

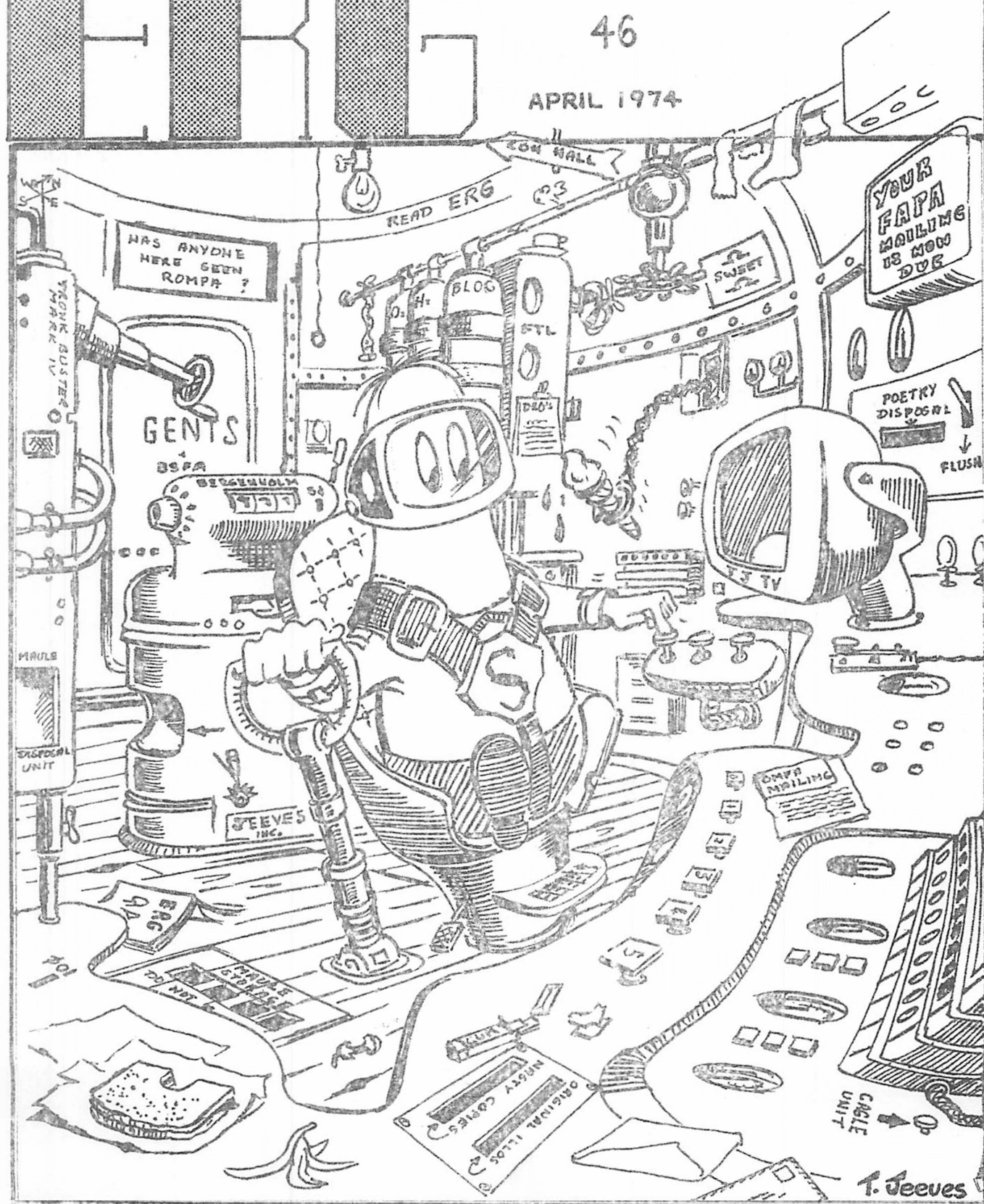
NOW IN ITS 16th YEAR

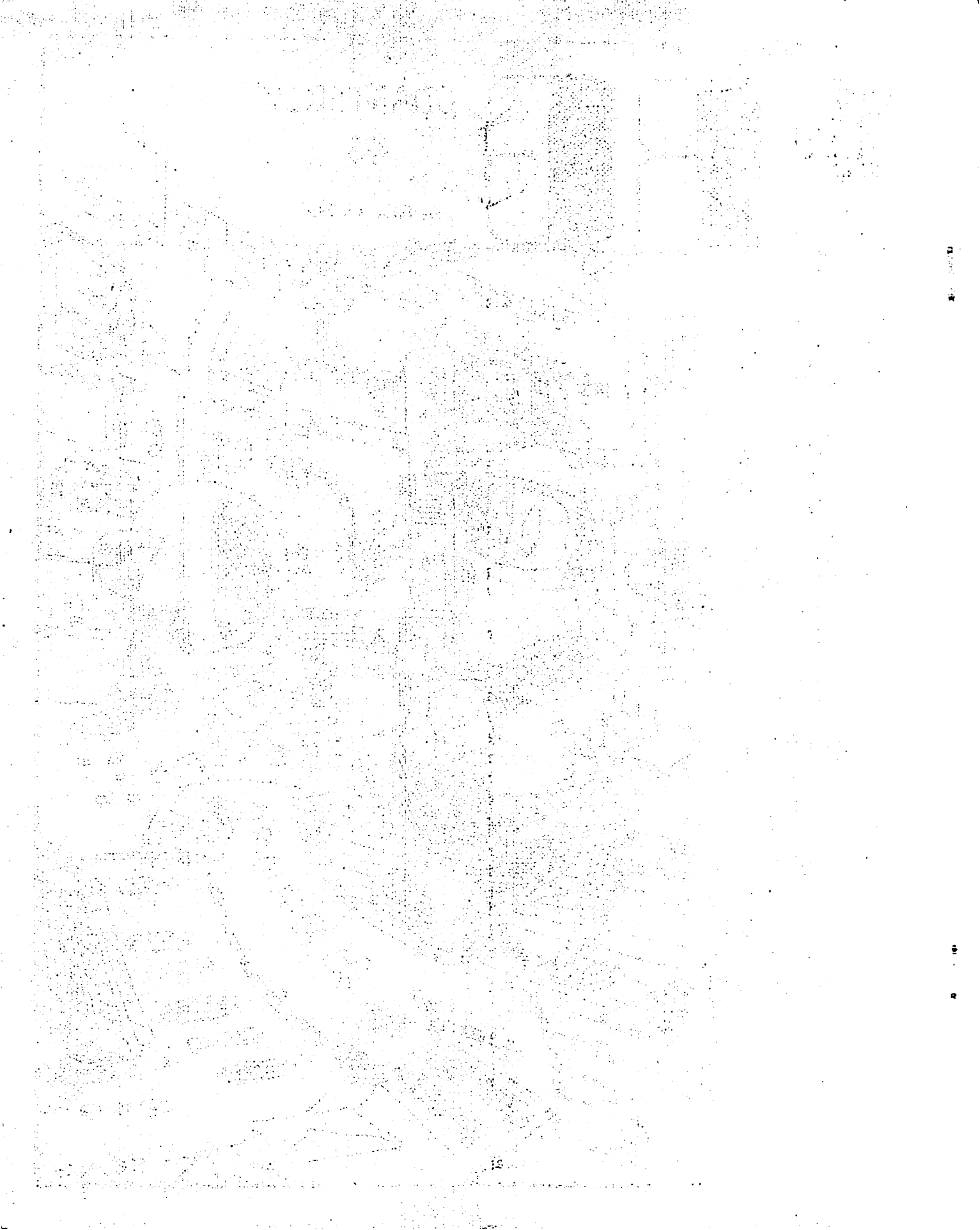
ERG

QUARTERLY

46

APRIL 1974





ERG 46 April 1974 (Quarterly)

Printed and published by,
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Subscription rates are 5 for
50p in the UK. For the USA,
send a dollar bill for the

next four issues. A cross in the status box above indicates that your
subscription expires with this issue. I hope you'll decide to ren ew.

