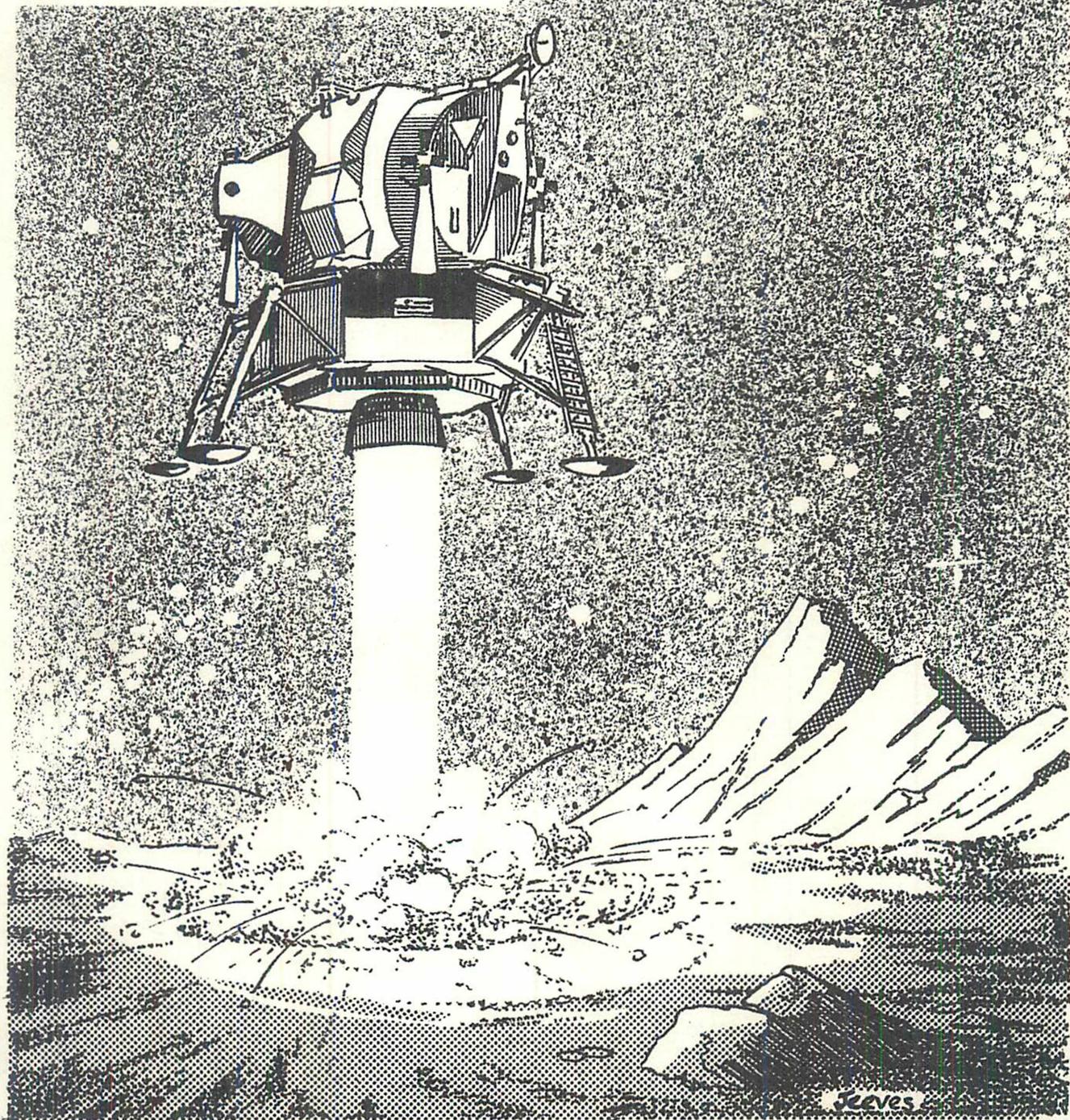
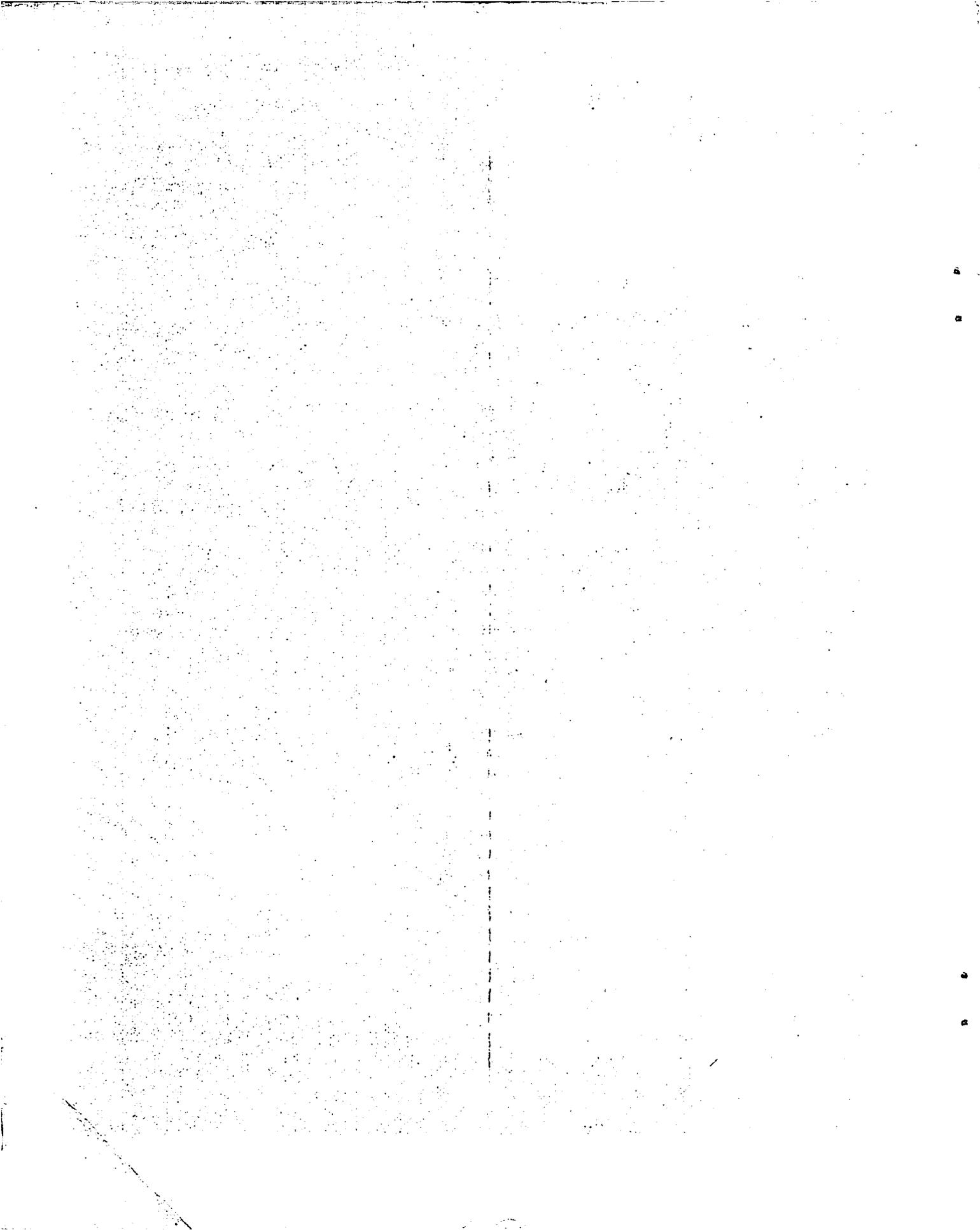


ERG 44.

