

ERG



Jeeves

# ERG 6

November 1960

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ERG IS designed, produced, printed and published by Terry Jeeves, 58 Sharrard Grove, Sheffield.12. If you are not an OMPA member, and would like the next issue to reach you...a letter of comment is a good way of making sure.

## ERGITORIAL

Long before I settle down to write this bit of ERG, I seem to have a surplus of ideas. No sooner do I fit a stencil into the rusty old machine, than my mind takes on several attributes of the stencil...a waxy looking blank space.

This time, I am slightly more fortunate, in the fact that things have been happening. Some notes on the wedding and honeymoon are in this issue, and also a brief account of what the Soggies have been up to.

Current pride and joy, however, is the purchase of Dave Kyle's cine camera...a Kodak Three Lens, Turret model, with which I hope to produce all sorts of films both fannish and otherwise.

DAVE KYLE IS A GHOOD MAN...A VERY GHOOD MAN...HOORAY!!!

The first film, was very experimental, as I was still unsure of which buttons to press...so I got an equally clueless friend to film the wedding. Amazingly, it came out well. For the second reel, we footled over to the ancient city of York, and filmed some of the historical

buildings..this reel was distinguished by the fact that the lens securing screws worked loose, and the front of the camera tried to fall out....Even so, we got the footage. Reel three is real ambitious stuff. We sneaked the camera round the back of the local RAF station, and used the telephoto lens to catch the jets in action, including one super shot of the American B-47. This reel was the one on which I inadvertantly opened the camera before the film had all gone through....naturally, one expects some teething troubles. Meanwhile, suggestions are required for a good title for Soggy (and other) films. Liverpool has its MAD, what can I use ???

Last Thursday marked the admission of yet another member into the rare and ancient order of the Stockport and Intake Dog and Cake Walking Society's ranks. Ian McCaulay happened to be in Sheffield for a few days (he would pick a week when I was almost booked solid every night) and he was able to come a-visiting. One more thoroughly nice Irish fan, and like all other Irishfen, a sixfooter...don't they grow any other size, or is there a minimum export size or something? Anyway, Ian finally broke that old bugaboo of Sheffield by proving to be a Ghood Man...previous fen to arrive without warning have all been ZOMBIES...you know who I mean, well there have been even WORSE ones, but they never entered fandom.

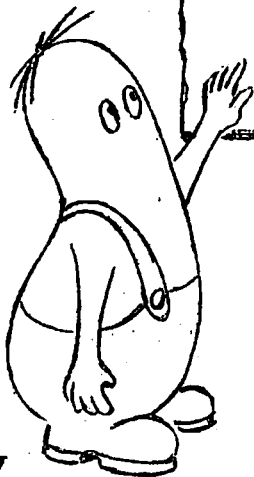
WELCOME HOME ERIC BENTCLIFFE, YOU OWE ME SIXTEEN LETTERS

Which reminds me that another man to be awarded the Jeeves Medal for Trufannishness, is ELLIS T MILLS. Six years ago, I gave Ellis the lolly for a copy of Skylark III. (This was when he was visiting 58, before hoing home) Years rolled by, and In Mad Moments, I would remember to needle Ellis about this book...which never came. I had long since relegated Skylark 3 to the bad debt category, and used its memory purely to use when teasing Ellis. LO AND BEHOLD.. from the Pitcon came a note from Ellis, followed by two books....SKYLARK 3, and the VORTEX BLASTER. The latter, a bonus from Ellis, for being so patient. Furthermore, both copies were autographed by DOC SMITH. Thank you again, Ellis YOU ARE A GOOD MAN ELLIS MILLS. VIVA KOOL-AID, Too.

A poetsarc from zptedxq tells me that that is where Norman Shorrocks and his merry band are whooping it up this year. I can't give you a better name, as my typer doesn't have the Cyrillic alphabet. There are a few clues on the card however...viz. Postmark Opatija, Stamp 20 doofers, Quotes, 'Tito was here', 'Kin - A swedish fan' The illo on the reverse shows trees and water. My suggestion is that they have been roused by Alan Burns' description of the Yugoslavian free-wheeling morals

AND A MERRY XMAS TO ALL OF YOU.....Terry.

