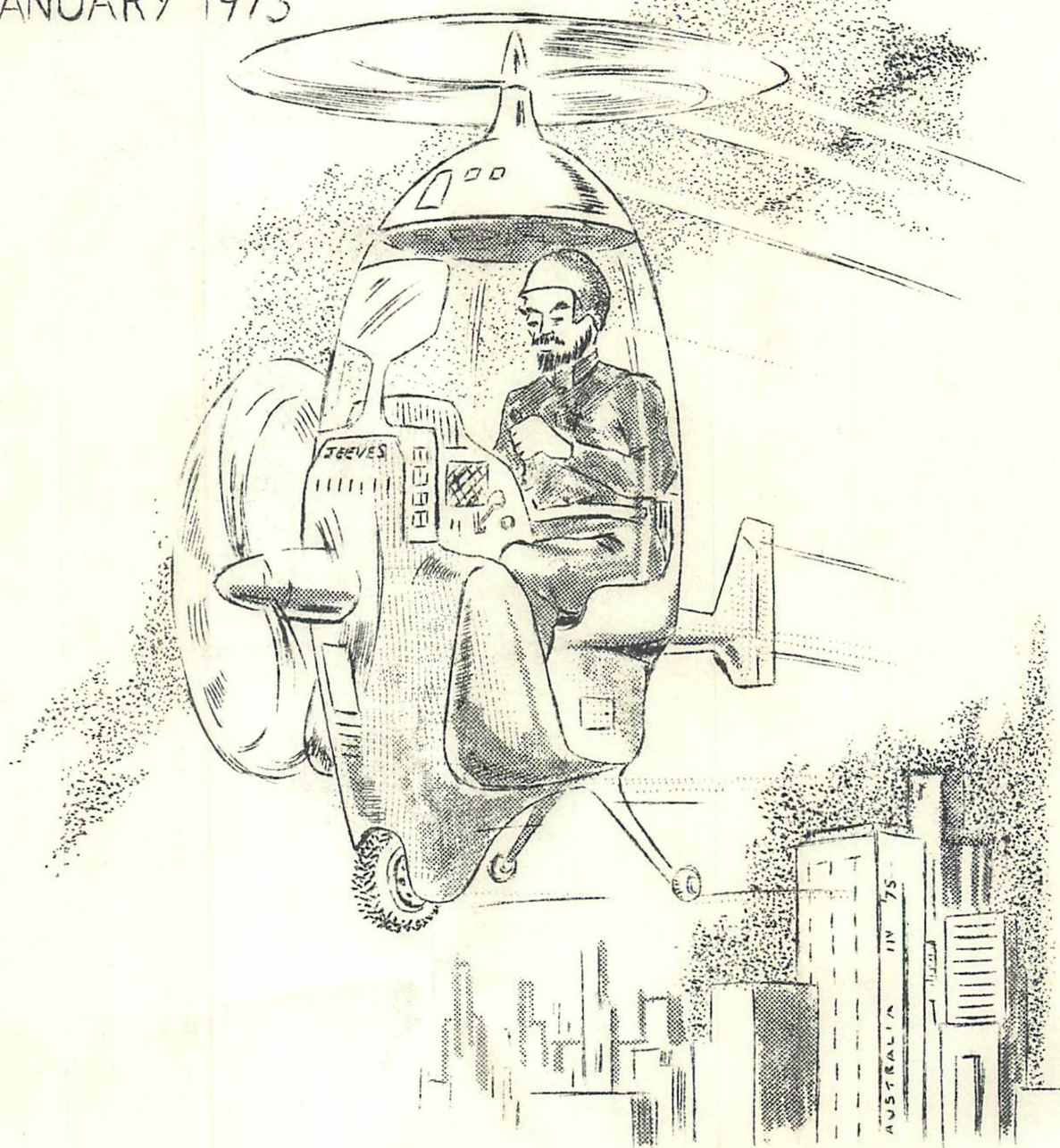
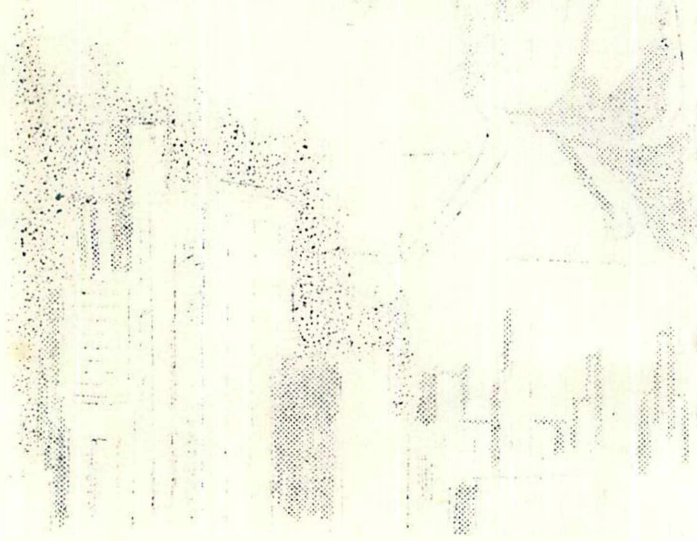
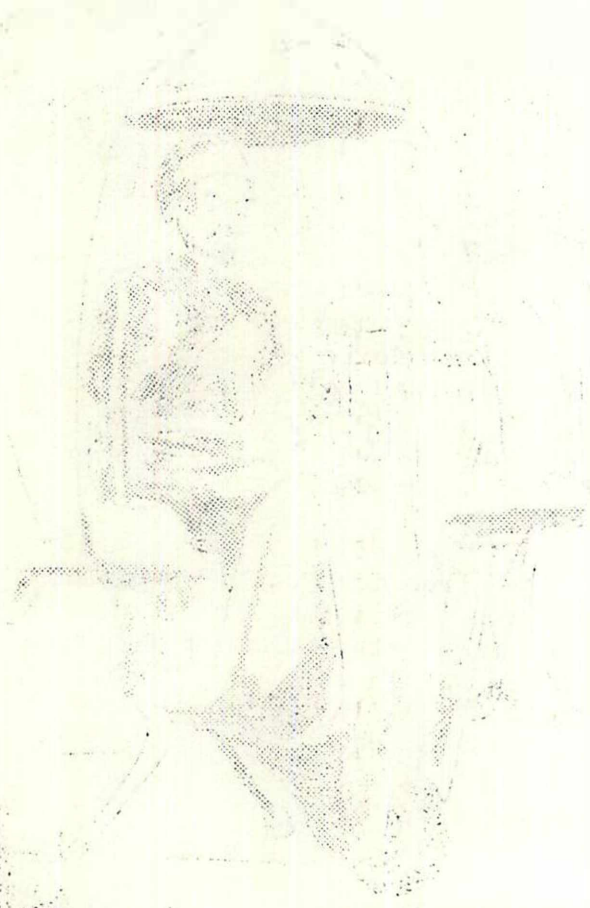
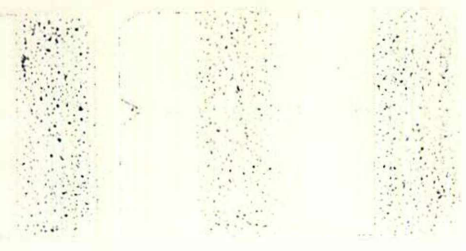


ERG

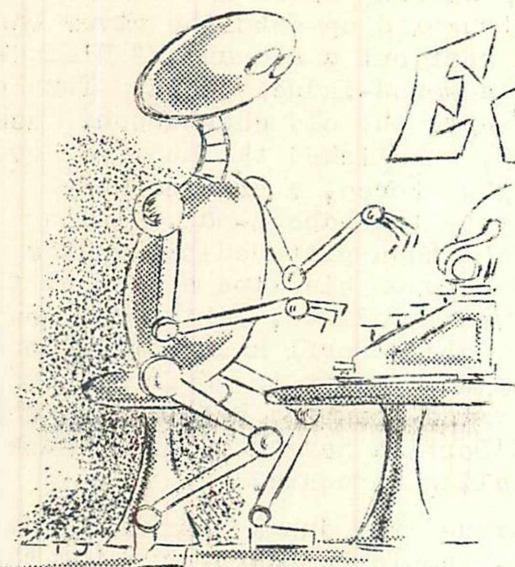
41

JANUARY 1973





ERG 41 for JANUARY 1973 is produced by Terry Jeeves, 230 Bannerdale Rd., Sheffield S11 9FE (Phone, Sheff. 53791)
Subscription rate is 6 issues for 50p in the United Kingdom. American subscribers may send dollar bills for convenience. Each dollar will get you five issues...so why not take out a sub for a friend as well?
If a CROSS appears here () this is your last copy...so renew NOW!