Greetings ERGbods,

SOMEONE UP THERE DOESN'T LIKE ME. Someone once drew a comparison between life's rich tapestry, and the rises and falls of a graph. A person's life span goes along the x axis, and good and bad experiences take the y axis. His theory was that there is a median line permanently fixed for each of us, and our life line averages equal areas on either side of this.

My own line seems to have been 99.9% under par for a while lately. The first dip came with Val's (still unresolved) illness which I don't intend to go into here. On a more mundane level, life got tedious when I ordered 4 rolls of Agfa film from a dealer advertising it. After waiting for a month, I finally had to except K2 as Agfa was 'not available'. On writing to Agfa for advice as to where I could get their film, I was told any dealer would order it for me...big deal, apart from a natural reluctance of dealers to order 'one off' items, why should I wait a month and make numerous shop calls for a nationally advertised product ?. Oh well, into the camera with K2...and no sooner do I mail off the first reel, than Kodak close down processing due to our old friend 'industrial troubles'...wonder if they employ miners ?? So now my '74 Kon film is limping to and from France in penny numbers for its treatment. Progress has been hampered somewhat by a backwind boob on the title sequence, a jammed roll of film in the camera (which ruined the lot), and a mis-focussed roll-up title sequence.

Meanwhile on a parallel time-track, the trusty crumbling ERG duplicator jammed solid in the middle of running ERG45. Two days saw ten stencils run off in between log-jam clearings. Then simultaneously jam xⁿ occurred and the coupling between handle and gear train sheared off. I repaired the latter by drilling out the broken teeth and inserting cut-down steel screws...but the jam remained. I called Gestether, and after waiting three days, crawled inside the gear box and fixed things myself...and so far, all is well.

And on Time track 3, life's rich tapestry handed out a slow puncture in the Opel's rear tyre, a whine in the gear box, and a snatching clutch...plus a resumption of the leaking oil seal reputedly repaired under warranty. ...and now comes petrol rationing !

BUT MAYBE A FEW PEOPLE DOWN HERE DO.... A while back, I made a short-wave radio for a friend. The other night he came round and presented me with a brand new photo-copier (anyone kniw a cheap source of paper

packs ? It seems as though my reference to Banister has stirred the Fates into action .. now all I need is a kind soul to donate a new Gestetner. Following the photo gubbins, I got a letter from Messes Copydex informing me that I had won a Jointmaster in their D.I.Y mag contest. Some more drawing work came in from the local art firm, and my slowly rising kitty reached critical mass... which means that I had got enough to buy a new tape recorder. Definitely an 'above-the-line' item... except that the local discount house has now sold out of the model I want. Another hard to plot item came with an invitation by a city firm to attend the unveiling of the 1974 Opels. After much wine tasting, nibbling of sticked sausages and musings over what lay beneath the large sheet-covered shapes on the show room floor, the drapes were hauled back (I expected a trumpet fanfare, but no such luck) and there stood the new models. Beautiful jobs, a few minor differences from our 72 model, but enough to make me glad I'd already decided on a new one this summer...until the salesman gently slipped the price tag on top. Basic model approximately £400 more than I paid for my Kadett XE. Somehow, I fancy it will be on our drive a while yet.

Came 1974, and my first FAPA mailing - it arrived about the 18th, along with the news that I'd been a member since last August...had the mails been much slower, I might have been thrown out for lack of activity before I knew I was IN ! Meanwhile, thanks to my sending a mailing on spec' I'm safe...even if short a mailing somewhere.

Another '74 perk, was the arrival of the U.S. mag, 'Cinemagic' bearing my photo, a brief autobiography, and a two page article of mine on cine title animation. Sad to say, I doubt whether I'll get paid for it, as they seem to be short of the ready. So once again, my would-be professionalism gets slightly diluted. Oh well, that's how the farinaceous item disintegrates.

January 24th saw the arrival of that cine film from Kodak which I mailed off last August ! I was delighted to find that among other places, we had visited Ridlington and Lincoln. Spurred by this frantic service, I set up the scenery, and took the second reel of my latest animated epic and mailed it off to France for processing. At the moment, it looks almost impossible to have the thing ready for Eastercon. More than half the scenes still await filming, one set isn't even complete as yet. Then comes the editing - a tricky job, as the title sequence must match the music exactly, then the music dubbing, and finally, the voices. If it IS ready for the Delta competition this year, you can believe in miracles.

Cover this time, is again an electrostencil and since I paid for this one, the cover is up for auction to the highest bidder. To give Fapans a chance (if they want ~~it~~) the bidding stays open until one month after the next FAPA mailing in which this issue appears... so send in your offers, and I'll save them all until the deadline comes along.

And a happy Eastercon to all, plus ...

