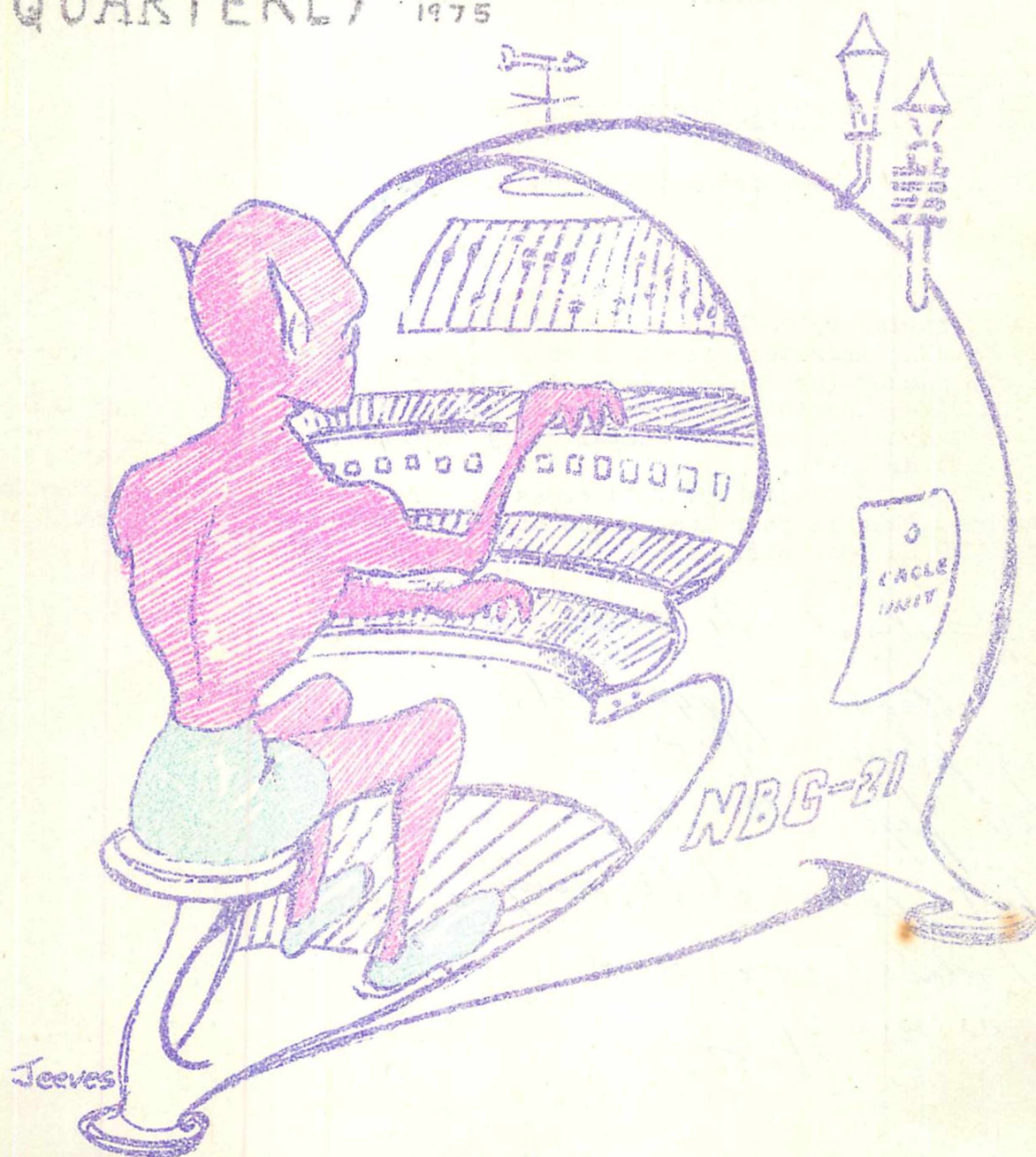
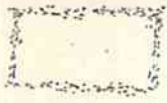


ERG 51

QUARTERLY JULY 1975





WILLIAM NOTES

In response to the reader who accused me of bad planning and/or wasting a page.... I normally leave this inside front cover clear to give no show-through on the front cover...as old readers know. Recently, to economise, I have taken to putting the colophon here as the best compromise. So now you know.

This is

ERG 51, a quarterly production, and this is the JUNE 1975 issue.

ERG is published, printed and produced by, Terry Jeves

230 Cammerdale Rd.,

STIMPFIELD S11 9JL

STIMPFIELD

(Mr. Jeves)

Subscription rates have regrettably been FORCED

up by cost increases in paper and postage. They are :- In the U.K., three issues for 50p, or seven issues for £1.

AMERICAN subscribers can get three issues by sending a dollar bill (Don't send cheques are Postal Reply Coupons), or seven issues for TWO dollar bills.

REMARKS...Regrettably, if a cross appears in the box at the top left corner, this is your last issue unless you renew. Sorry, but I can't run ERG on thin air. Hope to have you back, Terry

*Sorry about the snafu
in the 'Acorn' pages, but
having planned for a
double-page ill, I
couldn't correct it (especially
since I didn't see it until
it was run off T.*

ERGITORIAL

Greetings ERGbods,

As is

my unfailing practice, I made copious notes and a preliminary rough draft for this ERGitorial - and as is my unfailing practice, I lost the lot.

However, this does at least denote consistency...I do it every issue. Sometimes though, I merely put things in very safe places; so safe that they seldom surface until long after they were needed. This nearly happened with an electro-illo for TRIODE 21 (Advt.) which Eric had carelessly trusted to my care. When the time came, I couldn't find the damned thing. Luckily, contrary to our normal habit, Triode 21 and ERG 51 (Now in its 16th year) both came to the boil together, and as it happened, I started laying out the ERG stencils..and lo ! safely hidden among them, was the errant electro-illo. All is saved. Now all I have to do is hand-crank some 8 reams of paper.

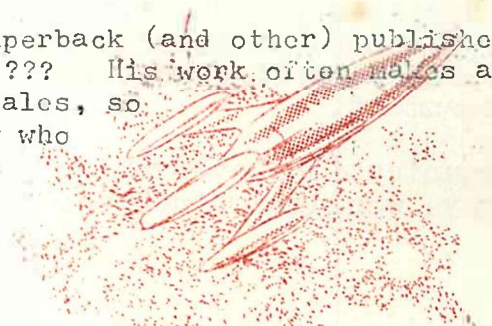
Speaking of paper reminds me that Don D'Amassa, 19 Angell Drive, E.Prov. R.I. 02914, U.S.A. would like some. Specifically, he would like a U.K. contact with whom to exchange pbs. If you're interested, drop him a line. The same goes for Dave Griffin, 83 Maple Rd., Horfield Bristol who has just issued AFTER THE FLOOD No.1, a ninepage (single sided) photocopies fmz. He may still have a copy left at 25p, or maybe you can get in on No.2.

Colour work this issue promises to be a bit more in evidence, as at the planning stage I was able to work in several more headings. Part of this could be carried over into TRIODE, so readers of both fanzines get a bonus. I would like to raise a point about this. Changing colour involves not only the cutting of TWO stencils (one for each colour) in register. The first colour has to be run off for the whole zine, then comes the dirty bit. Off come the pressure rollers, and the silk screen and then the drum has to be wiped clean of every trace of ink. In go a new set of ink spreaders and a new silk screen, loads of fresh ink, and then starts the process of putting the colour pages through the machine a second time.. and this has to be kept in register. Sounds simple, but it involves a lot of tedious and messy work, to say nothing of the planning time and the extra expense. The point being, I'd like to hear from you all if you like the use of a second colour. When writing that long LOC (To make sure you get ERG 52) don't forget to comment on the colour work so that I know what you think.