ERGITORIAL

Greetings ERGbods,

The anniversary issue of ERG 40 saw a drop in LOC's so all the non-subscribers have been dropped from the free list if they failed to write in. Those who did have had an extra copy credited to them..and this also applies to those who both sub and write. So keep the letters coming in.

Flushed with enthusiasm after buying that Opel Kadett in June (and it is performing beautifully, with no delivery faults), the next use of the art kitty was to buy myself a birthday present...an Eunig S-710-D dual gauge sound stripe projector. So now I'm happily adding sound tracks to my films as fast as I can afford to get them striped...and of course, you can expect a series of articles on 8mm cine work in the near future.

The Logic puzzle last issue pleased some and infuriated others, John Piggot won the prize of two free issues, by piping several others with the correct solution. Space permitting, other puzzles will follow. As for NARTAZ, this met with much enthusiasm, so as promised, in this issue is a further episode in his heroic career. The bidding for the cover of ERG 40 was won by Graham Poole, with a bid of \$1.50, and the cover, plus a bonus of 4 pro' 'Soggy' cartoons, has now been mailed to him..

HUCKSTER'S CORNER...I want to buy, trade, or steal, a copy of Galaxy (USA) for July 1970..also any Pogo pocket Books. Can anyone help ????

Those of you who want to buy any of the books reviewed in ERG might care to drop a line (and SAE) to J.E.Rupik, 12 Talbot Gardens, Sheffield S2 for a copy of his current lists.

CONVENTIONS ...S-F fans should register for the Eastercon in Bristol by sending 50 p. to Fred Hemmings, 20 Beech Rd., Slough SL3 7DQ, Bucks.

Comic-art fans have August 5th/6th at the Centre Hotel in London, so if you want to go, drop a line to Diane Stokes, 10 Berwick St., London, W1V 3RG. Hotel rates seem very reasonable, and you get 50p off the registration fee if you pay in advance. So why wait. Bestest, Terry

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE... After a fierce battle with Kaput, Nartaz was hurled into the waters of P'Toocy, the river. N'Kindli the alligator slid smoothly forward giving thanks to N'Holi, the provider. There was a quick gobbling sound, a couple of burps, and all was quiet once more on P'Toocy....

NOW READ..

NARTAZ AND THE JEWELS OF OMPAR



The scummy river waters parted and the young Lord Branestroke struggled up onto the river bank, burped twice more, spat out a remnant of N'Kindli and collapsed into a wound-induced coma. Thus he was found by G'Dorfl the old she-baboon. Back in her tree nest, she licked the mud from every inch of the mangled torso, a process which seemed to stimulate the baboon-man. Binding tight with healing vines his arms and legs, she then plastered his wounds with newly gathered elephant dung and forced between his lips a brew of the tastiest grubs she could find. The effect was immediate, Nartaz was soon struggling hard to free himself, but the wise old G'Dorfl knew better, and many moments were to pass before she judged her charge fit to go free. As she loosed his bandages, Nartaz leaped in a trice from the ant-hill on which he had been tied, and pausing only to belt G'Dorfl a haymaker, dived back into P'Toocy to wash his body clean of the healing unguents.

Nartaz was soon swinging his way through the jungle as nimbly as ever. Once more the call, "Hooo...ooo...eeey ." could be heard curdling the milk in the coconuts as his mighty hands swung him from creeper to creeper. Down swooped the jungle lord, and up again in a graceful arc terminating with a solid THUNK ! as he went splat into a fast growing punkah tree which had sprung up in the fairway during his illness. He awoke to find his head supported by the first white man his eyes had ever seen. He struggled erect and eyed the slim, dark-haired, khaki clad figure. His new found friend touched a strangely rounded shirt front and said, "Me Jayn", then reaching out touched the jungle lord on his manly chest, "You Nartaz". Eager to please, the baboon-man tried to copy the process. Placing his hand firmly on the soft chest before him, he repeated "You Jayn". The sensation was pleasant, so he tried it again, several times with variations. Half an hour later, having made great strides with the Braille system, the jungle echoed to a strident "Hooo...ooo...ey !" from Nartaz, followed by an ululating, "Ooooo...eeeee k !" from Jayn.

The days flew by as Jayn taught English to her eager pupil. He learned how Jayn had come in search of a mysterious jungle temple, plated with gold, and housing, Ompar, a jewel encrusted idol. Jayn explained that if only she could find this idol, she could redeem the mortgage on her farm and open a school for the teaching of English to immigrants, a direction which she realised, her talents lay, and the more often, the better. With Nartaz, to think was to act...even if the intervening gap took several hours to bridge. He reached out and grabbed Jayn to learn a few irregular verbs.

The following day, they set out to seek the lost temple of Ompar. Their path took them across P'Toocy the river, past the lair of N'Ezi the water fowl, and over the rounded hills of the uplands whose shape reminded Nartaz it was time for further studies. Deeper and deeper into the hinterland they penetrated. They crossed rivers, followed narrow mountain

paths and broke through almost impassable jungle thickets. The jungle lord led the way with unerring skill, helped only by the frequent signposts bearing the legend, 'This Way To Ompar'.

Suddenly the young lord Branestroke paused. He knelt to inspect the jungle sward. A strange eerie trilling whistle filled the air, and his gold-flecked eyes peered myopically at the greenery. Every day, he spent hours with a set of exercises designed to sharpen his senses. "What is it?" asked Jayn, peering at the path. The jungle lord reached out and plucked something from the grass, "Not often you find a four-leafed clover here," he grunted before moving on like a silent bronze shadow. Scarcely a month later, the path opened into a clearing in the centre of which stood a vine covered pyramid of gold-plated straw thatch surmounted by a tastefully carved plaque which said simply, 'OMPAR'. Beneath it in smaller letters had been added, 'No waiting, come straight in'.

The two explorers tiptoed into the dark interior. "Do you see what I see?" asked Nartaz. "Yes" answered Jayn, "What do you see?". "Nothing", replied the baboon-man, "It's too dark". Soberly and effortlessly, Nartaz ripped away Jayn's skirt, rubbed two sticks together and set light to the flimsy material. Stuffing the burning skirt into a handy vase, the jungle lord saw a jewel studded statue on a golden throne, he reached out with both hands. Jayn wasn't quite quick enough, and it was some time later that Nartaz looked over her shoulder and said, "Before we go, we must collect all those jewels. Together they pried out every diamond, ruby and amethyst and tied them up in a sack which Nartaz quickly made by removing Jayn's shirt. They emerged from the temple into brilliant sunlight.

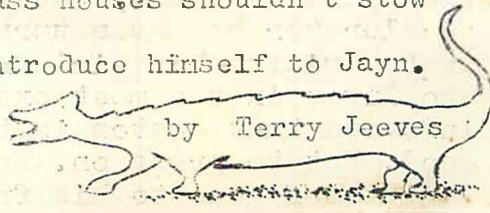
Facing them in a ring stood twelve of the largest pygmies Branestroke had ever seen.

Fast as K'Spaaki the lightning, the jungle lord leaped back into the grass temple, buried the jewels in a quickly scooped hole and hoisted the golden throne into the rafters with a muscle cracking effort made possible only because of the secret exercises taught him by an ancient Tibetan Lama. He had barely smoothed back the straw ceiling when in burst the pygmies who had been detained for a while as Jayn had insisted on introducing herself to each one. Their leader glared at the baboon man. His menacing glare clearly conveyed that he wasn't interested in being introduced to Nartaz, but that he wanted the treasure and he wanted it fast. Fearlessly, the young Branestroke spread wide his arms to reveal their emptiness. Within his breast burned the fierce courage of his baboon foster parents. Defiantly, he threw back his raven locks, raised his lordly head and gave his breast war cry...."Hooo... eed...eedy". It was a mistake. With a slow groaning, creaking, sliding sort of noise, the golden throne slid slowly from its hiding place and crashed with unerring accuracy onto the head of Nartaz crushing him hideously into the floor of the temple. "Clearly," said the head pygmy, "this illustrates that people who live in grass houses shouldn't stow thrones."

And with that, he went outside to introduce himself to Jayn.

THE END

by Terry Jeeves



any more for THE SKYLARK ?

— by ALAN BURNS —

A lot of the younger fraternity who were just being born when Doc Smith was coming to the end of his writings will hasten to tell you that his stories are dated, and if straightforward honest morals, with the heroes heroic and the villains villainous, and sex only there if it is part of the story are dated, well then I must agree. But in my opinion the sole thing that Smith does is tell a rattling good yarn, and if that is what you want then the Skylark series merit a place in your collection.

