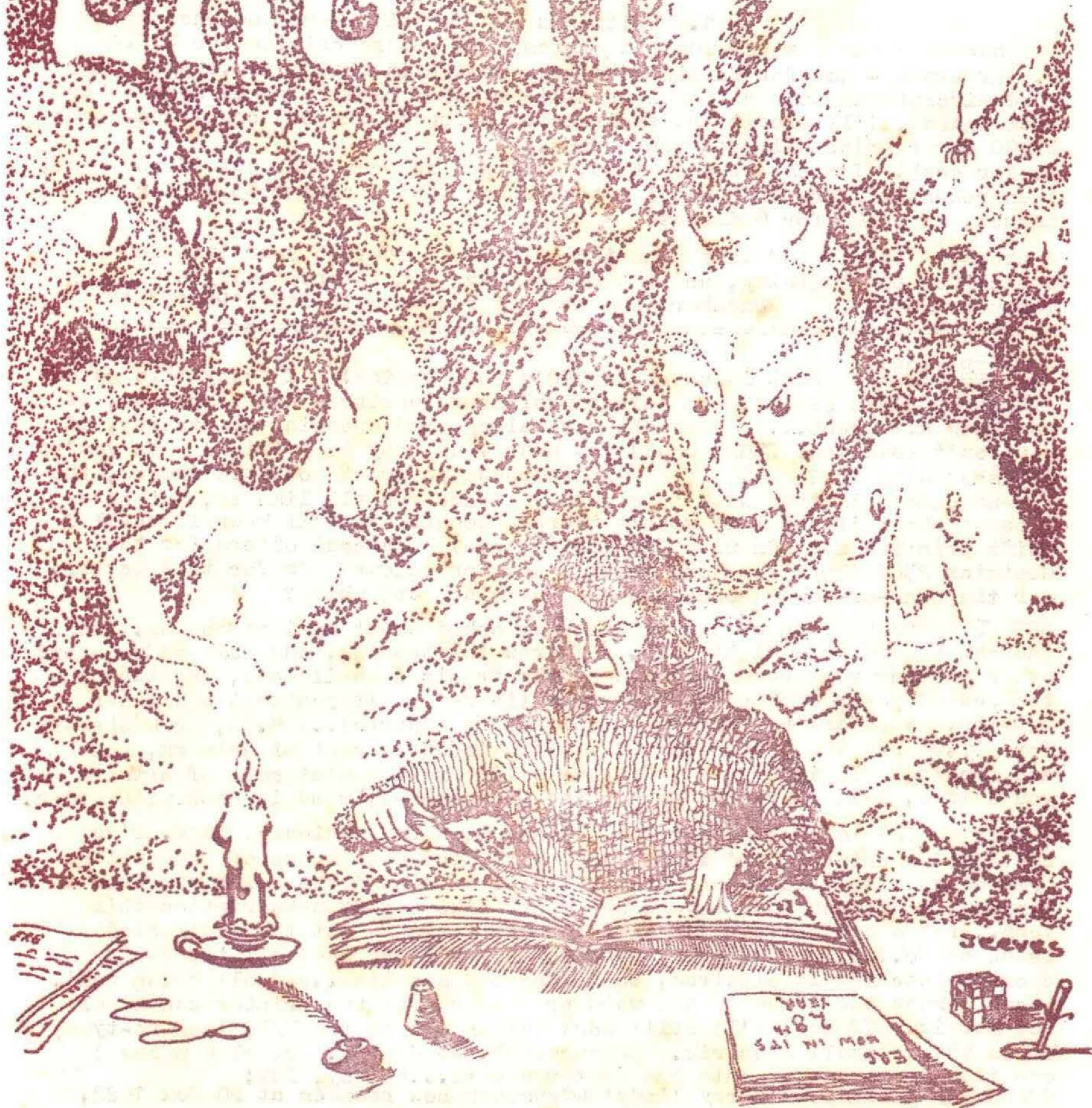


ERG 97

QUARTERLY

JANUARY 1987



JEVES

ERG

This is ERG Quarterly. No. 97 for JANUARY 1987

From:-

Terry Jeeves, 230 Bannerdale Rd. SHEFFIELD S11 9FE

If you enjoyed this issue and would like the next, you can get it by...

1. Writing a LOC on this issue and enclosing two second class stamps. (Omit the stamps if you're outside the U.K.)
2. By trade - not for fanzines, I have enough in that line..but if you send Aircraft magazines (Model or military..NOT civil), or SF mags other than Analog, I'll credit you their cover price if in good condition. Each \$2.00 cover price will get you 3 ERGs.
3. For cash. I'm not keen on this, as I get no response..but if you must, then recently increased postal rates demand that I charge \$3.00 for 5 issues, or \$5.00 for 6 issues.

A cross at the top of this page indicates this must be your last issue unless you DO something, and a ? means.."Are you interested?//Do you want further issues? Remember, the name of the game is R*E*S*P*O*N*S*E

=====

MINI ERGITORIAL

Next issue marks ERG's 28th Annish! I fancy this makes ERG the world's oldest, one editor/publisher fanzine - but of course, if you know different... Pass the word along..and speaking of passing, if you don't save your ERGs, would you pass your copy to a friend when you've finished with it? Ta. In response to great populare demand, the second colour is back with this issue. Seems you all like it, but never thought about it until it wasn't there. Hopefully, I'll keep it until I shift printing methods with ERG 101 (I hope) Any cash offers for the Gestster 230T (hand cranked) model I use for colour? Or for that matter, for the hand-or-power Roneo used on the black and white?

LETTER HEADINGS One or two people have asked about my letterheads...so I thought a word here might help. I draw the heading, add name address and other wording via Letraset, have an electronic stencil made, and then run the headed paper off on the Geststner (in red). If you want a similar service, rates are as follows:- 100 sheets (quarto)...\$4.00, 200 sheets for \$7.00 and 400 sheets for \$12. This includes cost of artwork, post and packing. If interested, drop me a line saying what sort of artwork you'd like, I'll do you a design, and if accepted, send in cash with order.

A PRINTED ERG is much nearer than I thought a few sentences back. I've contacted a printer, and if all goes well, the next issue of ERG will be printed A5 size. To finance this, I hope to expand the print run over a period...so if you know anyone who might like a gift subscription this year...rates are above. I'd like to have finished out the duplicated issue on No.100, but changing over now means I can shed all the duping chores, patching in electros, collating and stapling..and all being well, I can format the issue on the word processor --IF the printer can handle dot matrix. If not, I'll still work things out on the W/P, then re-type 'em on the golfball electric. Resourceful, we Jeeves. It also means I can illustrate direct onto the master sheets...hooboy, FUN!

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:- Harry 'Andy' Gruschak now resides at PO Box 1422, Arcadia, CA 91006, USA. Pass the good word along.

BIG BANG



Terry Jeeves

In case you haven't already guessed, this ERGitorial is going to be about Cosmology. Worry not, if you know damn-all about this everyday topic of polite conversation. Neither do I, so we can start level, after all, when was sheer ignorance a bar to good argument?

Are you sitting comfortably? then I'll begin.

If you happen to be a reader of Analog, then you'll know that new theories of Cosmology are as abundant as fleas on old Towser in his kennel. One more won't upset any applecarts, especially as it is THE NEWEST ONE ON THE MARKET. How do I know? Heck, I only just invented it!

First, a bit of background. Once upon a time, the boffins came up with the idea that our Universe started with a King-sized explosion, known lovingly as 'The Big Bang' (Nothing to do with a Hell's Angels or a spree). Among other things, this niftily explained the astronomical phenomenon of the red shift - by postulating that everything was hurtling lickety-split away from ground zero. The remotest chunks were going the fastest, and via good old Doppler's effect, their light spectrum was moved towards the red. A favourite analogy of the day was an exploding Xmas pudding..with the currants (i.e. stars) all moving apart as the mix expanded.

So far, so good, but this of course meant that ever increasing volumes of space were being left untenanted by bits of pudding (or stars). Fred Hoyle didn't like this idea, so he proposed his theory of Continuous Creation....which despite its enticing name, has nothing to do with endless erotic delights. Returning to our pudding analogy, it means that there is a regular (if somewhat nystical) appearance of new currants (stars) left behind in the newly created vastness. (It never explained why the new currants were also hurtling off into space). Despite valiant efforts by Fred, and the Amalgamated Union of Currant Pudding makers, the idea soon lost out to the straightforward Big Bang theory which is currently top of the hit parade for such theories.

However, scientists can never leave a good thing alone for long and they soon began to wonder if this expansion would ever stop. As they saw it, there were three possibilities:-

1. If the universe hadn't enough matter, there wouldn't be enough gravity to slow down the expansion, halt it and reverse it. In this case, we would be living in an 'open' universe...and space was limitless.