Finally...why don't paperback (and other) publishers include the artist's name on the cover ??? His work often makes all the difference to a borderline tale's sales, so how about it publishers ?? Let us know who does all the good covers...and for that matter, who does the bad ones.

Bestest,

Terry





Carruthers looked at the obscene stone face wroathed with creepers.

"My God Miss Peabody" he said to his assistant, "That's the face of the God Filthiwon and this must be the lost city of Dhurtipore."

"Completely deserted of course Professor Carruthers?" she asked.

"Of course Miss Peabody," he answered, "been uninhabited for centuries I'm sure." Of course we know that that is anything but the truth in a novel, and within a chapter or two the nubile Miss Peabody will be spreadeagled nude on an altar all ready to be sacrificed to Filthiwon whose face always bears a look of increased pleasure at a prospective victim.

Unfortunately this doesn't work in practice. Desertion always accompanies a city being lost, otherwise, logically, it wouldn't be lost. There are many reasons why a city gets lost, but mostly it is because it is in some place where it gets overgrown or buried, or in general hidden in some way. But however it is lost it is because communications broke down.

Now it is inconceivable that modern cities could be lost. Suppose there was an earthquake and San Francisco were to disappear totally into the San Andreas Fault, it wouldn't be lost. A monument would be erected and in no time a new city would be built on the ruins of the old.

But there is a fascination about speculating on the existence of lost cities buried in the jungles of the Amazon or in the depths of Africa. Climates change and in days past, when living became uncomfortable it was easier for people just to trek away, rather than devote an inadequate science to trying to better things, or overthrow a tyrannous government.

But those days with our splendid communications everything is laid bare, and hence there is always worldwide interest in anything new turned up, and so with

the discovery of a lost city either fact or fiction. The excavations of Pompeii or the clearing of Angkor Wat give us a fascinating glimpse of how things were in times past. and we read our Sword and Sorcery with increased pleasure when our heroes stumble into some adventure in a lost city.

However the one thing that croggles me about fictional lost cities is where the heroes find the remains of an incredibly advanced civilisation. If the civilisation was so advanced how come, I argue, that it became lost? Plague? well perhaps, but there would be some survivors who would come back to pick up the threads. War? Unlikely, the city would have been totally destroyed if it had lost. No, it isn't good writing. Sword and Science is the hardest of all things to write well and reasonable lost cities are the hardest of all things to create.

So then will there be any lost cities for future races to discover? Quite possibly. Our cities are beginning to break down, and their streets are becoming less and less safe for honest folks. Many people have homes in the country, and often these small estates have surprisingly well stocked shops and amenities. Is it not possible then that the village will once more arrive as it did in times past? Where the great cities will merely become repositories for museums and the like. Then of course people are notoriously unwilling to pay for the upkeep of things they don't use. The power systems in the cities will fail, maintenance will be neglected and the country will take over and within a century or two there will be just crassed over mounds where once there was a city. The loss will not be great.

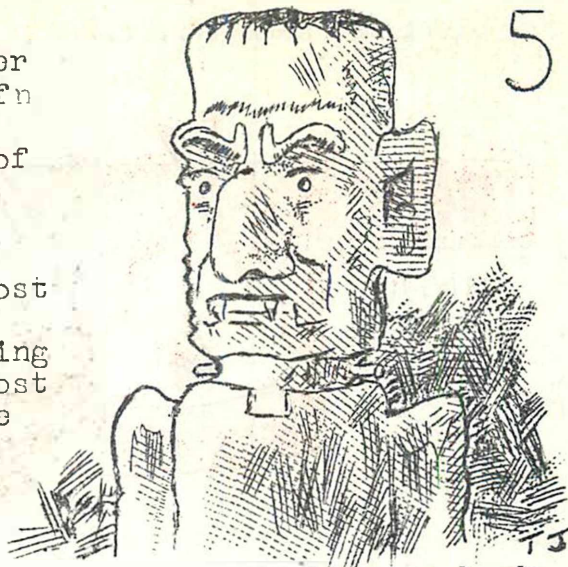
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(A.B.)

My own pet peeve is less with lost cities (and the carelessness of idiots daft enough to lose 'em) than with newly-discovered ones which by all the laws of ecology, have no right to exist.

In 'Triplanetary', Gray Roger finds a planet harbouring ultra-visious plants animals and insects. The 'dominant' species is a 'metal studded man' living in 'metal walled cities' to keep out the nastiness. I submit that no species could live long enough in such conditions without first knocking the local boojums bow-legged.

Even worse are the chlorine-breathing aliens who live in sealed domes to protect them from the oxygenated air of the planet on which they evolved. I accept an author mutating his pets to cope with a changing environment OR, having reached a sufficiently high technology, to create a closed ecology against a worsening situation..BUT, I holler 'FOUL' when he allows the critters to diverge so far from the planetary norm that they cannot live on their own planet...except in bottles. (Terry Jeeves)



6



INDIAN
NATIONS
COUNCIL

.....from,
Ed Cagle at
CAMP GARLAND.

being (un)suitable
extracts from the
Cagle papers.

"Our youngest survived
his bout with the
Gallopings Woozies, or
whatever he had and
with much the same
enthusiasm you had to

endure with your daughter.

I finally gave up one day and sent him outside during a warm spell, with a warning not to overexert or get rowdy. Naturally, not ten minutes after he had gone, he came bolting back at a dead run, managing to gasp out that he'd seen six deer, and 'WHERE'S MY RIFLE ?' (I've given him permission to kill a deer if he kills it clean and does the majority of the dressing. We could use the extra meat right now, and I've been having trouble getting a clean shot at one) I took him by the arm and informed him that I would willingly sit on him all day, if he didn't pay attention. That's when I got all the; "But ! But ! But !" Ah me.

I mentioned last letter that my wife was visiting in Kansas and that the two younger boys were sojourning at my cousin's place near Skiatook ((Do you pronounce that, or sneeze it ? T.J.)) At that time, I was looking forward to a weekend of some etcetera-ing. It snowed after they left..and snowed..and snowed. Travis and I wound up marooned here for two days. School had to be recessed because of impassable roads. It was terrible sitting here for two days with nothing to drink and damned few books to read... or, I envisaged it becoming a bore... I screwed around for three hours getting out of the driveway and onto the surfaced roads, which had been plowed, and didst take myself to town for a small toddy or two and a look at all the people who had slid into snowdrifts. There were quite a few...people in ditches that is. Toddys too... I drove cautiously along the many byways and sipped and enjoyed myself enormously in spite of wrecked plans.

Just made arrangements to have my pickup (the camp truck) repaired a bit. It is a 1971 GMC 3/4 ton, 350 c.i. 4 speed transmission and has quite a few miles on it, but is sound enough to warrant spending quite a lot of Scout money on it. I deviously stated my case to get it refurbished in a way that made it relatively certain that what I wanted done, would be done, and I received free reign to spend what I wished. Considering it has two cracked heads (V-8), worn out disc brakes and various other problems, the final tally may scare someone in the office. If so, I'll have my customary two words for any possible protests ; Fuck it. Well, I'm a bit more diplomatic than that, but my approach is not what one could call resplendent with opportunities for debate.

Cheers,

Ed.