October
1973

NOW IN ITS 15th. YEAR





The Status Box (.....)

ERGITORIAL

ERG comes to you from,
Terry Jeeves,
230 Bannerdale Road,
Sheffield S11 9FE
ENGLAND (PH. Sheff. 53791)

but if there is a cross
in the above status box,
it won't come to YOU
again unless you react.

Sub rates are 5 for 50p in
England, and 4 for a dollar bill from the USA. Check your status !

Those of you who have often wondered just what IS the purpose of a fanzine, might be interested in this quote from a reader, a well known fan...but whose name I withhold in order to spare his blushes. QUOTE (re LOCS) "If you want response then you'll really have to publish it when it comes. How many others, besides myself, took pen to paper, only apparently to be ignored ?"

Well there you have it folks. Apparently the purpose of a fanzine is simply to publish letters. I submit that it is the purpose of the readership to say 'Thankyou..send me future copies'..simply by trading, subbing or LOCing. The editor may or may not publish as he chooses, but I'm damned if I will keep on mailing ERG out for no reply of some sort. Whether or not I publish that reply is up to me...not an automatic perk for the LOCer. And just for the hell of it...no Letters will be in this issue...but to be fair, the above LOCer then went on to write a good constructive LOC (which would have been printed even though it tore into me) had I felt like a lettercol this issue. So let's hear from somebody for next time huh ? But...even if not printed, your letters are earnestly sought after...so ruddy well write some..please.

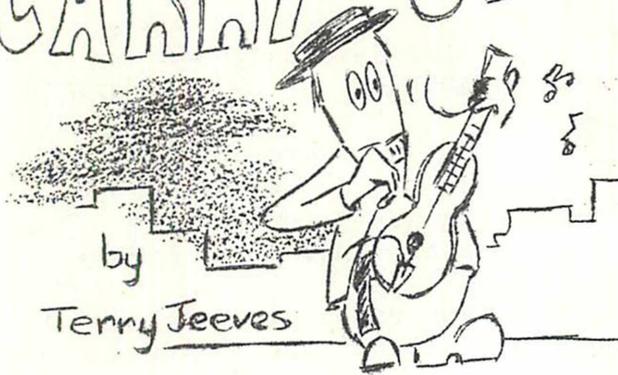
The cover this issue is NOT a hand cut stencil. It is a pen and Letratone drawing done to Alan Burns specification and the electro paid for by him (£1) so he gets the original. Next issue will be something special, again, not hand cut, and again sponsored. Is there anyone out there interested in sponsoring the cover for 46 ???

Further on artwork in general (and see the final item in Ompaviews) one or two people have asked how I hand-cut stencil..and one doubting Thomas almost hinted that my hand-cut work is done by electro. Either way, it seems there is a certain demand for further gen, so once the current cine series finishes, I hope to run a series of articles on stencil cutting and duping in general. I hope this will help those who really want to know...and convince the doubter. If the series comes out reasonably well, I plan to issue the lot as a one-shot, when LOCing you might mention if you'd be interested in getting a copy... ..no obligation involved, just to help me gauge demand.

CARRY ON JEEVES

PART II.

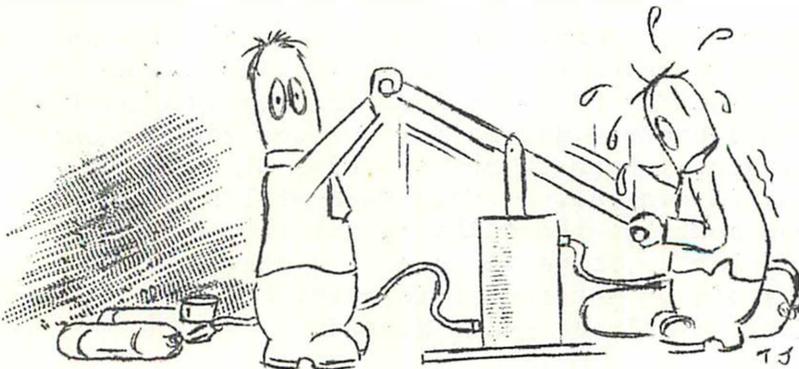
IN SPAIN



After leaving the R.A.F., things went peacefully for a time..until I managed to get involved with the Underwater Explorer's Association. A lame duck could have swum rings round me, but my current girl friend was engaged to the club's secretary so naturally, I had to join.

At first, things were fairly easy. Pub meetings being the nearest we got to liquid..and everyone shot lines about how a little hop like the English Channel not being a real test of swimming ability. After a month of this, some idiot suggested a trip to Spain to hunt lost ships and their treasure. Before we went, regular bath nights were arranged and a qualification test drawn up. Being on probation, I was expected to pass it (being the newest member) I coped with most of the tricks, but swimming a full length under water always eluded me... I could do it by diving in, but this I was told, was cheating. I had to start from a standing position in the shallow end. Inevitably, I slowed down to avoid bashing my nut, and had to surface for air.

However, time for the EXPEDITION finally arrived. The last week was spent getting all the gear ready, this included filling compressed-air bottles. For some stupid reason, it had been decided to take full bottles in case of high cost of the stuff in Spain. Now this might seem a small chore..especially if you have never pumped up more than a cycle tyre. Aqualung bottles need a bit more oomph. Filling one from scratch up to 20 atmospheres (I think that was the figure) using a two-man pump is no picnic. To simplify matters, we coupled a commercial air bottle (about 12 ats) to the pump input, so the pressure differential was only 8 ats. 'Only'...but still WORK. Two or three minutes on the pump being about the limit. On one of these stints, I got paired with the club secretary. A 6'1" public school type whose fiancee was my new girl friend..a circumstance he was just beginning to suspect. Our double act on the pump was his chance to show what a weakling this teacher chap really was. However, Machiavelli-Jeeves was not born yesterday, or even the day before. I heaved manfully on the pump... with just enough pressure



to make it appear that I was doing as much work as my rival, Bill. He poor lad, was virtually doing the whole job on his own. After two minutes, he had to drop out puffing like a grampus while for appearances sake, I put in a further minute against his relief. Truly, cat skinning has many facets for skilled skulduggers.



Came moving off day. Heaving a huge suitcase, and a small haversack, I met the others at Sheffield station to collect my share of the diving gear deposited there by a lorry. My ration turned out to be a gigantic haversack (probably escaped from the Everest expedition) filled with an aqualung, two full tanks, harness and a belt of lead weights. Hefting the lot, I climbed laboriously on a weighing machine..in those days, my weight was 11½ stones. With all that gear, the pointer hit 19½. Egad I was to carry 112 pounds of dead weight to Spain! As things turned out, it had one minor advantage. Both French and Spanish customs blanched (blenched?) at the sight of the moving mountain of luggage approaching them, and hastily chalked on all outstanding angles to allow me through without let or hindrance.