ROBERTS FOR TAFF

Bestest, Terry

FANS ACROSS The SEA and back for the

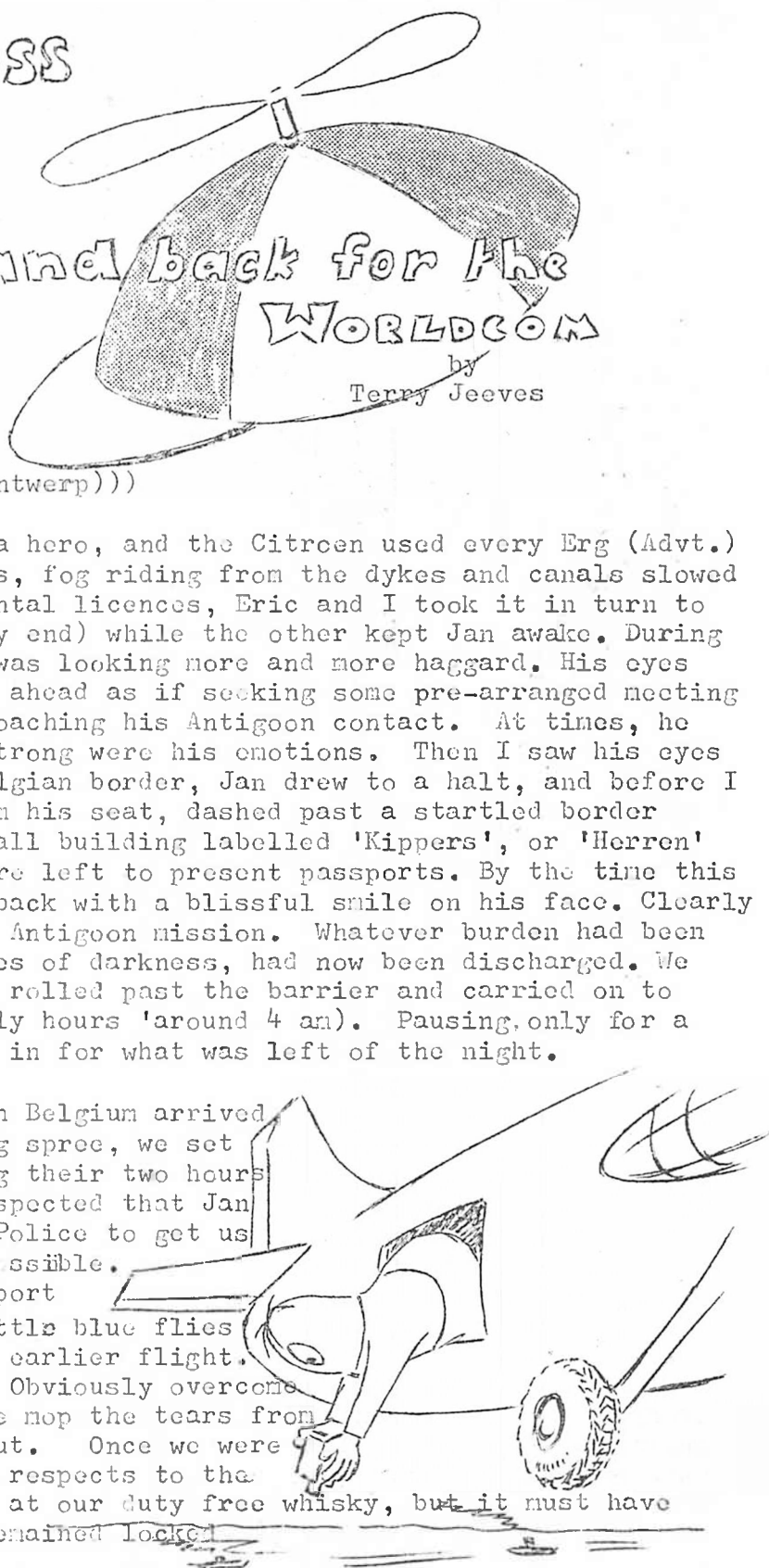
WORLD COM

by
Terry Jeeves

((In part 12, Eric Bentcliffe and I visited Jan Jansen in Antwerp. We also made a side trip to Amsterdam to meet Dave Kyle and party at Schiphol airport, then set off back to Antwerp)))

Jan drove like a hero, and the Citroen used every Erg (Advt.) of its mighty 2hp. Despite this, fog riding from the dykes and canals slowed us down. Not possessing Continental licences, Eric and I took it in turn to snooze in the back (the draughty end) while the other kept Jan awake. During this time, I noticed that Eric was looking more and more haggard. His eyes peered anxiously into the gloom ahead as if seeking some pre-arranged meeting place. Obviously, we were approaching his Antigoon contact. At times, he even squirmed in his seat, so strong were his emotions. Then I saw his eyes brighten; Ahead appeared the Belgian border, Jan drew to a halt, and before I could move, Eric had leaped from his seat, dashed past a startled border official and vanished into a small building labelled 'Kippers', or 'Herren' or some other fishy name. We were left to present passports. By the time this had been done, Eric was coming back with a blissful smile on his face. Clearly he had carried out his fiendish Antigoon mission. Whatever burden had been laid on him by the dreaded forces of darkness, had now been discharged. We squeezed back into the Citroen, rolled past the barrier and carried on to Antwerp, reaching it in the early hours (around 4 am). Pausing, only for a quick noggin of Pils, we turned in for what was left of the night.

Our final day in Belgium arrived and after a last minute shopping spree, we set off for Ostend airport, arriving there two hours ahead of schedule. I rather suspected that Jan had been briefed by the Secret Police to get us out of the country as fast as possible. He was ably assisted by the airport staff who rushed around like little blue flies and managed to squeeze us on an earlier flight. That never happens in Britain. Obviously overcome with emotion, I actually saw one mop the tears from his brow as our plane taxied out. Once we were airborne, we went to tender our respects to the captain, and to offer him a nip at our duty free whisky, but it must have been the shy one again, as he remained locked



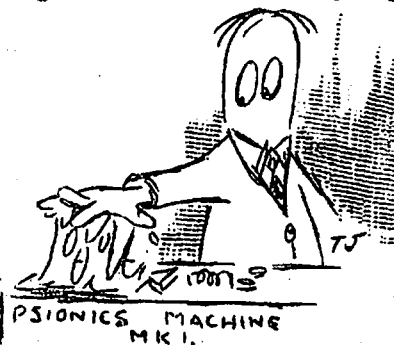
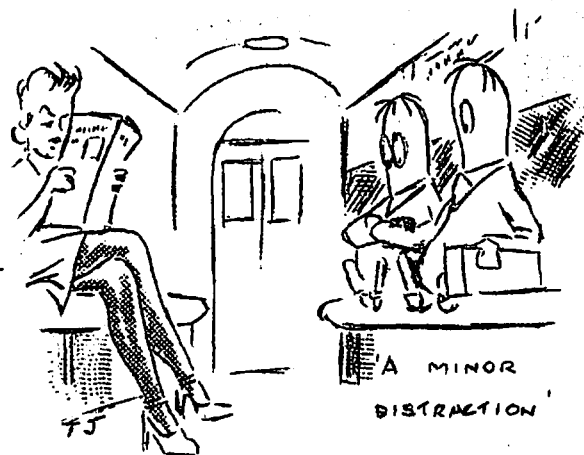
in his own little cubby hole - probably with his own private hostess. We retired to our seats and whiled away the trip by re-packing our duty free cigarettes and whisky in the strong paper bags supplied by the kindly airline. We knew they were strong, as one chap in front seemed to be doing his best to blow one up and burst it. He obviously lacked lung power, as he finally stowed the thing away under his seat with a sheepish grin. We also took a few aerial photos of the coast of England, but here we were discouraged by the other passengers who didn't like having the windows open.

Eventually, we landed, whisked through customs and journeyed back to London. A minor distraction on the Tube took us past our station, but we finally made it to the KING'S COURT HOTEL, bowed thrice to the East, Once to Peter West, and climbing over paint pots, ladders and rolls of paper finally got to the reception desk. Only a few neos were registered so far, names such as Bennett, Willis and Lindsay dotted the register. We lugged our cases round to the lift - as you might guess, our room was on the fourth floor. Things might have been worse, it could have been the fifth...except the hotel only had four. Naturally, the lift was out of order, so off we set up the ever-steepening

staircase. Now and then we paused to help a fellow graveller adjust his oxygen gear, or stumbled over piles of bones - all that remained of earlier expeditions. At last, surmounting the final heap of paint pots (The hotel had brilliantly chosen Convention weekend to re-decorate) we came to our room and settled down to unpack. We unpacked the whisky first with the result that from this point on, the weekend's doings became rather blurred and unfocussed at the edges.

Of that weekend, only these blurry memories remain. I DID meet John W. Campbell, and was shocked to find he wasn't ten feet tall, but I can die happy in the glades of GAFIA having actually talked with him. It came about when Eric Jones asked me to guard his psionic machine while he went for a game of ludo. I was happily twiddling the dial and trying to kid myself that the plate was giving me a tactile response, when Campbell came by. He looked the machine over, and we had a brief matter about the availability of some of the latest miniaturised electronic bits and pieces used in the device before he passed along. A great man, and remarkably easy to talk with.

Peter West was taking photos of everything. The breakfast menu offered the choice of 'Take it or leave it'. Peter Reaney snoring in a corner. Guitar-laden bods trying desperately to prevent their being used as ash-trays. Dave Newman fitting up lights in every available corner of a Con hall which was about ten feet wide and half a mile long. It was reached through the dining room which the staff

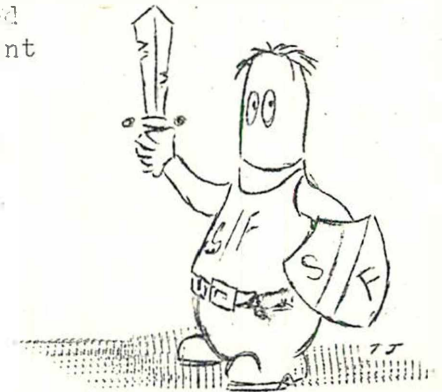


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in their infinite ignorance loved to set up the night before with all the breakfast trappings, thus enabling them to have a long lay in. This habit was the origin of the weekend's catchphrase..."Please don't walk through the dining hall as it spreads dust on the cornflakes"

The Saturday evening fancy dress ball suffered somewhat from the activities of a television crew (The 'Tonight' team I believe) who set up two or three megawatts of floodlighting in the lounge, and went about interviewing all the notables. To give a much greater variety to the interviews, they switched the picture on the wall behind their subject after each interrogation. Since everybody wanted to get their pans on the TV, a huge traffic jam developed in the lounge as everyone stood about muttering 'rhubarb' with the best profile towards the camera. It had one advantage though, the dance hall was almost deserted, and while a perspiring band slaved away on the stand, I was able to escort Dave Newman's fiancée, Leslie round and round a near deserted floor. When the fancy dress finally appeared, Dave and Ruth Kyle deservedly collected a prize for their highly original costumes...constructed from kitchen utensils bought from the local Woolworth's. The usual crop of football whiskers (cleven a side) could be seen, and 'Rita Peaney' made his usual parade across the floor before being sat on by half a dozen fen.

