and how they work, this is the book for you.

Enough of books on the review side...how about buying some instead. Enclosed with this copy of ERG, there will be (if I can manage it) a copy of my list of items for sale. I hope that you will all buy lots of lovely things from it, and so help me to swell my fund for replacing our Cortina when it gets long in the tooth.

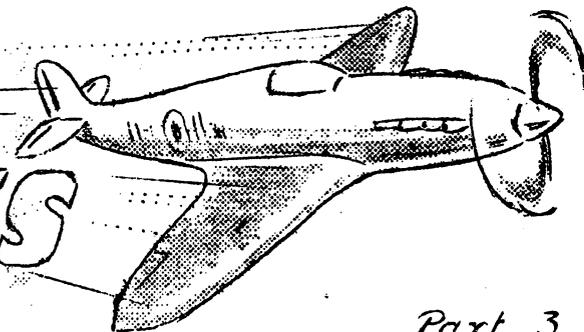
Having just watched yet another 'demonstration' on telly wherein a horde of slobbers assert their individuality by beating up a brave minority of police and in the bargain, putting the fear of God up all the local law abiding citizenry, I hereby go on record as saying that such 'protest marchers' are a load of slobbers...SLOBBERS in case you missed it the first time. The latest ones are the 'Civil Rights' marchers in Ireland. Whether or not they have a valid grievance, I wouldn't know; but in my opinion if 'Civil Rights' involves marching through towns with the deliberate intention of starting a riot...or as in the case I have just witnessed, storming a police cordon, burning five vehicles and throwing others into the river. If that is a Civil Right, then I'm a monkey's uncle, and I don't blame the police for beating up those involved. Don't say "What about innocent bystanders?" Any bystander who wants a bit of sensationalism by standing around to watch that sort of stuff is asking for all he gets. I think in the case of these Irish nits I would not use the police to keep them apart, but only to keep them off surrounding property. If the Protestant mob, or the Catholic mob, or the Civil (huh) Rights mobs want to beat the hell out of each other, I'd damned well let em. Divide and rule...after the battle, I would use the police to knock hell out of the people still standing around. This may not be the way of democracy, but when a mob hides behind its numbers and uses a flimsy excuse to start a riot, then they are asking for all they get.

Let's have no excuses about 'peaceful protests'. If you form up a crowd to march, sit or stand anywhere, then you must know that it will attract the hooligan fringe as well...and that once they heave a brick or do a bit of inciting, then the whole 'peaceful' mob is likely to join in. And so, descending from my soap-box, may I bid you a Happy (and violence free) New Year. Happy '69 Terry.