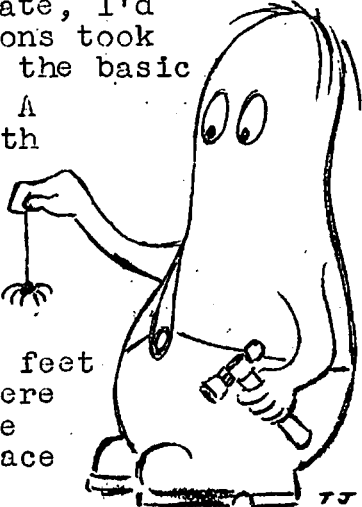
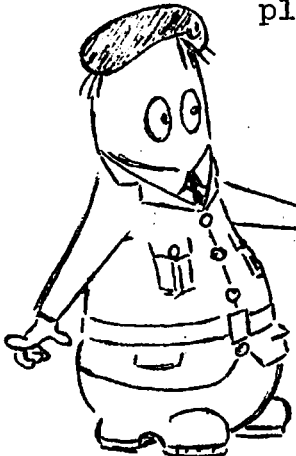
How MUCH IS THAT  
**Soggy**  
 IN THE INKWELL ?



Soggies have been scattered around the place for so long, that it seemed a good thing to devote a column to the little critters. Not until I settled down to the job, did I realise how little I really know about them. More than that, I began to appreciate something I'd often heard before, but never really believed. The statement made by authors, that their characters often take over the story. Now I know it is quite true...Soggies dictate to me ! But enough of that for the moment. Let's start at the beginning..if I can manage to find where it all began.

I'm very vague about this, so if any of you have a better idea of the dates involved, I'd appreciate hearing about them. As far as I can recall, the first Soggy (The Mk.1.) appeared around 1953 and I think the magazine was 'Camber'. While vague on the date and magazine, I remember quite clearly HOW a Soggy happened. It was a combination of circumstance. 1. Pressure of work, and 2. my rotten figure drawing. Somehow or other, a pile of fanzine work was on the stack...most of it required figure drawing. Now with me, figure drawing is usually a long drawn-out job requiring several rough sketches until I have the final one refined down to something that half way satisfies me. At this particular time, there was just too much to do, to follow the normal routine. I decided to fiddle a bit and use near-human figures, and settled on the basic Soggy outline. It seemed to be a success, for Alan Dodd (?) immediately asked for an exclusive...too late, I'd all ready used them elsewhere. Modifications took place, and what was to become the basic

Soggy format materialised. A smooth pear-shaped body, with boneless, though human arms and hands. Ankles



never appeared, though feet were humanoid. Trousers were (and are) supported by one precariously fastened brace

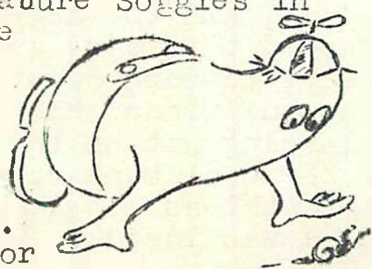
except in special cases...viz, the wedding Soggy, the RAF type, and such like variations. The eyes settled down to two ovals, with the pupil being a black dot, and recent models have begun to sprout tufts of hair. On very rare occasions, a Soggy grows a mouth, but only under pressure of absolute necessity i.e., to smoke a pipe. (Normally Soggies communicate by telepathy, and absorb energy through their skins in place of food).