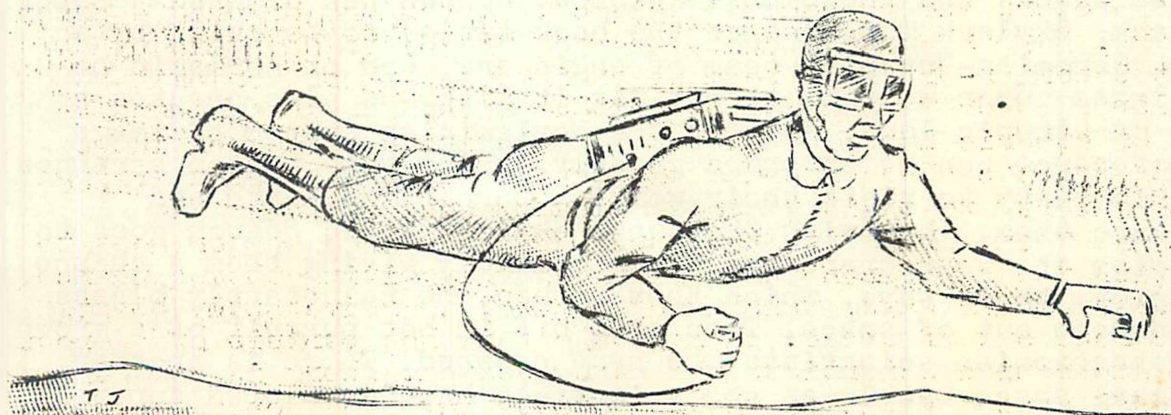
My Pyramid edition of the first book of the four, "The Skylark of Space" cites 1928 as the date of the first copyright by some firm called The Experimenter Publishing Co. and to handle Skylark at that time makes the firm worthy of its name. Smith was far ahead of his time then, and its only a few years ago that SF caught up with him. Of course, as with all Smith's stories you have to throw all your current set of text books out of the window. A blob of metal under the influence of a super betatron type accelerator couldn't suddenly develop enough energy to send a lab steam bath away at a speed faster than light, any more than a blob of greyish matter can get you in programmes from all over the world if it's in your transistor set. So stand by with the salt cellar, although you won't need it much in the Skylark stories.

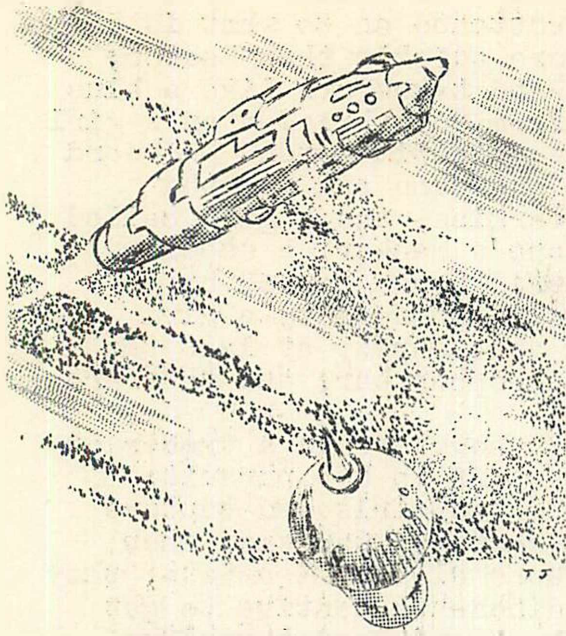
To begin with Dick Seaton the hero is quietly recovering platinum from a solution when he accidentally spills some of the solution which he knows contains a strange element 'X' on to the copper steam bath in which he is doing some electrolysis, and accidentally touches the bath with his live wires. The bath instantly takes off. Seaton is puzzled, but repeats the experiment with a piece of wire which does the same. Next day his fellow chemists come in to see what has happened he tries the experiment a third time and it fails. Exit fellow chemists shaking heads. Then Seaton recalls that his next door neighbour at the lab, a Dr. Duquesne had been using a sort of nuclear accelerator at the time of the various energy liberations, but when the chemists had come in, the accelerator had been turned off. In between the two incidents Seaton visits his girl friend, a daughter of wealthy parents who lives in the most exclusive part of Washington. We are also informed that Seaton is the true hick from the sticks who made good. But to press on. Having found what liberates the energy of 'X' Seaton goes to his friend Martin Crane who is as wealthy as

Seaton is poor and they instantly resolve to build a spaceship. But meanwhile Dr. Marc Duquesne has cottoned on to what is going on, contrives to build a spaceship more quickly than Seaton, smartly kidnaps Seaton's girl friend and takes off like a blue streak, assisted by some struggling from Dorothy, Seaton's girl which jams the controls of Duquesne's ship wide open. On board the Duquesne ship are, in addition to Duquesne and Dorothy Vaneman, a villainous killer called Perkins, and a girl called Margaret Spencer, secretary to Duquesne's backer, a steel magnate called Brookings. Miss Spencer, though forced by circumstances to be party to all this is in reality a girl of noble character--oh well I warned you. Anyway at last the ship stops, having run out of fuel, a copper bar, and they are lost in space.

Seaton however has a tracer on Duquesne, he and his friend Crane take off in hot pursuit, after a few adventures they rescue the two girls and capture Duquesne, Perkins meanwhile has been shot by Duquesne. Then the party set off to find a planet where element X exists, they find one, and despite battling with dinosaurs contrive to get some of the metals. Off they go again and find an inhabited planet with a war going on between two countries, Mardonale, the baddies, and Kondal the goodies. The planet incidentally is called Osnome. After a lot of comings and goings Seaton and his girl are married, and likewise his friend and Miss Spencer. They leave for Earth again, and Duquesne is with them. They can't decide what to do with him, but he solves the problem by jumping out of the ship when they enter Earth's atmosphere, and loaded with the diamonds and such which are common as pebbles on Osnome he is sure to appear again.

Skylark Three, the next book is pretty much a follow-up to the first book, with pretty much the same story. Seaton and Crane are on Earth, playing with a forcefield Seaton has discovered. Two of their friends from Osnome arrive and want help in a war against a planet Urvania, help mainly in the shape of element X. Seaton and Crane, and their two wives decide to go along with the two Osnomians to the element X planet. Meanwhile Duquesne has taken off in his own ship to go to Osnome to get some weapons to use





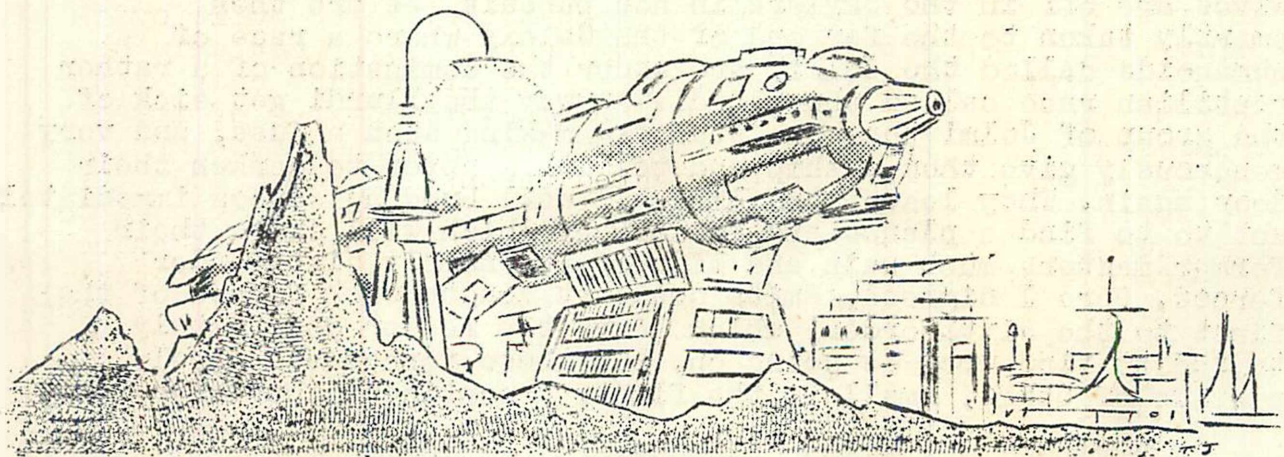
against Seaton and his friends, as they stand between him and his aim to dominate the universe.

However on their journey out to Osnome, Seaton's ship and the ship piloted by his visitors from Osnome encounter a ship of a more advanced but predatory race, the Fenachrone. Fortunately Seaton has his new zone of force on his ship and manages to destroy the alien battleship. The Osnomian ship is also destroyed but Seaton's two Osnomian friends, Dunark, and his wife Sitar are saved. Seaton picks up the sole survivor of the alien ship, and ruthlessly questions him, using a psychic probe. The alien eventually yields up his knowledge and dies. Seaton presses on to get further supplies of X.