Sunday morning was one of the usual bleary kind where every fan has a sort of white haze round the edges, people tread and speak softly, and any cat heard stamping across the carpet gets an immediate heave out of the nearest window. It was in this sort of atmosphere that someone shoved a little envelope into my hand. Bravely ignoring the ear shattering sound of ripping paper, I tore it open to find that my presence was requested in the main hall to help with the Ceremony of St. Fanthony presented by the Cheltenham fen. It turned out that I was to be inducted into the Ancient Order of St. Fanthony, along with Ken Slater, Eric Bentcliffe, Walt Willis, Rory Faulkner, Roberta Wilde, Bob Silverberg, Bob Madle, Frank Dietz, Boy Raeburn and Ellis Mills. For those who have never witnessed the colourful ceremony, the new members are lined up while past members in their highly decorative costumes perform various functions. The official scroll is read out, and then comes the test of true fannish worth - the rinking of water from the well of St. Fanthony. A noggin of 140 Proof unadulterated rocket fuel must be taken in one swig. The deed brought tears to my eyes. For a horrible moment I thought I had been poisoned by the hellish forces of the Antigoon.

Later, the cartoon film, 'Mr. Wonderbird' was shown, but since not only did I find it tedious, but also dangerous to view from a precarious perch on a rickety table at the back of the hall, I went in search of other entertainments. Finding Ken McIntyre half lickered, I bought him a drink and drifted from room party to room party. Elsewhere in the lost weekend, I bought a Gestetner mimeoscope in the auction. I have never used the stupid thing and still have it stored away. So if any ~~any~~ fan out there wants to buy it, just drop me a line. 000 FINITO 000



Recent Reading

by
Terry Teeves

JACK OF EAGLES James Blish Faber & Faber £2.10

Danny Caidin has an ability for finding lost objects, and when another facet of his power costs him his job, closer investigation is called for. Before he finishes, he has become a teleport, telepath, telekineticist and the possessor of a few other 'wild talents' along the way. In the process, he has also encountered two underground 'psi' groups, got a gambling syndicate on his tail and is wanted by the F.B.I. The plausibility is a bit thin in parts, but this is mere nit-picking as everything moves so smoothly and excitingly the tale sweeps you along without time or desire to quibble. Originally published in the U.S.A. by Greenberg in 1952, and as one of the regrettably short-lived Nova S-F Novel series in 1955, this is by way of being one of the classic ESP stories. It lays no claims to social commentary, nor does it emulate Western Union with a message. It achieves just what it sets out to be...a rattling good yarn. Recommended

BEYOND CONTROL Ed. by Robert Silverberg. Sidgwick & Jackson £1.95

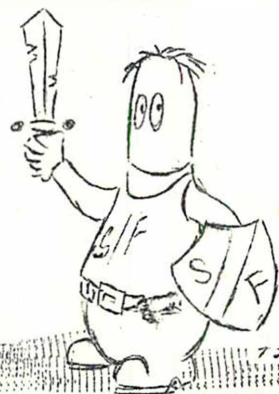
An excellent seven-story collection with every item a neatly rounded story without literary fireworks, verbal square-dancing or loose ended 'New Wave' frothiness. The opening tale 'Child's Play' by William Tenn, is one of my long-term favourites in which a mis-delivered Bild-A-Man kit has a lovely ending. Next is Dick's grisly little 'Autofac' where automated factories deplete the earth's resources in their conflict. 'Adam And No Eve' is a real oldie by Bester, where a last-man-alive dies to perpetuate humanity. Terry Carr has 'City Of Yesterday' concerning a cyborg who only really lives when becoming one with his aircraft on a mission. Silverberg's 'Iron Chancellor' takes a look at the results of buying a robot to supervise the family diet, and reminiscent of 'The Lanson Screen in TWS is The Box' by James Blish which sees New York cut off by an enemy placed force screen. Finally, Isaac Asimov presents, 'The Dead Past' telling of a professor who, when refused permission to use the Government controlled chronoscope, sets out to get a bootleg one of his own. There are anthologies around with more tales in them, but seldom as consistently good as this one...which is another way of saying you get your moneysworth if you buy it.

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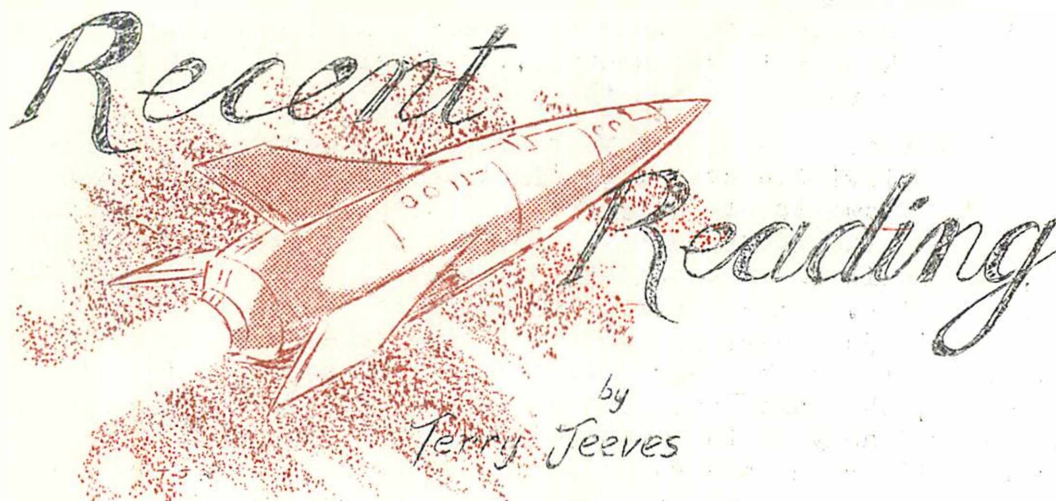
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NEW WRITINGS IN S-F 23 Ed. by K. Bulmer Sidgwick & Jackson £1.95

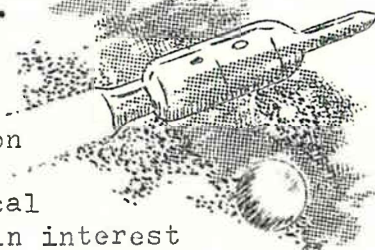
Following the tradition of quality established by Ted Carnell is not easy, and whether or not Ken Bulmer has succeeded you must decide according to your own tastes. Nine stories make up this collection, and are as varied as their titles. Keith Roberts takes us on a dream-like canal journey, as descriptive as any Bradbury Mars tale. In complete contrast is Graham Leman's 1984 style society of haves and have-nots where the former rule, the latter exist. Ted Tubb reboils the old pot of how to contact the aliens by ignoring the rules and treating 'em rough. Brian Aldiss is here too - with a messy, and incomprehensible to me bit of New Wave Pyrotechnics. Happily, it is followed by a grand, tight little Chinese puzzle box piece by Michael Stall concerning a series of interstellar portals. Charles Partington has a strange little vignette of a people marooned on a wind-blown plateau. Well-written, but rather in complete in concept or completion. Garrett's 'Rainbow' describes (with not much plausibility) the internecine struggles of a community isolated by the failure of their Earth-connected portal... a tale which must have got in when Ken looked the other way. Charles Grey details a FTL interstellar flight culminating (sadly) on a new planet. The real enemy is not the lurking conflict of wuthority. Finally, B.J Bayley has a nice piece about an alien suffering the punishment of being made Immortal...very nicely done. You'll find something for everyone here, but if your cash is limited to one, the 'BEYOND CONTROL' anthology is by far the better.