2. Things would remain perfectly balanced and static..obviously a No-no right now, as the universe was expanding. To expect it to slow to a perfect balance was as probable as dipping an elephant in fast-setting glue before throwing it up in the air and expecting to land and balance on the tip of its trunk.
3. The Universe might have enough matter to slow down the expansion, reverse it and yank everything back to form the original Cosmic Egg. Instead of vanishing inside a Cosmic Chicken, this would then explode once more and start the whole cycle off again.

H'm, they make it all sound very plausible .. BUT for that other invention of the Cosmic Minds... THE BLACK HOLE. Left to its own devices, (without interfering scientists messing about with it) we are told that matter in empty space will gradually coalesce to form.. a gaseous nebula. If enough junk collects and condenses... a planet forms..if this is big enough, gravitic pressures heat the core until fusion occurs and a star is born. Eventually, the star will die to form a White Dwarf - or if big enough to start with, remorseless pressure will crush the core down to a neutron star. If even bigger, the end result can be a BLACK HOLE .. unless, as not even light can escape the singularity. To sidetrack a moment, this raises another little query in the EREditorial nut. Under such intense gravity, light travels slower..even halting completely as it nears the core...time stops! Several (Niven) yarns have described how a craft nearing a Black Hole appears to go slower and slower until it stops..to observers. If this is the case, WHY doesn't all in-falling matter do the same so that the central singularity is surrounded by a shell of unmoving, time-halted matter ??? Oh what a naughty quibbler I am.

Back to the main theory. If nothing can escape a Black Hole (I ignore Hawkins theories on slow radiation) created from one itty bitty sun, then how can we believe that when all the original matter in the Universe had first made the Biggest Black Hole Ever....everything could then explode out of it again. Remember, NOTHING can escape a Black Hole So ????

So now the stage is cleared for Flexi-Twang. Remember those little clickers of bent metal, lecturers used to signal for the next slide. Press one and it flexes to a different shape... and back again with a loud click. I propose our Universe does likewise...it expands for a while, slows and reverses to contract back into the Cosmic EGG..and THROUGH it as it so stresses soace that it flexes into another dimension...where it goes through another cycle of expansion, reversal and back through the Black Hole. On it goes, Flexi-twanging to and fro forever.

Incidentally, this explains the parity-defying lack of CT matter in the Universe...only the last dregs of matter, arriving late at the Twang get sucked through without change..to appear as CT matter in the new space. My theory also explains quasars..simply other island Universes twanging back and forth. The whold postulate may be summarised in one simple equation...I'd give it here, but naturally, it is CLASSIFIED.

And that in a Cosmic Eggshell, is the Jeeves-Flexi-Twang Theory of Cosnology. I can now go back to further work on my so far incomplete Unified Field Theory linking Black Holes, Cosmic Eggs, and Christmas Puddings.

If anyone would like further information, send me a @5 note and I promise to put it to good use. T.J.



Mad Scientists and INVENTIONS

Way back in the good old thirties, SF had two utterly reliable, pot-boiling stand-bys. In the first, the doughty explorers in their trusty spaceships would blast off to some alien planet where they would battle against pirates, aliens (almost invariably insect-like), man-eating turnips...or perhaps each other. The second plot stand-by involved the good old scientist, often mad, and coming in all shapes and sizes, but almost invariably white...unless you include Oriental baddies such as the Fu Manchu-like Ku Sui.

These scientists were nearly always bearded and although seemingly celibate... i.e., sans wife, they inevitably had a beautiful daughter lurking somewhere around the place. One mustn't forget that other essential item of equipment..the young, ex-college boy. He was either employed as a lab assistant, or else being down on his luck, would have applied for the post of invention-tester when the Scientists needed a sucker to risk life and limb on field tests.

This young twit, and the nubile maiden had two uses. Firstly to inject a mild, watery and totally sexless love interest. In addition, the girl had to wander off on a new planet - or vanish into the innards of a four-dimensional doodad, so that 'Muscles' could come to her rescue.

Sweeping her up in his arms, he would carry her to safety..NOT to the nearest bed I

hasten to add

Jeeves.



Sexwise, all heroes were impotent..or hadn't yef read the book heavily plugged in the advertising pages... 'How To Hold Your Loved One...Secrets Of The Marriage Bed Revealed'. Instead of all the mushy stuff, the girl would gaze at him with limpid eyes..which couldn't have been fastened in very well, as she was always letting them fall coyly. 'Muscles' would look manfully into her eyes (wherever they happened to be) and tell her that she was a 'real true brick'...possibly because she was a red faced square.

Mind. transference was another favourite theme. Scientists were always grabbing people in order to switch their brains (or intelligence) into handy apes, gorillas or even robots. One ASTOUNDING yarn had a reporter following up a case involving a number of mindless people found in Central Park (OK, I know you need to be mindless to go there nodadays). It turned out that the Mad Scientist was transferring their minds into animals bodies...and vice versa. Our intrepid reporter wound up inside a sheep dog, but eventually became a famous music hall turn and at the end of the yarn, hints were made that he would soon be switching back to his own body.



Some scientists did this brain switching by highly complicated equipment which did the job by means of 'Electricosity'. Others used their surgical techniques, but not all shifted the grey matter between man and animal - In the Hawk Carse adventure, 'The Affair Of The Brains', nasty old Ku Sui plugged the brains of umpteen scientists (served 'em right) into a sort of human super-computer. This was of course very BAD..until the hero did a similar scheme in a later tale, 'Spawn Of Eternal Thought' ... linking twenty brains into one super unit, he rapidly invented space travel, wiped out war and brought world Government and peace ... until a bady got hold of the device for evil ends, and the hero had to build a hundred brain unit to do him in.

Of course, not all Scientists were mad ..just a tad misguided. One of my favourite yarns in, I think, a Gernsback magazine saw the MS (Mad Scientists) working happily away in his laboratory. By mixing a smidgin of this and a noggin of that, and stirring rapidly, the gunk in his test tube became a microscopic bit of 'LIFE' ! (Gosh wow!) The dear little thing started out quite harmlessly on a chemical diet..then began to scoff the stray fly daft enough to land on its surface. Had things stopped there, the MS might have made a bomb by selling the stuff as a sort of fly-paper, but NO, he kept on feeding it with the result that it tried to add him to its diet. It survived all attempts to kill it, but when fed to his pet goldfish, it proved to be an ideal food for them. Lacking enough goldfish to eat the lot, he junked the stuff down the sink into the sea...where, he reasoned, there would be enough fish to scoff it all.

However, he reckoned without



considering the voracity of his creation. Not only did it eat up all the available fish..but eventually moved on to add passing ocean liners and their passengers to its diet. Finally, the only way to finish it off was by the MS injecting himself with a virulent form of cancer and then jumping into the stuff from an aircraft.

Another of my favourite ASTOUNDING yarns was 'The Eternal Wanderer'. In the planetary Council, the Earthmen were being done down by the brutish and oppressive Martians - but one human (possibly an ex-college boy, was revolting. He was captured by the Martians and sentenced to 'The Eternal Wanderer' - a device created by a handy MS. This device called for the hero to be strapped to the first of a series of ever finer-mesh grids...and then belted by umpteen million volts (or a terrible ray) so that his body was finally disassociated into oodles of particles...with each retaining its original consciousness. When everyone had gone home for lunch, his girl friend brings along her dad (just an S, not a MS) and he puts the machine into reverse...and brings back.. NOT the hero, but his four-dimensional extension. A being who though very anguair, stalks off and clobbers all the baddies before appearing once more with instructions as to how the machine should have been reversed. When this is done, back comes old Muscles and clasps the girl to his bosom...er, chest.



I think it must have been this yarn - along with John Russell Fearn's 'MATHEMATICA' and 'MATHEMATICA PLUS' which hooked me on mathematics as a subject of interest - that, along with the predilection held by many MSs for inventing machines to cart one into the fourth dimension. Hugo Gernsback also tried to explain this complicated idea when a reader wrote in asking plaintively... "What is the fourth dimension?" Seems he couldn't find it on his tape measure. Such a question might have caused lesser mortals to quail, chicken out...or even turkey...but not Uncle Hugo. He embarked on the old dot-line-cube-tesseract routine but with a diagram so blotchy, the dot resembled a pencil end..and by the time he got to the tesseract.. well, he couldn't get the artist to draw in 4-D, and if he had, I don't think his printing press would have been the same after reproducing it. So, we got interlaced cubes resembling a slightly demented cat's cradle.

John Russell Fearn was particularly fond of creating Scientists, mad or otherwise whenever weird machinery was required. In his 'MAN WHO STOPPED THE DUST' one of them caused all sorts of bother by eliminating the dust in the air....and he worked out all sorts of reasons for this. He also had a penchant for brains...as witness what happened when a criminal's brain was dropped in the steaming jungles of Venus. Such conditions were just what it needed to expand into the overpowering BRAIN OF VENUS. In ASF he didn't even need a criminal as a sort of seed pearl when he gave us THE BRAIN OF LIGHT. This saw high frequency experiments creating havoc in the other-dimension-world of energy beings. They struck back by cancelling all light on Earth for a period. Our scientists would not be cowed and after some back and forth activity, the beings swiped his girl friend..so off he sallied to knock hrll out of them in their own bailiwick.