We finally reached Tarragona station (via London, Paris, and Barcelona) and after a short wait of about an hour and a half while Bill arranged transport, found ourselves at the Hotel Miramar on the Plaza San Georgio. I had a nice little room overlooking a courtyard where the Spanish señoritas ironed the laundry. A few large smiles, some wide gestures, and a tossed flower got my washing done for free while we stayed there.

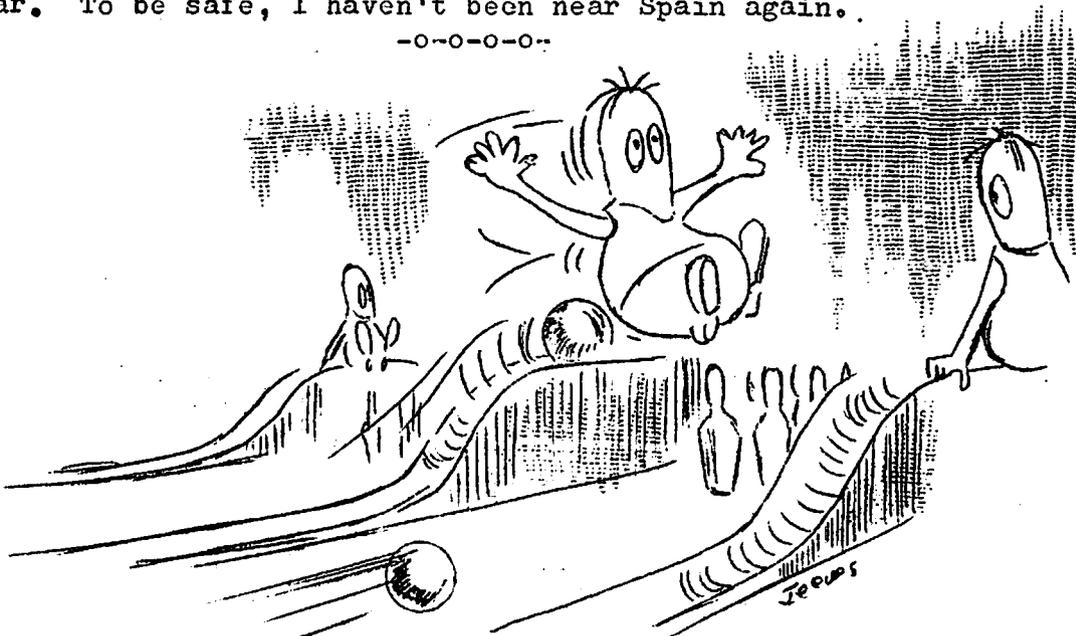
In the afternoon, we carted our diving gear down to the harbour and dived in between a couple of rusty tramp steamers. Being the worst swimmer, I soon surfaced, struggled to the side, and climbed out..finding an oil smear on my leg. The others, being cleverer than I, swam around for ages as they played 'Last one out is the tough guy'..and collected enough oil all over their bodies to keep them busy for the rest of the day in getting it off again. Talk about Black and White Minstrels.

By some finagling, we had acquired the loan from the Spanish Government of a boat complete with captain and mate..plus the services of a well-known diver, Antoni Ribera. Toni proudly exhibited pictures of himself alongside Jacques Cousteau (apparently they had dived in the same ocean). Ribera's English was excellent, and wonder of wonders turned out to be a writer and translator of s-f. The captain spoke no English, but liked our drinking habits, so he, Toni, myself and a bookie's clerk named Bob Stone, all swanned around together in the evenings. One one occasion, we were seated round a table, swigging champagne (dirt cheap) and watching the flamenco dancers in the cafe when along came our beloved leader...Scrounger Bill, drink moocher No.1. As soon as he appeared on the horizon, all our bottles were quickly

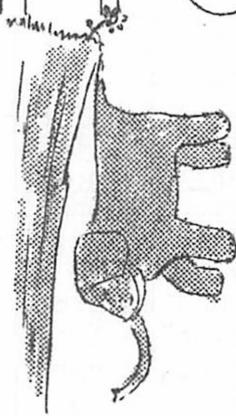
whipped out of sight. Even so, Bill sat down to grace us with his company. Fairly soon (liquor evaporates quickly in that climate) our glasses were empty. No one wanted to ring Bill in on the communal bottles, so in turn we distracted his attention while the hidden bottles re-filled the glasses., It worked beautifully. Bill couldn't understand how we kept drinking so long with no visible refuelling stops. Until the time when Bob's turn to refill the glasses came round. Bill was vainly trying to see the senorita we were pointing to..the one waving to him with a smile..then CRASH! Bob dropped bottle and glass. I'm still not sure whose face was the best picture, his or Bill's.

On another evening, a dozen of us sallied off to a ten-pin bowling alley which also boasted a dance floor and bar. In between heaving king-sized wooden footballs along the alleys, we danced with the ladies and boozed at the bar. This particular alley wasn't mechanised, and pins were replaced by young Spanish chicos, who, having re-spotted the pins, would scramble up and sit in the ball return chutes until they were needed again. Safely out of reach of the balls. On such small, but incorrect assumptions are international incidents built. Bob, nicely pickled, wound up and heaved a lethal ball with all the devastating energy of a Briton on holiday. Forceful...but highly erratic. The missile zoomed across Bob's alley, bounced through his return gully, hurdled the adjacent alley, and landed in the chute of the one beyond that. Scarcely reduced in velocity, it rocketed up the return chute and clouted the relaxed pin-boy in the rear end. He shot off his perch and landed among his pins just as the Spaniard using that alley sent his ball down. Strike two ! ... and chaos reigned. All the other ball boys went on strike, flashing their lights on and off in support of their injured comrade; all of them shouting abuse at the two innocent Spaniards on whom they blamed the incident. Equally offended at the disruption of their game, the Spaniards howled abuse back. It was at the height of this brouhaha that the Underwater Explorers slid stealthily out of the door and into the night. I have often wondered since, if our little affair had anything to do with Spain turning niggly over Gibraltar. To be safe, I haven't been near Spain again.

-o-o-o-o-



IMPOSSIBLE, THAT'S ALL⁷ but do go on



by
John Piggott

There's been quite a lot of discussion in fandom recently about Dyson spheres, Ringworlds and such esoterica. I suppose it's a result of that book. Anyway, I'm about to throw in my 2p worth, so anyone who doesn't like such things had better skip right along.

First of all, I think it's worth saying that Dyson spheres are pretty improbable-sounding devices. A sphere of the dimensions proposed by old Dyson would cost the total energy output of an average sized star for about a thousand years. This is in itself a fairly long time, but unfortunately a race living on a single planet doesn't have the total energy output of its star available. Far from it.

A race capable of interplanetary flight could, in theory, scatter receptors about its primary in order to catch more radiation. By this method it should, in time, be possible to capture all, or a significant fraction of the available energy...but once this has been achieved, the Dyson sphere is already made !