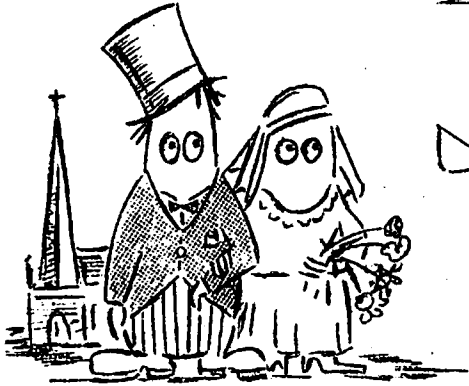
Which brings us to the point where the Soggies dictate to me. Very early in their development, it became obvious (to me at least) that in the Soggies, I had found the prototype of Mr. Average ...the chap next door, who is always good hearted, tries hard in a fumbling inept way, and who invariably puts his foot in things. Soggies have a touch of dumb appeal about them, their wide eyed expression of brainless innocence can be very touching, but a lot of this appeal would vanish if they always had a mouth. This was dictum number one. The Soggies made it obvious...no mouth. It also followed that no Soggy could ever be cruel or malicious. Try as hard as I might, I just couldn't seem to create a Soggy in a position where he wasn't more to be pitied than censured. So they finally (I think) settled down to the specimens portrayed here.



Variety of expression is another item which has been forced upon me. Soggies have no mouths, nor do they have any other facial peculiarities such as wrinkles, noses or other expression-producing aids. Soooo, a Soggy demands that only eyes and hair and sometimes, posture may be used to produce any particular expression.

The little critters romped happily and freely through the pages of many a fanzine, until one day I decided to put them out to work. Greatly daring, I submitted half a dozen to the Tape and Hi Fi magazine...they were accepted, and a regular order followed. They have been appearing there regularly since a year last April. From the fanzines, to the promags, and back to the professional 'fanzines' was the next step, when Keith Freeman began to feature Soggies in the Official RAF Northern Command Magazine (Acting Unpaid Soggy, in spite of Keith's efforts to get me paid. Things carried on in this way with the Soggies going out and the cheques coming in..(Including one for a cartoon plugging Bentcliffe for TAFF).....then I bought a cine camera. Obviously, lolly was needed for a projector so Soggy roamed further afield, and at the time of writing is due to appear in the RAF 'Flying Review' ...and of course, I have plans for a Soggy cartoon film.....





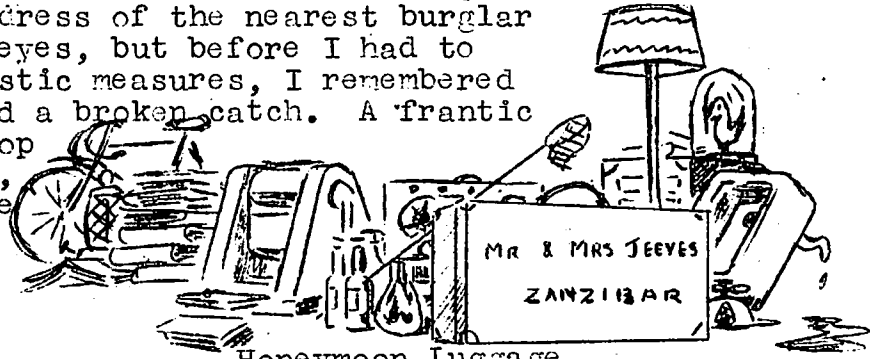
# July 26<sup>th</sup>

and all that.

For the benefit of those at the back, who have only just come in, I'll recap to say that the above date was the day on which Valerie

and I decided to share the slings and arrows of outrageous what-not. To be precise (and if I'm not, someone will jump in to correct me) we decided on the sharing part way back on March the 18th, but legal-type-Income-Tax-convincing stuff was not available until the Reverend Bayles Naylor had done his stuff on the 26th. Having read this brief synopsis of flaming love and passion in the staff room of one of our ~~high public~~ common old schools, read on for the concluding instalment.