Can't leave well along these Scientists. If they invent a gadget to shift 'em through the dimensions, you can bet your last pickled onion that in no time at all, it will have shifted their daughter off somewhere. If their invention is a rocket, no sooner do they blast into space than she is found stowed away in the luggage locker. Naturally, she emerges in time to be captured by the 'Creeping Green Peril of Pongtutti'. This enables the college boy to hold his breath, leap into space and rescue her. Naturally, being a girl, she can breathe in space - Bergoy showed us that on his cover paintings.

I recall that one scientist broke out of the mould, he invented a gold-making machine...and carelessly flogged a ton or so to a local jeweller. This came to the attention of a local gang boss who took over the machine himself..with disastrous results. Not as disastrous as those in a very similar yarn wherein the lab assistant bumped the MS on the noggin and set about making himself a bar of gold. He carted it off tucked up his sleeve, only to find its radiations were turning him into the precious metal.

Then there was WORLD WRECKER which saw our MS, making a nice friendly matter transmitter contact with an equally friendly being on a cold, fireless world with an atmosphere of methane. All went well at first...then things went like a bomb when the Earth scientist sent a jar holding a burning candle.

Then there was the device which took common Earth soil, rock or other matter in at one end..and produced a marvellous plastic at the other. It was used everywhere. More and more of Mother Earth was fed through it.. until through the ages, the planet grew smaller and smaller...hence the title, THE DWINDLING SPHERE.

One mustn't forget the yarns of H.G.Wells...and his imitators. THE INVISIBLE MAN sparked many of these..in THE SHADOW AND THE FLASH, one man achieved his goal by moving ultra-fast (Shades of 'THE NEW ACCELERATOR') whilst his friend lowered his refractive index to zero..but he still left a shadow. In one of the Artur Blord tales by E. Mayne Hull (which have now appeared under the name of A.E.van Vogt..so sort that out for yourself), the feat was achieved by transmitting light falling on one side of the cloak of invisibility round to the other side. Others have used super camouflage, hypnosis, mind control or even a special paint to do the trick. In one yarn, the gimmick was reversed... a scientist produced special eye drops which would allow the hero to see through ANYTHING. Relax you voyeurs, what happened was that the poor blighter couldn't even see the Earth..and was blinded by the only object left visible - the Sun.

However, if the creations of Mad Scientists aren't enough, how about Sturgeon's MICROCOSMIC GOD ? In this, the scientist makes a complete world of miniature beings under a dome. They live many thousands of times faster than normal..so whenever he gave them a problem, even though it took them many generations to solve, to the MS, it was only a minute or so. Naturally, he became rich, equally naturally the set up was coveted by the nasties, and the situation was only saved when the 'Neoterics' came up with a force screen to protect everything, that the situation was saved.

Mad Scientists seem a bit thin on the ground these days, their role has been taken over by computers, dolphins, environmentalists and sundry other boat rockers. Somewhere along the way, many of the story lines seem to have vanished as well. A pity in its way.



To open Puzzle Corner this month, I used the time machine to nip back to BRG 55 for 1976.

Here's a puzzle from that issue:-

THE RAILWAYS ON TRENCO.

The planet Trenco is the same size as Earth - give or take

a few thousand flurps. It is a perfect sphere, unmarked by mountains, lakes valleys or seas. To get around faster, the Emperor, Podrang IV ordered the building of a monorail round its equator. The designers had planned to mount the rail on the ground, and this was done...but Podrang commanded that it then be raised to a height of two flurps (roughly two metres) for all its length, so that he could walk under it. QUESTION. Giving your answer to the nearest whole flurp, how much extra rail must be inserted to achieve this end?

Now for a couple of quickies...1. Two coins together total 22p, and one is NOT a 20p piece. What are the coins? 2. How much earth is there in a hole 2ft by 3ft by 4ft ?

The inside dimensions of a cubical box are 2 metres along each side. If a sphere placed inside, just touches each side of the boxes six sides, what will its surface area be?

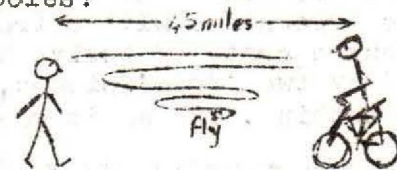
Remember those water tanks used in school, Tap A can empty a tank in 20 minutes, whilst tap B can fill the thing in 30. Starting with an empty tank, some clot leaves both taps open, How long will it take the tank to fill?

Under the latest Postal Rates, only millionaires may afford parcels. They probably weigh them on scales of the balancing type with a pan at each side. What is the minimum number of weights..and what would their values be, if they are to weigh from 1 to 13 lbs in 1lb stages?

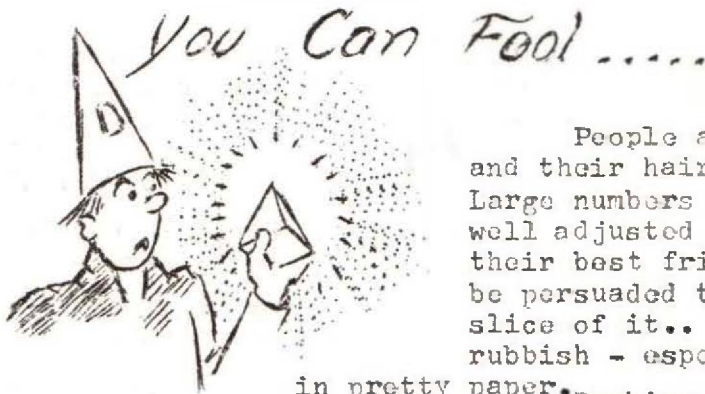
If you count in units from 1 to 1000 and then add up all those numbers, what total would you get ?

A man has a roll of netting to put up along one side of a garden which is 20 yards long. If the supporting poles are to be 1 yard apart, and cost £1.25 each, how much will he spend on poles?

Tom and Joe arrange to meet, but they live 45 miles apart. Starting at mid-day, Tom begins to walk towards Joe at 5mph, and Joe starts to cycle towards Tom, at 10mph. As they start, a 15mph fly leaves Tom's nose, travels to Joe's nose, reverses and goes back to Tom, reverses and back to Joe and so on, until the two meet. Question. How far does the fly travel?



ANSWERS ON PAGE 29



People and their money are like old men and their hair - just waiting to be parted. Large numbers of otherwise sane and reasonably well adjusted (?) citizens, who would not loan their best friend a worn out ball-pen can often be persuaded to part with their all..or a hefty slice of it.. in exchange for the most grumpy rubbish - especially if it comes gift-wrapped

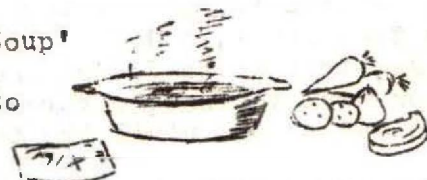
in pretty paper. Pushing back the clock a trifle, how could any true hypochondriac fail to rush to buy a product advertised as - "It cures the Gowt in the feet .. it is good for the Head, Eyes, Stomach, Lungs, Rheumatism and Thickness of Hearing, Head-Ach, Tooth-Ach and Vapours". which is how tobacco was advertised in the 18th. Century.

In more recent times, the feeble-minded have been persuaded to buy model pyramids made of cardboard or other materials because of their supposedly marvellous ability to concentrate non-existent radiation, thus sharpening blunt razor blades, re-charging flat batteries or repairing broken watches. Larger, live-in versions used as houses would cure anyone of itch, impotence, asthma or athlete's foot.

Sufferers from rheumatism are often suckered into buying 'magnetic' or copper bracelets...which, according to cunningly worded adverts, "Are believed by many to cure such troubles". Note, the ad doesn't say that they will cure anything. Other sufferers swallow pills until they rattle, if the advertisement promised to cure cancer, piles, liver trouble or fallen arches. By strapping your nose into an iron-maiden-like device every night for six months, you can straighten even the most curvaceous proboscis, whilst a similar, chin-fitting instrument of torture will give you the most fetching dimples. Some 30 years ago, every British magazine seemed to be offering you the chance to buy a lucky 'Joan The Wad' which was guaranteed to bring you good luck, happiness and lots of lolly. Some greedy blighters wrote in to ask for six more, as the first one had been so effective.

Wasn't it Robert A Heinlein who gave us the phrase, 'There ain't no such thing as a free lunch' ? Maybe there isn't, but how often do the Sunday papers offer 'a free hire car for three days' if I book a month in Corfu? One airline goes even better by offering a car for a week, if only I will fly with them (and my wife) to Florida. A generous car dealer will give me a 'free' radio if I buy one of his cars. A wine dealer is simply dying to present me with a free bottle of the stuff (which I detest) if I simply buy a crate of twelve bottles first. My bar of chocolate has been extended by two 'free' pieces, If I buy two boxes of 'x', I get another one for nothing, and so it goes.