Evidently we must change our estimate of the time required to construct a Dyson sphere by some orders of magnitude. Let's assume it will take 10 thousand years, a generously small value, even though such a period encompasses the entire settled history of the human race. Such a time is certainly sufficient to ensure that the human race will never construct a Dyson sphere. A race inhabiting such a sphere, should we ever detect one, would probably be more like wasps or ants than human beings in social structure, or else a race of near-immortals. I can't see men joining forces to complete a structure which will not be complete for a hundred lifetimes; the human brain just doesn't work that way. Further, now that we are near to controlling our own evolution, it is unlikely that the 'man' of 10,000 years hence will bear too much resemblance to today's human being, except purely superficially.

To me, the Dyson sphere is a much less satisfactory concept than a Ringworld, the latter's obvious advantage over a sphere is that it will take only a fraction of the time and energy to build. Furthermore, the stars are still accessible from a Ringworld, an important psychological consideration in all probability.

Everything I've seen written about Ringworld appears to assume automatically that at the centre of a Ringworld will lie a star. I don't know why this is so - as far as I can see, it would not matter at all if there was nothing at the centre, provided the Ringworld were a rigid structure. (Incidentally, I see no reason to doubt that Niven's

The Game of SPELL AND HERO

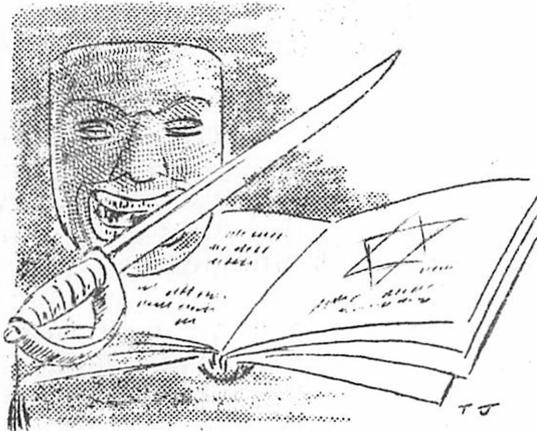
by
Alan Burns

A long time ago, George Scithers excellent fanzine AMRA published an interview with the Grey Mouser, conducted by his faithful chronicler Fritz Leiber, wherein the Mouser had hard words to say about Monopoly and said that he was amusing himself by devising what he called the Lankmar game. I never found out whether that game had been devised because the deplorable irregularity of AMRA decided me not to renew my sub. However the matter of devising something for fans of sword and sorcery to play has intrigued me for some time, and in this writing I make bold to give the results of these musings.

To begin with a game needs two factors for success. First it must be entertaining, and secondly it must need little, easily obtained equipment, preferably able to be made by the players themselves. So my game of Spell and Hero was devised along those lines. First the equipment. You need a playing surface. A chess board would serve, but it is confining, and difficult to reset for a new game. I suggest a sheet of drawing paper, as large as you can get. Then you must create a set of hazards, such as swamps, ranges of mountains, rivers, lakes and so on. These, the swamps, mountains and lakes can be cut out of postcards and held in position on the playing surface with drawing pins, rivers can be made from lengths of string, held in place in the same manner. The position of the hazards having been decided on and the pieces installed on the playing surface the final markings for start and finish are done, one at one corner of the surface and the other at the end of the diagonal to it. Now comes the equipment of the players. First both players are issued with identical pieces of card of predetermined length which are called day-journey cards, and represent a day's travelling for a player, for instance if the diagonal is, say, four feet long, the day journey length would be one inch, in other words a day journey strip should be about a fiftieth of the diagonal of the playing surface.

That is the basic equipment common to both players, or all players. Next comes the decision as to who is to be what. There must be a hero and a villain, and

since nobody wants to be the Sheriff of Nottingham I would suggest the retirement of the disputees to a quiet place, where notable thwacks can be exchanged to settle the matter, or, if a gang of poltroons are playing this could be decided by the throwing of dice. The hero and villain (who must be a magician) being decided, if there are more than two playing forces must be split, and if this leaves an odd man out he can either be named adjudicator, or like MacNamara's band in the election he can be the pragmatist, playing for either side as the mood takes him. Now comes the most important part of the game, the personal equipment. For the hero this consists of writing down on a piece of paper what he carries and its powers. A magic sword for instance that will cut through anything, a knife that glows when it is dark and so on. The hero's accomplices will have similar lists, and it may well be decided to choose some particular piece of sword and sorcery to use as a guide.



The villain does likewise, drawing up spells and entrapments, but, and this is important, both players or groups must limit the number of items to an agreed total, say five or six, and if there is an adjudicator then these lists are deposited with him, and the game is no ready to start. The hero has first throw, with a single dice, which can give him up to six day-journeys. The magician, villain, prior to this, announces any number up to six, and if the hero happens to throw this number the magician can then announce a spell if he wishes, but it must be noted that each spell, and each item of heroic equipment can be used once and once only, but the hero can break a spell by throwing a number equal to the one previously thrown by the villain. If there are more than two players the two teams can have turns at throwing the dice with the team scoring the highest total from its throws being declared the master. The hero can of course encounter a hazard, for, a rule of the game I failed to note was that the hero's course to the objective must go from hazard to hazard, and of course if his measured off day-journeys take him past a hazard well and good, but if they land him in or at one, then he must either elect to go round it, in which case he misses the same number of turns as day-journeys to go round, this rule also applies to the villain, or the hero and villain can throw for a direct crossing, by turning up a six with the dice, and some of the hazards may take two or three day-journeys to cross, like mountains swamps or lakes.

So the players proceed across the playing surface, going from hazard to hazard, getting over some, having trouble with others. I should point out that where a six to permit a direct crossing is not thrown on one cast of the dice, the player on his next turn throws again and if the total of his two successive throws exceeds six he can move ahead one day journey, and since ordinarily a mountain range may be three or more day-journey lengths across an unlucky player may need several throws of the dice to get across.

Now we come to an important point, the measuring of day-journeys. Since hero and villain move in a straight line from hazard to hazard, it is recommended when the board is being set that hazards be placed a precise number of day journeys apart, and a suitably sized ruler be at hand to settle disputes about the nearness to, or falling into hazards.

Eventually one or others of the contestants arrives at the objective. Are his troubles over? By no means, he must then achieve the objective by throwing either a six, or, by totalling successive throws some multiple of it. Then, if it is decided at the start he must then go back to the start in the same manner as he went out, and the other player still has to reach the objective, throw his six or multiple thereof and set off for the start once more. If he arrives at the start before the first one who achieves the objective, then the game is declared drawn, but otherwise the first to reach the objective is named winner.