What I Think Of

7

No. 3

Where various fans air their opinions on well known s-f personalities

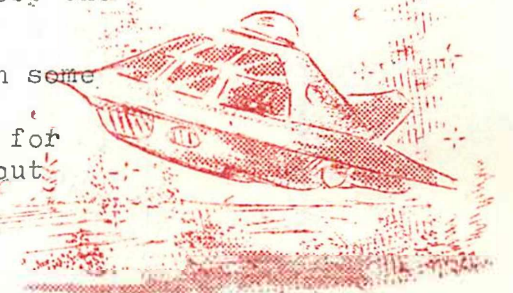
ALAN BURNS
6 Goldspink Lane
Newcastle on Tyne

"Outside his writing, Isaac Asimov is a highly qualified chemist specialising in corn products, and this has entered his writing. But what corn! Succulent and delectable, a meal for any reader of S-F that is completely satisfying and sits light on the belly afterwards. It is impossible not to like Asimov because if you go through his writing, you are bound to find something you like - fiction or fact.

I do not, as a rule, have much time for anyone who popularises science. But Asimov has a style that makes the reader feel not that the great man is talking down to him, but rather he is having a quiet chat by the fireside with a more knowledgeable friend. Yet Asimov does not hesitate to make his articles complicated where nothing else will serve to put his point across and hence even the scientist can profitably read them when they concern something outside his own field.

Everyone has his own preference in Asimov's fiction. I am not much for his Foundation Trilogy, magnificent in concept though it is, for he fails, as many before have failed to put across the sheer vastness of our Galaxy and his Galactic Empire does not stand well under the cold and searching gaze of the experienced sociologist. For myself, the Lije Bailey stories - 'The Caves Of Steel' and 'The Naked Sun' are my tipple. Lije is a detective who solves crimes with the aid of a robot companion, R. Daneel Olivaw. Daneel is not terribly believable, not enough human, not enough robot, but Lije Bailey with his little worries about wife and son, his hopes and fears in his task, his surprise at his success sweep the reader along ignoring inconsistencies.

For the non S-F man, Asimov has written some good detective novels. Will Asimov be remembered? Yes, I believe so, if only for the intense humanity of his stories without any of the so common clinical coldness of most S-F. (A.B.)



8 An author could write a monthly article for the magazine, F & SF to popularise science. Equally, an author could have produced the many books under the name Asimov ... but to do both ? If you then consider the items that SF fans meet less frequently - books on Shakespeare, the Bible, etc., No, if I haven't the time to write this article properly, how can one man write this much stuff AND a certain amount of university lecturing....

Let's not query how it's done though. Let's concentrate on one small aspect of his work - the articles in F & SF, there has been one without fail, every month for a long time now. Some are on subjects which interest me, some on subjects in which I have a passing interest and others are on topics which interest me not at all..or frankly, which I have never thought about ! Nevertheless, every month there is an article which I can read and enjoy..and learn from. Asimov might make errors... but I've never seen him picked up for other than the most minor of faults.

I have tried to analyse why his articles are consistently interesting - and failed. The only points I can see are that they are written simply - jargon, if used, is explained. Where a polysyllabic word has to be used, it is - but not unnecessarily, or for pure 'academic' effect. There is never a hint that the article is being 'written down'. The general effect is that Isaac is trying to hold a conversation with the reader ... imparting some knowledge that he has just acquired himself. His jocular references to himself ("I am not known as a shy or modest person" could be an example) far from making him sound stuffy or in oddest, serve to make the reader feel that here is someone who knows his limitations and has the sense to keep within them - at the same time having a sense of humour to cope with his own genius !

No, Terry, I cannot write an article on Isaac Asimov - I can only try to express my appreciation for the hours of entertainment and the knowledge he has imparted to me (mostly forgotten by now) over the years. (K.F.)

Josteen Saakvitne
Ekornrudv. 276
N 1410 Kolbotn
NORWAY.

"Let me first say that Asimov is faraway one of my favourites. His Foundation trilogy was the first S-F I ever read in book form, and at that time I found the tales great, full of action, and big in dimensions. When I re-read the novels ten years later, I found them boring. Let me confess; I have read much by Asimov, but forgotten more ! An indication that this author writes well, but not the sort of material which a reader preserves in his mind perhaps ?.

The robots, I still remember,

but not in the same way as the robots and androids of Silverberg, Simak and Dick, etc. Something about

ALICE GORRA
199 Great Neck Rd.
Waterford
Connecticut
U. S. A.

"I suppose I don't really think of Isaac Asimov as a science fiction writer. I was reading his juvenile science books long before I read his s-f, and for some reason, it bugs me when he is referred to as 'A leading s-f writer', because that implies he is writing a lot of it today.

I haven't read all that much of his fiction -- perhaps five or six novels and a few dozen short stories. I have THE EARLY ASIMOV, but haven't read it, and I have THE REST OF THE ROBOTS and THE MARTIAN WAY, and I haven't read these either. His concept's lack the breadth of Clarke's for sheer sense of wonder, and with very few exceptions, his characters don't stand out for me the way that Zelazny's and Delany's do. While I do enjoy nearly everything I read by him, Asimov is not one of my favourite writers ... and I haven't read many of his other works either, except for one... ASIMOV'S TREASURY OF HUMOR.

When I think of Asimov, I think of his wit. The first time I ever heard him speak was at a local college, The United States Coast Guard Academy. The auditorium was packed -- half with cadets who had to be there, but half with locals like myself who'd come to hear him speak. He kept us rolling throughout the course of an essentially serious talk. I don't remember many of his wisecracks, but I do recall their excellence, and that I'd seldom heard a funnier speaker.

His humor carries over into the writings of his that I like the best -- the autobiographical interludes between the stories in NIGHTFALL and THE EARLY ASIMOV. They present insights into Asimov the man, tell a history of magazine science fiction, but more than that, they are marvellous humorous personal essays, the sort of thing that the best fanwriting is, and ASIMOV'S TREASURY OF HUMOR and his incredibly Dirty Old Man schtick. More than anything, that's what the name Asimov conjures in my mind. (H.G.)

robots and a woman scientist -- but Asimov's persons are too diffuse to remember them, and he is too technical to interest.

I remember the 'End Of Eternity' of course. Time travel and brave guys who play police and save the world...or something like that.

Asimov is good with action and plot, but no describer of changing societies and how possible futures may change man's thinking. I find him too rooted in today. His books lack that Sense of Wonder, that indefinable feeling of otherness. Well, if you like technical gimmicks and cosmic engineers you'll find Asimov interesting..or, if you only want to pass a couple of hours in action travels, he is your man. (J.S.)

Jeeves

10

Rob Jackson
21 Lyndhurst Rd.
Benton
Newcastle on Tyne.

" Isaac Asimov -- a name which takes so many of us back to the very early days when S-F was new to us. Does the name still mean the same as it used to ?

I came to SF rather late; although I was mad keen on transport and space-travel, the only SF I had read before my 18th birthday, was Dan Dare and others of his ilk, plus C.S.Lewis's Perelandra, and the occasional Wyndham disaster novel. Then I became intrigued by the beauty of the logical unity of the three Foundation titles in the library at school. After plucking up courage, in I dived.

What I found was that vast galaxy dominated by Trantor, made to seem small by the nonchalant way the inhabitants all jumped about it. That the imagination and descriptive language was, in retrospect, incomplete; sometimes inept, almost halting, only seems to add to the strength of the hold this universe took on me. I gobbled it up, right through to 'Preem Palver - First Speaker' and again ... and again.