Do you remember the kid's story, 'Stone Soup' wherein a cunning soldier puts his magic stone in the pot and persuades the stupid housewife to add meat, potatoes, carrots, onions etc in order to produce delicious soup? I was reminded of the yarn when watching a recent TV commercial for a casserole



mix. It could be made in seconds by simply pouring boiling water on the powder. All that remained for you to do, was pouring the gunk into a dish holding meat, potatoes, carrots, onions and the like and then put it in the oven for an hour or so. Fancy, a lovely casserole mix for only a few coppers!

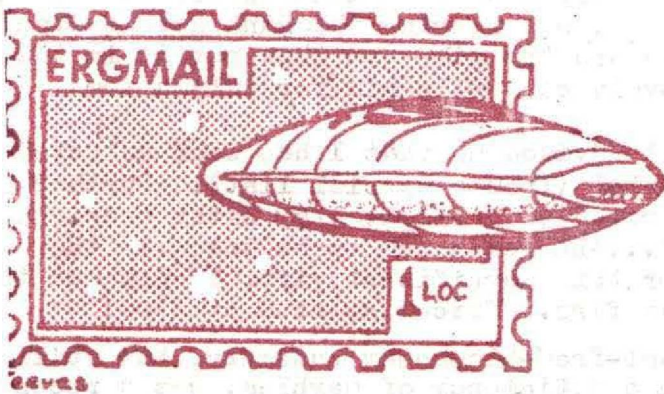
Quite recently, a 'phone call advised me that I had been selected for a 'free' holiday for two at any hotel (from a special list). Further enquiry (suspicious bod this Jeeves) revealed a slight itsy bitsy snag. The 'award' only covered the bed and room...ALL meals had to be taken in the hotel - and paid for! To qualify for this magnificent gift, I only had to buy a new front door from the generous firm. Prices started at £700!

Not quite in the part-the-fool-from-his-money category, but still very indicative that some people have a deficiency of marbles, was a recent 'documentary' on TV which showed us the quaint antics of the 'Etherius Society', as one by one, they advanced in Kung Fu posture upon a queer-looking, camera like box mounted on a tripod. Each in turn shouting into the hole where the lens should have been... 'Om Mane Padme Hum' and thus charging it with 'orgone energy'. Just what Orgone energy might be, was never explained...or what was done with it once you had a box full. Even so, the followers of this strange cult showed a touching credibility in plain damn' all.

High on my list of fatheaded fuggheadedness is the practice of astrology. Going back a few hundred years, one can understand how the uneducated masses might believe in such twaddle...but how large sections of a modern and (theoretically) educated populace can swallow the twaddle is beyond me. Credibility is stretched even further by the fact that the astrologers were not sufficiently good enough prophets to foretell the discovery of many of the planets which they deem so important. Or putting it another way, how accurate were the predictions they made whilst missing out at least three of the more recently discovered planets..Uranus in 1781, Neptune in 1846, and Pluto as recently as 1929? On top of this, they even operated in the days when all planets were supposed to orbit the Earth. Naturally, all such minor details are now ignored or glossed over. What really irks me, is the way modern astrologers come up with blanket predictions for Tom, Dick and Harriet, in magazines or morning (morons delight) telly. Ambiguously phrased and designed to fit most circumstances... "You may be lucky in business, but do not step on cracks and avoid left-handed albinos. Your lucky number is 3.14159, but approach the day in a fully positive mood" That last bit is crafty. If the prediction falls flat on its backside, it's your own fault for not having a fully positive mood.

I don't blame the prognosticators, a buck is a buck, but what sort of nutcase lets his or her life be ruled by such twaddle? I once challenged a practitioner of this con game to draw up a horoscope for a person unknown to them, if I supplied birth data. We could then compare her predictions with that person's life. The lady declined haughtily. "I only do 'horoscopes for a fee" I wasn't going to plonk £10 down on that caper -- however, if YOU would like me to give you a personal reading, I'll gladly do it cut-price for a fiver..... after all, there just may be one more nut case waiting to be parted from his money.

Happy wheeler-dealing, Terry



((ERGITORIAL interjections are cunningly hidden with these designer-type triple brackets from ERG's art studio))

KEN LAKE 115 Markhouse Ave.
London E17 8AY

"Basically, things (i.e. FACTS, those nasty things that won't really go away no matter how much the trendy lefties try to pretend) go like this:

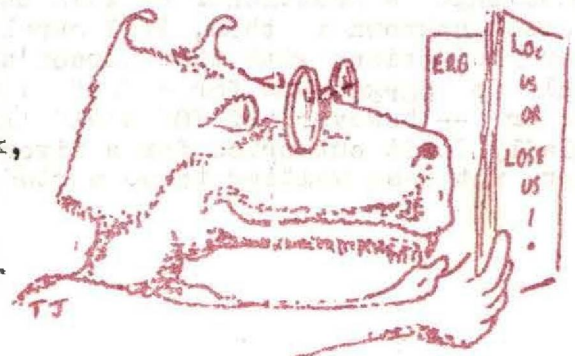
The world needs ever more energy; we have not enough in the form of wood and are ruining the world's ecology by stripping the forests for paper and other products anyway; we haven't enough coal to last long and what we have becomes ever more costly to extract as it gets harder to locate; oil won't last ALL that long either. Solar and wind energy are AT PRESENT chimerac - I'm sure that they can be developed, but such is the power of the oil lobby that they won't ((Don't forget Scargill's tactics either)) just as the gasoline lobby has stifled the eminently sensible and feasible electric automobile for decades. ((It's NOT feasible until we have a much more efficient form of accumulator for energy storage...and it STILL needs a prime energy source to supply its electricity)) Tide and OTEC ((what's that?)) power are also inadequate in current state of the art.

Nuclear energy is CLEAN. It is CHEAP. It CAN be safe - there is nothing more inherently dangerous in a nuclear pile than in any other source of danger like a forest (fires) or mine (Explosions). It's lack of care that makes accidents happen, nothing more. Today's workmen have been so coddled that they won't accept responsibility for their own stupidity and sloppiness. The silly response that in this case we must stop using nuclear power is no more sensible than banning everything in this world that can be used to the danger of the public - cars, knives, matches. Nuclear energy IS the sole 'energy of the future' that we have today. ((Absolutely true Ken. Fossil fuels will ALL have gone within 100 years..THAT is the legacy we offer our children, unless we invest in nuclear energy now coupled with increased research into FUSION POWER and to INCREASING SAFETY STANDARDS. Have you seen the proposed wind power generators? 300feet tall and needing 300 to equal the output of one atom plant. Imagine the MILLIONS needed to supply our current power demands..and then think of the howl arising when ONE 80ft pylon is put up on a 'beauty spot hill' Mindless anti-nukers and Environmentalists will be the death of us all))

Vincent CLARKE
16 Wendover Way
Welling
KENT DA16 2BN

INDEXING: So YOU got some of those Abyssinian stamps of Haile Selassie too! The last time I

looked at a catalogue, about 10 years back, they were still way down in price. There must have been millions printed...rather like those German issues of the 20s where they overprinted the original '25 marks' or whatever, with a black legend saying, '25,000,000' and so on.



PHIL HARBOTTLE
32 Tynedale Ave
Wallsend
Tyne & Wear

I greatly enjoyed DMBL as usual, but I believe you made a grave oversight. I refer of course, to the founding father of aliens - Stanley G Weinbaum. I know DMBL isn't supposed to be encyclopaedic/all embracing/dead accurate. It's 'top of the head' memory stuff, and that is part of its appeal. ((A very simple reason for missing Weinbaum's aliens...I never cared for his stories, so his aliens never stuck in my memory bank. However, you missed the real clanger..spotted by Alan Burns..namely, Sturgeon's 'KILLDOZER' appeared in Astounding, not Unknown..clot me.)) I know you have a copy of Tales Of Wonder No.1, and it would have been the easiest thing in the world for you to check that 'The Pr.e.cet' wasn't 'The Perfect Creature'. ((Not so, I'd just got out of hospital after 3 operations in two months and my tummy was awfully tender..just typing was painful. That copy of T.O.W was behind seven or eight heavy boxes of books...so I wasn't going to unearth it out just to make positive about the two titles. I was pretty sure the title I wanted was 'The Perfect Creature'..but I might have been wrong, so I suggested it could have been the other yarn if my memory was awry))

PAM BOAL
4 Westfield Way
Charlton Heights
Wantage
OXON OX12 7EW

I can see that it's not worth the additional cost and effort to use the second colour if no one even comments. I suppose, like myself, folks saw it as an integral part of ERG. ((Happily, loads of people have now said they would miss it..so it's back again this issue. Is it worth it?)) As ever, thanks for Recent Reading and Fanorama. I'm so glad you gave public praise for John Owen's effort. There are enough fans ready to lash out with scathing criticism and sneers at egoboo. It's a goodly thing to redress the balance with a 'well done for special effort'. ((Thanks, Pam. I never subscribed to this idea of slamming everything in sight, KTF reviewing and the like. Fandom is for fun, among, I hope, friends with a common love of SF. Slagging all in sight doesn't help anyone. By all means say.."I didn't like X because..." but this slam everything' using some universal (god given?) yardstick which has no units for praise on it...no thanks.))