Seaton's belief that the Fenachrone he had picked up was the sole survivor of the alien battleship prove to be wrong. Coming on the scene of the conflict Duquesne, and his partner Loring find a further Fenachrone, who apparently agrees to rebuild their ship, one which they have stolen from the Osnomians when they had set out as noted in the first part of the book. However as soon as they come to the Fenachrone world Duquesne and Loring are apparently slain.

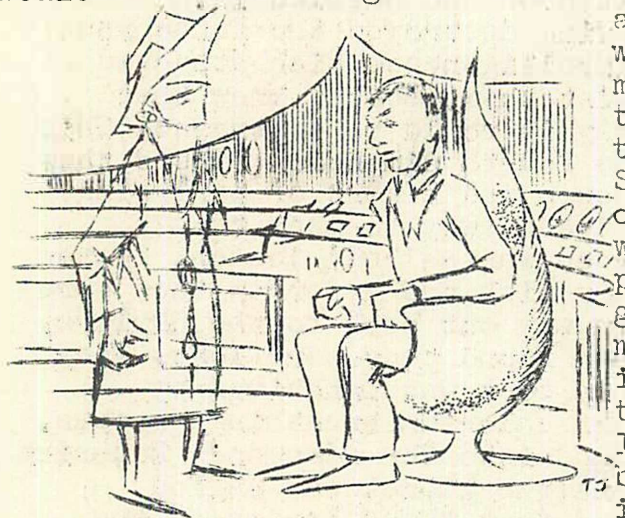
Osnome, its opponent Urvania and diverse other planets form part of what Smith terms the green system, in the Galactic centre. Anyway, using what he has learnt from the Fenachrone Seaton rebuilds his ship as they leave Osnome to go and make peace between it and Urvania. This Seaton does and goes on to a water world Dasor, and brings it into a sort of coalition he is forming against the Fenachrone. Then he sets off for the top planetary system of the green system called Norlamin. This is without doubt what Smith based Arisia on in his Lensman series, because the Norlaminians are humanoids of great mental powers and phenomenal science. Seaton has ordered a super Skylark, Skylark Three (hence the book title) to be built by a joint Osnomian-Urvanian team of engineers, and on Morlamin he develops super weapons to outfit it with. He also creates a sort of etheric lens, so that the Norlaminian system of image transference can be extended greatly, using this Seaton arranges for his party to visit their worried parents on Earth and reassure them. Then with the super Skylark Three Seaton goes to war with the Fenachrone and after suitably giving them a chance to reform their ways, which they refuse, he reluctantly blasts Fenachrone out of space. Then sets off in hot pursuit of a group of Fenachronian scientists who have escaped. There is another colossal space battle as the scientists have developed super weapons, but as ever Seaton blasts them out of space.

The third book in the series, "Skylar of Valeron" begins in the best Sherlock Holmes tradition by showing that Duquesne wasN't really killed in the second volume along with his friend Loring, but had, in fact made two mechanical dummies, hypnotised by drugs the Fenachrone he had captured, and proceeded to let the crew of a Fenachrone scout ship believe that they were saving one of their race, which member carried on his person a container of deadly gad, which instantly killed all the Fenachrone on the scout, which was promptly taken over by Duquesne and Loring. As a precaution they sent their own ship the "Violet" out into space, and then they proceeded to capture a Fenachrone battleship. However at this moment the Fenachrone were preparing to resist Seaton's assault on their world, in which they failed, and the only survivors of the holocaust were the Fenachrone ship Seaton went after at the end of the second volume, and Duquesne's ship. Duquesne set off for Earth, took it over and settled in. Meanwhile Seaton and his party, having destroyed the Fenachrone ship encountered a group of pure intelligences which attacked them. Though initially able to resist them, Seaton knew that unless he could get the Skylark away it would be destroyed. This he did by putting his ship into the fourth dimension. There they met a peculiar race, whose main weapon was a sort of parlysing trident, Seaton and his wife were taken away to meet the hypermen(as the fourth dimension race was called) leader. Seaton and Dorothy found that in comparison with the hypermen they were immensely strong, they fought their way out back to the Skylark, turned it back into normal space and found they were lost. They visited various worlds and found one that was inhabited by humanoids being invaded by a race of chlorine breathing amoebae. (This was the race later to be changed into the Lensman's Eddorian enemies) Seaton enables the Valerons(the planet was called Valeron, hence the book's title)to defeat the Chlorans(as the invaders were called) and send their planet back to its own sun whence it had been taken by a cosmic accident. But Seaton is still lost, so he sets to work and builds a super computer that can actually think for itself. It builds a new spaceship for Seaton and his party, they go out to try the power of the computer and get in touch with the Norlamins who guide them home. Seaton's Osnomian friend Dunark has tried an abortive



attempt to destroy Duquesne. However Seaton and his party, still far out in intergalactic space, use a vastly improved image transference system and destroy Duquesne's hold on earth and capture him. Previously, on their way back to our galaxy Seaton's ship had linked up with a Norlaminian ship and captured the disembodied intelligences in a field of force, as punishment--but by his own agreement, Duquesne is disembodied and sent into the field of force to join the other intelligences. The field of force is enclosed in a small ship and sent off on a random course that in theory will not end for uncountable millions of years.

Smith really goes to town in the last book, "Skylark Duquesne", with good baddies and bad goodies, which tend to leave any reader not trained on a diet of Moorcock and Sheekley somewhat lost off, but the story, sorted out as follows is something like this. Seaton is master of the world



and while managing to get by with some help from his friends, mostly Norlamins, finds that the task is getting him down. To add to his troubles there is a third Seaton, who, unlike the children of the lens has naught to do with what is to come, I believe the poor waif is foisted on to his grandparents while his daddy and mummy go of, but this point isn't very clear. However the story opens with Seaton's long suffering wife Dorothy bitterly complaining that she isn't getting any loving, and isn't it time her husband remembered he was just that.

Mrs Martin Crane her bosom friend is likewise complaining. However suddenly a covey of ten Norlamins appear and inform Seaton that his sums haven't been right and the disembodied intellects' ship is hitting a patch of stardust and will spring them, at least Duquesne. With a loud cry of "Tally-ho bandits" Seaton, his friend Crane and Crane's servant Shiro, and their three wives are off in the Skylark in hot pursuit. We are then smartly taken to the far end of the Galaxy where a race of humanoids called the Jelmi, are under the domination of a rather reptilian race called the Llurdi. Anyway the Llurdi got sick of the group of Jelmi they are studying making such a fuss, and very generously give them a ship and tell them never to darken their door again. They leave, and like all well bred nuisances immediately set to to find a planet and build that which will cause their former masters much pain and discomfort, namely sixth-order forces. Here I digress, Smith deals at length with forces of the first to the sixth order, which leaves the reader desperately trying to find what is going on, but these forces are merely a range of bangs, small at the first, a continent shatterer, and

large in the sixth, a galaxy shatterer. Their generation always involves Seaton mopping his aching brow trying to work them out, and then building a generator is no more than a days toil. But having got rid of the Jelmi, the Llurdi (for whom I have deep sympathy) find themselves stuck with yet another group of the ubiquitous Fenachrone. Anyway, they take them in, put them in an ideal Fenachrone environment and the Fenachrone proceed to lose heart and die off. Meanwhile out in space the disembodied intelligences' ship has behaved as the Norlamins predicted and we find that the locking up of

Duquesne was not in fact an idea of Seaton's but was in fact the doing of one of the intelligences. They kick Duquesne out, and build him a ship. Duquesne meets up with the Llurdi, decides that they are too tough for him and calls on Seaton for help. Meanwhile back on the Jelmi ship things are happening, and they decide to go to our moon and examine Earth People. They pull in a stripped and a petroleum technol-



-ogist, reward them with diamonds and send them back to Terra. It seems these two are psychic, and a message sent out by Seaton some time since has reached them. We move to Duquesne who after calling socially on Seaton to tell him of the Llurdi moves off, contacts to Jelmi, bods one of their girls and then sends six gangsters to kill Seaton. The gunmen are slain, and at the same time Seaton's ship is set on by the Chlorine breathing Chlorans and practically wrecked. So Seaton visits a planet of humanoids dominated by the Chlorans and sets it to rights. The comings and goings get confusing, but briefly Duquesne gets the Fenachrone from out of the Llurdi grasp, sets them to work for him and prepares to give Seaton a hand against the Chlorans. Seaton gets a girl and her mother from the planet he has visited and by psychi means they design a sixth-order gadget that will destroy Chloran worlds in one galaxy while humanoid worlds are moved safely to another. The Chlorans object and send a thought blast that practically kills Seaton and friends. Duquesne and his girl-friend (whom I forgot to mention earlier in the book, take over and save the day. Then they go off to found a little Galactic Empire of their own. Thereby ends the tale, with Duquesne shown up as a worthy person and Seaton made to look a Charlie. I found it an extremely entertaining set of books and as for moral judgements--who cares? Smith was spinning a story well ahead of its time, and that he pulled it off reflects considerable credit on him.