MAN IN SPACE

Date M D Y	ASTRONAUT	Orbits	Spacecraft	Duration		Comments	
				Hrs.	Mts.		
4-12-61	Gagarin	1	Vostok.1.	1	48	1st man in space	
5- 5-61	Shepard	-	MR3 Freedom 7	-	15	Ballistic flight	
7-21-61	Grissom	-	MR4 Liberty Bell 7	-	16	Ballistic flight	
8- 6-61	Titov	17	Vostok 2	25	18	Down Aug.7th	
2-20-62	Glenn	3	MA6 Friendship 7	4	55	1st U.S. orbital	
5-24-62	Carpenter	3	MA7 Aurora 7	4	56		
8-11-62	Nikolayev	64	Vostok.3	94	22	Down Aug.15	
8-12-62	Popovich	48	Vostok.4.	70	57	Down Aug.15	
10- 3-62	Schirra	6	MA8 Sigma 7	9	13		
5-15-63	Cooper	22	MA9 Faith 7	34	20	Down May.16	
6-14-63	Bykovsky	81	Vostok 5	119	6	Down Jun.19	
6-16-63	Tereshkova	48	Vostok 6	70	50	1st Spacewoman	
10-12-64	Feoktistov	16	Voshkod.1	24	17	Down Oct.13.	
	Komarov					First 3 man	
	Yegorov					space flight	
3-18-65	Belyayev	17	Voshkod 2	26	2	1st EVA by	
	Leonov		Down Mar.19			leonov	
3-23-65	Grissom	3	GT3 Gemini 3	4	53		
	Young						
6- 3-65	Mc.Divitt	63	GT4 Gemini 4	97	56	EVA by White	
	White		(Down Jun.7)				
8-21-65	Cooper	120	GT5 Gemini5	190	56		
	Conrad		(Down Aug.29)				
12- 4-65	Borman	206	GT7 Gemini 7	330	35	Rendezvous in	
	Lovell		(Down Dec.18)			space. GT7 off.	
12-15-65	Schirra	17	GT6 Gemini 6	25	51	first due to	
	Stafford		(Down Dec.16)			GT6 launch delay	
3-16-66	Armstrong	7	GT8	10	42	rendezvous and	
	Scott					Agena docking	
6- 3-66	Stafford	44	GT9	72	21	Agena docking	
	Cernan		(Down Jun 6)			and EVA	
7-18-66	Young	43	GT 10	70	47	EVA by Young	
	Collins		(Down Jul.21)				
9-12-66	Conrad	44	GT.11	71	17	EVA by Gordon	
	Gordon		(Down Sep.15)				
11-11-66	Lovell	59	GT-12	94	37		
	Aldrin		(Down Nov.14)				
4-23-67	Komarov	18	Soyuz.1. (Down Apr 24)	26	45	Killed landing	
10-11-68	Schirra	163	Apollo 7	260	9	1st 3 man U.S.	
	Cunningham		(Down Oct.22)			flight	
	Eisele						
10-26-68	Beregovoi	64	Soyuz.3 (Down Oct.30)	94-51			
12-21-68	Borman		Apollo 8	147 hrs		1st men round	
	Anders	-	(Down Dec 27)			the moon.	
	Lovell						
1-14-69	Shatalov		Soyuz 4 (Down Jan.17 with 3 men on board)				
1-15-69	Volynov		Soyuz 5 (Down Jan.18)				
	Khrunov		These two transferred to Soyuz.4 after docking				
	Yeliseyev		manoeuvre and landed with it on Jan.17)				

GARRY ON JEEVES



Part 3

Juhu Aerodrome in 1942

was not heaven on earth,

but as far as war-time Service life went, it was a pretty fair approximation. The big convoys, with their attendant shower of Service Police had yet to arrive. Discipline was free and easy, but the work was done efficiently. Working shifts in the Transmitting station, I avoided guard duties, Fire watching, working parades, and all the other annoying activities designed by a benign Air Force to plague the rank-and-file.

The aerodrome (originally owned by Tata Air Lines) was separated from a lovely beach by a road and a narrow strip of palm trees through which a gap had been cut to allow aircraft to take off over the sea. This gap also came in useful when a Rapide made a forced landing on the shore, and had to be manhandled back to the field.

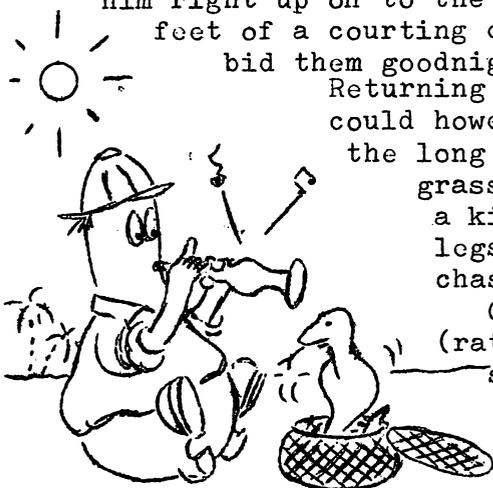
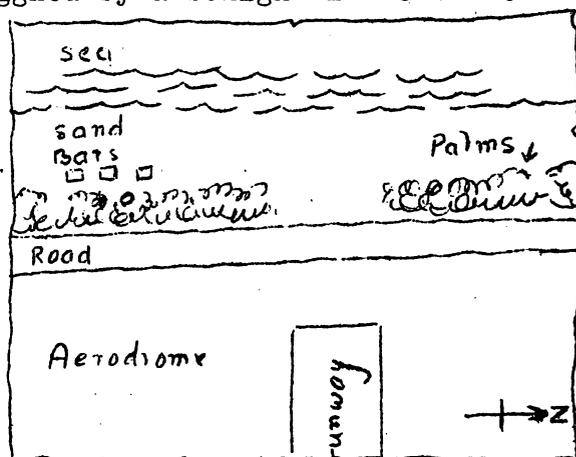
The beach was excellent for swimming and surfing, and on one memorable occasion, a mechanic named Jack Hazell came off late watch and went for a midnight swim (without a costume). He was having a whale of a time surfing, until a wave took

