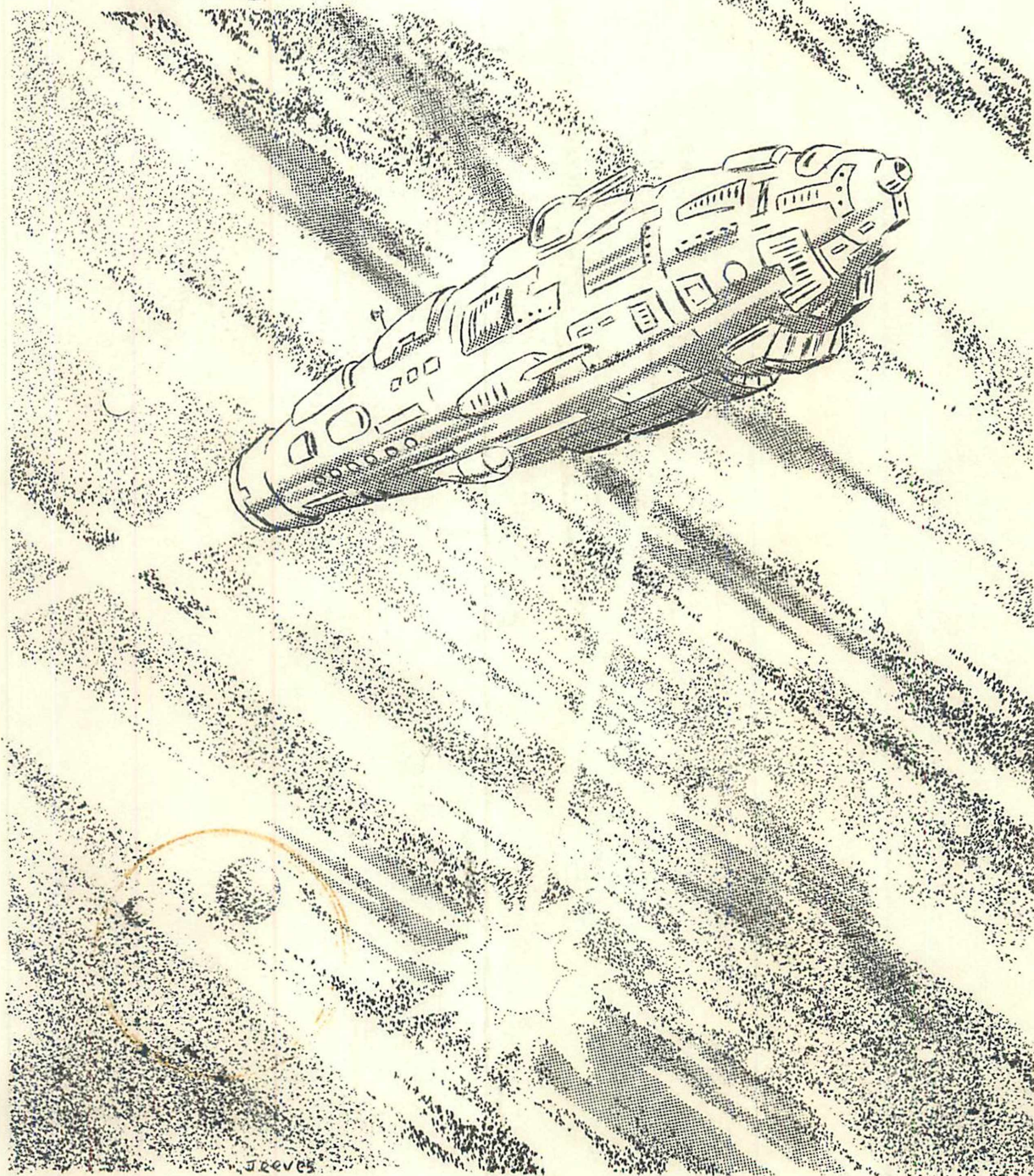


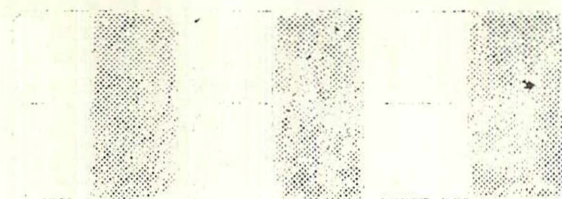
NOW IN ITS 14th YEAR

ERG

42

APRIL 1973







Greetings ERBbods,

This issue opens with a plea. Owing to twin snafus in the ERG office and the GPO mail bags...I am urgently in need of the following :-

ERG Numbers 14 and 39
GALAXY (USA) July 1970, March 1972

so if any reader can help, I'll gladly buy any of the above, or trade for magazines, pbs

or ERG sub extensions. CAN YOU HELP ??????

The cover this time, is a hand-cut stencil...as are all the other illos in ERG. It is based on the badge design and cover for the OMPAcon '73...and comments would be appreciated. Speaking of comments...Non-Ompans are getting ever lazier with their LOC's...so many were pruned from the mailing list after no.40..and after 41..and the same will happen after this issue...so respond or else. In this respect, Japan does well...one ERG reader there mailed me 6 Japanese pocket books (Captain Future, with coloured illos and some black and white) anyone want to buy some Japanese S-F ? Incidentally, he paid for his ERG sub in dollars...I hope Stateside subbers will do likewise as I can then use the bills to pay my US subs and dues direct.