OMPAVIEWS

Best Cover... FanJan, with FHTV 8 a close second

Best Magazines Lurk & Hell, or Hell and Lurk

Special Mentions Lurk's Xword... The super illos in
 ===== Shelta Thari... The colour work in Hell =====

A very good mailing this time (reading wise) and to kick off, a post mailing from the goodpeople, the Pardoes.

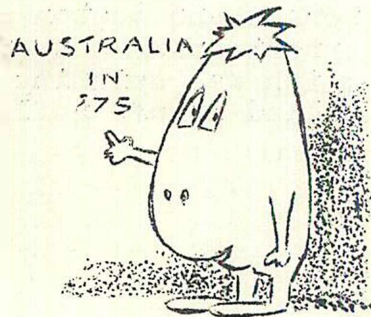
LES SPINGE (How many people have used this name in the past ?)

That Patrick Moore books tempts me, How Much ?

You're wrong about that nuclear rocket though..it WAS not only considered seriously in the fifties..but at least one was actually made and tested then..the Kiwi-A. There were several write-ups, plus photos of it on a rail truck in 'Missiles and Rockets'. Like the sound of your new home...good living.

LURK First mag I read, I just can't resist Xwords. So far, I'm stuck about half way..if I get more, I'll mail it off. Thanks for bacover plug..very kind, and appreciated. The McCaffrey and Weston reprints were a bit sercon for me, but I enjoyed Pete's words, even if he is rather narrow minded on what others should think and like. I liked your feviews and the goodly lettercol. Sorry you didn't like another piece on Astounding in CYPHER..I was reluctant to do it, but Jim said he wanted it, so the blame is his in this case. Thanks also for the egoboo in 'Vulcan's Hammer', and as for saying there are items of mine you would like to reprint...just holler, if I have a carbon of it, you're welcome. Your cover was a bit thin in execution I'm afraid, pity it didn't come out as clear as the bacover. I LIKE LURK ... YAY Man.

HELL Didn't care for the cover this time I'm afraid, but loved the interior art, the bacover, and the excellent layout of the contents page. A lovely thick issue, and very well laid out and presented. You go from strength to strength. The key episode was TERRIFIC. ..and CONGRATULATIONS to the happy pair. Poetry (so-called).. aaagh. Did you see that TV item when the interviewer interviewed a load of poetry writing kids ? He asked them why they didn't make it rhyme..the consensus was that it was too hard. In fact they couldn't make it rhyme...and 99.9 of fannish 'poets' fall in that class. Agree with you over OMPA's tolerance of crudsheet activity (hoh what a name for it)..I think I'll follow you on that eight page comment cut off. Hencefifth, ERG will ignore any item which fails to measure up. Re your Egoboo poll ideas...Penman and Jones aren't members of OMPA..if you go outside OMPA, where do you stop ? Also agree with your put down of crosword-hating bods. Me, I don't go for Django what-not and all that jazz, but it is your taste, so enjoy it. More power also to your use of colour...even though the piece on which you used it was rather in-groupish without having the real skill of Paul's key tale.



13

VIEWPOINT 9 The first thing I noticed was Jaim Linwood showing his
=====
ignorance by (a) misquoting me, and (b) failing to grasp the
point anyway. My original statement was..."almost half the population of
Britain are below average in intelligence"...almost half, NOT over half.
As for his statistical ignorance, he falls into the trap which I set by
deliberately phrasing this as a challenge, rather than what it is...a
statement of fact, and no slur intended. Take any sufficiently large
sample (and I submit that Britain's population is such) and measure any
variable you like...provided it isn't a racial characteristic, such as
Jewish noses, or Negroes hair. Take shoe size, average life span, height,
weight...or intelligence on an IQ scale. Find the average and draw a line.
Some individuals will fit on the line, but almost half will be above, and
almost half below....wake up Jim..YOU are the fannish legend for a sucker.
Liked your puzzle...if I can find time, will have a bach. It was a nice,
multiple, Con report. Using 4 people gave better balance of interests than
had one done it. Day After was pleasing without being sensational. All in
all, a jolly good issue (P.S. tell Jhim the word is 'gems', not 'jems'.

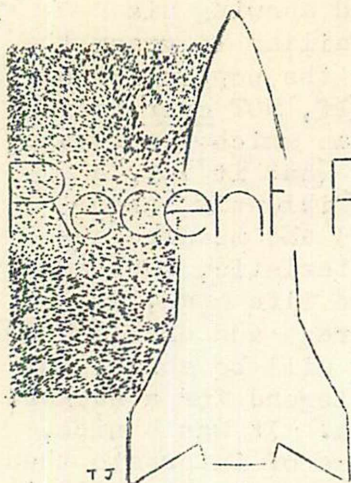
PAPER TIGER While not exactly LOC material, should not go unpraised. That
=====
cover system I used is called 'tesselation'...i.e., shapes
which interlock, such as diamonds, squares, hexagons and their derivatives.
You say that a folded fodsap zine looks bad...but Slant was terrific, with
line blocks and linocuts, and many issues of that were folded foolscap.
Another epic in that size was 'Conscience' (Or Con-Science) a one shot
published by Messrs Jones, Bentcliffe and Jeeves. I like P-T.

VAGARY Welcome back, Bobby. It's good to see Vagary again after all this
=====
time, even if you don't have any illos therein...can't you get some
for No.26 huh? I enjoyed your 'This and That', but not the way it leap-
frogged through the issue. Much better in one chunk. 'Blood Feud' was also
a good item, even if the end was telegraphed very early. Prophets and
Loss on the other hand, was hogwash...NOT the article, but the idea that
atsrology, prophecy and suchlike DO work. I challenge you to give me the
horoscope of a person whose birth data I can supply. Your make your fore-
cast or what have you..and then I'll reveal who it is, and we can see how
accurate astrology is. The Bird thing went on too long for me I'm sorry
to say. but I loved your McGonagall parody THIS sort of thing is far
better than the so-called 'poetry' met with on every side these days.

FAN JAN Liked your cover, and also enjoyed Eddie Bertin's little piece.
=====
Yes, Alan Burns is still around, and Eric B has had his bath-chair
motorised so that he can work on BLAZON, the St, Fanthony mag. Congrats
on becoming a Grand-daddy...seems ages since Sonia taught us that song way
back in '57. Not only do I remember 'Duplicating Without Tears', I STILL
have a copy! I shan't republish it though..but someday, when I get the
Analog Checklists completed, I may do an improved version.

FHTV I liked your cover almost as much as Fan/Jan's..curses, I had plans
=====
to do a similar thing myself. 'August On The Farm' was very good
and even a townie like me enjoyed it immensely. You prsise cricket cos
the bloke runs in straight lines instead of in circles (diamonds) as in
baseball....but stopping and starting brings wear and tear, as in a
piston engine...that is why the Wankel rotary has advantages, and why
baseball players live longer. As true as I'm standing over there. Also
liked Mary Legg's piece, but is 'Surry' meant to be 'Surrey'? All in
all, a nice neat, well put together magazine.

SHELTA THARI..I liked very much indded..particularly the terrific illos,
it just happens you're last in the pile, and no space left to praise all
the different goodies. Shame, cos it was GOOD (both issues)



Recent Reading

by

Terry Jeeves

THE POLLINATORS OF EDEN

John Boyd Pan S-F 30p

Freda Caron, cytologist with the Bureau of Exotic Plants receives male and female orchids as presents from her fiancé on the newly discovered planet Flora. The orchids are planted, they seed and re-seed in mathematically exact number and layout, killing off the assistant who harms them, the bulldozer operator who tries to uproot them, and the pilot of the crop-dusting plane sent to spray them. In the meantime, Freda is semi-seduced (you'll have to read it to find out about the 'semi') by a Government Scientific Adviser. She is nearly seduced by the assistant, but he gets killed off before their climactic evening out (a set up arranged by the orchids). Following this, Freda wangles a trip to Flora where she is deflowered by an orchid (No pun intended) before being brought home for psychiatric treatment and a denouement reminiscent of a dirty joke. This précis doesn't really do justice to what is a well-written, fast-paced yarn in which reader interest never flags. It may not become a lasting classic of s-f, but it is a highly pleasing work, and well worth the price.