THE UNDEAD Edited by James Dickie Pan 30p

If vampires roaming around the countryside at the dead of night turn you on, then this thirteen story (and one poem) collection is what you need. Mingled with the usual clutch of Gothic horror writers are a few names better known for straight s-f. or more delicate fantasy. Manly Wade Wellman, and Clark Ashton Smith rubbing shoulders with none other than Bram Stoker and Carl Jacobi. For good measure, the opening Introduction by the editor is also excellent documentation in its own right. So many vampires at one go seems a bit overpowering, but as the saying goes, you can't have too much of a good thing.

THE EARLY ASIMOV Vol.1 Penther 35p

Boasting a striking cover by Chris Foss, this is much more than an eight-story collection of Asimov's earlier (and inevitably, less skilful) stories. Presented as far as possible in chronological order, they are knit together, and greatly enhanced in interest by the author's reminiscences on how they came to be written, submitted, haggled over and finally published. An amusing anecdote recounts how he once got \$2.50 a word in payment for a 'free' story. Individually, the material is rather dated, with black-hearted villains, and heroes whiter-than-white. Their problems are resolved on a similar level. Nevertheless, they are still passable tales, and the good doctor's interwoven embellishments more than make up for this. I loved it, and an added bonus is a small, uncredited bibliography at the back which I suspect to be the work of Gerald Bishop



THE BEST OF ARTHUR C. CLARKE)
 THE BEST OF ROBERT HEINLEIN) Sphere 40p each

===== If I hadn't liked Sphere's selection before (which I did), this pair of goodies would have soon won me over. Two hefty (330+ pages) volumes by my two favourite authors as part of the 'Best Of' series...which includes Wyndham and Asimov so far. The first has a brief introduction by 'Ego' himself, the second contains a slightly longer, better researched and equally interesting opening piece by Peter Weston. Each book also contains a bibliography of the authors' published books compiled by Gerald Bishop - a real perk for collectors.

As for the stories; the Clarke omits my two favourite, 'Rescue Party', and '9 Billion Names of God', but starts with several fanzine reprints which, though of some historical interest, do not do much towards the title 'Best Of'. That is mere quibbling however as the rest of the 18 tales packing this volume are top-quality Clarke. They range from his 'Castaway' culled from the post war 'Fantasy', with its radar mechanics jargon, to the 1972, 'Meeting With Medusa'. Naturally, the 2001-sparking 'Sentinel' is here, as is 'The Star', 'Hide And Seek' and a host of others.

By contrast, the Heinlein has only eight tales (but more pages), and the selection is even better. 'Lifeline' and 'The Roads Must Roll' heading a list which includes, 'Crooked House', and a long piece from Unknown, 'The Unpleasant Profession Of Jonathan Hoag, which first appeared under the 'John Riverside' by-line. Then comes 'Green Hills Of Earth, the story which gave Charles Chilton the words for his superb theme song (composed by van Phillips) of the Radio serial, Journey Into Space. 'The Long Watch', 'Man Who Sold The Moon', and 'All You Zombies' round out the story line-up.

Buy either volume for a bargain; buy both and have some of your best reading in a long time. Both are highly recommended, with the Heinlein very slightly in front... and the covers are good too.

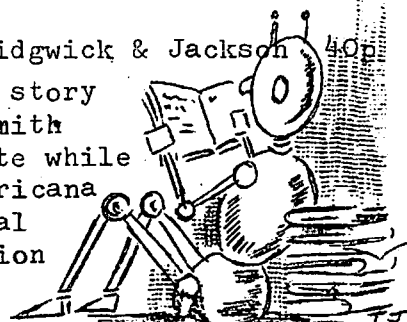
DESTINY DOLL Clifford D Simak New English Library (40p) Sidgwick & Jackson

I find it hard to raise any enthusiasm for this one.

Grounded space-pilot Mike Ross is hired by a beautiful huntress. Aided by Friar Tuck and guided by a blind man who hears 'voices', their mission is to seek a missing explorer. They land on a strange planet, their ship is encapsulated, they are booted through a dimensional warp, rescue and recruit another alien before returning to the first planet to begin their saga. Along the way, they encounter mile-high intelligent trees, a load of sentient rocking horses (called 'hobbies'), polo-playing centaurs, an intelligent robot and a lurking menace. The whole tale reads as though Simak sat down and dashed it off at one go, implausibilities and multi-coincidences included.

OUT OF THEIR MINDS Clifford D Simak. N.E.L. with Sidgwick & Jackson 40p

A much better proposition, this story quickly gets into its stride as journalist Horton Smith returns to his native village to seek peace and quiet while writing a book. This old-time, back-to-nature Americana is what Simak does so well, right down to the general store with its pot-belly stove, and the basket auction at the local schoolhouse. Then the hidden menace



takes a hand. An alternate world (peopled by our fictional creations) sends its minions to eliminate Smith. Rather inexplicably, since another section is trying to recruit him to represent them before the President. From here on, numerous threats to Smith's life are foiled, he spends some time struggling across the alternate world enduring fantastic adventures in an almost Sprague de Camp manner, before he finally winds up at an impasse in the White House, when a frustrated devil looses all his magical powers to halt modern civilisation's machinery. A deus ex machina in the form of Don Quixote saves the day. Far better written than 'Doll', I enjoyed the first half immensely, but felt the second part failed to sustain the brooding, omnipotent menace of the beginning. However, if you like it, S&J have a hardcover edition at £1.60

THE HOLLYWOOD NIGHTMARE Ed. P. Haining. Sidgwick & Jackson with N.E.L. 40p

Twelve horror stories based in, on or around the motion picture scene, a gimmick which tends to add a certain 'sameness' to the stories. In spite of this, each author brings his own variety of style and plot so that the overall effect is striking. I found Ballard's 'screen Game' tedious, and the Bradbury, 'Death Warned Over' utterly boring ..but the other ten were all near-compulsive reading. If you take one a night as bedside reading, you'll have no complaints. If you want names, how about; Kuttner, Derleth, Karloff, Leiber & Matheson for openers.

From Corgi's S-F Collector's Library come two goodies :- Each at 35p

REPORT ON PLANET THREE Arthur C Clarke

23 speculative essays on mankind's future. All are good, some better than others and in totq the vblume contains enough plot leads and ideas to keep any would-be s-f writer in business for a decade. In one essay, Clarke covers the oft postulated impossibility of making an experimental distinction between acceleration and mass generated gravity fields from a closed system.. he cites two ways, which cheers me no end, as I have often felt there must be a way, but could never spot one. Further along I enjoyed the rare pleasure of one-upping 'Ego' when he endorses the feasibility of lowering an endless belt conveyor from a synchronous orbit. (a) It has been used in a story, and (b) angular momentum makes it impossible even assuming a strong enough cable. For the addicts, there is yet another trip to the 2001 well. All in all, a stimulating collection.

EARTH ABIDES George R. Stewart.

This is the saga of Isherwood (Ish) Williams in a world wiped almost clean of humanity after a virus plague. To precis this epic would be unfair, save to say that it moves in a majestic sweep through major and minor tensions without once descending into the typical, cliché-ridden situations so prevalent in lesser works on this theme. Ish slowly (and unwittingly) becomes the focal point of a slowly re-forming humanity alongside the remorseless crumbling away of the old-style trappings of civilisation. This may not appeal to New Wavers; or diehards of the Campbell school, but make no mistake about it, this is one of the few real - and timeless - classics of s-f, and one to wave on high when you want to show that s-f can be literature. If you haven't read it before, then the fact that this has already seen 5 Corgi editions, 3 by Gollancz and at least one Book Club edition...to name only a few. Highly recommended, and a steal at 35p.