No doubt old news by now, but at the time of writing, the 'Andy Warhol Film Controversy' is being battered about. For those unaware of what it is all about...One TV company wanted to show this film..and because of certain scenes, an injunction was sought and gained to prevent this. Since then, TV nabobs have viewed the film and it looks as though it may go out after all. BUT, it has of course raised once again the old question of censorship..with all its hoary old red herrings. So for the heck of it, I intend to chuck in my own two cents worth on this vexed topic. First of all, I put myself on record as having far more sympathy for Mary Whitehouse, than for the numerous vociferous supporters of freedom for all. Which doesn't mean that I advocate a strict censorship...a better word would be 'sense er ship. I know little about the Warhol film (which suits me fine) but what I have heard inclines me to feel pretty sure I don't want to see it. Once I voice this, someone inevitably raises the hoary old comment No.1 "Haven't you got an 'off' switch on your set ? Yes, and I also have a licence which cost me a lot of lolly..for having the set ON when I want it on. I bought it because in the early days of TV, I could happily allow the kids to watch any programme at an earlier hour than say 10pm, with no fears of their being exposed to porn. And by the same token, I wasn't insulted or outraged either. Since then, the thin ended wedge has debased a majority of programmes so that even so-called comedy shows, are nearly always objectionable in some way (bar 'Dad's Army and Sykes) Which brings me to my point. Porn, near porn, objectionable matter and so on has no place..or market in the average family scene...so if it MUST be screened on the box...keep it firmly OUT of all shows before 11pm at night... personally, I'D keep it off TV altogether. Instead, such material

would be available in theatres or 'little' cinemas. In this way, those who wanted it could go and pay for it...and those who don't want it would not have spreading its corruption through programme after programme in much the same way that one rotten apple soon mucks up the whole barrelful. The other old chestnut is that "It is true to life" and this is usually the excuse for any piece of filth or degradation foisted on the public. OK, so life can be filthy and sordid... if you want reality, why not go and bore a hole through the party wall and be a voyeur on next door's toilet. Big Deal ! Or perhaps we should fit glass walls in public latrines and charge admission..after all, it IS real life. What Fred Bloggs want, thinks says and does within his own four walls is his business when it comes to obscene and allied acts, deeds and thoughts...but when he..and his perverted ilk want to intrude upon my privacy, then I holler 'Whoa ! ' So for crying out loud, let's allow the kitchen sink mentality to cherish its dirty little crinkled up photographs and their equally sick 'blue films... but keep them behind doors so you have to go to them..rather than have them stamping into your home.

And then we have drugs. No. not essential medicinal ones, but those 'used for kicks'. Here, I would ban the lot, and inflict heavy fines on users (or other punishments) and even heavier ones on the pushers. There are no 'harmless ones', so scratch that chestnut. Little habits lead on to big ones..and then to other crimes in an effort to feed the habit. Proof ? Right away, we have one member of fandom who got hooked on Benzedrine inhalers !!! This led via 'breaking and entering', to hospitalisation, and then to attempted homicide while under the effect. Harmless things these inhalers... assuming your cold doesn't last too long. At this stage, we get chestnuts again...what about tobacco and alcohol. OK, fags first... lung cancer is personal..but I have yet to hear of anyone going into mad withdrawal symptoms..and committing violence simply to get another fag...and I suspect only the very worst alcoholics would go that far over their hang up. Nevertheless, they are drugs. Of the two, the latter can endanger others far more often....sheer logic tells us to ban them. However, logic isn't always the right way. It was logical to cut off a thief's hands..it effectively stopped his thieving. It is logical in way to kill the women and children...they can either grow up to fight..or breed more fighters. So with tobacco and hooch. Statistically, tobacco very seldom causes anything like the harm calculated on a % basis than a similar number of drug addicts. With liquor, the % is probably higher...but here again, much lower than the other addictive drugs. So let's first stamp out the main killers and then take a good look at the minor ones. After all, if your car has broken brake cables and a sticky trafficator...you get to work on the brakes long before you lose sleep over that winker. First things first...and the first one ought to be to chuck out drugs.

Which gets a few things off my chest for a while...I'll try to think of other goodies for next time. Meanwhile, have a good convention, and don't forget to write...or Sub...or its goodbye.

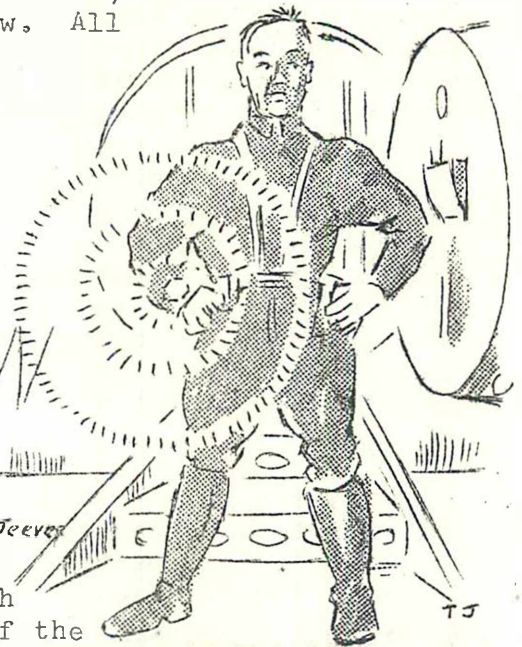
Bestest,

Terry

This must be one of my earliest fannish efforts, but where it first appeared, I just don't know. All the same, I hope you enjoy it. T.J.

REFLECTIONS OF A MIRRORMAN

by
Terry Jeeves



Kinidorter gazed into the visidish where he could see a greatly reduced image of the Rosconian war-fleet. On they came, gigantic, invincible, driven by the unthinkingly terrible power of disintegrating atoms of Aluminium. Only a few more masecs and they would activate his electros. Kinidorter smiled. If they continued on their present course, they would pass within a scant three billion miles of his cruiser. Pass without knowing that the Mirrorman whom they sought, was alone in his cruiser and almost on their line of flight. Pass, and never fire a shot. Pass, while the one man who could stop the breed of their evil culture watched in his visidish. Pass without a single call at any of the thirteen local clubs. Kinidorter was serenely confident that they would pass as he knew his tiny cruiser was completely undetectable. It contained no iron to act on their electros, no radiation to register on their counters, it as painted dead black to prevent any betraying reflection on visual, Kinidorter even intended to hold his breath for the scant ten minutes during which he would be within reach of their audios. The Rosconians would flash by at their nigh to inconceivable stellar velocity and never see that which they sought.