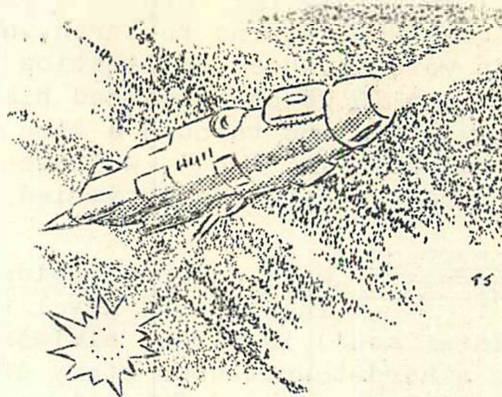
ESTABLISHMENT

Lester del Rey Gollancz £1.80

Harry Bronson always scores zero on psi tests until he gets hypnotised, and then his powers begin to develop. A flash of clairvoyance foretells a future of drug addiction and insanity, together with a take over threat by an alien mind. Accompanied by his girl friend, another developing psi with a similar future of insanity, they try to seek out others, similarly 'gifted' who have avoided this fate. However, all they find are either already insane, or well along the way to what seems the inevitable fate of the psi-powered. There are numerous red herrings along the way (Why does Grimes rise at 2am to do psi exercises in a secret room? Why is that angle dropped dead when he succeeds?). There is an alien menace lurking in the background, but its origin becomes obvious after its first intervention. Otherwise, if you overlook a few loose ends, a gripping tale, different from the normal run of psi yarns. The title proves to be more gimmicky than descriptive, and the price seems rather high, but even so, this 'first from del Rey in ten years' is one of the better offerings currently appearing on the market.

E.E.Smith Panther S-F 30p

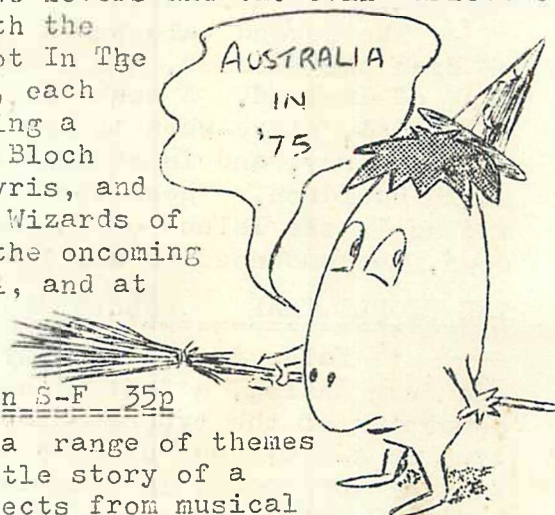
As detailed in ERG.40, this is the third tale in 'Doc' Smith's fabulous 'Lensman' series. Originally written as an Astounding serial, it proved so great a hit, that not only was it followed up by further yarns (yet to come from Panther), but Doc's earlier 'Triplanetary' was edited to fit the series, and a completely new tale 'First Lensman' written to round up the gap. In Galactic Patrol, we meet Kimball Kinnison as he leads off his class at Wentworth Hall's passing out parade. From there he is detailed to capture a Boskonian (pirate) battleship, and chased half across the Galaxy when he succeeds. He brings home the battleship, discovers the Boskone base, gets a crash course in mental power from his Arisian 'mentor' and after numerous minor adventures, finally takes the Boskone base apart. In some ways, Kinnison was the space-age forerunner of James Bond, a super hero but still human, and firmly in the 'this could be me' class. Dated in many ways..but not painfully so, this book is required reading for any who profess a love of s-f. For others, a breath of nostalgia, and for anyone who loves a solid good-versus-bad, thumping match with all the super trimmings, I can unreservedly recommend not only this book, but the whole series.



THE WITCHCRAFT READER

Pan S-F 30p

Being no lover of tales based on voodoo magic or witchcraft, it was as more of a chore than a pleasure that I took up this volume of 8 tales from a star-studded set of names. Right away, let me confess that I enjoyed every one of them. 'Timothy' by Keith Roberts tells of Anita, and the animated (and amorous) scarecrow. van Vogt's 'The Withh' concerns an old crone planning to take over a young bride's body. Leiber's 'Warlock' about an insanity carrier, was to my mind the only weak tale in the lot. John Brunner was as gripping as ever with 'All The Devils In Hell' about two lovers and the evil Carlotta. Matheson's 'From Shadowed Places' deals with the lifting of a witchdoctor's curse. 'One Foot In The Grave' by Sturgeon is about a young couple, each developing a club foot before finally freeing a prisoned god-devil. In 'Broomstick Ride', Bloch tells how witchcraft moved to the planet Tyrus, and Bradbury winds up the volume with 'The Mad Wizards of Mars' as they try unsuccessfully to deter the oncoming explorers of space. Excellent reading, all, and at 30p, terrific value.



THE PRESERVING MACHINE

Philip K. Dick. Pan S-F 35p

A fourteen story anthology with as wide a range of themes as you could ask for. Starting with the title story of a machine which creates weird animals and insects from musical

scores and ranging through strange-purposed (any)edan toys; a girl beset by angels who returns to Earth..everywhere; time travel in the form of a war veteran whose application for hospital treatment eventually staves off the war in which he earned his medal. In other directions we have the old lady who slips through a time warp to sell her overpriced wares to A-bomb survivors; in 'Roog', we have an entertaining, dog's eye view of aliens and many other equally varied and well-written tales. A steal at 35p

VOLTEFACE
===== Mark Adlard. Sidgwick and Jackson, 31.60
===== This second novel (presumably a follow up on the author's earlier 'Interface') is rather aimless in definitive plot, but nevertheless, this is a hard-to-put-down story of a future hive city where a benign though slightly cardboard Executive class re-introduces trinket manufacture, sales, commerce, business finagling and real jobs in order to help stave off the boredom of the masses. Convincingly detailed, the action revolves around the interplay of a central group of characters, their actions and reactions to the pressures of each other, the city, and their jobs. Adlard sets his scene well, and without the all too common, brooding menace of a big brother society. There are a few minor inconsistencies and loose ends, but these in no way detract from a well produced novel which I found both well written and highly entertaining....and far easier to read than many recent Hugo winners. Adlard promises to be one more in a long string of highly competent British authors, and I for one eagerly await his next book.

GREY LENS MAN
===== E.E.Smith Ph.D. Panther S-F, 35p
===== To many fans, this is the greatest tale in the fabulous Lensman series. After a brief synopsis of events in earlier parts, Kinnison is soon re-engaged in the fight against Boskone, and we meet zwilnik, Dessa Desplaines and a host of other fascinating characters such as Cartiff the jewel thief, Sir Austin Cardynge, Wild Bill Williams meteor miner, plus many others, together with new weapons such as the Sun beam, the negasphere and all mixed into a right royal tale. If you have any love at all for Kinnison, or space opera in general, this is the definitive book you must have, and at that price, you can afford a full set of the series which set a new style in s-f.

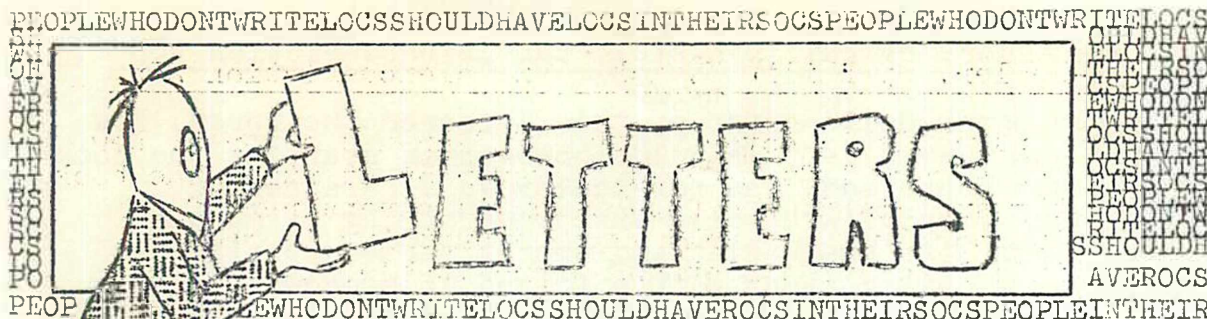
THE CHILDREN OF LYR
===== Evangeline Walton Pan/Ballantine 40p
===== The second tale based on the Welsh books of the Mabinogi, telling of Bran the Blessed, his sons, and his sister Branwen who marries the King of Ireland. A weak man, he bows to his people and banishes Branwen to menial, slave-work in the Palace scullery. Bran comes to her rescue with an army, and is opposed by an army of the dead raised again by a magic cauldron. These are the bare bones of a mighty, faery-like saga, and as in the Island of The Mighty, strangely fascinating and hard to put down. Recommended to all lover of heroic sagas.