For the page counters, the Clarke runs to 255 pages, the Stewart to 316

12 THE DARKNESS ON DIAMONDIA A.E. van Vogt. Sidgwick & Jackson £2.25

The planet of Diamondia has problems caused by the hostility between its two native races of Diamondians and Irsk. Col. Charles Morton is sent to negotiate the withdrawal of Earth's Forces. Hardly has he begun, than a 'Darkness' begins to work on his brain in order to make him help wipe out the Diamondians. To further complicate things, the Irsk also have a set of sentient, ghostly, 'ancestors' wandering in and out of the action. Morton follows sundry leads, and during periods of Darkness induced 'coma', the action is sustained by his assistant, Lieutenant Bray. Gradually, the Darkness exhibits more and more power and proves to be a recalcitrant tool of an even more powerful, Galaxy-wide, Intelligence..... van Vogt has long been noted for the intricacy of his plots, and this tale upholds the reputation with a mixture that baffles, occasionally irritates (a few overdone paragraphs of alien idiom) but is always so baited with hooks - and a few blind alleys that interest is sustained throughout.

PLANET PROBABILITY B.N. Ball. Sidgwick & Jackson £1.95

Brian is a personal friend, and former colleague. Indeed, it was my s-f collection which he winnowed when compiling his anthology 'Tales Of Science Fiction', and I also had the pleasure of proof-reading (several times) and arguing over, his first novel, 'Sundog'. All of which makes an objective review very difficult. Briefly then, Marvell is a 'Frame' producer. The Frames are the 30th Cent. mass media combining a total experience package in which the participants live (and die) their parts. Marvell and his assistants, Dyson and Liz Hassell are sent in search of renegade Spingard who has vanished along with the mysterious 'Genekey', a device which has the mysterious power to warp men's bodies. On the planet Talisker, they encounter a variety of characters and adventures of truly van Vogtian complexity. If you like a tightly-knit plot, this isn't for you, but if action and vivid description appeal to you, then you'll find it here.

DYING INSIDE Robert Silverberg. Sidgwick & Jackson £2.25

Anti-hero David Selig (41) is a fading telepath earning a living by 'ghosting' student's assignment papers after 'reading' their style, vocabulary and abilities. Selig's character is fleshed in with a series of flashbacks heavily padded with extraneous matter and leaning largely on his sex life and telepathic voyeurism. Gradually emerges the portrait of a middle-aged, seedy, self-hating and sexually obsessed Jew (non-practising variety). His esp powers are declining with increasing rapidity, virtually in inverse ratio to our growing knowledge about him. Liberally sprinkled with today's obligatory four letter words, parts seem almost deliberately padded - viz., the Kafka and Electra essays (relics of Silverberg's own college days?); the historical asides; and the tour of Selig's room itemised right down to the characters in his pictures. Personally, I found the tale tedious, slightly offensive and certainly not one of Silverberg's better stories.



ALAN BURNS

Fan der Filk considered that the canals of his beloved city of Amsterfan were its best feature from the point of view of a policofan, you could never tell what would turn up. Once he had spotted an original copy of TRIODE floating there, had rescued it, dried it out and given it pride of place in his fanzine collection. This morning there was nothing of interest, a Van Ponman crudzine floated in a small group of turds, very appropriate, thought Fan der Filk grimly, Van Ponman was the bane of all the city's policofen, with fingers in a great number of very unsavoury bits of fanac. As he walked to Headquarters he was joined by his assistant, Inspector Hoom, clutching a copy of Tristan, one of the trendy foreign fanzines he liked.

At HQ there was a request for an immediate conference with Fan der Filk's superior Oodzeen. As Fan der Filk entered Oodzeen's office he could see his boss was plainly upset, a copy of Analog lay on his desk its wrapping unopened.

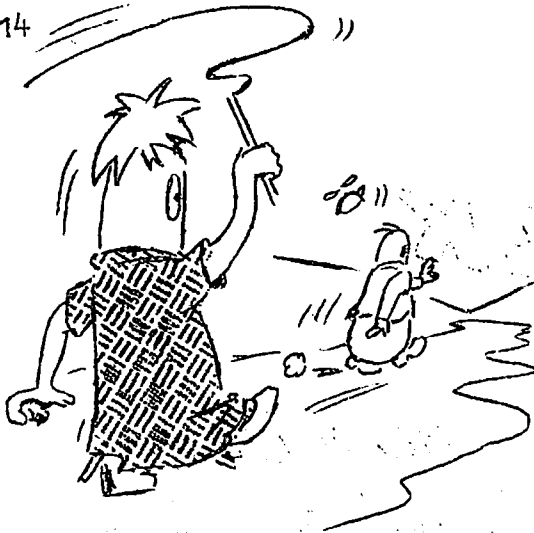
"Fiet," said Oodzeen, "we're in trouble. Another truckload of copies of ERG has been changed for Trash, that Von Ponman crudzine somewhere between Amsterfan and Moskowitz. We've got the government asking for us to find out how its done because the export trade is being interfered with and Van Joëv who owns ERG wants to know how his zines aren't getting through."

"It's a shame," Fan der Filk agreed. "Look I'd better go and see Van Joëv right away, and Hoom has a friend who's a long-distance truck driver, perhaps he can find something out."

"Hurry it up than Fiet," Oodzeen said, "if this isn't cracked quickly our Fapa membership'll be at stake."

The Van Joëv mansion stood in the most select part of Amsterfan. As Fan der Filk drove in through the ever open gates, he saw an Elop Golder coming down the drive. It pulled up beside him and he Mevrow Van Joëv was at the wheel. He knew her quite well, she supervised a charity school for neofen where his wife occasionally taught.

"You are going to see Ter?" she asked. Fan der Filk nodded. "Please help him," she went on. "ERG is but a small part of his empire, but it means more to him than anything else, and he puts such effort into making it worthy of his talents." She drove off,



and Fan der Filk thought that with a woman like Val Van Jeev behind him a man could travel far.

Ter Van Jeev was as usual in his study-cum-workshop. Bentcliffe the English butler brought a tray of drinks and quietly withdrew.

"What will you have Commisaris?" Van Jeev asked.

"There's only one drink I would ask for, Bannerdalenbrau," said Fan der Filk. The quintessence of sunlight was poured, the two men nodded and drank. Fan der Filk looked with curiosity at a table, on it was a copy of Trash. Ven Jeev smiled.

"Publishing is a dirty game," he said, "One must always see what one's rivals are doing. But to business Fan der Filk.

my fanzines are being stolen somehow, and I want this stopped as quickly as you can."

"Our sentiments," agreed Fan der Filk, "But I always like to know the background. Do you ship them in the normal way?"

"Yes, I employ Buurntraveller, they have always handled my business in the past to my satisfaction, they even use specially heated vans so that the zines will arrive at Moskowitz without deterioration."

"And the paper and duplication methods?"

"My one contact with Van Penman. He has the monopoly of paper and ink in Amsterfan so I must buy from him, but his prices are very reasonable, especially for the export grade paper which I use. Take this copy of ERG with my compliments."

"Thanks," said Fan der Filk, "well I'll get along, and I'll keep you informed Mynheer Van Jeev."

Fan der Filk returned home in time for lunch, put the copy of ERG on the dining table and went to pour himself a drink. Hella his wife came in with a steaming dish of trufins in black butter, noticed she hadn't put a table mat for it, and despite her husband's anguished protest rested it on the copy of ERG, while she went to seek a mat. As she lifted the dish away Fan der Filk gasped with amazement, in the circle left by the dish was a part of the cover of Trash. He grabbed the fanzine and pulled on his jacket.

"Sorry about the trufins Hella," he said, "but I want to get this down to the laboratory straight away."

Fan der Filk looked thoughtfully at Van Penman.