Now they were abreast of the 'Gaumless', so close indeed, that Kinidorter felt he could reach out and light a cigarette from the stern jets of their flagship. By a superhuman effort of will, possible only to a wearer of the mirror of Afloppia, he refrained from the temptation. Well it is for our civilisation today, that he did not. But do not, he did, and that right well. It is good, for any such move would have changed, however slightly, the visualisation of the Music All being framed at that moment by the Rosconian Admiral. That wight had just decided, that according to his visualisation, there should to preserve Cosmic Balance, be an undetectable speedster off his port bow. Grabbing the Meechifon he gave orders for all ships to attack a certain point in space.

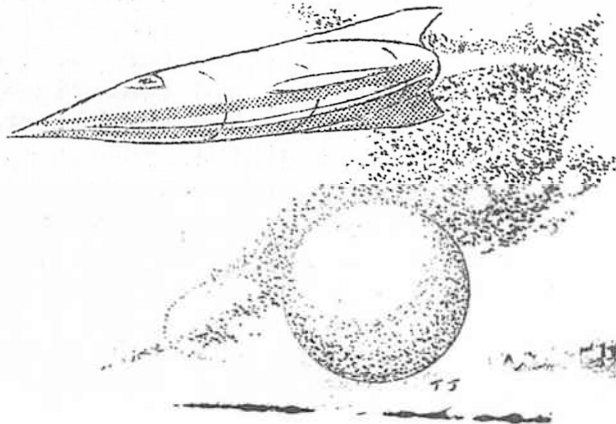
Seconds later, Kinidorter found himself fighting a desperate battle against 48 light cruisers, 37 battle-ships, 12 maulers

7 pipers piping, and a stray meteor which had chosen that unfortunate moment to enter his screens. Kinidorter switched full power into his outer defence. Al atoms in his psychotron disintegrated at a fantastic rate (It's quite alright to say Al atoms..its the chemical symbol for Aluminium. End of today's science insert) Fiercer and brighter glowed the screens, so bright indeed, that Kinidorter, remembering a recent economy circular from Prime Base, hastily switched off the cabin lights. The odds were terrific, but Cannonball Kinidorter liked them that way. Energising his tertiary, he annihilated several of the maulers before the others noticed and switched on their own defensive screens which had been left off to conserve power. The Rosconians had also received an economy circular. The battle raged. Space around turned pink, then red, and finally scarlet at the language used so flagrantly by these warriors.

This couldn't go on for ever, (Not even with Doc Smith writing it) After blowing a dozen or more ships out of the ether, Kinidorter realised that he couldn't beat the lot. Right now, every ounce, joule, erg, (advt.) and watt of power generated by his psychotron, was being fed via titanic bus-bars and cast ion bars straight into his screens. It was not enough. They began to radiate into the infra-pink. He doubled his output power by a gigantic feat of mental multiplication, made possible by his mirror. Still not enough as rods, cones, triangles planes and bympts of force tore at his defences. By a great effort of will, Kinidorter recalled his three times table. He tripled the power of his screens, but the Rosconians brought up more beams and englobed him. His outer wall shields went black, generators howled, and thermometers blew their corks. Kinidorter decided it was time for him to go. Time to go, yes, but which way? To the Galactic North yanker beams tore at his screens. To the South he was being attacked by epolectic drills. From the East, hurled dozens of contra-terrene Christmas puddings. Where to go? Kinidorter couldn't decide. Just then, a wandering pin punctured his screen and a pneumatic dis beam slipped through the hole and made up Kinidorter's mind for him. He went West in a cloud of vapourised metal.

Ah, well it is for our glorious Rosconian Civilisation today, that our gallant Admiral Pfuu had such a faithful perception of the Music All. Long Live Roscoe !

End of Message of Transmittal.



MYNHEER MAIGRET



It has been my experience that TV series based on books are never quite like their source. They can be as good, they can be better, and unfortunately they can be much worse. So when it was announced with a gret flourish that ITV was going to put on a series based on the Van der Valk books by some author called Nicolas Freeling, who was very popular in Europe I feared the worst. However the series was interesting enough to prompt me to see if Freeling's books were worth reading. I went to my local library, spent a small fortune on reservations and eventually came out with various books covered with the neat yellow jackets beloved of readers of the excellent Gollancz SF series.

My first impression was that Freeling had copy-catted Simenon to a point verging on plagiarism. In fact Van der Valk philosophises to himself as to what Maigret would do in such and such a case, and yet the final impression comes with a very startling realisation that everything is entirely original.

Trying to read an author's mind (and some have them) is not very rewarding, but for my money Freeling is an unashamed Maigret aficionado, and he said to himself "I shall create a European detective who will base his cases on psychology and yet he will be more like a civilised Mike Hammer than a ponderous Maigret. Also some favourable publicity has been going the rounds about the Dutch police, so I shall make my detective a Dutch policeman." The result was Van der Valk. a detective for the permissive society.

Van der Valk lives in Amsterdam. He is married to a matronly Frenchwoman, in no way like the almost dolly type who played the wife on the telly. He has two children, who gradually grow up from one book to another. He does not, I am glad to say, have an assistant with the unfortunate name of Crun, as he did on the box, but he does have a way of speaking that would send Mary Whitehouse screaming to the phone. When shot he refers to "a hole in the arse" a hanger-around is told to "piss off", and V. der V. is told by a suspect to "bugger off". In "Over the high Side" he climbs agreeably into bed with a sexy female suspect and despite the TV films portaying him as a near drunkard he conducts himself in a commendably sober fashion, although not denying himself the delights of good food, good drink, good cigars and good women.