=====BIL BOWERS FOR TAFF.... BILL BOWERS FOR TAFF =====

ETHEL LINDSAY
69 Barry Rd
Carnoustie
Angus DD7 7QQ

I too make lists and envy you your efficient setup. After I retired, I started listing reference books and eventually published privately, a book - so fulfilling a great ambition. It was titled REFERENCE BOOKS IN THE MYSTERY GENRE EXCLUDING SHERLOCKIANA Sold well by word of mouth, in fact I've only got one copy left. It listed 748 titles. Since then, I have gone on (through force of habit) collecting more, and am well over 200. Dunno what I will do with them, doubt if I can be energetic enough to put out a second book. Now if I had your equipment, it would be easy! ((I am still keeping a complete index to all Analog to follow on the mammoth 1030-1980 'COMPLETE INDEX' ... but only from habit, as I doubt that I'll ever publish it.)) Don't pay heed to the guy criticising your reviews. They are useful. Lots of reviews show off the writer's education without being useful! ((My sentiments entirely. I want to know what a book is about, NOT how it relates to Shakespeare, the Kafka school, and the Freud/Adler theories.))

ROB GREGG It is with great sadness that I print the following letter from Rob's sister...

"Dear Mr. Jeeves, It is with much sadness that I must inform you of the death of my brother, Rob Gregg. He died peacefully on the 29th. September after a long illness. Could you please notify any other friends you may know of, to stop the fanzines.

Thanks,

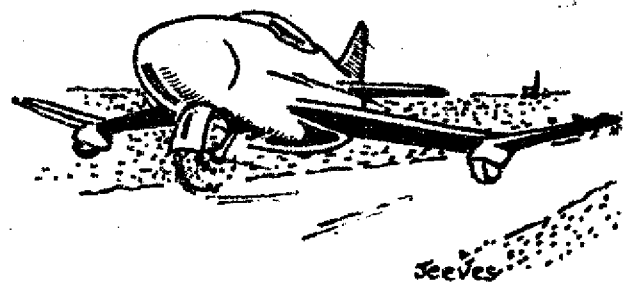
Linda Harris (Mrs.)

What can one say other than we shall all miss Rob. His letters were always cheerful despite the considerable pain and trouble he was experiencing.

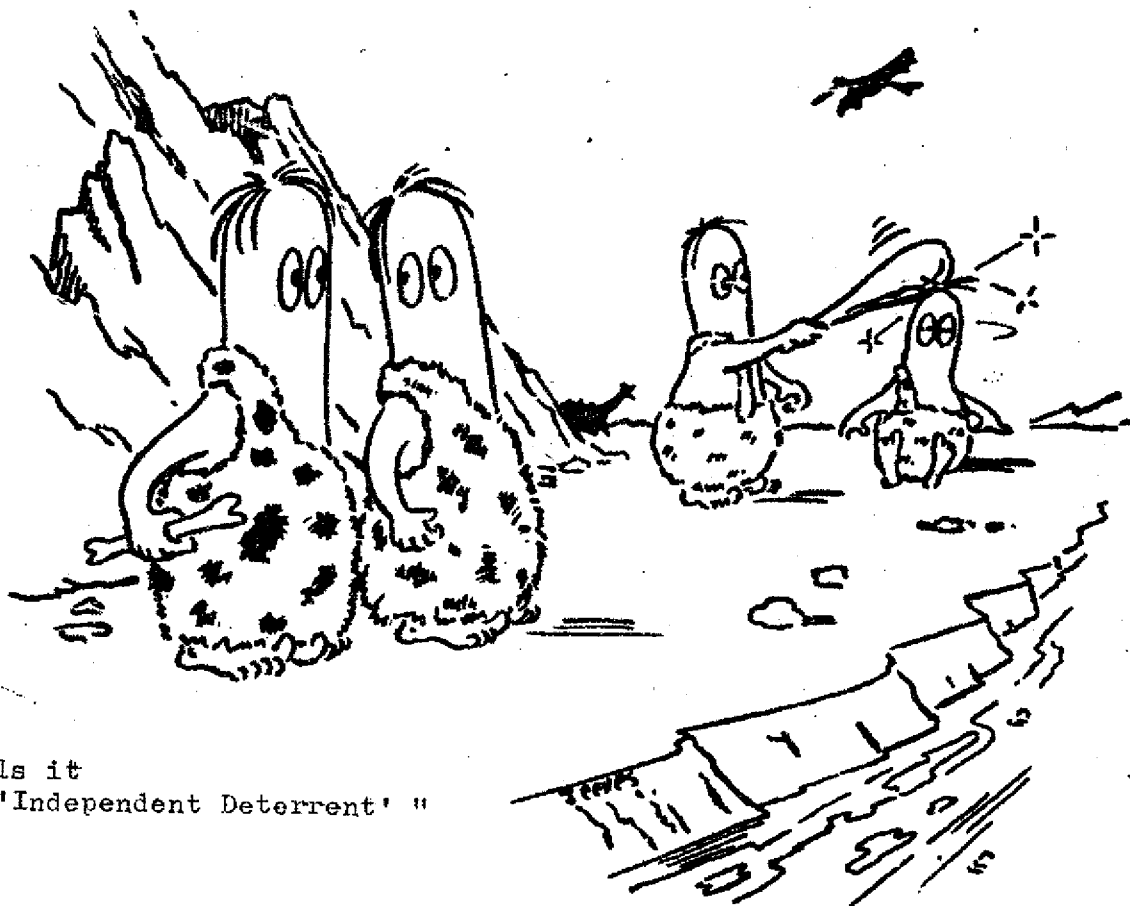
 TED HUGHES
 10 Kenmore Rd
 Whitefield
 Manchester M25 6ER
 "My view on the nuclear issue is simply a 'grandfather' one. If you weren't there at the time, you won't appreciate what the bomb meant to me. I was on the MV Fort Hall anchored in Madras Roads and waiting to proceed on the invasion of Malaya, when the Americans nuked Hiroshima and Nagasaki. As far as I'm concerned, those bombs probably saved my life. It's a selfish attitude, I agree, but I'd survived nearly two dozen crossings of the Atlantic under the supervision of Hitler's U-boats and bombers, and I wasn't looking forward to similar treatment from the Japs. So I'm immensely grateful to the bomb for fortyone extra years which I didn't quite count on. ((Me too, I was with 356 Bomber Sqdn on the Cocos at that time. I suspect that 99% of those freed from Japanese prison camps or faced with making island-hopping assaults on fortress Japan have similar thoughts.)) As for nuclear power, if we dismantle our nuclear stations, we'll probably be the only country in the world without them, and more fool us. ((No sweat, we'll all have died of starvation as there won't be the power sources of rail or road to distribute the food. Wind & wave won't scratch our power demands, that's for sure. Right now we need more nuclear power..much research on fusion power...and LOTS MORE on electric battery operated vehicles so that when (not 'if') fossil fuels run out, we can still import, process and distribute our food. Otherwise, it's horse, cart, and cold storage in the hay clamp))

RICHARD FAULDER
 P.O. Box 136
 Yanco, N.S.W.2703
 AUSTRALIA

"You point out the blanceness of the West, in recent African famines, and quite correctly so. I gather that the problem was exacerbated in many of these countries when many of the local peasants were persuaded to produce cash crops for sale overseas, thus reducing amounts of food crops and the amounts of same available for storage. ((If true, this is another point against their own Governments for putting cash exports ahead of home needs.))=== "While it is true that thugs and yobboes' do not back off and go elsewhere when they see people who are weak, infirm or defenceless, the question is just who the bullies, thieves and yobboes are. The Soviets have a powerful incentive NOT to become involved in a war, since their leaders are old enough to have suffered war's horrors personally. ((Usually, it's the old men who



start wars, they don't have to fight in 'em))) By contrast, Ronald Reagan's only knowledge of war is the sanitized version he participate in in Hollywood. (((Ah then, who IS the bully? Ask yourself which of the two countries Russia or the USA invaded Afghanistan, which country's political systej took over Hungary and Czechoslovakia and infiltrated Cuba, Angola and elsewhere. Citing other cases of bully v weaker state..how about Italy invading Abyssinia, Germany walking into Poland and the Saar etc.? For that matter, which whacking great Superpower invaded Poland in 1939. None of these little countries had nuclear weapons..or even large armed forces. But you'll never get unilateralists to face up to that sad fact.))) = Actually, you didn't mention what to me is the most cogent reason for the use of nuclear power: to reduce the rate at which carbon dioxide and other trace gases build up in the atmosphere to contribute to the 'greenhouse effect'. I was gratified to hear the author of 'Small Is Beautiful' in a recent interview, accuse most environmentalists of having their priorities wrong in discouraging nuclear power whilst doing nothing to check the build-up pf CO2..." ((Most annoyingly, I seem to have lost the third page of Richard's letter, but as I recall, he went on to make some valid points concerning the use of fossil fuels to drive to sundry 'conservation rallies' ...I also missed out the final sentence of his comment on Russia...which was,))) Not that I in any way regard the Soviet system as desirable, but the West would be better employed in trying to change the Soviet system by some sort of Marshall Plan which would give cheap consumer goods to the Soviet citizen." ((Which sounds a darned sight better idea than newspaper denigration and/or those anti-social rallies against the USSR in England where they cause social upheaval..instead of trying to organise them in Russia where the 'freedom' for such shenanigans is noted.)))