"A regrettable business altogether," Van Penman remarked, "nothing is safe these days. I particularly wanted my colleague Van Jeev to get his zines behind the Iron Curtain so that an important contribution to cultural unity might be made. To that end I made him a special

price for paper and ink, against the advice of my board of directors may I say."

"That was kind of you, as a matter of routine may I see your file on this deal?"

"It isn't usual, but as long as confidence is kept I have no objection." He pressed a button on his desk, a secretary wiggled in, received orders and wiggled out again. She returned with a slim file.

"See," said Van Penman, "I myself personally signed the orders for special ink and paper."

"So I see," said Fan der Filk, "there will be another little sign for you to do Mynheer Van Penman, a confession at our Headquarters. We have evidence that you had the paper you supplied to the Van Jeev printing works printed with your filthy fanzine in invisible ink sympathetic to heat, and the ink you supplied the Van Jeev works was exactly the opposite. The heated vans did the rest, so that by the time the consignments reached Moskowitz the comrades received not ERG but Trash, and since you were good enough to provide evidence that this was your doing I think that you will have some explaining to do, and all your other dealings will be examined by a representative of Papapol. I can see you being gafia for a long long time."

As he returned home forty-eight hours later Fan der Filk was satisfied. Van Penman had finally succumbed to the threat of having his locs rejected by HELL and had signed a full confession. Van Jeev was pleased and meekly accepted a warning about using cut-price paper and ink. All in all a good case, no credit but the satisfaction of a job well done. He went into his flat and found Val Van Jeev there with Hella. He greeted her, and then noticed an addition to the room. His old flatbed duper was missing from his desk, replaced by a large sheeted object.

"Have a look Fan der Filk," invited Mevrow Van Jeev. He pulled the sheet aside and gazed in delight at the brand-new motorised Gestetner and the generous supply of paper and ink. "A policefan's lot is not a happy one," she remarked, "but my husband and I feel that you will make very good use of this."

THE END

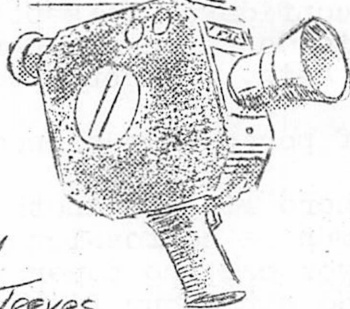
ERG 46

2	5	7	9	8	6
4	7	9	11	10	8
1	4	6	8	7	5
3	6	8	10	9	7
5	8	10	12	11	9
6	9	11	13	12	10

Draw a ring around any number you like, then cross out all other figures in the same row across and the same column down. Ring one of the remaining figures and repeat the process. Continue until only one figure is left. Ring this number, then add up all the circled numbers. Your answer will be the number of this issue of ERG..... 46

Make an enlarged cut out copy, lay coins on the chosen numbers, and scraps of paper on those to be deleted...and the result will always be 46

TAKING UP CINE



by
Terry Jeeves

Part 4.

ADDING SOUND

Before plunging in at the deep end, a brief word to those who scan these articles without reading them..or the title. 'Taking Up Cine' means just that..i.e. the material is aimed at the beginner - so please, no more

letters saying as one American correspondent did..."It was too elementary for me, I knew all that". If you are an expert, then either skip this, or add some constructive and helpful comment. Fair enough? Onwards...

The ways of adding sound to your films are legion and range from the simple playing of 'wild' records for background music, to a fully synchronised, multi track recording. In my own case, I began with a P8M Eumig which had a swinging arm coupled to a resistor in the motor circuit. By running a loop of tape from the Ferrograph around this, the projector speed was effectively held to a constant rate by the fixed recorder speed. This gave superb quality sound..but meant much fiddling in setting up, and a not too accurate sound synch. So just over a year ago, I sold the P8M and bought Eumig's latest pride and joy, the S710D which in addition to being a dual gauge job, also has built in recording facilities to enable a sound track to be recorded on a magnetically striped film (Done by a processing lab at $\frac{1}{2}$ p per foot) and for ever after, played back in synch every time the film is shown. The method I use is as follows...and is NOT the only..or even best way, but it suits me. Briefly first..

1. Run the film through your editor, and make brief notes of each shot.
2. Annotate the above notes with (a) background music areas, (b) B/g sound area such as traffic, wind etc. (c) commentary if needed
3. Lace up projector with a conspicuous 'start' mark in gate, and a blank tape on recorder, set to track 1 if a 4 track machine.
4. Start recorder and give a count down...5,4,3,2,1,START and at this point, start projector. Now, as film goes through, announce each key point into microphone...like this..

"Start"

1. This may mark end of title sequence.
2. end of opening..country lane ?.. sequence,
3. end of next..city traffic ? sequence.
4. and so on for each music change.

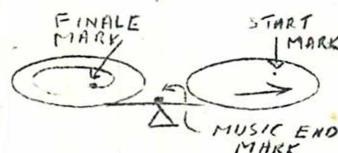
5. Rewind film & tape, send film off for striping, and get to work on sound tape by playing it through and marking each number with masking tape or grease pencil (Tape is easier to spot)

6. Start to lay music on alternate track (4) as this leave all key points untouched on first track. Rather than try to time each spot of music and measure an equal amount of tape, I use a simple dodge to measure the tape. Start with the music finale, place record on turntable (choose a finale piece slightly longer than last sequence of film, and lay tape on recorder (at play) with final no. against head, and all the rest of the master tape on feed spool (see Fig.1)

Now start disc, and as music begins, start recorder. stopping it when music finishes..mark this point, and it will be exactly the same length from the finishing point as it takes to play the music.



Reverse tape, ensure the new mark is against the tape head, set to record, and level right down. Start music on gram again, and watch tape. As marker for start of last scene goes by, fade up the input and record the finale music..which if you haven't boomed anywhere, should finish spot on the final tape marker. Repeat this process as scene at a time until all music is on the tape. The reason for this seemingly cockeyed process is simply that the brain accepts a fade in to a piece of music, but is conditioned to have it end spot on a scene change or end of film.



7. Switch recorder back to track one, and go through adding any general sounds such as background traffic, wind or storm noises. At the same time ensure you wipe all the previous guide commentary. Don't worry about any booms, they can be redone..your precious music track is safe on the other track.

8. Finally, lace up the striped film in projector, with start mark in gate. Put you sound tape on recorder set to play both tracks at the same time, and feed it via a mixer into the projector. Also plug a mike into the mixer. Start tape playing back, and after count-down, start projector (on record) and allow prepared tape to feed in. When any spot effects come up...bell rings, door slams etc., bring up microphone and add the sound. At the end if all went well, you have a sound track which is always there every time you show the film...and if things didn't go well, you still have your master tape ready for another try. This is the method I used on 'The Burglar', and it suits me fine. There are other ways of course...for instance you can record your master tape straight onto film, then go back and superimpose any extra sounds and commentary by using the prescribed method....but beware. One boom and you have to wipe it clear and re-record your master tape onto film again.

All this of course, is terribly abbreviated because of space, but if you have any queries, I'll be only too pleased to try to answer them...but please...a S.A.E. would be greatly appreciated...unless you also enclose a nice long LOC on this issue..

Marking tape (Note 5) I find is best done by cutting splicing tape into key shapes.... 1 2 3 4 5 6

|| || Δ □ ◇ ▽Δ - - -

and combining these shapes for higher numbers.

So there you have ONE method for sound....why not have a bagh ? (TJ)

I little suspected that fine October morning in '73, that as I slit open that bulky little envelope I was taking the first step to improving my word power (It pays to do so, I gather). Inside the envelope were several pretty little cheque-like things and a nice cosy letter from a Miss Stewart. Being a speed reader, it took me only a few hours to find that I was being offered the chance to renew a Digest subscription for my in-laws, Mr. & Mrs Williams, plus the chance to take out a new one for some lucky person. Miss Stewart sounded so friendly and helpful that I jumped at the offer, renewing the existing sub, and ordering a new one for my daughter in Australia. (Order No. 0067521). This was to be a Christmas present for Pauline.