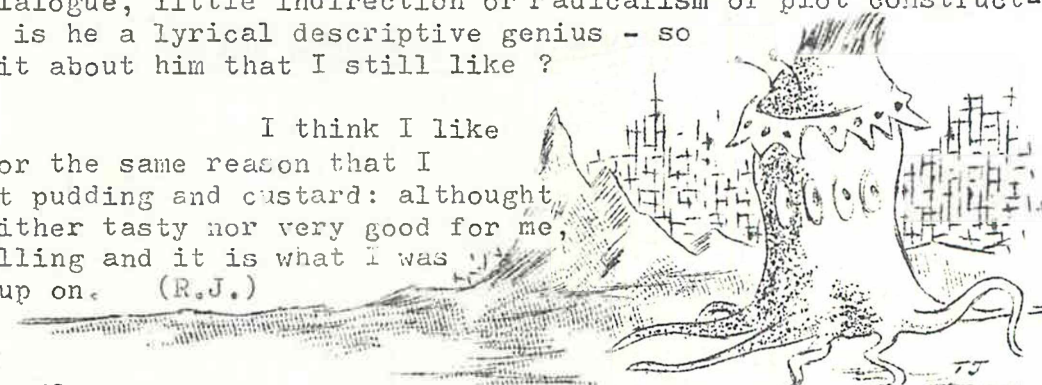
Three months later I had left school and was living in Welwyn Garden City, free to buy as much SF as I could afford. Which, at that time, meant as much Asimov as I could find. Asimov was for me, the first 'Read-everything-I-can' author I ever knew. There have been very few since. Why does Asimov have this hold on people ? Simply because his books are printed in such quantity ? Yes, partly; the readers are all familiar with his name: but there is also a simplicity and single-mindedness about the way he makes his characters pursue their plots which makes them extraordinarily accessible. Perhaps it's that very incompleteness which draws people back to look at his universes again; they're looking to find some deeper detail in a setting they know and like.

Asimov is good for starters; but now that my tastes have evolved, I find that anything new of his is distinctly lacking in flavour: no subtleties of plot characterisation, no depth in his dialogue, little indirection or radicalism of plot construction; nor is he a lyrical descriptive genius - so what is it about him that I still like ?

I think I like Asimov for the same reason that I like suet pudding and custard: although it is neither tasty nor very good for me, it is filling and it is what I was brought up on. (R.J.)

Keith Freeman
128 Fairford Rd.,
Wilehurst
Reading
Berks.

"Isaac Asimov - can one talk of him as an author ? His output is so varied and of such quality that one begins to feel there must be three or four authors working full time under the one name. Could it be that Isaac as a young scientist discovered the secret of cloning ?



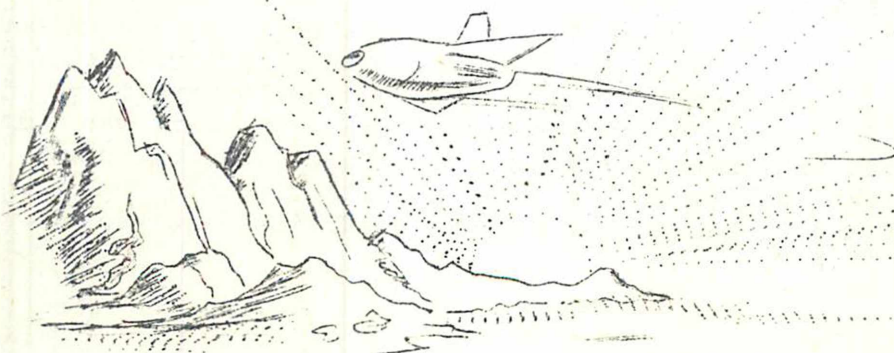
11
A. Stephenson-Payne
28 Woodfield Drive
Charlbury
OXFORD

" Isaac Asimov is probably one of the top - and certainly one of the most successful - polymaths alive today. In a world that is ever more geared to specialisation, the number of men who can stand outside the field of human knowledge and attempt to see it all in perspective, are few indeed. Isaac Asimov is one of those privileged men who can get the 'View From a Height'. What is just as important, he can comprehend what he sees and can communicate it to others.

Asimov himself, attributes much of his success to a near-photographic memory ("I can remember anything near a photograph") but the ability to remember is, in itself, insufficient. There are many Idiot Savants and Memory Men in the world who can reel off fact after fact after a single reading of the relevant book, but few of them can interpret and correlate what they see. They are like human computers, able to store vast quantities of data, but incapable of drawing conclusions from them. Asimov has this ability.

Probably most of readers know of Asimov's regular non-fiction columns in F&SF, and take the attitude that he does a bit of popular science writing in his spare time. But how many readers know of, 'Asimov's Annotated Paradise Lost' or, 'Asimov's Guide To The Bible', or, 'The Shaping of Rance', or 'Adam's Ribbing', 'A Guide To The Role Of Women In History' or...but I could go on for a long time. Asimov is publishing over a dozen books a year now, on an almost unbelievably wide spectrum of subjects. But each one of them has one characteristic in common, they cover all the relevant aspects of the subject. Science books consider the historical viewpoint, literature books consider the political climate, everything is put into perspective.

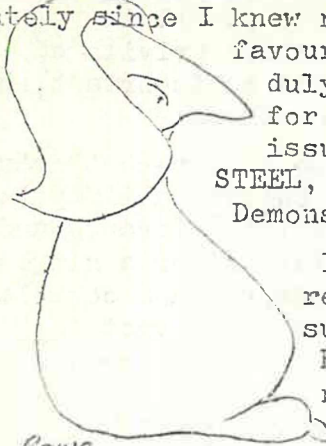
Of course, at the bottom Asimov is still an ordinary man. Some of his writing is egotistical, some of his views are narrowminded, but for the wealth of knowledge he is making available to the general public he can be forgiven more heinous crimes than he commits. Probably Asimov the Laws-of-Robotics author will be remembered longer than Asimov the polymath, but it is to the latter figure that I wish to make homage, and to whom I give profound thanks for many past happy instructive hours and the thought of more to come. (A. S-P)



12 P. Harbottle,
Newcastle.

"In the dear, dead days of my youth, before contamination by fandom and the BSFA, I read Asimov as one author amongst others. I thoroughly enjoyed his work, which in those days was being paperbacked by Digit. At that time, I read all S-F indiscriminately since I knew nothing of names and reputations. Asimov became a favourite, and I kept his books whilst other novels were duly weeded out - I even designed protective wrappers for them. A little later, Panther and Gorg began to issue his work. I recall particularly enjoying CAVES OF STEEL, CURRENTS OF SPACE, and PEBBLE IN THE SKY.

Demonstrably, Asimov is mandatory reading for new fans.



In due time I got mixed up in fandom and began to research the vast body of sf writing. Asimov became supplanted by new favourites - Jack Williamson, Edmond Hamilton, Robert E. Howard among them. Their work was not freely available in this country, and I had to work damned hard (and at no little cost) to obtain it from the fan-dealer grapevine. Meanwhile, Asimov was being steadily reprinted over here. I resented this, becoming sick to death of seeing new impressions of Asimov dominating the bookseller's shelves when I really wanted to see first British impressions of classic and contemporary American work.

This feeling intensified into a near-hatred; so that I never re-read any of the Asimov stories enjoyed in my youth. I even began to dispose of the titles. In doing this, I came to look again at THE END OF ETERNITY, to discover I had never read it although it had been in my collection for years. Consulting Moskowitz's profile I read that the story, had been, "obviously inspired by John Russell Fearn's, LINERS OF TIME" How the hell had I missed reading it? I decided to give it a try before flogging it. I began reading not well disposed towards the story, but quickly became captivated. Here was consummate story telling. The book was enthralling to read. On reflection it does not seem to have much substance, but for the time I was reading I had my sense of wonder re-evoked.