him right up on to the moonlight beach, and deposited him at the feet of a courting couple. Unfazed, Jack picked up his board,

bid them goodnight, and walked back into the Arabian Sea.

Returning across the aerodrome from late night dips could however, be rather hazardous as snakes infested the long grass. One one occasion, a hiss in the grass caused me to run the whole distance doing a kind of high goose step in order to keep my legs clear of the 1,001 snakes I felt sure were chasing me across the field.

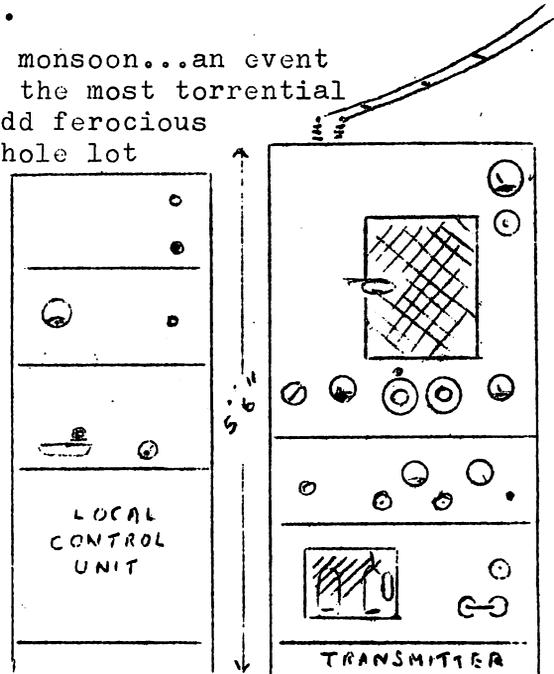
Other delights of the coastline, were native (rattan-type) bars of the kind seen in South sea movies, and itinerant snake-charmers and coconut vendors.



My job at Juhu, along with three other W/Ms, was maintenance of the ground station transmitters by which Base HQ in Bombay communicated with the rest of India. At first, we boasted only two 1087 transmitters remotely controlled from Bombay about 20 miles away. The remote control lines fed out of the station window, across the main camp road, and off South. This led to complications. One afternoon, I was sitting minding my own business when there was an almighty crash, and the control line junction box took off from the wall and vanished through the window. A lorry had snagged the cables where they crossed the road. On another day, a Transmitter caught fire, and a misguided passer by sprayed everything in sight with extinguishing foam. It took a week to get everything clear again. For those interested, I have added a sketch of one of the transmitters along with its local control panel at the foot of this page. This one is the 1190, which followed the 1087, and was capable of either crystal control or master oscillator operation. Eventually, we were operating about a dozen of these from the centre of Bombay itself.

Perhaps the most unusual event happened when a football-sized swarm settled on the ladder leading up to the aerials. What followed, was like the big-gun scene from Chaplin's 'Great Dictator', when the order to 'Fire the gun' is passed down the line to the bottom of the pecking order, Charlie. In this case, the Signals Officer viewed (from a safe distance) the swarm, and decided they could be eliminated by the application of a bucketful of acid. He said so to the Sergeant. The latter agreed with the idea and (also from a safe distance) ordered me to mix up a supluric Martini of water and acid. By the time it was ready, both the S.O., and the Sergeant had vanished, and so had everyone else. That left me in full command. After planning my escape route, I hoisted the softly hissing bucket and heaved the acid...followed by the bucket over the swarm and tore off for the wild blue yonder, pursued by a few surviving hornets. Luckily, only one caught me (it had a sting like a red-hot needle) and when we finally went back to survey the damage, the rest of the swarm lay floating in a quickly drying pool of acid.