THE PEOPLE TRAP Robert Sheckley Pan S-F 30p
===== 14 tales from a variety of sources, with seven from Galaxy, and not one from Analog, a fact which besides being a rarity, also reveals something of the type of story. Well written, light-hearted, souffle type of s-f without star or stinker. My own favourite were the aliens fishing for humans in 'People Trap', and 'Ghost V' where thoughts become real. Overall, an excellent collection for, newcomer, youngster and an ideal source book for English lesson or school library.

When I saw the psychedelic cover of this I feared the worst. New wave writing has always left me cold, however on starting the book I was pleasantly surprised. The pot-healer is a repairer of ceramics, living poorly in a world where everything is made of plastic. He finds life stale flat and unprofitable, passing his time by playing guessing games with a friend in Moscow. Suddenly he receives a letter from an alien calling himself Glimmung, although he doesn't find out the name until later. The alien offers him a fabulous pay for assistance in raising a cathedral from under the sea on a planet orbiting Sirius. After a brush with the police, vicious and venal in the best new-wave manner, Joe Fernwright, our hero, elects to go to Sirius along with a few other people to assist the Glimmung, which is almost God-like in some of its abilities. Joe and the rest, including a sexy alien girl called Mali Yojez, with whom, naturally enough Joe has woo. They arrive at the planet and almost immediately Joe disobeys Glimmung's instructions, dons scuba-gear and goes down to look at the cathedral. This activates something called the black Glimmung. The two Glimmungs fight and the black Glimmung is slain. Absorbing everyone into itself the Glimmung raises the cathedral. Everyone but Joe and an alien Betelguesian elect to remain abosrbed. The Betelguesian offers Joe work on his own world, which Joe accepts. This story has of course a message, (AB) that if you don't like your life you can change it. But my verdict on this book is that it's a must for every reader of SF.

BUE-EYED MONSTERS edited by Anthony Cheetham. Sidgwick & Jackson £2.50

A ten-tale anthology in which each yarn features some kind of alien life form. It opens strongly with 'Invasion From Mars', Howard Koch's radio version of Wells, 'War Of The Worlds', a dramatisation reputed to have had Americans thronging their streets in a panic. Then comes A... van Voigt (sic) with a 1942 Asf pot-boiler of a whaling-ship crew inveigled into helping space visitors polish off a space monster. "...its teeth are not just teeth, they project thin beams of energy that will dissolve any metal..." Of much better quality is Frederick Brown's 'Arena' wherein an earthman and an alien are segregated to do battle as representatives of their cultures. Galaxy supplies 'Surface Tension' by James Blish, a gripping account of how space-wreck survivors seed a planet with microscopic water-life...which evolves to make a 'space ship' to travel on dry land. 'The Deserter' by William Tenn is on the telepathic interrogation of a giant Jovian POW. Philip Jose Farmer has 'Mother' with a mother-complexed character imprisoned in a monster's womb. 'Stranger Station' by Damon Knight concerns the longevity serum exuded by gigantic alines isolated in close proximity to humans. Frank Herbert's 'Greenslaves' is a tight-written tale wherein insects combine to create a human body. 'Balanced Ecology' is a little bit of froth about an alien planet which accepts 'goodness' but gives the baddies the works. 'Dance Of The Changer And The Three' was so bubbly vacuous, it failed to hold my attention. With such a wide variety of BEM yarns from which to choose, a final selection is always arguable, but personally, I'd rather have seen van Vogt represented by 'Monster', and Eric Frank Russell's 'Hob'lyist' or 'Symbiotica' in place of 'Changer & Three'. Nevertheless, a volume that would make a good Xmas present. TJ.



Here we are, three weeks after mailing out ERG 40, and so far ONE LOC has come in. Britfandom IS moribund ! However, here is the LOC.

ALAN BURNS, 6 Goldspink Lane, Newcastle on Tyne, NE2 1NQ

"The cover here is the old Jeeves (((Insults yet))), more strength to his elbow. Glad to see that you are critting artwork scrounging just as crit literary scrounging. I've sent contribs to various current zines and never even had an acknowledgement (((Rather like sending out the zines, and getting no LOCs back))) I take minor exception to your remarks about carrying females in Memory Bank Lane. In the Civil Defence, carrying people was part of the training, and while I'd hate to carry anyone for long in my arms, a well placed fireman's hoist lets you struggle over all sorts of debris with a victim and leaves one arm free for zapping pursuing BEEMS ((('Struggle' is the word. I said the hero couldn't scoop up the hint and run far. Can you ?))) 'Through the Lens. Kindly write out, 'I must not crab illos from back numbers of Astounding', 100 times. (((Not cribbed...just based on...))) I note your colony article, but object to two things you say. First of all that we must have what amounts to a second Earth. Well man is very adaptable and if there's a profit to be made, he'll put up with some shocking conditions, and after a while the shocking conditions become the norm (((Like breathing chlorine under four G at 130°F ?))) The Eskimoes for example conduct their lives under what we would find utterly intolerable, but they get by, and even enjoy them (((But I cited them as one extreme didn't I ?))) Oh Terry, your remarks about the vanishingly small chance of finding a second Terra, why astronomers have stated there is every possibility of there being lots of earthlike planets. (((I fully agree...but what are the chances of finding many among the millions NOT earthlike ?))) Nuclear explosions. A most interesting article which I can't fault, further such please.

((((Thanks a lot Alan, and may ERG continue to please. Starting with this issue, the dead wood gets cut. No Sub; or No LOC means no ERG))) ((And my faith in fandom is restored...more LOCs have arrived)))

GRAHAM POOLE 23 Russet Rd., Cheltenham, GLOS GL51 7LN

"The cover this time is better than 39's which is unfortunate because you probably put as much effort into each of them (((MORE into 39))) Memory Bank Lane was better than ever and I liked the way you illustrated this and other articles. All this was before my time, but if I manage to read some of those old mags, I'll probably see what you mean. I get the idea though, having encountered similar carry-ins in the comics I used to read when younger. At the time, they fascinated me, but when you look back on it you wonder why you were so juvenile. But perhaps it was one of the steps to s-f fandom so I shan't knock it too hard. Then your

Interplanetary Colony article. You certainly made the maximum use of the /9
minimum of space - well thought out and logical, but quite often I'm
easily persuaded about something I have never really thought out and then
along comes an alternative argument equally persuasive and logical and
indecision descends upon me. (((You and me both Graham.)))

Graham is trying to form a new s-f group in Cheltenham..so any of you
in that area who are interested...drop him a line. There must be SOME
members of the old Cheltenham Circle still around !

Then came a long and very interesting LOC from...

PHILIP PAYNE 'Longmead' 15 Wilmerhatch Lane Epsom Surrey

'Nartaz was quite amusing, though a bit corny. How come our
hero was suddenly transformed into Tarzan for one line though ? (((That
was of course the deliberate mistake we always make to see if people read
everything))) THREE FOR ME was a good idea which I'd like to see repeated.
I think it would be far more profitable though if you asked someone to
nominate their three favourite books and write on them. The value would
lie in publicising good books which the reader might have missed. With
short stories you are hardly likely to search anthologies for them. At
least with books, you have a chance of buying or borrowing a copy.
(((A good suggestion, but I'll limit it to one book at a time, as with a
book the plot is usually more involved and to describe it takes more space)))
I was most frustrated on coming to the Logic puzzle as I solved it in
a couple of minutes. Do publish more puzzles, but not of this type please
If you get a chance, you should read 'The Making of Star Trek'. There are
two big factors in American TV...cost, and the Nielsen ratings. Between
the two, they led to most of the faults of Star Trek. (((I have read
and enjoyed Roddenberry's book...but whatever the reasons for the faults
of Star Trek does not removed them, I would like to praise it more
highly as a valiant effort...but, it still suffers from its plots, its
budget and its Flash Gordon 'humanoi' aliens to name but a few items)))
ERG 40 had a good cover, very impressive, keep it up (((It cost a quid
and got small response so far))) I liked Alan Burns article on the Lensman
series as I'm in the middle of it at the moment. I find it difficult to
read them at speed though, as they are heavy going. There are two main
faults with the books. Firstly, they are pure space opera and the weapons
and gadgets get a bit too earth-shattering. Second, and worse, the heroes
never lose, not even a battle. (((How about the carve up of the fleet
when the Boskonians invent the overloaded primary beam ? The clobbering
Kinnison gets from the Wheelmen ?))) Still the books are worth reading
if only as Alan says, to get an insight into what S-F was like in those
far-off days.