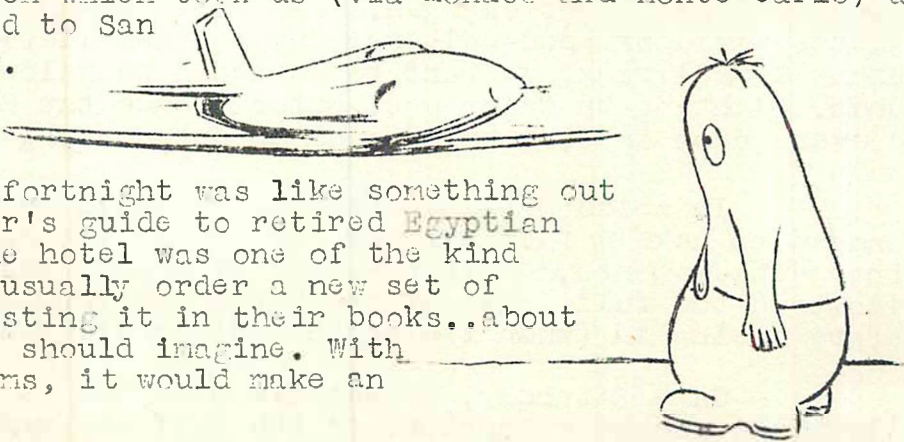
July 26th dawned much like any other day (over in the East, as I recall) I ate a leisurely breakfast, of bacon, eggs and three fingernails. Since the wedding was at eleven a.m., it was obvious that by the time I had finished my breakfast, there was no time to lose, and by 8-30, I was all ready, smartly (?) attired in my monkey suit and finding out how to sit down without creasing my 'tails'. I just had this problem licked, when Bob Benson, the best man, popped in to collect juniour rebel, Palling for conveyance to the robing room. (She was the be the chief and only bridesmaid). Being a sociable soul, I toddled out to the car to see them off. Naturally, I pulled the door closed behind me. There was an ominous 'click' and there I was...locked out. Everyone else had long since departed for strategic points along the route, and I was left alone. Visions of battering rams, weeping brides, and the address of the nearest burglar flashed before my eyes, but before I had to resort to such drastic measures, I remembered that one window had a broken catch. A frantic balancing act on top of the coal bunker, a breathless wiggle and I was inside.



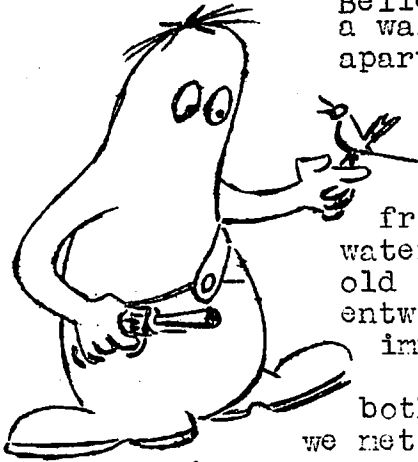
Honeymoon Luggage

After this little contretemps, things ran beautifully smoothy. In next to no time, I found myself seated smack in the front of the church with eye-tracks wandering up and down my spine. Over to one side was a friend operating the controls of a 'Stuzzi' Magnette, and two microphones flanked the altar. Outside the church waited the official photographer armed with colour and black and white 35mm stock. Among the congregation lurked two more friends, one armed with my own 35mm camera and the other nursing the newly acquired 8mm cine camera which I had only owned for about 8 days. A full coverage of the wedding had been planned.....in complete contrast to normal fannish practice, no hitches developed. There was a hectic swirl of organ music, clergy-wordage, question and response (including the nerve-wracking one for 'just cause or impediment) and Valerie and I swept out of the church and headed for the reception after running the gauntlet of cameras, confetti and suchlike. Completely confounding fannish tradition, the recording was only marred by a bit of wow on the organ passages and all the assorted films came out perfectly, including a further 100 odd colour and black and white shots taken on the honeymoon.