It was at Juhu where I met my first monsoon...an event to be avoided whenever possible. Imagine the most torrential rainstorm you have ever met, double it, add ferocious thunder and lightning, and then let the whole lot continue for several hours, and you can (palely) imagine the first day of the monsoon. The ferocity and lightning abate somewhat after that first joyous abandon, but with only short spells of non-rain (NOT dry spells) the rain continues for two months. The sun never appears, and everything gets damper and damper. A green mould appears on kit bags, and anything left undisturbed for a few days. It becomes a rarity to be dry, and cigarette smoking is a ritual of drying out your fag before you can light it...if you can find a dry match.



Although avoiding such happy games as 'Guard Duty' (for ten or more players) and Fire Picquet (bring your own matches), Signals bods occasionally landed a job called 'Night Flying'. This involved lugging a 12v accumulator, an Aldis lamp and a weird device called a 'Glide Path Indicator' to the end of the runway. You set up the GPI, levelled it and switched it on. The pilot made his approach when you gave him the signal via the Aldis lamp, and flew down the beam of light which was in three parts...red, too low. amber, too high; and green, dead right. As you might expect, with Jeeves around, complications developed. I set the GPI up O.K., lined up the Rapide's nav lights in the Aldis sight and gave him the OK, and the pilot began his approach. I relaxed, my bit was done, and no boobs...then a stray dog appeared from nowhere and began to cavort in the middle of the runway. A frantic chase ensued, ending successfully only seconds before the Rapide floated its graceful way down the strip.

The strip incidentally, was not over long. This was proved very dramatically when 9 Hurricanes escorted by a Hudson arrived on a ferry flight. The Hudson got in OK, but three of the Hurrybirds overshot and sank gently into the ooze left by the monsoon. On the other hand, our old faithful Westland Wapiti often demonstrated its STOL capability by landing into the wind ACROSS the width of the runway, and only used a couple of yards on either side.

Another item which often caused chaos, was the language. We all spoke a sort of pidgin English interspersed with the odd (very) word of Urdu, when talking to the natives around the drome...this didn't always prove too successful. One little native lad of about ten years of age had made himself a nice little empire in ferrying pots of tea and cakes from the Tata employees canteen to the mechanics on watch at the Tx station. But he had one peculiarity, the conversation went something like this....chico appearing from nowhere.

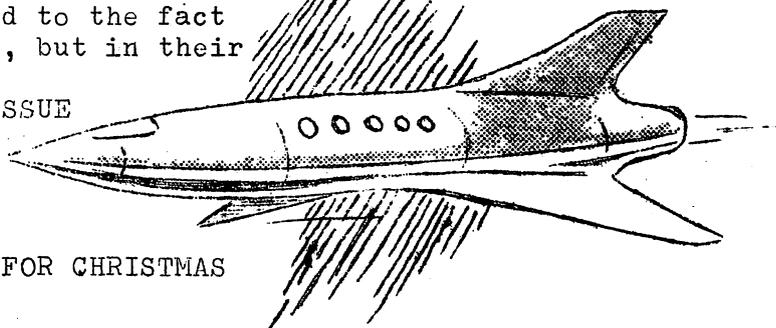
"Chaar, sahib?" followed by beaming smile of total incomprehension. Me. "Er, yes...I mean, ji. Thairo a minute" then followed a brief discussion with the other mech as to whether he wanted anything.

Me. "Chico, Do pialla chaar..jalai hai" (Which meant 'two cups of tea, quickly')

Chico. "Thik hai, sahib...cake munta?" (translating to "O.K. sir. Do you want any cakes?")