"He calls it
an 'Independent Deterrent' "

oooooooooooooooooooo

SMALL ADS

SMALL ADS

SMALL ADS

SMALL ADS

Small ads in this section are FREE! Send in your copy, but try to keep it to less than eight lines of type, and I'll run it in the next issue.

oooooooooooooooooooo

(BILL BOWERS FOR TAFF)

RAY BEAM

2209 South Webster St., Kokomo, INDIANA 46902, U.S.A. "I have been making giant strides in my collection lately. My goal of having every SF magazine published in the U.S.A from 1926 to date, is in sight. In the course of collecting however, my stack of duplicates has grown by the same proportions. I will be happy to receive WANTED LISTS from ERG readers. My prices will be considerably lower than those of dealers in the field..plus overseas postage of course."

KEN LAKE

115 Markhouse Ave. LONDON E17 8AY seeks ...
"The Legendary Jinnie Rodgers' 110 Collections"
Japanese boxed LP set RA5459-66. Jap. RCA 1973. Offers to sell, or to loan for taping please.

PHIL HARBOTTLE

32 Tynedale Ave., Wallsend, Tyne & Wear wants:-
GARTH: Steve Dowling cartoon strips from the Daily Mirror...
'GARTH, MAN OF MYSTERY (Daily Mirror Book 1946), will pay £30 or trade pulps. Clippings from Daily Mirror newspaper - I'm willing to buy original clippings or Xeroxes of all Dowling strips to complete my collection. Can also exchange Xeroxes from my collection. Particularly want 'SAGA OF GARTH (1946 E18) through to THE TEENAGER (1965 Y91)

CONCEPTION

Three day Convention in Leeds (Come out of the woodwork all you ex NWSFC members) Registration £6 ..rising to £8 on the day at the door. February 13-15 1987. Write to Mike Ford, 45 Harold Mount, LEEDS LS6 1PV. Hope to see you all there.

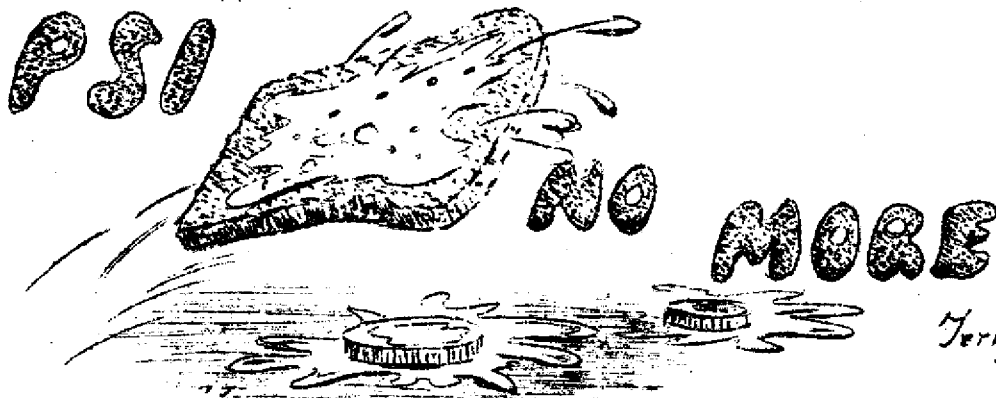
GESTERNER 230-T hand cranked/inking. £30 I'm hoping to go over to a print-style ERG with 98, so I'll no longer need this trusty old machine which has been doing all the ERG colour work. You have to count copies though..the auto-cut off needs fixing and I've never bothered with it. Because of the weight, buyer will need to collect..or make some other arrangement. Anyone interested? ..pass the word along.

RONEO 750 power or hand cranking as you prefer. If we move, I'll also be selling this machine. Again, buyer collects. Drop me a line.

STEPHEN LEACOCK. I want certain books by this author, so if you have any to sell, drop me a line and we'll dicker -- likewise W.W.JACOBS Leacock titles required are:- SUNSHINE SKETCHES OF A LITTLE TOWN.

ARCADIAN ADVENTURES WITH THE IDLE RICH. THE UNSOLVED RIDDLE OF SOCIAL JUSTICE. OVER THE FOTTLIGHTS. THE GARDEN OF FOLLY. SHORT CIRCUITS.

REPRINT:- This item first appeared in Ed Connor's fanzine, Mobius Strip 17 round about 1972.



Hiram T. Poopsnaggle was preparing breakfast. He spooned a dollop of sugar into a mug of watery coffee whilst absently wondering what to do with his first million once he had managed to make it. A curl of black smoke marked the start of a protest demonstration by the neglected breed in the toaster. Hastily rescuing the burnt sacrifices, Hiram smeared them liberally with a half inch layer of gooey butter topped off with a dollop of strawberry jam.

With his salivary glands commencing their limbering up exercises, he carried the feast into the sitting room, tripped neatly over the flex from the TV, and hurled the trayful across the room. The coffee went over the cat which signified its disapproval by vanishing out of the window. The slices of toast described neat parabolas before landing on the carpet -- gooey sides down -- SPLAT!

Hiram made the cortico-thalamic pause to calm his nerves, then followed it up with a lifetime's collection of assorted adjectives. He bent to retrieve the debris from the Axminster. "Blasted stuff", he grumbled. "Why does it always land sticky side down?" It was then that Hiram had his flash of inspiration. Dashing into the kitchen, he grabbed a loaf of bread, a hunk of butter and a pot of jam. Quickly slicing and toasting the bread, he smeared it with butter and jam, then dashed back into the sitting room to begin his investigation into this strange anomaly in the laws of chance. Pushing back the furniture, Hiram began tossing toast into the air.

Two hours later, he stood among the mess cluttering the carpet and totted up his experimental results. He smiled as they confirmed his hypothesis. 94 tossings of toast had resulted in 87 cases of 'jam down' against a measly 7 for 'jam up'. Ever a stickler for experimental accuracy, Hiram hauled out a coin and tossed it 94 times. 49 'heads' against 45 'tails' confirmed that whilst coins followed the normal laws of chance, buttered toast did not. To one of Hiram's intellect, the next step was obvious. He began tossing buttered pennies. The result was a walkover for 'gooey side down' ..and a total loss for the long suffering carpet.

Hiram scratched his head - neglecting the jam which raised his thatch in strawberry spikes. There was clearly an affinity between carpets and jam. Squelching across the room, he flopped down into a chair to consider his next move. A subdued squelching from beneath him told Hiram that he was sitting on a stray chunk of toast... gooey side up! Clearly then, jam had a strong affinity for trousers. This too, must be checked.

Hiram hurried off to the local park just before office lunch times began. He took with him the remains of the butter and the last of the jam. It was a matter of moments to run along the empty benches and smear random samples with goo. He retired behind a nearby bush to tally results as he realised the presence of the experimenter might influence results. Half an hour later, with the lunch hour rush at its height, Hiram watched gleefully as hordes of angry people strove to brush butter or jam from their posteriors. A quick count indicated that out of over a hundred sitters, 98 had chosen to sit on Hiram's test samples, and of these 84 were trousers and only 14 were skirts. Clearly, thought Hiram, this new force obviously acted to bring jam and trousers together. Further research was needed, he must get a grant.

Dr. Phnitt, Principal of Hai University, was at first, skeptical of Hiram's claims, but when Poopsnaggle presented his research figures, his interest quickened. The head of Hai U. sat back, thought for a moment, then his face lit up. "We need a larger scale test. If that confirms your findings, Poopsnaggle, then you get your grant. Come on, if we're quick, we can get to the student cafeteria before afternoon tea break."