Like Maigret and the Juge d'instruction, Van der Valk has the procurator on his back. This type is always harping on expenses and not treading on toes, a thing Van der Valk ignores. Van der Valks senior, on the telly is conspicuous by his absence. Now unlike Maigret, Van der Valk makes a lot of use of his wife, apart from the normal ways. She was connected with the OAS in her earlier days, a point which nearly wrecked his career and stopped his chance of rapid promotion, nonetheless she digs up information necessary to solve a case, keeps a good home going and is a good book-reader as well as superb in the preparation of exotic French dishes. In "Tsing Boum", as her two children are grown up, she charitably takes in a Dutch Child whose mother was murdered and skilfully elicits from the child that which brings the murderer to justice.

Let us take a typical Van der Valk story. "Over the High Side". This starts with an old gent collapsing in a crowd, and it is discovered that his collapse was due to a knife in the heart. Van der Valk, as Commissaris in charge of the Criminal Investigation Brigade is called in. He meets the victim's wife, and finds that the dead man was a bit of a roue and had three daughters all living in the British Isles. From the victim's wife Van der Valk learns about a lad the victim was friendly with who has disappeared and is therefore suspect. Van der Valk is sent to Dublin to meet the youngest and most attached daughter of the victim called Stasie (Anastasia). She has so much sex to her that Bardot would look neuter beside her, and Van der Valk beds her. Well what with information winkled out, getting a slug over the head, and working fist in glove with his Irish opo, Van der Valk eventually gets evidence against the lad whose Daddy is an Irish VIP. At last he discovers that the lad knifed the old boy with the connivance of the Old Boy's young wife, that Stasie had taken him in and sheltered him, and in short the theme is the tangled web woven in deception.

To conclude I recommend V der V to those who find Simenon gloomy. What is best about the Freeling books is that they are cheerful, and make most refreshing reading. So I give as much as I can of a glossary.

Because of the Cats--Van der Valk and some sinister teenagers Strike out where not applicable--villainy in a riding School. Over the High Side--Van der Valk in Ireland, confused crime. Tsing Boum--murder connected with the French stand at Dien Bien Phu.

The King of the Rainy Country--Van der Valk solves a crime among the rich and stops a bullet.

Love in Amsterdam--Van der Valk has a murdered whore on his hands.

There are others which I have yet to read, but my verdict on Van der Valk fiction is yes very much so.

STOP PRESS "The Long Silence".... The last van der Valk tale. In it, van der Valk is killed. The investigation is pursued by his widow, Arlette, who catches the killer.

LETTERS

((With editorial
interpolations
marked thus))

Alan Burns

I ponder at the feasibility of the dodgy little autogyro (No, it isn't a helicopter, a helicopter has its propellor at right angles to the supporting rotor) on the cover. ((So what ?. My illo was a helicopter, its rotor was powered, and for that matter, rotor and prop were at right angles)) I shudder what things would be like if everybody had one. I note your editorial and feel you are too generous giving extra copies to those who write in. If a recipient can't even acknowledge receipt, get out those shears and prune the list. ((I agree..tis being done)). Nartaz, yes, very funny ha-ha. of course it's been done before, but that's no excuse for not doing it again, more please. Skylark, well on reflection I think I did Seaton a bit of an injustice, but he was just too good to be true. Lewis Vickers was commendably short and avoided most of the pitfalls that one could fall into in an article on so tricky a subject as legal matters, probably not because he was clever, but because he wrote so sketchily. I'm not at all happy about his blithe use of Asimov's Robotics Law as the basis for a common law system, and his ruleseller would only get off the ground if the system of government involved included some means of enforcing it. Engineer's Law, well, a computer involves someone to put its rules into effect, result, Tyranny.

LEWIS VICKERS

"Thanks for letting me see Alan's letter. I agree with his point about dodging pitfalls by brevity, but I hasten to say that the only way I could do the article without long-winded redundancy was to cut it short..a thing I wish more lawyers would do.

My classic lawyer story concerns young Abe Lincoln defending a case against a steamship company seeking an injunction restraining a railway company from building a bridge. The steamship company employed an expensive and successful Suthen gentleman type lawyer who rose and made a long impassioned speech on behalf of the steamship company. Young Abe then rose to his feet, 'lowed the learned gentleman had made a mighty fine speech, but when all was said and done, what the court was here to discuss was whether it was more legal to go up and down a river, or over it. The court found for the railway, and Abe was launched. ...which brings me to the point of my article, whether one thing is more legal than another, which in the computer yarn, I hoped that the relative legality of two things might be given so many points. However, the end of the story is that the young lawyer goes to the planet and successfully challenges the legality of the points system. ((All too often though, it matters not the right of your cause..or the eloquence of your lawyer, but the size of your social status or bank balance..or even your skin colour. In England just now, a coloured man may well expect an overfair treatment when litigating against a white.....or a Trade Union may flout a court whereas an individual may not))

J.DIVINEY
28 Manchester Rd.,
Brampton,
Huntingdon
PE13 8QF

"Thanks for ERG.41, nice cover. Because I think I should, I'm reading the Lensman Series in Panther Books, and having to force my attention back to the story more often than I normally would. I have finished 'Galactic Patrol' and am about to start 'Grey Lensman'. I find the

Kinnison character very inconsistent, after killing pirates with glee and being unaffected by almost constant slaughtering, he bursts into tears because a nurse gives him a poached egg when he wanted beefsteak. This is a superman ? (((Sorry you don't go for Kinnison, Jim, but to be fair, you must read such tales alongside the other tales then current....'Fire Imps of Vesuvius', 'Radio Mind Pirates', 'A Saga of Posi & Nega' etc. If you were raised on such a diet, then you would really have gone overboard for Smith's tales)))

ALAN HUNTER
4 Cranleigh Gdns.
Southbourne,
Bournemouth.