Oh yes, the honeymoon. To avoid last minute panics passport difficulties or misguided comedians, we had arranged to do our travelling on the following day, and two red herrings had been prepared. A Derbyshire hostelry had been dropped into previous conversations as being our overnight stopping point (we never went near the place) and our honeymoon destination had been masked by the packing and labelling of two durny suitcases to an address (fictitious) in Spain. To further forestall jokers, we had arranged for the most likely suspect to drive us to the airport..(This avoided such funny tricks as reversed spark-plug leads and the like) Leaving Sheffield at 6pm, we drove to Manchester (but didn't have time to lock up Eric), had a coffee, and caught the 9pm plane (a Viscount) to London. A leisurely snack and coffee in London, and we boarded an Air France 'Super Constellation' shortly after midnight. Around a couple of hours later, we landed at Nice airport, and boarded a coach which took us (via Monaco and Monte Carlo) along the coast road to San Remo in Italy.



The next fortnight was like something out of Lady Docker's guide to retired Egyptian monarchs. The hotel was one of the kind which the AA usually order a new set of stars when listing it in their books..about seven stars I should imagine. With about 600 rooms, it would make an



ideal place for the next Convention. Believe it or not, but each waiter had a waiter to fetch and carry for him. This, apart from the Headwaiter...capital 'H', for a man who could speak fluent Italian, German, English and French

The hotel was about  $2\frac{3}{4}$  minutes from the sea (swimming, paddle boats and water skiing all day round). Deeper in the old town were catacomb like buildings, so entwined and mixed up as to give the impression of one huge wandering mansion.

San Remo and Italy in general struck us both as being remarkably clean, the Italians we met were nowhere near the garlic chewing ice-cream vending stereotypes normally attributed to Italy. In actual fact, I found that in Spain, the Spanish peoples (and their hygiene) come closer to the general concept of Italy (and vice versa). Yes, we liked and enjoyed Italy, and also made a couple of side trips. One down the coats to Alassio, where the beach was meagre and the people crowded like flies, and the other up in the mountains to Limone...along a twisting mountain road which crossed the Franco Italian border no fewer than five times (I lost track of whether we were in France or Italy in the end) Reaching Limone, we took a chair lift to the top of the mountain. The lift was one of those ski-chair things which never stop moving, so that you have to make like an acrobat to get on and off. I was greatly amused to see one chap hop off, but keep a firm grip on the chair. He was dragged slowly backwards on the seat of his pants before the attendant pulled him away.

All too soon the fortnight ran out (as did our supply of lira) We retraced our route. Coach to Nice, Super Connie to London, Viscount to Manchester, and car to Sheffield.

Two days later, we were off again...for a week at a bungalow in Humberstone... a holiday booked for the family before Val and I got engaged. From the 'Grand Hotel Londres' and the world of head-waiters, Super Constellations and exotic luxury type living, we went to a wooden bungalow in the sand dunes. Lighting by Calor gas, water from a tap 200 yards away and every drop to be carried, and an outdoor privy-type toilet.

In spite of the contrast, we still enjoyed life, and managed to make a fair type of whoopee on the beach. Among other achievements, was a new type of sand castle, which withstood the full force of the North Sea for 15 minutes before caving in (when the North Sea finally reached it)

Came Saturday, we set off home and as a fitting climax, developed a puncture at the half way mark (naturally the jack was beneath the luggage) But we enjoyed it all.



# OMPAVIEWS

.....25th Mailing

Yes, I realise that I never got around to saying anything about the 24th Mailing, but for once I feel that people will understand, and accept the omission. So here goes for the current offerings :-

OFF TRAILS. Normally, I wouldn't comment much on this, but I feel roused to rant rabidly on the proposed Mills amendments. Members may be expected to vote, o.k., but they should not be compelled to vote, by exacting a penalty. The N3F drove me BATTY with voting on piddling little issues, let not OMPA go the same way. If anyone feels an issue is worth a vote, they will give it...otherwise, they are not sufficiently interested EITHER way..and the few who ARE interested get a democratic decision by an interested majority.

RANDOM Not a lot to say here, but I like your idea of asking to hear about doings in school. Will try to comply when I've got through some of the 'special' issues of Erg I have in mind..and when anything really outre happens.