Me. "No cakes" Off went the chico, and he invariably returned with the requisite cups of tea and a plate of cakes. Being kind hearted nits we always paid for the cakes, but on future occasions, really made a point of stressing "NO cakes"...and of course, we got the plate full again. This must have happened half a dozen times, before we finally tumbled to the fact that there is an Urdu word 'No', but in their language, it means 'Nine'.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE



HELP THE UNDERPRIVILEGED...

SEND A PAKISTANI HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

OMPAVIEWS OMPAVIEWS OMPAVIEWS
OMPAVIEWS OMPAVIEWS
OMPAVIEWS

AND LIKE
THAT

OMPAVIEWS

Best Cover Of The Mailing
LEFNUI 7 by G. Barr

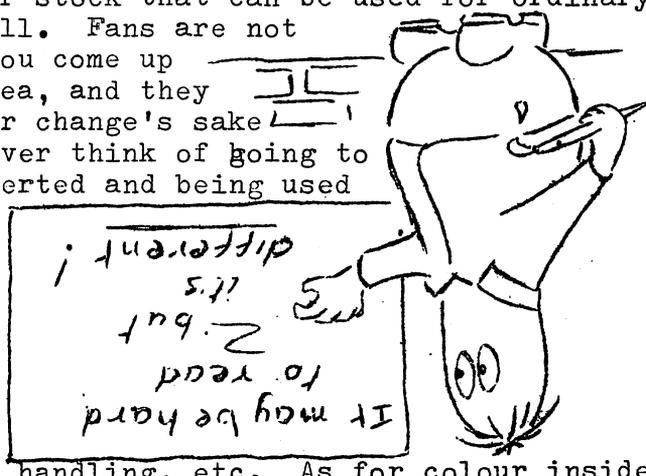
At the time of typing these reviews, I don't know when I shall be back in Ompa. I've written to Beryl for membership renewal, but as I haven't yet posted it, I'm not surprised at not yet getting a reply. By the time this sees the light of day, several (or none) other mailings may have appeared. Not to worry, I know that the publishers of the issues reviewed here if they are anything like me will always be pleased (?) to read further comments on their work...even if dated. On the other hand, since I see no waiting list in O-T, I may well be back with you all in the March mailing after all....so here goes.

BOOLE AND BABBAGE...whatever that means, it ought to be abbreviated to simply B. & B. even if it does sound like bed and breakfast. Long titles are O.K. for a one-shot, but can get tedious when you have to re-type, or re-cut them regularly. That is why I named my own zine ERG...it can be cut quickly and easily (even with a ruler as a guide) and saves lots of lay-out time. Your fanzine comments have much truth...and to my mind, error. First, UK (and other) fanzines do use coloured papers and different sizes. For my own part, both TRIODE and ERG have used tinted pages, and Con-Science (with Bentcliffe & Jones) was half foolscap in size. Personally, I find that black-on-white gives the greatest clarity, other combinations are off-putting in legibility. Varying sizes cause stencil cutting difficulties, page planning snags, and generally lack the right 'feel' for a mag. Judging by the large number of black and white, qto. mags, most faneds have the same views. This logo has emerged as the best to date and is also cheap, and allows a paper stock that can be used for ordinary letters and jobs as well. Fans are not tradition bound....you come up

with a genuinely better idea, and they will use it. But change for change's sake is just bonkers. Did you ever think of going to work with your jacket inverted and being used as a pair of trousers? By all means let us try new ideas...but in a spirit of improvement, not just to shock and be different.

Variations should have something to recommend them... e.g. cost, eye appeal, convenience in

LET'S BE DIFFERENT



a fanzine. I have probably done as much of this as any U.K. fan, if not more, both in TRIODE and ERG. This always involves a great deal of work, both in the planning, and the production if it is to be more than a gimmick-to-be-different. The returns in comment and appreciation make it pretty obvious that I'd have been better employed digging the garden. But I'm with you in asking for attempts to improve. If a fanzine is worth doing at all, then it is worth doing well, and I can never understand the scratch and hack, filled with crudzines which monotonously appear in the field. XX As for art-work...chum, if you want any from me, you only have to holler; and I'll do my best to help out...electro or for stylo cutting ?