Nostalgia is the only word I can apply to the Skylark synopsis. I read most of this saga many years ago, and doubt if I shall ever have the opportunity of reading it again. (((Why not ? Try J.Rupik, 12 Talbot Gdns. Sheff. S2 2TE, or

Ken Slater, 39 West St., Wisbech Cambs. The pb editions won't cost you too much))) A condensed version such as this is about the nearest I can get, and brought a lump to my throat. For Good Humour, I submit the 'Return of Nartaz'. Delightful ! The Lewis Vickers and your own book reviews qualify as information. I especially enjoyed the reviews, but I make that a total of ten pocketbooks. Just how do you do it ? (((I use every spare moment..before breakfast, before work starts. etc.))) Regarding the attractive packaging, I was particularly impressed by your mastery of stencil drawing, on cover, and inside. I know how difficult this can be, yet you have achieved results which are as clear and controlled as a pen drawing. (((Thanks a lot Alan...only too seldom do I get LOC's which mention the art side. Also glad you appreciate the work involved, but for real mastery, you ought to see the work of Jones or Cawthorn...superb !)))

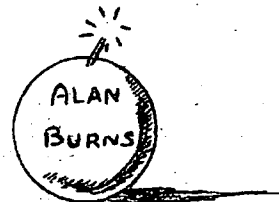
G. POOLE
25 Russet Road
Cheltenham
Glos.

That six-page synopsis of the Skylark series proved interesting but puzzling reading. Some of the ideas seem a little juvenile as described - jamming controls - mechanical dummies - universal domination - what doesn't happen in this series ? (((Precious little

gets mixed out with 'Doc Smith'..for 'dummies, just read 'robots'))) Nevertheless, Alan's overflowing enthusiasm has persuaded me to try to get hold of copies. The book reviews were interesting ..don't you read bad books ? ((Yes, but what I think bad, isn't always what the next reader may think))) Legal Aspects of Planetary Colonisation also interesting. The only trouble with these articles is that they are too short. The whole issue of ERG could be devoted to one subject (((I did that a bit back, and in Hell.7 they complain about it all being on space..which it wasn't.))) 'Nartaz and The Jewels of Ompar. Sex in Erg ! I'm ashamed of you..all the same, I liked it. Which came first, the plot, or that corny but ingenious twisted proverb ? (((Both ! The twist proverb was an old one...I just remembered it half way thro' Nartaz, and steered the ending to fit.)))

So You Want To Be Hated

by



The trouble with to-day's world is that there is too much seeking of popularity. We only have to take the frantic efforts of McGovern to be friends with everyone in the election, and what happened? One state only, and that by the grace of Kennedy, whilst Tricky Dicky, and his even more hated vice Spiro Agnew, swept the board. If people hate you, in the right way, you have it made.

The right sort of hate is really fear. It's no good making yourself loathsome, untidy and stinking in hippie fashion, that will only get you despised. The right sort of hatee (if I can make a new word), is neatly and conventionally clad, well-behaved socially, and with that unmistakeable aura, an indication of an ambition achieved. The right sort of hatee can mingle with any class and be befriended, in return he acts as a scratching post for one and all.

Getting hated in the right way is far from easy, and needs working at until you develop the style, then after that you can devote yourself to the engaging task of perfecting your technique, whilst amusing yourself with some pleasant hobby, such as collecting back numbers of defunct fanzines or accumulating early Picassos.

First and foremost to begin to get yourself hated you must do all you can to learn an insufferable punctiliousness in all you do. You rise early (I am about at five in the morning excepting days off when I get up at eight) and go to bed promptly at about ten. You do your work before you relax, and recall that Freedom is what is left after duty is done. If you promise an article, do it at once. If you have an appointment be Johnny-on-the-dot. In short you do all you can to rid yourself of human failings. This is the hardest part, but it comes with practice, and you get an air of cheerful efficiency others find unbearable.

Having got this part over, you can then go to stage two, find something popular to hate, and work out logical reasons for hating it. For example I hate the groups of long-haired layabouts who seem to be pandered to by people who would ordinarily not spit on them. Get a name for them, my term of Long-Haired Howlers is patented, I regret,

but work at it. Suitable things for hating are TV interviewers, and the unfortunate victim who hasn't the sense to kick them out or set the dog on them, Socialists and trade union leaders, and in fact anything working against the establishment. To get yourself hated you must support the establishment, whatever it is, and sure enough you will make people foam at you--but fear you in case you can shop them.

Making talk is not for you, but if there is a good argument going, size it up and then disagree with the main parties, with incisive, well-thought-out comment. They may know more than you, but not to worry. The experienced hatee has learnt the art of generating theories about almost anything on the spur of the moment, and in any case, in the present state of knowledge who can be certain about anything.

The creation of confusion and uncertainty is the hatee's most potent weapon. People can get so terribly positive about their pet ideas. The hatee is flexible in his beliefs to the point of being like the Vicar of Bray. So when a person trots out his positive idea then you can sneer "You don't say", and the more you seem to agree with him, the more angry your victim will get.

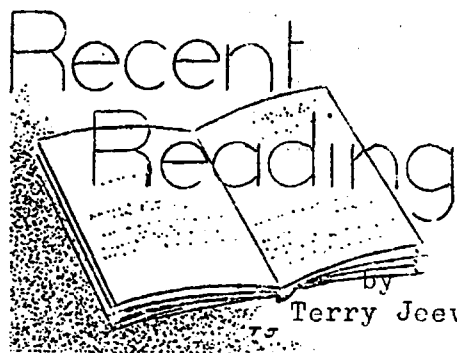
Writings are very valuable for expressing your hate-stirring activities, because you can think them over and make them very trenchant. But one must be careful in these matters, because writing can be used in evidence against you, and not always to your advantage, but, it is more likely to be published than something radiating sweetness and light.

Useful reading for hatees is to be found in several places. Leigh Hunt, Swift, Addison and Steele, and of course Cobbet. These people were thoroughly hated in their time, but some of them like Swift went too far and ended up in the spunging house. No, a hatee must oversee his personal comfort before all else.