The Cafeteria Manager was nonplussed by the request for six jars of assorted jam, but he soon entered into the spirit of the investigation and unearthed damson, plum, strawberry, marmalade - and to make up the number, jars of treacle and axle grease. He even unbent enough to help Dr. Phnitt and Hiram to spread selected seats with selections from the jars. Then they retired to an ante-room to watch. Hiram's thesis was abundantly confirmed. Trousers most definitely preferred jam. Dr. Phnitt was jubilant and whisked Hiram up to his office to arrange for a large grant. From then on, things moved quickly. Faced with an unprecedented order for jam, the governor's demanded a final, large scale test. Dr. Phnitt thought of the upcoming ball game between Hai U. and the Army. An admirable opportunity.

The day of the great game dawned. Hiram, Phnitt and the Canteen Manager had been hard at work since first light, spreading gunk throughout the bleachers. The gates opened, in flocked the crowds. Within half an hour, Hiram's Hypothesis was proved an undisputed fact. Flushed with enthusiasm, Dr. Phnitt grabbed the P.A. microphone and informed everyone the great news of their participation in an epochal experiment. The thousands of intellectually emancipated listeners were astounded.

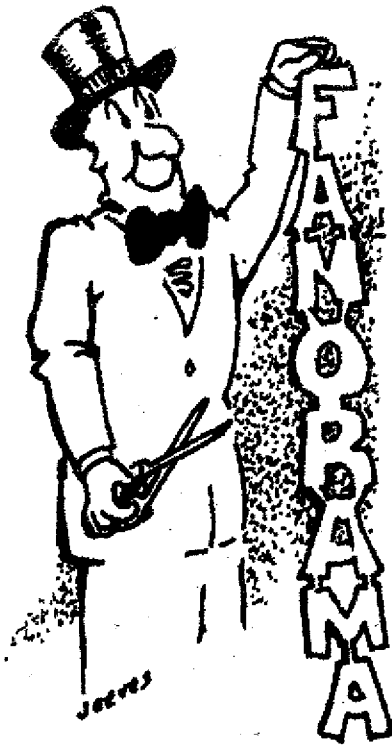
Bubbling over with enthusiasm for their own special test, groups of sticky-trousered students stormed the platform and grabbed Hiram. Their numbers growing by the second, they hoisted Hiram overhead and bore him along on the crest of their wave to the most logical spot in all Hai. U. The swimming pool - which was empty!

There, laid flat on his back on the highest diving board, Hiram's tummy was covered with butter and jam to a depth of six inches. The board was pulled way down, and Hiram was flipped up into the air in a fitting climax to the experimental chain.

Miracle of miracles, the topheavy psi-run ended. The 'goocy side down' rule was broken. Hiram lived!

He stuck to the ceiling !

=====



This is where I natter about this, that and the other.. with the accent on some of the sundry fanzines I have received.

THE MENTOR.59 for July 1986 boasts 68 pages, card covers, SUPERB reproduction and excellent artwork (including an art folio of Soviet work) All the usual items..LOCs,Reviews, verse plus fiction, 'Soviet SF Chronicle', a piece on incest and a cartoon. No doubt about it, if you can only afford one Aussie fanzine, make it MENTOR...(binonthly) as \$2.00 an issue, contrib or LOC, from Ron Clarke, 6 Bellovue Rd, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, AUSTRALIA.

WALLBANGER 13, is slimmer at 26,44 pp from Eve Harvey, 43 Harrow Rd., Carshalton,Surrey. This could be the last issue, in it, Eve talks of her fan-oubbing - and dreams. Dave Wood tells of how he played piano in a jazz group. There's another section of Eve and John's trip report and some letter extracts. Eve might have a few copies left if you faunch hard..and persuade her into producing more WBs.

HICKMAN'S SCRAPBOOK .3 has a heading illa by bar which features several fannish monsters.. including a Seggy. Essentially an APazine, but Lynn might grace you with a copy if you plead with him at 403 Ottokeeo St. Wauseon, OH 43567, USA. The zine has 16pp including Liz Fishman on her first date..a real experience in fantasy. There's a cartoon and a P.J.Farmer reprint from 1960 and another from 1950. Want nostalgia? here it is.

THE CAFE OF THE ONE BRIDGE.5 comes from Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave.S.W., Seattle, WA 98166 ..if you can survive all those numbers, it's a friendly, 16 page perzine talking of Frank's travels, books read, digital audio and suchlike. A faunching letter will probably get you a copy.

STICKY QUARTERS.15 24pp from Brian Earl Brown, 11675 Beaconsfield, Detroit, MI 48224 is a perzine, but crammed with all sorts of interesting LOCs. Brian natters about strikes,fanpubbing, patio building etc. There the text of a Con interview with Gene Wolfe, natter on TV/Robotechs, and a lovely mixture of natterings and LOCs. Don't ask me how he does it, but the result is fascinating. For the usual...but mainly RESPONSE

MATALAN RAVE.9 From Michael Hailstone, PO Box 193, Woden A.C.T. 2606 Australia runs to 30 pages, has an excellent Star Trek civer, and assorted essays on things general, tolerance, the sixties a spot of 'fiction' and a piece on spelling reform. Annoyingly, Michael uses his own style throughout 'heding off East', "I red the book" (I wonder if he has red 'Hairs On His Legs'?) That last 'red' causes a reader to suggest using 'redd' to avoid confusion..but Michael points out this would cause trouble with 'redd' .. a word which he says probably know one knows about...so how come it might cause trouble. Anyway, if you want controversial opinions...try this. Nicely produced, no interior art, 'Available for the usual'

LIGHT IN THE BUSHEL.3 Richard Brandt, 4740 N.Mesa, No.111 El Paso TX 79912
A slim, 8 page perzine holding a Con rep and letters. Once again, you can
get it for 'the usual'

ETHEL THE ARRDVARK.10 is published bi-monthly by the Melbourne SFC, PO Box
212, World Trade Centre, Melbourne 3005, Australia. Photocopied, it has a
most unusual page set up (paste-up?) with all sorts of odd snippets, news
and zany items..unusual book reviews, films and suchlike. Quite different,
so if you want a copy...faunch like mad.

BILL BOWERS. This fanzine supports the lad for TAFF..and he HAS been in
fandom for YEARS, not just a month or two. Remember..BILL BOWERS FOR TAFF

PULP is a tripartite-editorship zine, with this issue coming from Vinc
Clarke, 16 Wendover Way, Welling, KENT DA16 2BN. 22pp mimeo.Qto with a
super Atom cover and a couple of fillos. Co-editors, Avedon Carol and Rob
Hansen open with an editorial natter, then Walt Willis on 'SUPERFAN'.. nice
old style touch of humour before KTF arrived..though I don't think it's a
reprint ?? Nicholas writes on Aussie fmz and Chuck Harris has a nice all-
over-the-place item on his travels (fannish) The standard slips a bit with
Tom Weber nattering (incomprehensibly) on sundry fanzines but rises again
with an excellent, though brief, lettercol. Nice one..try the usual.

TWILIGHT ZINE is a SUPERBLY produced (card covered), 52pp zine from MITSF..
Massachusetts Institute of Technology SF Society. (phew), Room W20-473,
84 Massachusetts Ave, Cambridge, MA 02139..no price or whatever..faunch for it.
Some artwork..mediocre in general but the bacover is zilch..another left-
handed, crudely drawn swordsperson. Inside you get details of MITSF, a
pseudo biography and interview with Glen Cook (who he?), followed by book
reviews, selling an old car, MITSFS history and LOCs. Sadly, it's rather
in-groupish and a trifle dull - but if you're interested, ???

DREAMBERRY WINE Nov.86 is not a fanzine, but a jam-packed catalogue of pbs
hardcovers etc (and some SF news) from Mike Don, 233 Maine Rd., Manchester
M14 7WG. 12 photocopied pp and no doubt Mike will send you a copy for a
9x4" SAE. If you buy books or paperbacks, it's well worth it.

OP' PRESS Had another hospital appointment Nov.24. The man says he'll have
me back in January for the operation on my prostate. That makes one in Aug.
1985 (a failure) and three openings up of my tummy last Jun/Jly and now one
more to come. I'll be quite cut up about it by the time it's all over.

IT GOES ON THE SHELF from Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News, VA 23605
14pp/min has LOC excerpts and neatly graded
reviews .!Worth looking for', 'Wait for it to
be remaindered', 'Collectors only', 'Completists'
and 'Forget it'..however, since there are no
page numbers after the index..you don't know
which is which..especially since the contents
has no relation to the listing. Have fun, and
faunch for a copy.

Interesting item, Ned
composes on computer..and then cuts the sten-
cils on his FX-80 printer. HOW do you avoid
getting that expensive print head gunged up
with wax, Ned? I've often been tempted to do
likewise with ERG, but that problem always
puts me off. DO TELL!