I promptly went out and bought THE GODS THEMSELVES, which I had been ignoring, even though it was a new Asimov. After a boring start (due no doubt to my own lack of a technical vocation) the story unfolded with the same spell-binding effect as had THE END OF ETERNITY. Marvellous, particularly the section set in a different universe.

What then is the appeal of Asimov? Simply - storytelling and sound science. He is a master at piling on details which add to the story interest - but he does this gradually, scientifically, and without stagey melodramatic contrivances. Things happen naturally, realistically. This is his secret. It also explains why his books are always in print. This is only partly due to the stupidity of British publishers who 'play it safe' by reprinting what has sold before (true once, but not now). It is mainly due to the quality of his work with its timeless appeal to new readers of sf and those who are not yet conditioned to accept the unbelievable. (P.H.)

RECENT

READING

13
TO LIVE AGAIN

Robert Silverberg

Sidgwick & Jackson 63.25

Picture a future where mind recordings are commonplace, and on a person's death, his last recording can be added to the personality of a living host.

It is in such a society, that the rival business tycoons, Mark Kaufmann and John Robitis both plot to obtain the transplant of genius Paul Kaufmann. Sex, intrigue and murder are tautly interwoven and a further complication arises when a transplant goes 'dybbuk' and takes over its host. Throw in the ambitions of Mark's mistress Elena Volterra, and his daughter Risa, and you have a gripping tale in which interest is never allowed to flag. Without doubt, one of Silverberg's best.

CONSCIENCE INTERPLANETARY

Joseph Green.

Pan.50p

Allan Odegaard is a member of the small Corps of Practical Philosophers (The Consciences of Mankind). His job is to verify the intelligence level (or lack thereof) of the native life forms on those planets currently ripe for exploitation. Assembled, not too deftly, from four magazine tales (the gaps are obvious), his investigations involve numerous attempts on his life by 'Big Business' and political factions, not to mention an encounter with God and a meeting with a 'yeti'..in the woods of 21st Century North America. Lightweight, and rather fragmentary, but pleasant enough if your suspension-of-belief is in good working order.

THE QUEST FOR TANELORN

Michael Moorcock

Mayflower 35p

This is the third, and final 'Count Brass' story in which the heroic Hawkmoon must search for his vanished children in a world which is the usual melange of castles, swords, ornithopters and hand-drawn carriages alongside taverns, horses and magic. The whole is then well-laced with weird names and places. Personally, I find such stuff well nigh unreadable, but to aficionados it will no doubt fill a long felt want.

FLASHING SWORDS

Edited by Lin Carter

Mayflower 40p

Four brand-new s&s yarns, plus a foreword by Lin Carter. Sprague de Camp opens with, 'The Rag and The Bull' which has Gezun selling a flying carpet, and getting changed into a bull. Next comes an Elrik tale by Moorcock - well written, but indecisive as that non-hero seeks a lost city. 'Toads Of Grimmesdale' is a witch world bit by Andre Norton, the sort you like or hate, and finally, 'Ghoul's Garden' by John Jakes, has Brak the Barbarian tangling with a magician. A mixture which should appeal to lovers of heroic fantasy.

THE DARK TWIN Marion Campbell

Panther 50p.

Set in prehistoric Britain, the story tells of the rearing of two youths. One is to be king, the other, Drost, his dark haired companion must learn the laws and share the burden. As the two personalities develop and diverge, mysterious sub-plots take shape and strange mental powers emerge. Beautifully written, the tale flows smoothly and without the anachronisms so often found in such tales. Billed as 'an adult fantasy in the Tolkein tradition' does it a dis-service. Tolkein bores me, 'Dark Twin' did not.

THE STAR FOX Poul Anderson

Panther 40p

Gunnar Heim receives proof that in the recent attack-cum-accident on New Europa, the alien 'Aleriona' had fabricated the whole incident to cover a brutal assault. Unable to swerve the Earth Federation from its 'peace policy', Heim sets up as a privateer in his ship, 'The Star Fox'. Much hale and hearty companionship, too many snatches of ballads, and oversimplified battles, but nevertheless, still a rattling good piece of space opera. You'll jave fun.

A TIME OF CHANGES Robert Silverberg

Panther 50p

Expanded from a Galaxy novel, this is the tale of Prince Kinnall Darival on the planet Borthan - where starships, telephones and cars exist alongside what appears to be a medieval, feudal state. In this society, 'I' and 'Me' are obscenities, as is any form of expressing one's own feelings. Kinnall experiments with a mind-sharing drug and this leads to his downfall. Apparently, it won a Nebula, so somebody must like it.

THE ZAP GUN P.K.Dick.

Panther 40p

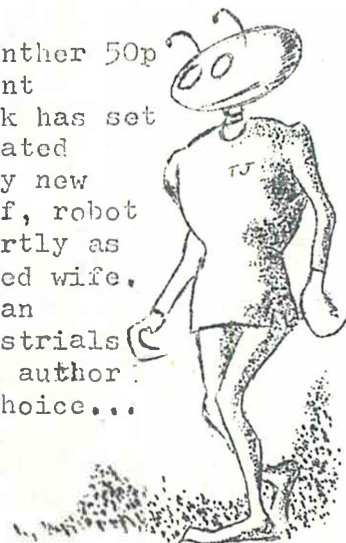
Originally a two-part serial in Worlds of Tomorrow, Lars Powderdry (for Wesbloc) and Lilo Topchev (Peep East) are both designers of false (propaganda-worthy) weapons. Their devices are then 'plowshared' into household novelties. At this point, alien satellites appear, and real weapons are urgently needed. Lars and Lilo resume their drug-induced trances to search for one, and it is found in a child's toy, whereupon, we hear no more of the aliens. Once again, Dick leans heavily on drugs in a tale which is largely lampoon and seldom approaches credibility.

CLANS OF THE ALPHANE MOON

P.K.Dick

Panther 50p

Against his usual incoherent background of conapts and cardboard characters, Dick has set a yarn of a Project to investigate the 25-year isolated maniacs of Alphane to see if they have developed any new weapons to aid (or threaten) Terra. Chuck Rittendorf, robot programmer, controls a simulacrum on the mission, partly as his job, but also to spy on (and murder his estranged wife. Along the way, he tangles in an espionage ring and an overdose of Dick's nigh-to-unbelievable extra-terrestrials and Organisation Men on the home side. With this author you can't sit on the fence. Love or hate is your choice... and if you love him, here is a real feast.



DAY OF THE MINOTAUR

Thomas Burnett Swann.

Mayflower 35p

The cover of this edition belies the gentle, sad creature that is the Minotaur; no mutant, but the last of a great and noble race. You may not like poetical writing, but Swann has the knack of producing eminently readable work, and has made the re-telling of classic legend a field particularly his own. The romance of the Minotaur with a Cretan girl is no swashbuckling sword and sorcery tale, it is as refreshing as a drink of cold water after the night before. Highly recommended. (A.B.).

THE DEATHWORMS OF KRATOS

Richard Avery

Coronet 35p

The first of 6 volumes in a new series on 'The Expendables' - a group of social outcasts whose task is to ready new planets for colonisation. Kratos is their first world, and aided by a bunch of robots, they tackle the horde of giant 'deathworms' which infest it. Don't let this precis..or the garish cover, deter you. Here is a fast-paced and very well written chunk of space opera. It holds you throughout, background is deftly done, and a minimum of padding make it an excellent omen for the rest of the series. Very good.