Now a hatee can set up a nice little domestic establishment if he so wishes. Being thoroughly nice to the wife is sure to get her hackles up in double quick time. A woman expects dissent and opposition, if it isn't there she wonders why and anon suspects her mate of infidelity and starts writing to Marjorie Proops.

Finally, just as it were, to give you a few last pointers, it is important to remember to level you hate-raising to your own level or below, never at those above. What I said about marriage applies here, and above all say nothing if you can help it in a discussion with superiors, better, as Dmsreali advised a young MP, to let them wonder why you didn't speak than why you did. "I told you so" is useful to the hatee if used in moderation, but this necessitates putting ambiguity in advise, and this is often difficult.

So I end here, wishing you horrible shower the worst luck and happy hating.



by Terry Jeeves

THE ISLAND OF THE MIGHTY E. Walton

Pan 40p

Not being a lover of fairy stories in the guise of 'adult fantasy', I began this one reluctantly...but from the opening pages, the saga

of Gwdion, son of Don and heir to the throne of the King-God Math in ancient Wales managed to grip me. Opening with the account of how Gwdion uses magic to steal a herd of swine with the twin purposes of starting a war and allowing his brother Gilvaethwy to bed a girl he desires. The war is fought, the girl bedded, and both brothers punished, all in Part 1. From then on, Gwdion grows wiser and more powerful as he first sires a son from his sister Ananrhod by trickery, then raises the child in the face of her overpowering hatred for the child. A gripping tale, far better to read than describe, with only the difficult, and often very similar, Welsh names keeping you from an excellent reading session. Buy it.

THE SPACE-TIME JOURNAL edited by Judith Merril Panther S-F 30p

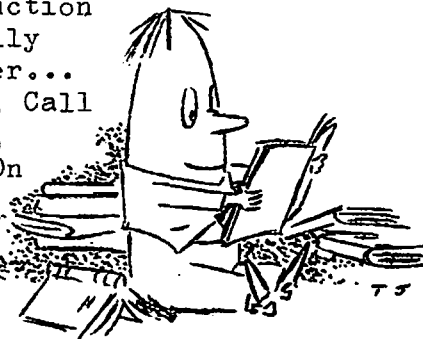
Twenty-one items from a variety of authors which includes Messrs. Aldiss, Ballard, Roberts, Jones, Priest, etc. The selections are from the Doubleday title, 'England Swings, S-F' and have just about as much variety as any lover of the incomprehensible writings of the 'New Wave' may ask for. The sheer economics of 21 items for only 30p make it a must if this is your style.

THE CREAM OF THE JEST James Branch Cabell Pan/Ballantine 40p

Writer Felix Kennaston finds a metallic fragment while strolling in his garden. It transports him into a dream world of his own imaginings. Beautifully written, but rather butterfly-like in the way it jumps hither and you with no apparent design. Classed as adult fantasy, this places it alongside such earlier issues as, 'The Last Unicorn,' 'Children of Lyr' etc. Here again, if you like the slower paced fantasy, you can't go far wrong.

THE HAUNTER OF THE DARK H.P. Lovecraft Panther Horror 35p.

Opening with an introduction by August Derleth, this collection bulks up heftily with 10 tales of Gothic style horror by the master... The Outsider, Rats In The Walls, Pickman's Model, Call of Ctulhu, Dunwich Horror, Whisperer in Darkness, Colour Out Of Space, Haunter of the Dark, Thing On The Doorstep, and Music of Erich Zann. For my taste, HPL was always too liberal with his adjectives and parsimonious with action, but for his admirers, this is terrific value, not to be missed.



LUD-IN-THE-MIST Hope Mirrlees Pan/Ballantine 40p

An adult fantasy in which the quiet merchant dwellers of Lud, become involved with 'Fairyland' beyond the Debatable Hills. Fairy fruit is being smuggled into Lud, with disastrous results to the children. Elderly Senator and Mayor, Nathaniel Chanticleer weaves his way through a web of trickery and murder before all is sorted and the two lands united to their mutual benefit. Rather slow moving, but beautifully contrived and delicate in construction. To my mind, a far better tale than any of the Hobbit series, and as such, should be welcomed by Tolkein fans.

LORD OF LIGHT Roger Zelazny Panther 40p

The tale opens in a world where Hindu Gods use great powers in a hidden conflict. It gradually emerges that this is not Earth, but some far future colony planet (Or Earth in the dim past?). The Gods are actually the crew of the colonising ship, and as such, control might y weapons with the addition of their own developed mutant powers. Immortal by virtue of 'rebirth', they hold the ordinary descendants at a feddal level of development. One God, Siddartha struggles mightily to bring about 'Acceleration' - the re-discovery of science and civilisation. His struggles, successes and failures make up the fabric of this Hugo-winning yarn. Another good buy, but not to be taken as hard core s-f, the whole treatment being much nearer to fantasy.

TOWARDS INFINITY. Edited by Damon Knight Pan 35p

A nine-tale anthology opening with Sturgeon's, 'The Man Who Lost The Sea', a rather confused account of the first man on Mars. March Hare Mission, by Ford McCormack tells how an agent with drug-induced amnesia still manages to complete his mission. Bradbury's, 'The Earth Men' also tells of the first Martian landing, but here the mission is easy, the hard part is getting anyone to take notice. Then comes John W. Campbell's classic, 'Who Goes There', account of an alien life form unforzen from a block of Antarctic ice... a tale worth the cover price entirely on its own. To follow it, W.H. Shiras has, 'In Hiding', a tale of radiation created superchildren. Asimov's, 'Not Final' explains that although the Jovians want to eliminate mankind, the mathematics of the case 'prove' it impossible. 'And Be Merry' by Katherine MacLean is about a scientist experimenting on herself with near disastrous results. James Schmitz little gem from Astounding, 'The Withces of Karres' concerns three psi-gifted children, and the volume ends with my favourite van Vogt yarn, 'Resurrection' wherein aliens investigate a long-lifeless Earth, and in the process, reconstruct various levels of humanity...with surprising results. Once again, Pan have come up with an excellent volume, and a gift at the price.