OZ-9 I've all ready written to you to point out that Harry Bell isn't the only fanartist to cut his work on to stencil...how about Eddie, Atom, and, er, Jeeves ?? 'Fraid the James review and subsequent stuff



didn't appeal to me, nor did the book reviews, all this is out of my interest field I'm afraid. Ah Chee was very readable, and so was Peter Mason. Obviously, from someone who knows the other side of the hotel business, it isn't all beer, skittles and lolly rolling in. But for my own part I have yet to find any hotel or foodery (Con or otherwise) which can cope with the humble spud. Salt is usually not added in the cooking, baked spuds are flat and insipid, and need I describe the oversized, hard centred, undercooked monstrosity invariably served under the title of 'chips'. Most hotels concentrate more on fancy serving and pointless ritual, than on dishing out a good meal. For example, the flamboyant 'flambeau' cooked at the table side with imminent danger to life, limb, and lung tissue. Does it taste any better ? No doubt it is at least hot when served

which in itself is a rarity. Then we have the fancy wine-tasting ritual whereby a supercilious waiter pours a couple of cubic centimetres into your glass for a trial run...you taste, nod sagely and assent to further supplies. Just WHAT would happen if, having had the bottle opened, you then declined the wine ? Then, how difficult it is to get a glass of water or a slice of bread. Hotel meals ...ugh. XXX Liked the 'Artichoke' and CONGRATULATIONS to the Studebakers. Re Cruttenden's query about the Flying Wing in 'War of the Worlds'..I ought to know this one but just can't pin it down (Try John Berry, or Atom, bet they'll know) however, I can remember the following :- B-17 Fortress B-24 Liberator, B-25 Mitchell B-29 Superfort B-36 (6 engines + 4 jets) B-47 and B-52 all-jet bombers B-58 Hustler and B-70 Valkyrie. The Flying Wing should lie somewhere between the B-29 and B-47 if that is any help. Possibly B-36

YAC'SONE 1. Yes, I remember the Wolf of Kabul, Clicky-Ba and its wielder Chung, from the days when these characters were in stories and not cartoon strips. How about Black Sapper, Mr Zero. The Worms of Doom, The Smasher, etc ? These all go back pre-war...the latest pic-strip versions are an anti climax. Anyway, I'm writing to Lynn Hickmann for permission to reprint my 'Memory Bank Lane' series from his zine and if word comes through in time, part 1. will be in here somewhere. XXX Agree with you over Porrest Ackermann's putrid sense of humour.

If you cross a sheep with a kangaroo, would you get a woolly jumper ?

DUCKSY 1. Glad to hear of someone who collects s-f. I'm just in the process of clearing out my collection, partly to make space before moving to a new house, and partly to raise cash for a new car when the current '65 Cortina starts to get long in the tooth. All being well I hope to enclose a list of some of the stuff in this issue. As for works of reference connected with s-f, may I cite my own two publications :- 'A Checklist to Astounding Part.1 (1930 to 1939) and Part.2 From 1940 to 49. A few copies of part 2 are still available at 6/- including postage. (advt) XXX The explanation of 'scrumpy' is probably not needed, as there can't be many Ompan's who don't know what it is. XX I generally agree with you that 'When Worlds Collide' was not great s-f...but it was better than most of the crud served up then (and now); and I think your dismissal of the rocket take-off as an aeroplane type spaceship launched from a fairground rollercoaster was a gross oversimplification. The model itself was beautifully designed and made, and on the technical side, there was considerable talk at that time, that the Russians were using such a launching ramp. As for the earthquakes and tidal waves caused by Zyra. ..why not? Why should such effects be gradual increases in normal tides? Any strain in the earth's crust would be resisted until it became too great..then something would have to let go...result, possibly an earthquake. After all, we have such things now, without Zyra, so it is at least feasible speculation that a Zyra effect would cause more. As for Zyra not breaking up at Roche's limit, a lot would depend on the relative sizes of the two bodies, and their composition...otherwise, why didn't Saturn break up when the planetoids forming her rings broke up. One body goes first, and this reduces or removes the strain on the other I should think. Worst scene in the film was the surface of the new world.. sheer Walt Disney Murkicolour. Ugh.