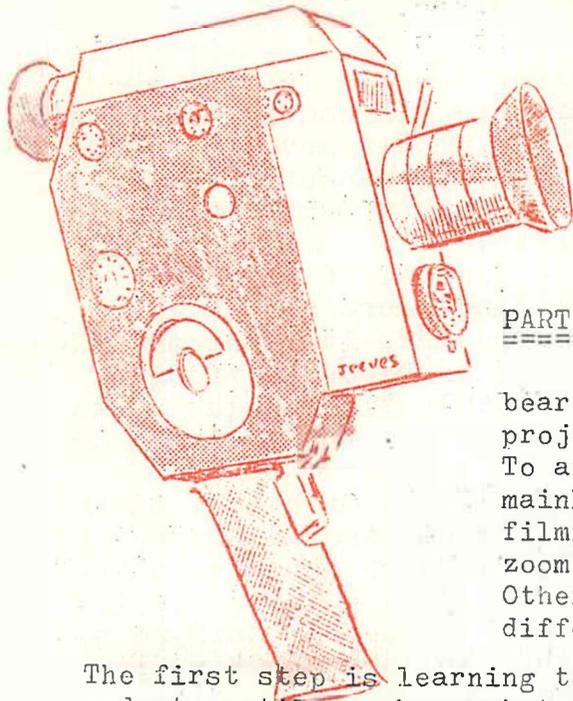
Looking over the rules I can see some points on which confusion can arrive and which I have not space to elucidate. However I feel that such a game has possibilities for variation. Tolkien types can lay out the board following the excellent maps drawn with the Lord of the Rings. Leiber readers can follow maps of Nehwon. Like any other game the rules I have laid out can be altered or amended as circumstances decide, I merely lay out guidelines for a game. If anyone wishes to discuss the game with me I should be pleased to answer all correspondence.

Alan Burns
Goldspink House,
6 Goldspink Lane
Newcastle on Tyne
NE2 1NQ

INDEX...ASTOUNDING = ANALOG (British Edn. Nov53 to Aug.63)

A superb, 42 page, photo-lith publication from Jim Diviney, 28 Manchester Rd, Brampton, Huntingdon Pe18 8QF. Cost is 45p in the UK, Stateside fen may send a dollar bill direct to Jim for a copy. and it is worth it...

A-5 (8" x 5 1/2") or thereabouts, two colour cover (a good one) the index lists each issue with stories, author, type of story. Then comes the info re-arranged in story alphabetical order, Finally in author alphabetical order, with a cross reference to the UK editions. A worthy companion to your American issue checklist...buy now, while stocks last.



Taking up Cine

PART TWO

Part ~~T~~ ran through the main items to bear in mind when choosing a camera and a projector. Now for a natter about using them. To avoid undue complication, all the following mainly refers to 8mm (Standard Double Run) filming, in my case, shooting with a Quarz 5 zoom reflex, and projecting on a Eumig S 710D. Other gauges & cameras may involve minor differences, but the broad details are the same.

The first step is learning to handle the camera - play with all its gadgets until you know what they are all for. Only then, buy a film and load the thing. With cassette loading, you just clip in the box, but Std. 8 is a little more complicated. It involves unreeling a few inches of film, leading it round a guide or two and through the film gate before finally inserting the free end into the take up spool...then you run a few inches of film to ensure you did the job properly. Close the camera and run the film until the indicator reaches the 'Start' mark. This is about 4 feet into the film, as this margin is allowed for the accidental exposure which occurs during loading - this part is later cut off in the processing lab.

Now go out and shoot whatever takes your fancy, experiment with exposures, zooms fades, dissolves and whatever else your camera is capable of. Average shot duration is usually ten seconds, but this is only a rough guideline, and can (and should) be altered drastically to suit your aims. Where possible, 'edit' in the camera.. which simply means try to plan your shots in advance, and if possible, take them in the sequence in which they will be projected...this can save a lot of work at the proper editing bench. Almost certainly, this first reel will be a shocking mess as far as entertainment goes...but you will have learned what you can do..and next time will do it a whole lot better.

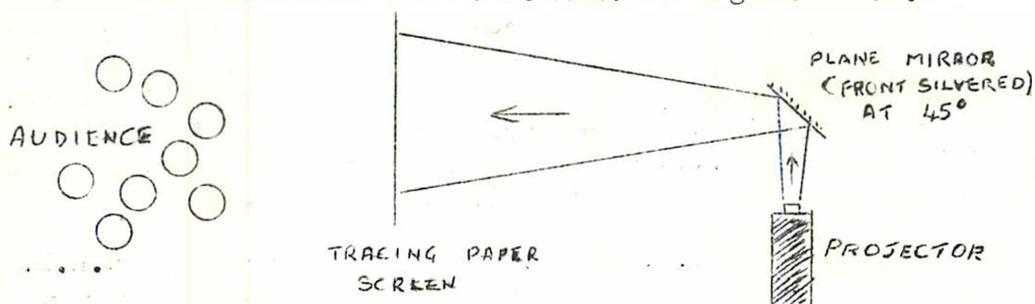
Herewith a few general hints worth remembering :-

1. If clockwork, wind camera before each shot. If electric, carry a spare battery
2. Check exposure setting (and focus, if adjustable) for each shot
3. Avoid 'playing the trombone' if you have a zoom lens, its main use is to allow you to 'frame' a shot without having to walk backwards or forwards
4. Use plenty of closeups.
5. When panning (not too often), pan s-l-o-w-l-y .
6. When filming Uncle Fred, let him DO something..light his pipe, sniff a rose, or down a pint...DON'T just let him stand and gawk at the camera with a sheepish grin on his dial.

6. Keep an eye on the footage counter....even the best shots fail to come out if you take them after the spool has run out.

If using Standard 8, you will have to change the film over at the half way mark in order to get the second 25feet. ..rather like using the second track of a two track tape recorder....but don't emulate a friend of mine who lost count, and reversed his film twice more, so that the whole length got two exposures and made for a very confusing film.

Finally comes the time when you have a film all ready to run. You can of course whip a sheet off the bed and use that for a screen..but it isn't a good way. If affluent, you can buy one, but if a D.I.Y bug like me, you'll make one. My first was a sheet of hardboard about a yard wide, and covered with white Fablon. For better contrast, I edged the picture area with black Fablon. However, with the advent of sound, I decided I wanted something different, so I cut out the picture (white) part of the screen, covered it with firm tracing paper, and now project from the back of the screen. Since this shows the film backwards way round, I use a plain mirror to reverse it back to normal....diagram below.



The advantages of this system are many. First, the sound comes from the screen without any extension speaker leads running among the audience. Likewise, no big headed viewer can manage to shove his head in the projector beam. The projector is no longer vulnerable as people jostle for seats. Watchers can sit right round the front of the screen, instead of either side of a projection alley...and a final bonus, as the light is now transmitted and not reflected, the picture is also a lot brighter

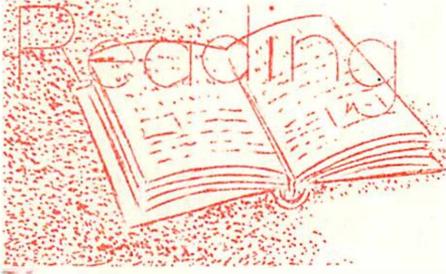
Your first film will have umpteen faults, but as you make progress and get more ambitious, you will start to edit it not only mentally before you shoot, but physically, by cutting and rejoining the film, after you get it back from processing. To do this you will need a film splicer, wet (using liquid cement), or dry, (using adhesive tape patches. To show the film, and run it back and forth to select cutting points, you will need an editor/viewer. At this point, I suggest you dash round to your local library, and get out a few books on the topic, Tony Rose of 'M_ovie Maker' has a particularly good book on cine...and of course far more available space than I have here.