GOLD THE MAN Joseph Green. Pan S-F 30p

'Gold' is a genius created by gene manipulation, and as such, is the only person capable of carrying out a plan designed to foil the enemy invaders who zip through our system and drop bacteria bombs. One of the 300ft tall aliens is captured suffering from brain damage, and Gold and his female assistant are installed in a control cabin scooped out of the brain. They operate the body back to its home planet and in the process, Gold rapes his assistant. All ends well, when the aliens catch on, and help the assistant to deliver the child which results. Basically preposterous, but a smooth flowing tale nonetheless, so much so, that you never have chance to question the basic implausibility.

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WHATASIT 24
===== Sorry ken, but not one of your better covers. One point about your complaint of 20p plus for postage. I weighed Mailing 68, and since it had not bulky jiffy bag (but travelled safer in a roll) it weighed just under 1 lb. Inland, 2nd class this costs 11½, and overseas Printed Rate, 15p. Of the last four mailings, at least two would have travelled Inland for 13½p, rising to 25p Overseas...if jiffy bags had been excluded. So let's omit the bags, roll the mailings and save lolly. Was taken by your comment about shoe laces being tied in the Service style. While doing my ab initio PE at Blackpool in '41, I strained a knee cartilage and had to report sick. In the Medical Room, a bastard of a sergeant insisted/ordered/ that I bend down on this virtually unbendable knee to re-lace my boots in the approved manner. That may have saved me from Gurkhas..but it wouldn't have saved him on a dark night.

LURK
===== A well drawn cover, but it failed to make the top grade because of too much white space. Offhand, I'd say it was an alien Laika lassooing the plaque from the Jupiter probe. Liked your popularity poll. hope you have better luck than the official one, but you'll be lucky if bods can remember back 4 issues. Fancy Hemmings sayin g you can only play a jazz record once...its madness to play one at all. On drugs, I'm firmly with Pete Weston. Tobacco and hooch may be bad..but drugs are even worse as apart from addiction, they incite crime. One fan has committed shop breaking to get his 'fix', and later, homicide or manslaughter while in withdrawal. The James White piece was superb ! About the only time such re-hashes become worthwhile. Likewise for Uneasy Rider..i.e. Good. Why no Crossword ? See you and Pat don't like 'Lensmen' Fair enough, I too find them hard going..BUT..be fair and judge them NOT by today's standards, but by those of their era. Verne, Wells, and virtually all Pan's 'adult fantasy' is woeful judged on today's form..likewise Swift, Dickens and Shakespeare. Chessmancon Interview..Nyaaah. I dislike these re-hashed speeches and interviews wherein some big name says little things into a lollipop..also liked your reviews and letters. Bent&liffe is dead right in his comment on current fan writings.

16 HELL
===== I preferred the bacover to the front cover, the latter being a bit messy, but messageless in contrast with the back. I particularly liked your typing pattern layouts, and also both editorial bits. Best item was Pete Presford's piece, with John Piggott a close second. Bottom was without doubt..that so called 'poem'. followed closely by the thing on noise makers...i.e. Jazz guitars. The latter at least was well written, its only snag being that I don't like jazz. Poetry on the other hand should BE poetry, and not pretentious rubbish. Cas, also good. But somehow the issue didn't hang together quite as well as heretofore. I liked the interior art, and greatly admire your open layout experiments.

ARCANUM
===== Nice cover, and inside, one of the very best layouts I have ever seen in a 'zine sans illustration, one hardly notices their omission. To Belfast again..but hasn't Whitelaw tried 'kid-gloves' ? He freed the internees, chatted up everyone...and the atrocities seem even worse. As for Dresden/Belfast. In that war, they could hit back..and did, as witness London, Coventry, Sheffield etc. (I experienced the blitzes on the latter...and few if any bombs fell anywhere near the industrial part)..in Belfast however. JUST HOW do you justify nipping into a cafe and planting a bomb among people of ALL creeds and allegiances...Come on, you never answered that one...would you put up a notice asking them 'Please do not leave your bombs in our cafe'...??? Personally, as far as the mobs are concerned, I would let the buggers fight, and keep my troops out of the action....then use 'em to mop up those left standing. About Supersoggy. I did do a four page strip..it was accepted by TOM REAMY for publication in TRUMPET...and now he won'T answer letters or return the strip...so if ANY READERS can help on this, I'd be pleased to reprint it here...I may even try using my photographs of the sheets. but if YOU can Kick Reamy in the xxxx...please do. On Lensman, see comments on Lurk. All in all, an excellent, if slightly slim, issue. I enjoyed the whole thing, even our argument over you-know-what.

STEEN UNIVERSITY REVIEW
===== Pfooeey on one-staple fandom. Liked you star names, and really admired how you constructed an interesting piece out of such an unlikely source as a weather station list. Very skilful. Alan Burns loves to upset people...and to be honest, that seems to be the best way to draw in their LOCS. Support your idea to move the Winter mailing to February to dodge the postal rush. Propose it. On tooth fandom..I have all my own choppers too. A nice zine, but needing more of your former natterings as well as comments..next time huh ?

SEPULCHRE
===== I don't want to put down such a worthy effort, but monsters just aren't my cup of tea. Because of this, I wasn't too taken by what is really an excellent piece of work...and excellent for reference. I look forward to you covering other topics as deeply. As for your one shot, 'INTOLERANCE'...fraid it was too faint and scribbled to decypher. However, with your industry, I fancy that future issues will be well worth having. See you in Bristol..in person or in Ompazine.

HELL...again. ERG 40 Did have Ompaviews...by some mischance, you must have got one of the non-Ompa copies, from which the Ompaviews were taken out...still, I said nice things about you, at least a pint's worth in Bristol.

And hereIs to Bristol and all of you in '73.