KRONK. Edmund Cooper

Coronet 35p

Gabriel Chrome encounters Camilla Greylaw who happens to be infected with P939, a newly created venereal disease which first causes promiscuity and finally, all forms of hostility. Together the pair set out to reform the world by spreading the microbe...truly a labour of love - and Mr. Cooper makes the most of it. Smoothly written without the self-consciousness of a Dick or de Camp, plenty of horrific but plausible extrapolations of present idiocies, and some superbly unbelievable characters. A rattling good romp, though a rather weak wrap-up at the end.

THE CLOUD WALKER

Edmund Cooper

Coronet 35p

9 year old apprentice painter Kieron (who studies metallurgy on the side) plans to grow up and build a flying machine forbidden in his post-holocaust agrarian civilisation. His 9-year-old fiancée (do children mature earlier here ??) points out his duty is to father their children. Kieron grows to manhood, his village is laid waste by the hordes of Admiral Death and the flying device is built to gain revenge. Over simplified on the aerial side and less racy than most of Cooper's yarns, it is still a story of great depth and vision.

FO HERE AND THE EASEL

Theodore Sturgeon.

Panther 60p

A six-yarn collection opening with the title story which is a frenetic yarn of a hung-up painter and an unlimited cheque-book. Far better, is 'The Skills Of Xanadu' about the scout who comes to conquer a bucolic world, but somehow the tables get turned. Next comes the great 'There Is No Defence', my own (Astounding) favourite about the invincible alien space invader. 'The Perfect Host' tells of possession by an alien parasite, and 'The Graveyard Reader' is about a man who learns to read graves. Finally, the Unknown gem, 'Whottle Bop' about the place which sells strange things in bottles. Five out of six winners is a good batting average. Recommended, it's good.

AFTER DOOMSDAY

Poul Anderson

Panther. 50p

Long-vpyage FTL spacecraft return to Earth to find it devastated by atmoic attack, and guarded by Kandemirian homing-missiles. The last 300 Earthmen set off on their quest for the murderers and to exact vengeance. Various suspects are investigated, and sundry battles fought (with gory details left off-stage, as in 'The Star Fox' before the true villains are found. The parallel, minor-plot of another Earth starship crewed by women is rather thin, as are the reasons for Earth's alsughter in the first place. Even so, this is a gripping story in the true, main-stream tradition and makes excellent reading. I fancy it first appeared in Analog, but details evade me. I think you'll enjoy it again, in any case.

THE FOREST OF FOREVER

Thomas Burnett Swann

Mayflower 50p

Oddly enough, 'THE DAY OF THE MINOTAUR'

is the sequel to this book, a matter for which the author apologises. Swann's genius is taking the dog-eared Grecian mythos, refurbishing it like new and putting it out as scholarly, but enjoyable Fantasy. The Forest of Forever, is about a place where the dryad and minotaur play, have adventures, and alas the book ends gloomily with hopes shattered, but amends are made in the sequel. This is a book for the erudite reader, but others will enjoy it immensely -- but you do need that sequel as well. (A.B.)

HARD TO BE A GOD

by Arkadi & Boris Strugatski

Eyre Methuen 63.35

a Russian group infiltrates the brutal,feudalistic society on the planet Arkanar to help the inhabitants against the relentless suppression of literacy and intelligence. The brooding menace and cruelty of the society are well evoked, but the Russian underground is so tenuously indicated, it is almost non existent, and apart from an occasional meeting with other Russians, the chief character, Runata moves merely as an observer. This is definitely 'speculative' rather than 'science' fiction. Its message (all Russian tales seem to have a message) is that mankind's ills can not be cured by man, since the faults are engrained. A thought which negates the purpose of the mission. Nevertheless, this is a well-written tale, sometimes light, always credible - sometimes chillingly so, and as such, does not deliver a neatly packages solution in the last pages. I'd rate this distinctly above the average.

THE COSMIC CONNECTION

Carl Sagan.

Coronet 65p

This 270 page, king-sized paperback contains a series of essays by the noted astronomer. They range over the subjects of intelligence, other life, and a fascinating attempt to show man's position in the scheme of things. Part.1 'Cosmic Perspective' deals with other life forms and the Pioneer 10 plaque. Part.2 'The Solar System' looks at conditions for life on other worlds with some discussion of the 'artificial Martian moon' theory. The third part, 'Beyond The Solar System' deals with dolphin communication, the OMI project (not as full as I had hoped), alien visitation in the past and the possibility of interstellar communication. Lucidly written, plenty of photographs (and a number of less informative symbolic drawings), this is an excellent exposition of the latest ideas and theories about man and his part in the universe.

When Larry Dever's lower half is amputated by a hydraulic freight door, he opts to deep freeze until medical repairs are available. Several thousand years later, he awakens in the world-covering Hive of the Hebishes. Population density is 50,000 per square mile, sea life is dead apart from the humanoid Benthics, and all protein is recycled. Dever escapes the vats, and joins the Benthics, where, with the help of Rorqual, a 600 foot cyborg plankton harvester, they fight back against the Hebishes. To their aid comes ARNOLD, a synthetic, gene-manipulated warrior who has defected the Hive. Superbly written, this is great s-f. Pace, interest and credibility are sustained throughout in a plot which is intricate but not tortuous. I recommend it unreservedly.

10,000 LIGHT-YEARS FROM HOME

James Tiptree Jr. Eyre Methuen 33.60

15 scintillating stories covering too many facets of s-f to detail here. To whet your appetite, you'll find aliens appealing to humans as sex-objects, female alien slavers, and aliens as missionaries. Intelligent plasmas, gene-hunting mutants, interstellar warfare and time paradox also appear, plus a man who talks to doors (and carries six miniature girl lodgers in his jacket). There are also problems of trade across interstellar distances and a whole lot more. What makes the whole thing unique is the amazing fact that there is NOT a single bad tale in the bunch...and that is something to write home about.

NOVA 2

Edited by Harry Harrison

Sphere 50p

Only 14 stories in this one, but for a pb, that is still good going. Harry has rounded up a galaxy of 'names' from the s-f field, my favourite item being Sladek's 'Steam Driven Boy' one of the best satires of time travel and s-f in general you're likely to meet in many a long eye-trek. I enjoyed eleven of the other 13 as well, only the Aldiss and the Tiptree failed to get anywhere. Otherwise, as varied a selection as you can hope to get anywhere for the price. A good item.

From CORONET comes a new Jack Vance trilogy at 50p for each part. Titles are, 'THE ANOME' 'THE BRAVE FREE MEN' 'THE ASUTRA', and I can't do better than quote the official CORONET publicity precis here :-

" THE ANOME, THE BRAVE FREE MEN, and THE ASUTRA are the first Jack Vance titles to be published by Coronet and will appear as paper back originals. The three books comprise a trilogy centring on the character of Gastel Etzwane. The setting, Durdane, is a strange world where men are bound by the proclamations of the Faceless Man, and absolute but invisible power. This hierarchical world is now threatened by a terrible menace from without - the dreaded Rogushkoi. In THE Anome an unknown youth, later to become Gastel Etzwane, dares to challenge and overthrow the passive power of the Faceless Man. In THE BRAVE FREE MEN he unites a world which has survived only through its separateness, creating an elite fighting force to throw against the Rogushkoi. It is only in the third book, THE ASUTRA, that the real truth about the terrible foe emerges, as Etzwane and his companions find themselves spirited to another world as part of the Asutras' enslavement policy."

So there you have it Jack Vance lover, get in early.