TYKKY-DEW I found both the 'Keel Haul', and the K-Block log extract very readable indeed. I was particularly taken by the caretakers response to the two ha'pence...elation that the students could read.... sometimes one wonders when viewing the misspelt placards they hoist, and some of their antics. Not, I hasten to add representative of the whole, but of course as always happens, the whole is judged by the most vocal and demonstrative fraction in many cases. Also liked your cover..only snag it suffered a trifle from overspreading the available space.

WHATSIT. First off, I liked your cover very much, but notwithstanding what the 'experts' advised you, I think it suffered from the 'rained in' sky. It would have been even better without this, and if you really wanted balance, then the 'Whatsit Tower' should have been deleted and the title lettered along the bottom. Who did the colouring..one of your classes? I liked it and am now forming crafty plans to get one of my classes to do some colour work for ERG. Imitation...etc. I'm not so keen on this random art kick...i.e. dyeing cloth with knots etc in it to give random effects....they can be very beautiful I fully agree..but since they are random effects and can be achieved by anyone without any skill whatsoever, I see little value in them.....just go out and pick up a bit of weather carved wood, or sea worn pebble...it can be a piece of artistic beauty.....but that doesn't make the finder an artist.

A sunset can be a beautiful thing...it takes a technical expert to catch it on colour film, and a real artist to render it in paint. Both have skills but neither created the original work of art. They did however create further works of art deliberately by exercising their individual skills in the re-creation of that sunset in their own medium. The dye dabblor does none of these things..his effects require no skill, and are on a par with the 'artists' who drag naked women through pools of paint on sheets of canvas, or those who stand back and heave pots of paint at the wall. Such activities can produce works of art...but this doesn't entitle the maker to call himself an artist...at least, not in my book.

EFFELL 2 Cover was a wee bit too faint to do it justice I'm afraid. I can't say much of the contents, other than that (a) they show much labour has been expended..and a good job produced, and (b) it will form a grand reference work to put in my files of listings etc.,. A couple of point...(quibbler's corner) Biped was by Bill Harry AND Peter Reaney. and the Fannish Case of Ashworth v Lindsay was by Mal Ashworth and myself. Glad to see you listed Con-science..most reviewers miss it. The date was around '53 I think. Now I'm eagerly awaiting the next issues. A goodly effort

CONFLUENCE Welcome to Ompa, and may your stay be long and happy...As I'm just re-joining this may seem presumptuous, but in case you didn't know, this is my second time round (and if you count my foundation collaboration with Eric Bentcliffe on 'Platform' (Which Ah Chee doesn't) then this is trip three. Liked your 'Computicket' description. Such a scheme has long been needed wherever seats, etc., have to be booked from widely separated sources. Look forward to a more expanded zine next ish.

LEFNUI 7 The best cover in the mailing...with Barr to do it, how could it fail to be. Also liked the heading for your Mailing Comments. The British Science Fiction Magazine was originally titled the Vargo Statten Magazine...it ran my picture and biog. in number four...maybe that is why it folded soon after. Agree with your dislike of fan who smoke 'pot', but extend my dislike to anyone..not just fen, who uses any sort of drug for other than medicinal purposes

THOUGHTS OF MAO Sorry, but I didn't dig this, I never did go for books of quotes, so a further book giving their origins doesn't do anything for me. Also felt there was too much white space left around the pages, but this is my Yorkshire parsimony coming out.

ERG. I know there wasn't one, but if there had been, I would have enjoyed it immensely.

And that's all for this issue.

All the best,

Terry Jeeves