Apart from the usual run of holiday and family films, my main love is making animated movies....one of which was lucky enough to win The Delta Film Award at Bristol.....so next time, I hope to go into the topic of animation and the making of sound films. Latest news is that I have actually sold an animation piece to the American mag, CINEMAGIC, so here's to more and better cine.

END OF PART TWO.

THE BEST OF JOHN W. CAMPBELLSidgwick & Jackson. £2.25

Recent



James Blish opens the volume with a brief **biographical** note, and then it is Campbell all the way. The 'Best' of anything is bound to be a subjective judgement to some degree, but the Science Fiction Foundation who (which ?) compiled this selection have done a superb job. Actually, all tales are from Don A Stuart but who cares about that. First comes a Penton & Blake, 'Double Minds' from I believe, Thrilling Wonder, stronger on action than ideas. Then it is back to Astounding for the next four.

'Forgetfulness' concerning an interstellar exodus in the dawn of time. 'Who Goes There', surely one of the greatest alien invasion tales ever to be written. Finally, we have the two parts of the Sarn invasion of the Earth, 'Out of The Night', and 'Cloak of Aesir', in which Campbell showed us that not all invaders need jack boots and stock whips, nor do the oppressed peoples require massive military weapons to save them. Even if, your favourite Campbell isn't here, you can still be sure of wide ranging concepts, thoughtfully and skilfully displayed. My only very minor quibble is the dust jacket reference to 'Analogue' as the successor of 'Astounding'....and if you want more good news, then it must be that there are more volumes to come in this series. (TJ)

THE LOST WORLDS OF 2001A.C.Clarke. Sidgwick & Jackson// N.E.L. 40p

240 heffy pages in which Clarke details how 2001 came about, and then goes on to include all the story and plot segments which had to be written along to way. Naturally, 'The Sentinel' is there, the tale which started it all. Also included is his earlier, 'Encounter at Dawn', now rewritten and completely altered so that it now forms a prologue for 'Sentinel'. The basic 'alien guidance' theme is then explored in a huge amount of material which did not appear in the book or film. Many side possibilities are explored in a manner far better than in the much higher priced 'Making of 2001' by Agel. These are stories, not endless yards of interview transcriptions, and form a fitting companion volume to the book '2001' on which the film was based, (or which was written in order to make the film) Either way, I couldn't put it down until the last page...so a whole day's holiday vanished while I read. Recommended to all Clarke, Kubrick and 2001 fans, devotees, and admirers. (TJ)

MINDSWAP Robert Sheckley Pan 30p

The hilarious story of Marvin Flynn who, in search of something new in holidays, swaps bodies with a Martian. Then his troubles start as he tries to regain his body and is forced to mindswap his way around the Galaxy ably hindered by a lovely assortment of inept aliens. Other s-f writers have tried



to bring humour into s-f. de Camp, Fyfe, Vance and many others have all used clubs on the job...Sheckley does it deftly with a rapier in one of the best mixtures of straight s-f, and send-up I have yet to meet. (T.J.)

THE ELECTRIC CROCODILE D.G.Compton Arrow 35p

Sociologist Matthew Oliver is offered a post at the Colindale Institute and is approached by a member of the Civic Liberties Committee to spy on the Institute's activities. He takes the job, which demands total surveillance & security, and finds the secret is a computer so complex it can accurately extrapolate future trends. Its operators can alter the future by manipulating the proper key factors, thus averting disasters and crises. Such unwarranted interference in man's God-given right to go to hell in a bucket, sends Oliver's wife rampaging off to reveal all. Meanwhile, her husband is initiated into an even more sinister plot involving the computer. Essentially a story of people and their attitudes, the technology is minimal as the author deftly establishes an atmosphere of omnipresent Government without the usual police state stereotype. An irritating gimmick is the frequent backtracking to cover the same incident from an alternate viewpoint - a kind of two steps forward after one step back, which detracts more than it adds. All the same, a book hard to put down, with many parallels in today's society. (TJ)

TOYMAN : DORAI. THE WINDS OF GATH, all by E.C.Tubb. Arrow S-F 35p ea.

Several common threads link all three

books, the adventures encountered by Earl Dumarest as he seeks to discover Earth, the planet he left as a boy of ten. Ranged against him is the full spectrum of nastiness possible in (or on) a variety of spaceship-linked planets, each more feudal than futuristic. Swords and slaves being the common background, together with sundry ruthless matriarchs, overlords, princes and tyrants. Also shared, is the creeping menace of the Cyclans, logic-ruled cyber men working their own evils schemes in which men are mere pawns. Each tale includes one of them to further complicate matters.

TOYMAN, concerns the slave-planet of Toy where stockholders (the feudal overlords) pit slave armies in battle. The top man, 'The Toymaker' plans for totalitarian power, a small syndicate plans his overthrow, and a Cyclan plans his own schemes. Dumarest is caught in the middle when he arrives to consult the giant computer. Fights, duels and action a-plenty beset his path to victory.

DERAI has Dumarest escorting and falling in love with, a beautiful telepath as he escorts her back to her family, the house of Caldor, where heirs apparent and presumptive tangle their webs in order to rule the planet. A side journey to the planet Folgone leads Dumarest into a maze-arena for further battles as he rescues Derai.

THE WINDS OF GATH see Dumarest involved with a matriarchy, an evil prince who covets the beautiful girl, and a few less duels than in the other tales, before the denouement is reached. The planet Gath is a dead end, visited only because of the strange hypnotic effect of its winds as they blow through a weird rock formation.

In addition to the cold, emotionless cyber man, each tale brings in a religious brotherhood which provides the sole benevolent angle. Tubb can always tell a good tale, and his 'high', 'middle' and 'low' grades of interstellar travel are both logical and ingenious. Sadly, in these yarns, the plot is kept strictly subservient to the action

in all three, and the common theme of overlords, warriors and badd-bad villains is rather tired. Nevertheless, if you crave action and much buckling of swashes, then these tales will be your gravy as Dumarest repeatedly proves that the bigger they come, the harder they fall. T.J.

PROFILES OF THE FUTURE Arthur C. Clarke Pan. 40p

A re-issue of Clarke's 1962 book; it opens with two fascinating, well documented and extremely thought-provoking chapters on the hazards of prophecy. Having outlined some of the pitfalls; the author then goes on to speculate on transport, GEMs, gravity speed, matter transmission, teleportation, space exploration, time, power supplies and a host of other topics. Apart from the pleasure of reading the predictions of a top s-f writer, there is enough material here for a whole stack of new stories. The whole bundle is linked together in a highly palatable and entertaining manner. Personally, I would like to have seen a few diagrams and line drawings to supplement the text, but even without them, this is a book no hard core s-f fan or popular science devotee would want to be without. T.J.