BEHIND THE WALLS OF TERRA

Philip Jose Farmer

Sphere 50p

After a 25-year absence, Kickaha returns to Earth through a dimensional gate to hunt and kill the last alien-controlled, 'Beller'. He is aided by the lovely Anana in a hectic chase, as first one, then two planetary Lords chase them in their turn. Various hunts range hither and yon, and through many gates at such a pace, that illogicalities and improbabilities are overlooked. This is the fourth in the 'World of Tiers' series, and one which I enjoyed.

THE YEAR'S BEST S-F No.7

Ed. Harrison & Aldiss

Sphere 55p

Anthologies often resemble the curate's egg, good in parts. When a good one comes along, it is like a banquet. This one opens with a survey of the year by Harry (again trying to define s-f) then come twelve assorted tales as different from each other as anyone could hope for. Each is an excellent choice, and who cares if the year is 1972 or '73, this collection is still a bargain. Excellent value.

H.G.WELLS lovers will rejoice in the two latest releases from PAN, I don't know whether this is to form part of a full collection (though I hope so), but this pair appear in identical format which would indicate more careful planning than just for a 'two-off' job. Sadly, the cover art is poor. However, if you shut your eyes just for ten seconds, you can turn to :- THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU (45p) the story which sparked off a host of imitators by its creepy, horror-filled account of the vivisection and human experiments carried out by a mad scientist. This one has so far, escaped the reprint craze - a pity, it's good. WAR OF THE WORLDS (50p) concerning the Martian invasion, is more familiar thanks to the Orson Welles broadcast, and the superlative film. I never really enjoyed the book version, but now you can judge for yourself at a very reasonable price.

For those who occasionally desert the S-F scene for Mundania, three titles from SPHERE may tempt you. Briefly....

SELLOUT, by Derek Jewell (65p) 383 pages of Mogul-like power struggles and high financial jinks as the minions of the Prospero Company try to complete a construction job in Ecuador. Fast moving and interesting, but I'll stick to my s-f.

THE WAR TO END WARS, by Mollie Hardwick (50p) One of the TV series incidents from 'Upstairs, Downstairs'. If you enjoyed the TV presentation, this one is for you

BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO SQUASH, (45p) by Richard Hawkey. A closed book to me, but no doubt some ERG readers will play the game. A cursory glance reveals a paucity of diagrams, which surprises me, as I would have thought these essential in a beginner's guide.

VOTE..... BILBO !

Bring Redmask of the OUTWORLDS to Britain !

BILBO (Bill Bowers) for T.A.F.F.

XXXXXXXXXXXX(EVEN THOUGH I LIKE THE OTHER BLOKE TOO)XXXXXXXXXX

PHOTO-OFFSET

by
Rob Jackson

@@ OR,

HOW TO SPEND MONEY LIKE WATER.

19

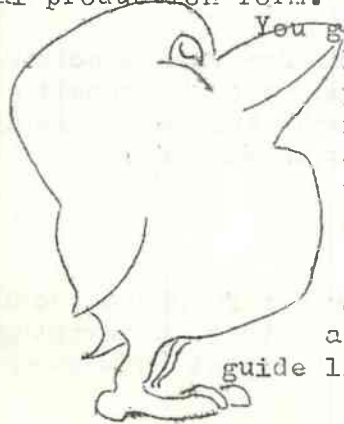
Recently, Terry wrote and asked for a brief rundown of the techniques of photo-offset reproduction as used in Maya. Here it is, but in its unedited form, it isn't brief at all.

There are three things about Maya needing special explanation:

1. It is printed photo-offset, 2. It is right-justified (on a variable spacing typewriter, and 3. It is printed 'four-up', a technique which helps to save money and is explained later.

To prepare a fanzine for photo-offset reproduction, you must simply prepare a set of neat black-and-white pages. These are photographed by the printer, and the image transferred to a metal or plastic plate. The 'black' bits of the image stay water-repellent, and the remaining 'white' parts develop an affinity for water. For the printing itself, water is first run smoothly over the plate followed immediately afterwards by ink. The ink adheres to the water-repellent black parts, but is kept off the 'white' by the water. The plate then runs over the paper on a roller and the paper absorbs the ink. The machine that does this is shaped like a large, complex duplicator.

The Technique of preparing camera copy is simple. Type it neatly and use good black illustrations in your spaces (These are best done in black ball-pen, or Indian ink; felt tip, even black may not come out) It is not necessary to have a carbon ribbon in the typewriter, any machine with a reasonably fresh black ribbon will do fine. When typing out, it is a good idea to eliminate typos as you go. Tippex or Liquid Paper both do OK here. Assembling the layout once you have typed the article can be done in various ways. Whatever you do, you will have to work out how many pages' worth of typing you have and to pick your fillers and prepare your headings to fill an exact number of pages. (You have more latitude with your illos than with duplicated fanzines - large black areas, cross hatching, and thin lines all being permissible) Once you have prepared your headings - a job for which Letraset is useful, although pen and ink gives more flexibility, you can start pasting up. This means assembling your material into its final production form.



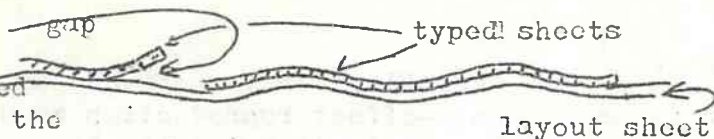
You get the neatest job, by starting at the bottom of the last page of any given article. Glue in the last page of your typed work, then put in the requisite number of lines from the next-to-the-last page (or an illo if you prefer) then continue working backwards using up typed pages and illos until you've got to the front of the article.

The camera copy is neatest if you line up each sheet accurately with vertical left hand margins and all bottom margins of constant width. For this, guide lines in blue pencil (which doesn't register on camera)

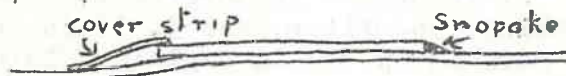
20

are useful. For the sticking, use any adhesive which doesn't crinkle the paper, Evostik or Cow Gum are good for this. Crinkling is your greatest danger here, and is worst if the sheets on which you are assembling the copy are thin. If the sheets crinkle, the lines may wobble up and down or you may have a large step in the camera copy, like this.

This gap may be badly illuminated and come out as a black line in the middle of your fanzine.



Another source of black lines occurs with illos on thick card, where the edge is sharp, or of a dark colour. This can be avoided by fitting a covering strip round the edges, or by filling it in with Snopake, or Liquid Paper. Don't be put off by a lot of white paper edges. As



long as they are thin; you can cut out, paste up, draw lines over etc., in all sorts of different directions - and as long as the end result is black and white, and reasonably clean and flat, the minor imperfections, paper edges and lumps of Snopake will disappear. Once you have stuck all your pages down, Snopake over any messy fingermarks etc., and it is ready for the printers.

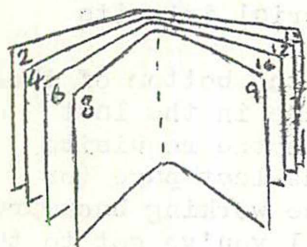
Another way of assembling your typed pages is to know how many lines are going to be on each page. This means having prepared layout sheets in advance. If you have done this, the actual pasting up is easier and neater, as you only have one typed sheet per page instead of two or three overlapping ones.

Now comes the question of arranging the pages themselves as they will be edited. (Really, this should have been mentioned earlier, as it should be sorted out before you begin the paste-up).