Very soon, within three weeks in fact, Miss Stewart wrote back confirming the Williams sub and confided that though I didn't have to pay now, I could if I wanted send along the £2.25. A nice, friendly, even cosy little letter...but it didn't mention Pauline's sub. So, on November 1st, I wrote a nice friendly, even cosy, little letter to Miss Stewart asking if by some remote chance, she had overlooked my daughter. Sad to say, she never answered. Cruel friends hinted that Miss Stewart was only a computer and couldn't read letters, let alone reply to them. I knew differently, kind Miss Stewart must be ill, or sacked for showing true friendliness to her customers, so on November 21st, I wrote to her again.

Two days later...a lovely large envelope from Reader's Digest. I ripped it open. 'CONGRATULATIONS' it told me. I had been selected to have six lucky numbers and win a bucket of money. A quiet tear trickled from my eye. I didn't want a bucketful of money, all I wanted was a reply from dear Miss Stewart telling me that my daughter's Xmas present was OK. So I sat down and wrote yet again, on November 28th.

The days flew by without any new headlines about God striking the Reader's Digest Association. In desperation, on December 11th, I wrote again. Surely, I reasoned, there must be someone at such a big place who could READ. If so, maybe that person could contact someone there who could WRITE. If they get together, I may yet get a reply. So I waited...and waited..... and waited.

1974 arrived and crept along. On January 12 I got a letter from the Digest.... Alas for hopes. Not from Miss Stewart, simply a cold impersonal note from Accounts asking for £2.25 for the Williams sub...but tucked away in the corner was a little note from Miss Stewart telling me that the enclosed bill confirmed my Xmas instructions (which of course it didn't) and telling me it was still not too late to take out another for a friend !!! Once again, I mailed back the account - not to Miss Stewart, she had proved herself to be just an emotionless computer outlet - but to the Accounts Section, marking it clearly in RED FELT PEN to be handed to someone who could READ. Surely in Accounts, if they can add up, SOMEONE there may have learned to read ??? Unless, shocking thought; Accounts is just another great big computer terminal ! Meanwhile, I suggested that we agreed to ignore each other..I to ignore accounts they to ignore my letters. I await their decision..if they can write 'YES', and console myself with a pretty little Gift Counterfoil, No. 0067521, the only memento I have to remind me of a brave attempt to take out a Gift Sub to Reader's Digest. Still, I suppose LIFE'S LIKE THAT.

SELECTIONS from your LETTERS

with
ERGitorial interjections
marked thus
//.....//



19

ERIC MAYER
RD 1
Falls
PA 18615
U.S.A.

"By some miracle, ERG 44 managed to cross the ocean in a mere month. Its the first English fanzine I've received, and a very good one. I thought the cover was excellent. I was a bit disappointed though in not seeing a hand-cut stencil for the cover. Being by the same artist, the interior illustrations lull the whole zine together nicely. It's none of my business of course //Why not ?// but how can anyone claim that hand-cut stencils aren't art //Ask Roger Peyton//and still call himself a fan? It seems to me that when you're talking about fanzine art, you're talking about the product that appears in the finished fanzine. That's what most fans get to see. Its what the originals should have been designed for and its on what they should be judged. I understand that a lot of Aubrey Beardsley originals are pretty curde, with obvious erasures, corrections and so on. But none of that shows up in the finished product, and no one would think of condemning Beardsley for technical incompetence. // You make valid points, and most commercial art 'originals' show all sorts of work which is eliminated in the finished product....but who are we to argue with the dictates of the Award judges ??//

ERIC LINDSAY
6 Hillcrest Ave.
Faulconbridge
NSW 2776
AUSTRALIA

"ERG 44 arrived a few days ago, I'd like to congratulate you on that electrostencilled cover. I'll make a few guesses about the techniques you used. The sky looks like a rough or textured paper gone over with a heavy pencil. Letraset for the foreground, and the stars added later in white ink or paint. // Not quite..the stipple was done by scraping an ink loaded toothbrush with a pen knife (The white areas were masked first), the mechanical tints were Letratone, and the larger stars white paint// "I would be very interested in articles on how you do your hand-cut drawings, and also articles on stencil cutting and duplicating. I ran something of the sort in ANZAPA (Did I send you a copy ?) //No, but please do// "I'd certainly be interested in a one shot on the subject, but from my own experience, not many people are interested. //Who cares, you are, I am, Eric Mayer is, so once I clear the cine off, I'll get around to a thing on stencils and their cutting// "Thanks for the mention of GEG, and I also enjoyed the book reviews.

KEN OZANNE
42 Meek's Crescent
Faulconbridge
NSW 2776
AUSTRALIA

"I like that cover illo. Have you ever thought of doing something similar in oils. With the steadily increasing time it takes fanzines to arrive from overseas, I have been moved to a little thought... My theory is that the universe is expanding..rapidly ! I used to shine at swimming underwater. Just yesterday

I was reading an authoritative article on the dangers inherent in my (then) favourite sport of swimming long distances submerged. It seems that, especially if you hyperventilate before hand, there is a serious risk of using up all available oxygen and becoming suddenly unconscious. // H'm that was my favourite trick...I must be born lucky//

DAVE ROWE
8 Park Drive
Wickford
Essex SS12 9DH

ERG 45...the best thing was 'Fans Across The Sea'. The Ms was the type I roll up at, a little stilted in places, but the plot and exaggerations were very funny indeed. Somewhat 'Goon Show' inspired I take it, or was that type of humour prevalent in the mid-fifties ?

The rest of the zine was informative but too light. I enjoy ERG, but to get reaction you must give something to react to. // Shoot the Belfast idiots, nacerate the miners, bring back the death penalty, and ban poetry from all fanzines...that OK ?//

ALAN BURNS
6 Goldspink Lane
Newcastle on Tyne
NE2 1NQ

Thankyou for ERG 45, as to the cover, I feel that a Jeeves' drawing should only be in black and white and that bilious green is no doubt prompted by pressure from the planet of Omegoolis //That 'green' was Cambridge blue, mate// I note your Ergitorial and feel that Maule won't do anything about his idea, he's too lazy. I applaud your raking up of old articles which I haven't read, as it shows the fanlings of today how things should be conducted. //All bombs direct to Alan, please//

GRAY BOAK
23 Russet Rd
Cheltenham
Glos. GL51 7LN

"A very good cover which must have taken some time to produce // About a week of evenings !// The cine feature was interesting. Fans Across The Sea, I liked for the humour, and its 'Who's Who' of 57 fandom.

'Fan Called Ironside' was a laugh, actually a rather unique article for ERG to publish... a fan article, no less!! Your memorial idea sounds a fine idea and I support it. //Gray didn't want a hastily composed letter printing, so I have taken the liberty of lifting a very brief selection out of the main text//

Alan Hunter
4 Cranleigh Gdns
Southbourne
Bournemouth

"Yes, the cover did grab me, and I can believe the time it took to draw. I rank it alongside your 'deep space' cover of about six issues ago. Unfortunately, you cannot keep repeating space scenes ad infinitum, but you have shown yourself equal to the challenge as this latest cover proves.

Your cine work on animation I found of special interest. The furthest I ever got was a few animated titles. Unfortunately, my floodlight was a special American one and gave out halfway through. By the time I had exhausted all replacement possibilities, the film was well past processing date. In the meantime, my splices had started popping apart and the built-in exposure meter and footage indicator of my camera went haywire. //Ah joys of cine// I enjoyed the clever satire by Burns, the interesting article on space stamps, the book reviews, and episode 12 of Carry On Jeeves. In fact I enjoyed everything. A damned good issue. //Ta muchly for an encouraging LOC//