BEYOND TOMORROW Ed. by Damon Knight. Pan S-F 40p

A ten-tale anthology opening with Noufse's 'Brightside Crossing' which tells of a journey across Mercury's surface at perihelion. I read this during a heat-wave, and almost fried. Then comes Clarke's 'Deep Range' where a submariner and two porpoises encounter a giant shark. Heinlein's 'Coventry' is of the penal area where criminals and malcontents are isolated, then Kate Wilhelm's, 'The M'le Long Space ship in which an accident victim contacts the aliens via telepathy. Then van Vogt's, 'The Seesaw', a short from the Weapon Makers series in which a luckless reporter becomes one end of a colossal energy balance. More closely detailed is Asimov's brilliant, 'Nightfall' on Lagash, the planet whose suns only set once in a thousand years. In complete contrast is Bradbury's 'The Million Year Picnic' with a family outing on Mars, and then Simak's 'Desertion' is a gripping account of converted humans exploring a Jupiter they find irresistible. JWC as Stuart is there with 'Twilight', in which a time traveller tells of the 31st century. Finally, Kuttner's 'Happy Ending', a looped time whimsy about a run-away robot and a problem solving case. One of the best collections around, and darned good value at 4p a story.

THE THREE EYES OF EVIL A.E.van Vogt. Sidgwick & Jackson. £1.95

and

EARTH'S LAST FORTRESS

A careless reading of the jacket 'blurb' might convince you that here were two brand-new tales from van Vogt. In actual fact, the new titles conceal respectively, 'Changeling' and 'Recruiting Station' from the 1942 and 1946 issues of Astounding. In the first, Michael Slade has a car crash which uncovers a third eye. In training this to focus, he is transported into a parallel-universe Earth inhabited by sophisticated cave-dwellers who have rejected the physical sciences to perfect a highly efficient mind training system. Their discarded cities are peopled by blood-drinking drop outs who couldn't accept the new system. In the changeover, Gecas, an immortal dictator seized power, and Slade is needed to overthrow him. Taken before the dictator for interrogating by a telepathic 'nith', Slade is aided by the other surviving immortal in the final tussle.

Last Fortress opens with would-be suicide, Norma Matheson being

diverted to act as receptionis in a Calonian recruiting station. A sinister Dr. Lell operates the machine which not only controls Norma, but also transmits recruits to fight in a future war. Norma's old boy friend comes to help her and is forcibly recruited, while she is aged 50 years as a punishment. Typical van Vogtian complications ensue as Norma learns mind control, is added by an agent from the future, and finally the time loop runs full circle. Vintage material for those who like their nostalgia between boards instead of in pulp magazines.

DEATHWORLD 1, 2, and 3 Harry Harrison Sphere, 30p

Deathworld.1. is the original magazine version in which Jason din Alt, gambler-adventurer goes to the planet Pyrrus to help the colonists in their grim battle against the utterly hostile flora and fauna besieging their base. din Alt proves the attacks are caused by telepathis reaction to the colonists own destructive emotions and response has become a feed-back loop with each violent victory sparking an even more violent attack. Solution:, Pyrrans can cool it, succumb, or in a newly written chapter, join Jason in subduing other recalcitrant planets. Well written, plenty of fast action. If you missed it before, now's your second chance.

Deathworld.2. secs Jason kidnapped from Pyrrus by a do-good, Puritan type called Mikah, who is just too holier-than-thou to be true. The object is to bring Jason to trial for his crimes, but their ship crash lands on a planet of feudal groups, slaves, masters and assorted overlords. Jason hops from pan to fire again and again, as his attempts to win freedom by improving elementary devices is frustrated by Mikah, who invariably snitches on Jason to the current boss-man. More repetitive, and not so smooth or interesting as D.1., but with plenty of violent action.

Deathwörld.3. is the re-titled 'Horse Barbarians' from Analog, wherein Jason and the Pyrrans tangle with Temuchlin the barbarian nomad leader (Tamerlane ?..Genghis Khan ??) Their aim is to convert his tribes to a more settled way of life so that the Pyrrans can establish a mining base. To do this, numerous bloody battles must be fought, to help them Jason develops gunpowder bombs and joins in the bloodthirsty fights. This one isn't so long on plot, but has enough sword and dagger work for even the most jaded reading appetite

===== NEWCASTLE IN SEVENTY - FOUR =====

Attending your first Convention ? Never heard of a Convention ?

Enjoyed Bristol and want to have fun again ?

Who cares what your reasons are. If you like s-f, then you'll most likely enjoy the 1974 Science Fiction Convention to be held in Newcastle in April (Easter Weekend) 1974. For all mailings and Postal Registration, send 50p to Ian Maule, 13 Weardale Ave., Forest Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne NE12 OHX. Book early to avoid the rush!

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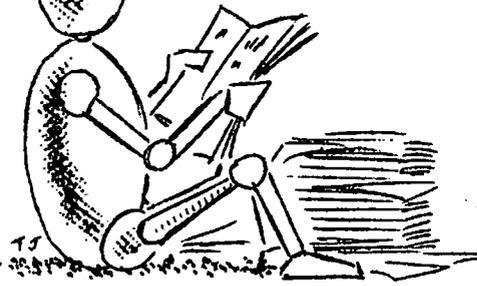
OMPAYIEWS

ON THE 70th. MAILING

Best Cover.....PHENOTYPE

Best Magazine..HELL

Runner-up.....JOY 2



It gets rather tedious, but once again the best item in the mailing is without doubt, good old HELL. Congratulations, and this is the kind of tediousity up with which I can cheerfully put.

Nevertheless (and unconnected with O.P.A) I get a bit brased to see LOSs spanning fanzines..and some nits pan Hell..written by people who have never published a fanzine. Such wights may be qualified to say what they like...but I feel that were they to sample, regularly, the labours (and un-rewards) of fan pubbing, they might be gentler.

HELL..ambitious cover, but it didn't really appeal to me I'm afraid. I take you to task over the quote that the Nearas introduced the cryptic cross-word into fanzines. JRC used to feature a regular one and hardcover books were awarded as prizes. I don't claim a fanzine 'first', but I did precede Pat and Mike with 'cryptic'. About that O.P.A meeting at the Con...I don't know where it was publicised, but I for one never heard about it..so no doubt others were in the same boat. HELL..you really put words in my mouth. I never labelled Lisa's poem as pretentious rubbish. I said her poem was the low spot in the ish. When after nattering on another topic I made a general comment on poetry which.. "should be poetry and not pretentious rubbish" As you say yourself, live and let live I agree with your comment to Dave Howe..faneds must first ask for art. Another grand issue even if I still couldn't finish the word. More.

JOY.2 Cover, sorry, didn't appeal..clever though. Beautifully produced issue. Agree with you over news items. And let's Watergate/scandal/Belfast etc. berce me too. As for the Royal Love affair. Leave the poor blighters to live their own lives I say.... at least give em some privacy.. Your LOSs were laid out nicely, but a trifle 'bitty'. I ought to have enjoyed the telepathy article, but for some reason, it just didn't grab me. YOU also twist my words. I don't maintain fan poetry is always 100% crud...I say 'almost 100%' crud as far as I have encountered it. And I AM an authority on what I DON'T READ. I have not some...very little, good fan poetry.. the Mercers stuff is almost uniformly good. But the majority is sheer pretentious rubbish, at least as far as I'm concerned..are YOU an authority on what I like?? Surely not. That gas bill of 2140 shook me. Ours average about 260 (or less) a year gas, and about the same for electricity. Opps I clanged. My apologies to you..most humbly..the poetry word twister was Pete Dresford..so he is the person to whom the above poetry comment should go. Thanks for a nice issue...again, more please.