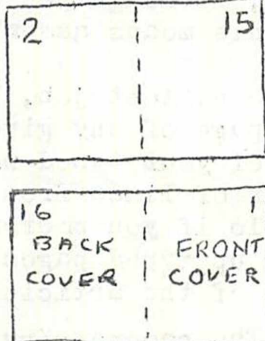
Rowe

Whatever the format of your camera copy, you will make fewest mistakes if you construct a 'mock-up' by folding some pages together the way you want them, and then putting on the page numbers. For example if you want the fanzine to be 'saddle stitched', i.e. printed so that it is stapled in the centre, here is how it is done for a 16 page fanzine :-

'mock-up' sheets



both sides of outer sheet

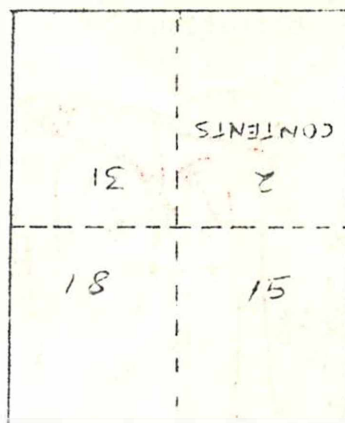
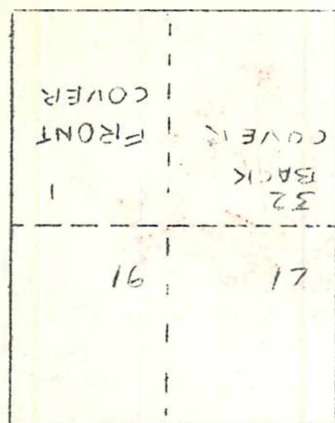


Arrange your sheets of camera copy opposite each other accordingly as shown here.

Maya 7 was more complex than this. It was printed by a firm whose machine could cope with up to A3 paper ($16\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{3}{4}$) so I decided to take advantage of this to reduce cpsts, and have not just the usual two, but FOUR pages

printed on each side -- this is what I meant by 'four-up' at the start of this article. This reduced costs by halving the number of photo plates needed and the number of printing operations. The copy was assembled thus :-

21

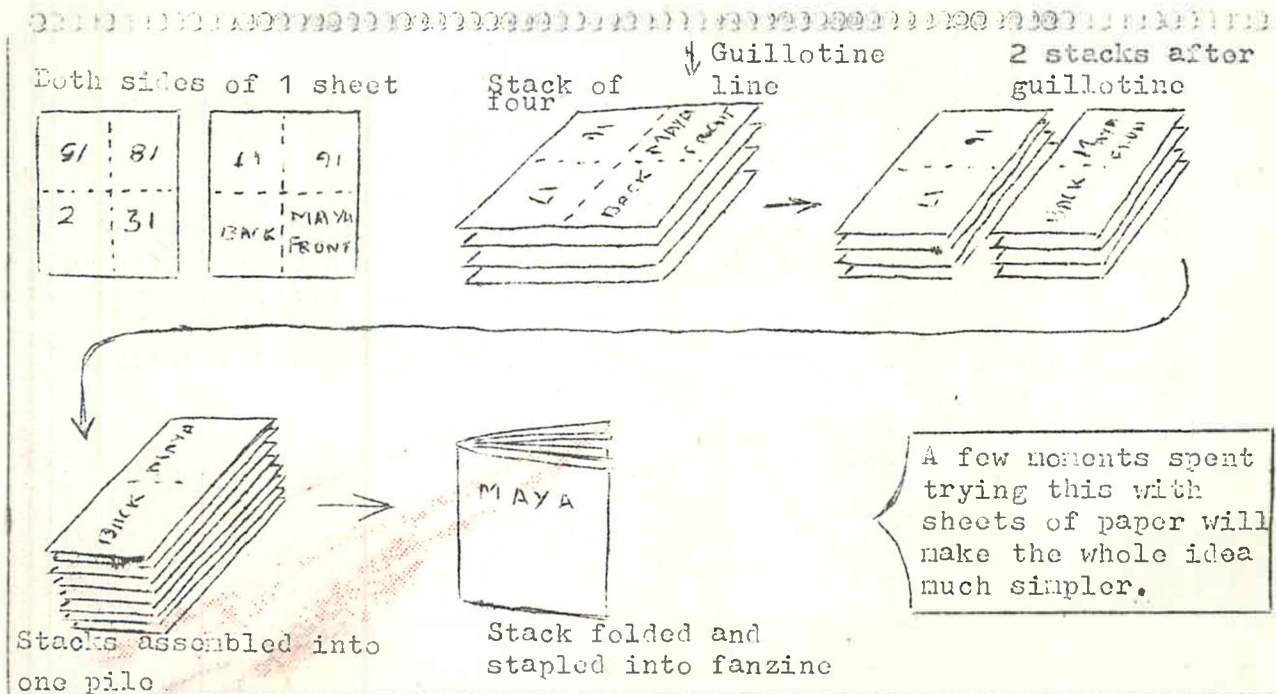


and so on, and when it had been printed, my friends and I collated each copy - only 4 sheets for a 32-page fanzine, as there were 8 pages on each sheet. Then we guillotined the four sheets and folded them over for centre stapling with a long-arm stapler. Then after stapling each copy was folded along the staple line to make the centre fold.

Because all collating was done by my friends and myself, the printing costs included absolutely no extras; just paper, photography and the actual printing. In September 1974, the estimate for 300 copies was for £32.80 by February 1975 this had risen to £45.30 such is inflation.

To sum up, however you prepare your typed copy and illos beforehand, however you arrange your pages, and however you get it printed and collated afterward, and whatever your ideas on layout, the essential features in preparing neat camera copy are reasonable accuracy in sticking the copy together, and getting the copy reasonably flat and clean.

(Rob Jackson)



S-F loving, war-game enthusiasts can temporarily shelve their 'Battle Of The Bulge', or re-enactment of the encounter at Rorke's Drift in favour of a campaign in deep-space. Simulation Publications of P.O.Box 46, Altrincham, Ches. WA 15 6PE can offer you for £3.99, the interstellar warfare game of...

STAR FORCE

The game comes complete with a large (22" x 34") playing map laid out in two playing areas (which include 74 star systems). By the use of vertical co-ordinates, this is then expanded into a 3-D 'sphere' of roughly 40-light years diameter, which ought to be large enough even for Doc Smith fans.

The playing pieces comprise 5 differently coloured sets of die-cut counters, markers and randomizer chits. Also included are games charts, tables, a pad of sheets for plotting simultaneous movements and an illustrated book of rules which contains no less than twenty four, quarto, closely printed pages.

Basic or advanced game variations may be played, and 14 assorted scenarios are given for various engagements such as ; 'The Epsilon Eridani Campaign', '2451 A.D. L'Chal-Dah Contact', '2476 A.D. The War With The Rame' and others. An important feature is shifting by 'Star Gate' which allows both safe jumps, and longer distance 'dangerous' ones. These, plus the randomizer chits introduce an element of chance, so that a good big 'un doesn't automatically lick the good little 'un. Add in the mental effort needed for operating in three dimensions and you have quite a game.

For enthusiasts who like a bit more detail in their games, Messrs Miniature Figurines manufacture a set of tiny spacecraft of various types, and a few of these would add even greater interest to your 'STAR FORCE' encounter. (If you are a Tolkein buff, Minifigs also market a Middle Earth set of characters, only 15mm high. They include; wizard, man-orc, elf, dwarf and hobbit) Minifigs address is 28,52 Northam Rd., Southampton, and of course they have other goodies too.

If you still want more, Wargames Research market 'TRIPLANETARY' a space game which bears no relation with Doc Smith's novel.

All in all, space-war fandom could well be just around the corner.