CHRISTOPHER HUNTER (Son of an artist Alan) Age 16 of 4 Cranleigh Gardens
Southbourne, Bournemouth BH6 5LE, would like a correspondent in the USA
with a view to exchanging British mags for American comics. He is
interested in s-f/fantasy/horror films and comics.

-----NOTE-----

A FREE ISSUE of ERG is added to all genuine LOCs received, so Messrs
Payne and Poole (plus any others to come in) will all have their subs
extended by one extra issue. Likewise, free loaders who neither sub nor
LOC have had it after this issue...so if a x appears in that little box
at the front, then you had better do something if you want to get any
future issues.

RICHARD E. COTTON 23 Burford Ave., Swindon, Wiltshire SN3 1BU

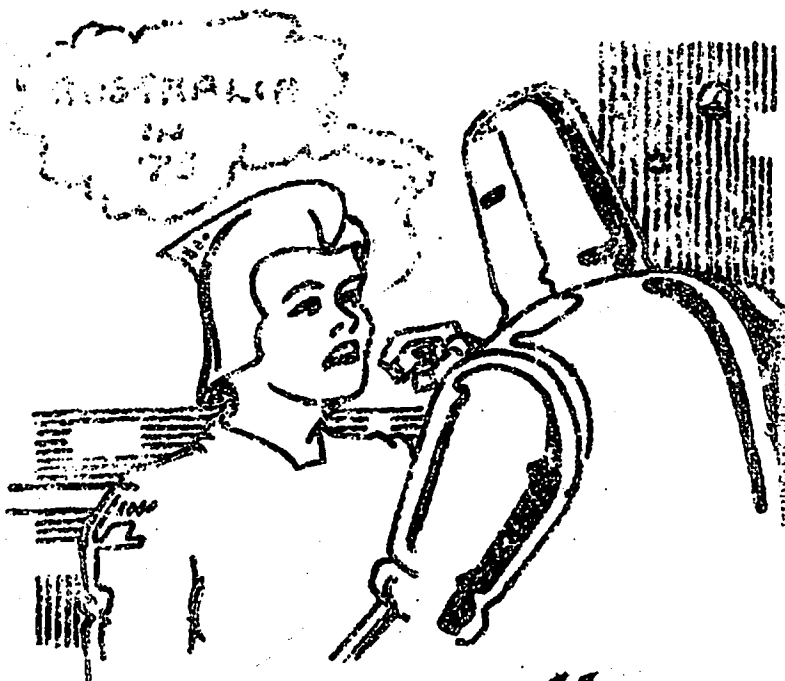
'I think either I or you are confused about one of your 'famous fallacies'. You start off by talking about a life form which evolves on a planet with an inimical environment, then end by questioning how they could erect the domes which you talk about. ((My point was that if they evolved there that would be their normal environment, and they would NOT need domes...but too often we read of beings such as oxygen breathers evolving under domes on Chlorine planets...now how could they evolve far enough to build the domes essential to their life ??))) Another nit-pick. Referring to your Interplanetary Colony, although the first generation would find it difficult on a 2g planet, I don't think it would take man that long to adapt. (((But my point was that childbirth under 2g would almost certainly ensure there wouldn't be another generation to adapt))) Good piece by Eric Lindsay. Rather makes a farce of many of the space operas. It also poses problems for the armament designers when we do go into space battle with some other race. (((More likely with ourselves)))

ED CAGLE Route.1. Leon, Kansas 67074. U.S.A. "I enjoyed 'Interplanetary

'Colony', exactly what I had in mind. The article brought up the basic ideas that have always intrigued me. But a few things bothered me.. If and when man develops the hardware to transport himself and his 'stuff' to another world, it seems more than likely that he will have developed all the supporting technology to make his residence there a little less laborious than you have pictured it under 'extreme' environmental conditions. You have laid down the basics for the topic quite well, though, and please don't take my further discussion as an attempt to argue. One can only guess, but placing the extremes of gravity at .8 to 1.2g as that which man can reasonably tolerate is to my way of thinking, overly conservative. I'd up that to 0.5 to 1.5g and be convinced that it could be withstood for long periods of time, with but minor problems. Minor problems can become large under the right circumstances, I agree.

Beautiful illo work in ERG 40..Who did them, a professional (((Flatterer)))But I liked the simpler drawings more than the complex examples. The cover seemed cluttered, and by the way, you draw terrible feet. Is this a hangup ? (((Nope, just poor understanding)))

(((Thanks a lot Ed, both for an interesting Loc and also for the stack of fms not to mention your help with the original 'colony' idea. Got any more such suggestions ?)))



THE LEGAL ASPECTS
OF
PLANETARY
COLONISATION

BY

LEWIS
VICKERS

In my files I have two stories which I haven't completed but which have afforded me a lot of diversion at odd moments. The first is called "Engineer's Law" and the second is called "Ruleseller". The first deals with a smart young space-lawyer type whose Daddy gives him a very difficult case, to get a client who has committed a crime on a planet where law is administered by a computer, off the hook. The second is about a Faculty of Law in a college which makes a handsome profit selling systems of government to newly settled planets, and sends out agents to set these systems up.

So, we have a nice new settled planet at the third generation of colonists. People no longer know everyone else, and there is a top man, or group of men who decide to codify a system of laws. The planet is too far away from Earth for Terran laws to apply, and too far away from Terra for battleships to come along and make Terran laws apply. I have a treasured book in my library, one of which was sold in thousands to American colonists going west in wagons. It has everything in from a run-down of Mohammedanism to Mother Paget's Quaker vermifuge and it contains a run-down of laws for a well-ordered household and a well-ordered government and it is quite likely colonising spaceships will carry such a sort of book. But it provides only a basis for laws, and if you merely copied its legal section you'd leave enough holes in it for a fast talking lawyer to talk any crime out of court. So where do you go from there?

Well you have two options. One is to have the common law, as in England, a system of customs, precedents and legislation going back a couple of thousand years. It isn't good, but like an imperfect tool, any man used to it can turn out good work. Or you can have a code, drawn up by lawyers and bureaucrats such as they have in Europe. More definite, but often inadequate to deal with the far ends of things. Personally I plump for the common law, as it takes cognisance not of things as they should be, but as they are.

For instance if, on a colony ship some of the men are lost by accident polygamy would be a socially accepted thing, just as Moslems settling in England found that the law objected strongly to more than one wife, whereas in their own country it was the done thing. But, if our mythical colony started off polygamous it may well turn out in a few years that things would either balance off or go the other way, in which case laws would have to be passed checking that

which is not to the benefit of the group, and here we have the basic definition of a man-made law, it is that rule which seeks to give a benefit to a particular group. For instance, in pre-war Germany anyone who didn't greet his friend by saying "Heil Hitler" was led away for a little talk with the Gestapo. That was a law which was benefitting the ruling Nazi Party. But now, any man or woman who says "Heil Hitler" is led away for a little talk with the police, so therefore this gives support to the common law system, it has flexibility, and as things change it does not have to be rewritten, parts useless can be ignored, like the rule which says icecream can only be sold on Sundays if the container is eatable. In fact if our common law was applied rigorously, we'd commit a thousand offences just being alive. So a law then is only as good as its enforcing.

Enforcing laws in an expanding colony needs of course someone to enforce, someone to judge reported breaking of laws, and someone to punish these offences. In the initial stages of colonisation it is probable that all these will be vested in one man or group of men. The law west of Pecos, where any criminal was given a fair trial and a quick hanging.

Then of course there comes the penalty for law breaking. In days of shortage, stealing food or other essentials was a serious crime, a man was hung for stealing a sheep in Elizabethan times. But as things get plentiful are the penalties to be revised, again common sense, and law, will prevail. We have the man who ate the world, where it was an offence not to consume one's allotted goods.

So it is patent that no pointers can be given to colonists on the sort of laws they can, and should make, on their own, without guidance. But in my opinion a little cribbing from Dr. Asimov's law of Robotics could help. Substitute law for robot and see how it reads.

First. A law may not injure a human being or through inaction allow a human being to come to harm. Fair enough, laws should not be punitive, they should protect people, and if the harm section protects the criminal it protects his victim also.

Second. A law must obey the orders given it by human beings except where such orders would conflict with the First Law. Excellent, the loopholes in the First Law are covered. Law is the will or orders of a group.

Lastly. A law must protect its own existence as long as such protection does not conflict with the first or second law. Reasonable, a law which is not observed should either be revised or scrapped, or enforced more strictly.

So there we are. Law we admit is an essential thing, and if, on some strange planet a man murders his grandparents, siezes and rapes every woman he can find, he may well be considered as law-abiding a citizen as any one of us people, who honour the breach more than the observance of so many of our laws.

FFLC
11