THE COVER: A nicely complicated cover, and the interior..and the cover were also nice. Do Doc Smith's sally into ser. It's not against such items in their proper place..but as usual, everyone has taken my specific comments and translated them into the general. I just hate to see sex, violence, pornography etc creeping into so essentially 'family' entertainment. What people do privately is their own affair. For my money, this so called 'permissive' society means freedom to do just as I please, and buffer the effect it may have on you mate. So, I agree with you on soldiery and conscription. Your 1980. songbook was obviously a labour of love..but just didn't rouse me.

PHENOTYPIC: (all of 'em) Single sides and huge margins make for lots of paper..but don't go a long way towards activity requirements. You have obviously laboured long and hard over these pieces at least as far as layout goes..but somehow, they seem unconnected with OAPA (Do they go into untyped other Apas?) and I'm sorry to say, don't rouse me to heights of commentary.

THE LORD OF THE DOG: Interesting cover..and was surprised to find Don Bennett's 'Lord of His Domain' inside. This was in many moons ago...and I gather, wasn't exactly new then, although I believe I did scoop the chap who had the first chance at it. Many of the mailing comments/reviews were not on OAPA, the 'lacked a thrill' of,, 'I remember reading that zine' Look forward to the zine.

PHENOTYPIC: Fanzine rating system seems too mechanical for what should be friendly commentary. Incidentally, neither Havering, nor Checkpoint 'review' fanzines. They merely offer up publication details and a very brief sentence of opinion. See my comments on Phenotype for my views on the 'permissive' society. You might also check the national press for crimes of violence inspired by 'Clockwork Orange'...and if I kicked your slats in before pouring acid over your bonce, would you merely smile...and say I'm just doing my own thing, and should not have my liberty infringed?? Cheers yer sink.

PHENOTYPIC: Ditto is very hard to read, but obviously you have put a bags of work here..like you, I have a home brew kit (for 18 months) and have saved 10 large beer bottles...and now only lack the courage to mix the thing and shove it in the garage to brew.

THE STENCIL AWARDS: Now I know I haven't a cat in hell's chance of winning this...but for the last two years I have submitted run-offs of ERG's covers...and had them refused by Les Heyton, because they were not originals. In a letter to another member of the judging panel..he was reported to have said that if I submitted the actual stencil..it might be accepted..but not a run off. Since (a) I work on stencil, there ain't no 'original'. (b) the stencil promptly disintegrates on removal from the machine.. I have little hope of being accepted. Both years, I pinned up a sample just for the sake of being awkward...but I (and others) just ain't eligible. Incidentally, I was also told that Rog stated that hand-cut stencils aren't art anyway. Surely the idea of such an award is to make it open for fan art in general...not just material Rog accepts as art because it was either lithoed or electroed?? Comment?

PS. ERG 44 (This 'un) hasn't an eligible cover either, as I gave the original to Alan Burnss...queer world.

FANZINES

Hencefifth..or forth, according to where you were brought up, ERG will attempt to include capsule reviews of fanzines that have thumped through the mailbox.

GRANFALLOON 17 54 pages beautifully produced and illustrated from Linda & Ron Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, Pa 19076, U.S.A. The cover is well drawn, but seems a bit restrained in comparison with the quality of the zine itself. Art by a slew of top fan artists, some fan fiction including a lovely piece titled variously 'Daughter of The Mind' at the front, and 'Mind Daughter' on its geading. Good either way, though a trifle bland. Book reviews, and of course, the inevitable fan 'poetry' without which, no fanzine can ever be complete (heh heh), and an excellent lettercol. A very well produced fanzine, highly recommended, and available for 3 for \$2. contributions, or good LOCs. On this one, you can't lose.

BOOB A 10 page, untitled, one-shot from Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge, N.S.W. 2776, Australia. The zine is untitled, but since it is entirely breast centred, I just had to supply one. If you have an oral fixation, you will like the sex-slanted sentences. Also included are re-runs of artwork Eric has used elsewhere, but which just fails to appeal (MacDonnell and A.H.). No rates, but a letter will no doubt get you a copy of this, and Eric's other publications.

STARSHIP TRIPE 3 8 pages from Mike Gerra, 199 Great Neck Rd., Waterford, Ct. (That's Connecticut) 06385. U.S.A. Rather neoish in some ways, but time will soon cure that. A fan piece by 'Aljo Svoboda' then an Essay on the Orestes theme in 'Dune'. it looks competent, but I lack the background to evaluate it (I don't like 'Dune' anyway). A Heinlein review is followed by three fmz reviews, a biographical bit, and some LOCs. Nicely balanced, and could develop nicely. 20¢ a copy, or preferably LOC response gets you this one.

GEGENSCHHEIN TEN Eric Lindsay (address above) This is the letter section of Geg, runs to 24 pages, and includes several good illos, but virtually all are spoilt by the reproduction. Nevertheless, the LOCs and editorial responses make this a highly readable item. It needs some layout (and repro.) work, but this is secondary to quality of editorial matter. Available for 50¢, Trade or LOCs.

HYPERION 23 photolith pages from Mark Jenkins, Box 250. St. Johns College, Annapolis, MD 21404. Uses a two-column page layout, superb repro and poor artwork. Decidedly faan slanted, and with several pieces on rock and allied music, plus one or two letter-type items. If it has a connection with s-f, it escaped me...but who worries about that. If you're a rock bug, then you'll go for it. The going rate is 25c a copy.

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SALE

Terry Jeeves, 230 Bannerdale Rd., Sheffield S11 9FE

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All prices include postage. To save me the bother of making cash refunds, send no cash with order. If your order is in stock, I will mail it to you along with an invoice saying what you owe...thus if only a few wanted items are still here, you get them and then send the cash for what you get. Trusting chap I am. Condition is excellent, good to mint, except where qualified by code.. F = Fair S = Shabby or worn.

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PLEASE PASS THIS LIST ALONG...if it is of no use to you, someone else may want to buy. Thank you. TJ

Subscribe to ERG when ordering....50p gets you the next 4 issues.

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APOLOGIES are due for the bad reproduction on certain pages. The faults were twofold...(a) On two stencils, I forgot to switch the ribbon out of the way..and (b) The Gestetner jammed, and had to be taken apart.

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HELP WANTED..URGENTLY Having run out of duplicating ink, I called in my friendly (?) duplicating shop and was amazed to find the nice man wanted \$2.50 a tube for Gestetner ink!! I beat him down to \$1.50 for a tube, but can ANYONE put me on to a reliable source of duplicating ink at a reasonable price ???? PLEASE !

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OMPA v FAPA ? I have finally clawed my way to the top of the FAPA waiting list...and as a result must take a long look at whether or not I stay in OMPA...recent poll and mailing apathy make a strong argument against OMPA, but I hate to leave after all these years. What to do ?? A possible solution is a skeleton ERG for OMPA, a slightly larger one for FAPA, and the full works for subbers.