SCOTTISHE Didn't this use to be 'Schottische' ? Liked the board covers, and the Atomillos. Ah Chee was entertaining. Machiavarley put into words what people often feel on such occasions. Also, I trust that the electric Gestetner is now tamed..I turned down the electric job on account of the paper I would waste in case of any bee-boos.

GRIFFIN Lovely tri-colour cover, and smashin interior type-face. A pity that you didn't use colour inside as well..somehow, the coloured paper was a let down after that terrific cover. You sure have a selection of typers..could you say a few words on vari-typers. I've heard of these gadgets but never seen one, and I'm curious as to how, what and why. Re Bontcliffe, he won TAFF because he was the best man..simple. Pity the other good man (Ashworth) had to lose though.

AMBLE Much clearer duping this trip Ah-Chee, all you need now, is to leave a bit more margin and you're in the top ten. Now you know where we honeymooned...and Valerie claims you pinched her long-standing pun. Understand your point about fanzines..I keep getting that way myself, it goes in cycles. I wouldn't mind if these newish fanzines were not so parochial. They WILL natter about the doings of nameless people in unknown places.

ATOZ Luvverly cover (natch), also interiors. Erg bumper issue DID appear, but fanac has been reduced for a while. I'm busy playing the pro field. Illodea was good, but I still like your Yngvi best of all. Solid black wanted ? Brush stencil does the trick.

CYRILLE You seem to have had a real work pile up, so here's hoping that the last dregs have now vanished. Rather amused by the informal conference members dressing up again to wend their ways home.

BAN THE H-BOMB PROTEST MARCHERS AND MARCHES.

BURGESS'S LIGHTS Liked your personal notes/ Yours Truly, NOT Yours Truly..strange, but true. The New Worlds reprints were interesting, but too dated. Why didn't you drum up your own articles ?

PARAFANALIA Hated those ghastly semi-nudes desecrating the magazine. I must confess 'Green Hills of Earth ' didn't appeal to me. The best rendering of this I've heard, was the choral rendering used by Charles Chilton in the BBC serial 'Journey Into Space'

GLOOM No doubt this title refers to the psychological effect produced by black duping ink on heavy green paper..shattering. Interested in your TV commercials..we have stinkers too, but luckily their duration is limited to about five short ads each quarter hour..and this is when people make fires, mix drinks, visit the john, and like that.

PHENOTYPE Enjoyed the Berry saga, and was fascinated by the masterly discourse on firearms, homebuilt and otherwise. Fanzine production, a trifle over long..even so, I rate this zine the best thing in the mailing.

DOWN WITH MINORITY REPRESENTATION. BAN THE PROTEST MARCHERS !

ZOUNDS This pale blue ditto work gives me the hab-dabs. Can't you give it black looks. Mix some powdered soot with the spirit gunk...it may not help, but it sure will be visible. Many ta's for your congratulations..Valerie thumped me for getting the statistics wrong..should have been 36-2237. Sorry you didn't get a brush stencil this trip..but more will be coming up in the future.

MARSOLO...Hate that illogible cover lettering, but liked the cover illo. Pity you intend to keep Uranium doings out. Personally, I'd be interested in the odd snippet, but not in a dry as dust technical article culled from the 'Slurry Sorter's Sentinel'.

ERG...MUSTAPOLOGISE for the fact that owing to pressure of wedding and honeymoon, this didn't get the full treatment I had intended..will try to do better with the next 'special issue'...I wonder how many people will notice this comment tucked away in the reviews ??

UNICORN Beautiful colour work, and what a typeface..pity you didn't have a few more illos to brighten things up. Still, as it is, it is a terrific production job..poor illos would have ruined it. Agree with you on disliking 'comments on comments' Where did I get the gen on U-2 border violations ? I forget the exact source, but it was one of two places.. either, the British 'reader's Digest, or the American 'Missiles and Rockets. The article mentioned quite openly that SAC bombers (it didn't mention the U-2..anyway, that is not a bomber) regularly flew recon flights over Russia, and had been doing so for several years.