WITHOUT LET OR HINDRANCE

by
ALAN BURNS

The trouble to-day is that far too many people don't have the courage to take an honest opinion about anything, but at the present time it's important for everyone to put their foot down firmly and stamp out the do-gooders and others who are out to impose on our society as repressive a censorship of thought, word deed as anything in 1984. I was completely appalled by the fact that a single man could get a film banned, or that the mass media allow themselves to be conned by someone like Mary Whitehouse. No, we must defend the so-called permissive society, because it is the cold bath that has wakened us up to the fact that everyone has a right to enjoy themselves in any way as long as it doesn't cause hurt to others.

Does permissiveness cause hurt?

I don't think it does in a rational society. In the happy society of primitive people a child is simply taken as one of the tribe, and its origins are never questioned. Now it is said that it may corrupt our children. Well children have a limited understanding, and if they do see something questionable they think very little about it. We have the classic joke about the tiny tot who asked his mother where he came from, and on being embarrassedly told he expressed surprise and said his friend came from London.

I have always been against any censorship, since it is merely someone, not necessarily as intelligent as you, telling you how to think. Those people who object to a film, book, or anything else can not go, not read or ignore, but that doesn't mean that they should dictate their views, and try to enforce them on someone else. For example I regard a lot of New Wave fanzines as rubbish, and have said so, along with condemnation of groups and so on, but I stoutly defend the right of others who like them to enjoy them.

Most objectors to the permissive society take greatest objection to its sexual attitudes. I've always believed in honesty on this subject, and moreover, the dirty joke is an established social phenomenon.

So finally let me say, while permissiveness is here, enjoy it. The pendulum always swings, but if we fight for it then the porn pedlars and such will have no market for their wares, for it is well known that familiarity breeds contempt, and a bright open, permissive oriented mind will ignore such rubbish in its fearless honesty.

the LIMITS of EXPANSION

by

Eric Lindsay

In using the phrase, "The Limits Of Expansion" as the title for an article I am considering the term to have

a narrow meaning :- the limits of possible human expansion within the solar system. The probable limits of expansion are almost certainly many orders of magnitude lower than those expounded in this article.

Readers of Niven's 'Ringworld' may remember references to Dyson spheres. However, despite a recent professional article on the subject, Dyson's concept may not be familiar to all readers.

In 1959, Freeman J. Dyson, a physicist at Princeton's Inst. For Advanced Studies, contributed an article with the esoteric title, "Search For Artificial Stellar Sources of Infrared Radiation", to the periodical, 'Science'. In this slim (three page) article, Dyson, starting with some logical and reasonable assumptions, worked his way to some startling conclusions. The assumptions were; that the population of the world would increase to Malthusian limits, that for a technological society, the limits were dependent upon the supply of matter and energy available; that ultimately, these limits were the total mass of the planets in the system, plus the total energy output of the Sun. Dyson estimated our currently exploiting a mass of 5×10^{19} grams in the Earth's biosphere and an energy supply of 10^{20} ergs/sec. The limits he set were the mass of Jupiter (2×10^{30} gms) and the Sun's energy output of 4×10^{33} ergs/sec. He calculated that to disassemble and rearrange Jupiter as a sphere around the Sun at a distance of 2 A.U. would take about 10^{14} ergs, or the Sun's output for 800 years. The resultant shell would be 2 to 3 metres thick, and would house all the machinery needed to make it habitable. Dyson remarked that these figures all show consistent orders of magnitude, and it would be worth looking for the infrared radiation that such an object would produce.

The article drew some comment. In 'Science', John Maddox pointed out that such a shell could not be rigid and self-supporting. Dyson agreed that a solid shell or ring (emphasis, mine) was mechanically impossible, but his idea was more a swarm of objects in independent orbits, but the mechanics were unimportant, since the radiation was independent of mechanical details. Poul Anderson suggested that a society would approach Malthusian limits too rapidly for such a long term scheme to work, or alternatively, population control would render it unnecessary.

Assuming a worldwide industrial expansion somewhat greater than the 1% Dyson assumed, and modifying it by pollution concern and an initial failure to produce cheap fusion power, this would produce

Now assume an efficient power storing device, and a reaction less drive capable of at least 1'G' and you have all the conditions needed for cities to take to the air as in James Blish's "Cities in Flight", although they would be confined to the solar system by the need for a long term power source. If increasing population pressure makes greater and greater living areas an advantage, then we can expect them to undertake the task of disassembling the various minor bodies in the solar system for the material contained therein. Eventually, the major planets would also be exploited.

Exponential growth is a feature of things other than population. The modern American can call on energy resources at least 50 times greater than the average Indian. He uses more material and produces more pollution. Therefore a simple population increase of 10^{12} is not all that likely, 10^4 , or some three billion people is more to be expected. These would have an increase in personal energy and material resources of 10^8 in 3,000 years. This could mean personal transport vehicles of 20million horsepower - enough for the hottest, hot rod, and enough to make interplanetary travel as casual as today's car trips.

The same type of growth may appear in other fields. Fifty years ago, adding machines were bulky electro-mechanical devices that only business firms bought. I see in the newspapers today, a series of battery powered pocket electronic calculators capable of a large range of calculations at a price roughly equal to a week's wage. The advertisement suggests that they would be handy for housewives working out their budgets and for schoolchildren doing their homework. Even a hundred years in the future homes will no longer be equipped with time-sharing computer terminals. Instead, complete pocket computers equal in power to the latest now known will be available at low prices. Instead of being for involved calculation they will have voice operated input/output facilities that even a child can use.

Naturally, all the above assumes that no great disaster befalls the human race. The record of the rocks indicates that species die out because they have specialised for a particular environment, and are unable to adapt to a change in that environment. The dinosaurs were the largest creatures to walk the earth, and they died because they couldn't adapt to temperature changes. Man is the most intelligent creature to walk the earth and may die out because he can not adapt to the technological changes he creates himself.

Eric Lindsay

Faulconbridge.Australia.

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