A Word In Your Ear

When the TV moguls serve us up with foreign films - French, German, Italian etc., they thoughtfully supply subtitles, even if their relationship with the scene being shown leaves something to be desired. If some slumbrous-eyed male grabs the nubile damsel and whispers in her ear.. "Couchez vous avec moi pour beaucoup de slap and tickle?" the caption may appear as, "What are you doing tonight?" Because of the rapidity of French speaking characters, the lady's reply might run to half a yard of high speed natter...and becomes translated as 'No', or 'Yes' if the guy gets lucky.

Fair enough. At least one knows what is going on. I'd like to see the scheme extended to include films, interviews etc., set in Glasgow, Geordieland, or Northern Ireland. Sorry folks, but nine times out of ten, I can't tell a word such people say. Oh the difficulty works both ways, I once had the pleasure (liar) of an hour's 'conversation' with an old bloke from County Durham...I couldn't understand a word of his dialect, and he had the same trouble in understanding me. We both needed subtitles!

Not that distorted speech is limited to some small areas of the UK. The average 'English speaking' TV announcer can produce some lovely items. Being told that "Fred Bloggs is 'live' on TV" inevitably makes me wonder when we can expect to see him (and many others), 'dead on TV' One can only hope. Over the years, I've heard 'KENYA' go from 'Ken-ya' to 'Keen-ya' and back again. Anyone know what the current pronunciation is?

Then there's the good old game of GOLF - which a few years ago became transmogrified into 'gofe' and was played by 'gofers' (I wonder what Rofe Harris thinks of that?). Similarly pistoles were mutilated into 'revoalvers', problems began to be 'soalved' and we were told that this is because a language 'evoalves'. Maybe, but when I heard a 19th Century Sherlock Holmes ask for a 'revoalver', I began to wonder.

Then there's this recent fad for picking up a telephone and asking, "Who is this?" If such a person doesn't know who he is by now, he shouldn't be using a 'phone - when he really wants to know "Who is that", at the other end of the line. A similar corruption comes when someone mishears and says "Excuse me?" as if apologising for something nasty..when they really mean.."Would you mind saying that again?"

Such linguistic changes may be defensible as evolutionary effects, but how about those desecrations wrought by careless announcers? I'm tired of hearing accident reports about those two immigrants - the first whose name 'Hassan Bin Releast' and the driver who is always 'Traptin Reckij'. One mustn't forget that Establishment lady, 'Laura Norder' or that most irritating announcement that a certain programme will be coming 'Necks Tweak'... "but first it's time for 'Luck Nqrf'" ... "before that, we have 'The New Z Lines'

Recently, in an Australian fanzine, An American fan claimed the USA to be the only refuge of 'logical English'...as Britain was so daft in having words as illogical as 'colour' and 'horror'. Ignoring the fact that even similar sounding or spelling words may come from totally different roots or countries, he plugged for the 'logical dropping of 'u'

from words containing 'our'. If this is logical, then why don't we hear more of Americans 'toring the contry in their for wheel vehicles'? or is that just 'sor grapes' on my part? One could spend many futile 'hors' on such 'jorney's', but to what avail? Languages must evolve (or evoalve, if you prefer) and slang or spelling differences will play their part....but, since the main idea is communication, I still feel that whilst happily accepting American 'honor' to be as good as British 'honour' - and so on, it does seem a shame when two people living in the same country, can have difficulty in understanding each other.

Of corse, if yo disagree, I'd like to hear yor views on the subject...so remember to LOC

***** Terry Jeeves

=====
 ...it's a pleasure and an 'honor' to support BILL BOWERS FOR TAFF
 =====

PAPERBACKS--HARDCOVERS--MAGAZINES--AEROSPACE--CIGARETTE CARDS--FANSTUFF

Send S.A.E for lists...but if you want all TEN lists of the above, I'd appreciate two second class stamps and I'll supply the envelope. Drop a line to the editor if you're interested. Otherwise, you can have any two lists in your ordinary (9"x4") S.A.E.

ERTAPES 1, 2 & 3 still available at £2.00 for each C60 cassette full of stories, plays, verse from back issues ..plus music, sound effects etc.



"Why Mabel, I never knew
 you could drive.



THE GOLDEN HORN

Judith Tarr
Bantam £9.95

Second in the 'Hound & Falcon' trilogy set in the 13th Century. Half-elf, ex-priest and immortal, Alf has forsaken his vows and wanders through Europe...along with the shape-changing Thea who seeks his love. In the city of Constantinople during the 4th. Crusade, an uneasy peace erupts into violence with Alf seeking to heal the suffering and to protect those who have adopted him. He manages to fall foul of the Emperor, but still is able to aid those around him. Not as gripping as the first volume in the series, but still a fascinating tale of two unusual lovers driven by the pressure of events around them. However, more is made of the historical background...which can be a plus or minus according to your tastes.

LIKE NOTHING ON EARTH

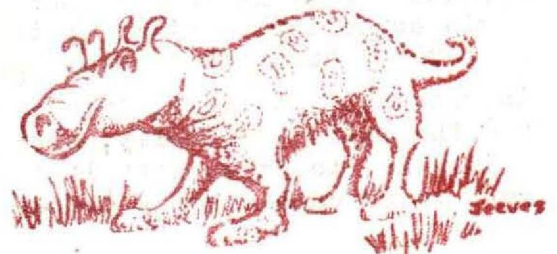
Eric Frank Russell
Methuen £1.95

A seven story anthology opening with 'Alamagoosa' concerning panic over a lost inventory item (and I suspect, based on a shaggy dog story 'the shovelwood') Then my all-time favourite, 'Hobbyist' wherein a scout lands on a planet holding an unusual museum...and its Creator. There's 'The Mechanical Mice', a frightening tale of a machine which seeks to make more machines; 'Into Your Tent I'll Creep' sees humans as a different kind of property. 'Nothing New' is an encounter with long-lived aliens and in 'Exposure' comes the problem of trapping shape changers. Finally, 'Ultima Thule' has a ship lost in Hyperspace. Russell always tells a good yarn and these tales see him at his scintillating best. Characters have humanity and humour, so unless you have a comprehensive file of back issues of ASF, rush out and get this (and the earlier pair, 'NEXT OF KIN' and 'WASP')

J.R.F. PRESENTS No.4

This issue carries two 'Space Ace' picture strip stories:- 'Blasco's Revenge' in which a plot to destroy Earth is foiled, and 'Guided Missile' where Space Ace and Bill save a spaceliner from an errant rocket. Ron Turner wrote the scripts (which are rather weak) and did the superb illustrations. In addition, you get an excellent biography of John Russell Fearn, notes on Turner's cover paintings and a letter section. Good value at £1.20, from John Lawrence, 39 Carterweys, Dunstable, Beds.

(Nos 1,2 & 3, plus other titles are still available if you want the set, An S.A.E. will get you a full list)



DRAGONS OF SPRING DAWNING

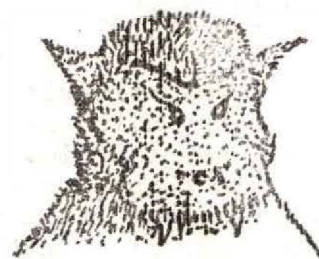
Weis & Hickman Penguin \$2.95

Third in the 'Dragon Lance' trilogy sees the eight heroes (half-elf Tanis, Raistlin the mage, etc) ranged against the dragon forces of the Dark Queen. She seeks Beren, the mute with a green jewel set in his chest as this will give her power over the world of Krynn. Raistlin deserts the heroes as their ship is caught in a maelstrom, and materialises by the library in Palanthas where Laurana is appointed head of the armies ranged against the Dark Queen. Dragon battles follow and the power balance sways, but much as I enjoyed Bk.1 of the series, this one failed to grip me. The numerous characters, places and power shifts proving too hard to follow. However, if you've enjoyed the series so far, there's no reason why it shouldn't still grab you...and once again, there are excellent black and white illustrations by Dennis Beauvais.

THE 27th PAN BOOK OF HORROR STORIES

Selected by Clarence Paget Pan \$1.95 A 12-story collection

opening with a wandering killer and followed by a group of sadistic feminists; a horrific way of getting a prisoner to talk; and encounter with spiders and a man allergic to noise. There's unusual prisoner rehabilitation, a spot of necrophilia, a truly compulsive lover, cannibalism and the ultimate in customer complaint. Being a devotee of the series (and having had a yarn in No.25), I thought these even better than usual -and only two were of the 'blood everywhere' style. The new editor for the series has selected a nicely mixed bag of excellently written yarns.



Jeeves

SILVERTHORNRaymond E. Feist
Grafton \$2.95

Sequel to 'Magician' sees the three brother, King Liam, Martin and Prince Arutha returning to Rillanon. Jimmy the Thief foils an assassination attempt on Arutha who also faces several battles against warriors resuscitated by the evil Murmandus. One the day Arutha is to wed Princess Anita, she is struck down by a poisoned dart aimed at Arutha. To save her, the brothers and Jimmy set off to obtain the antidote..and again are beset by the minions of evil. Standard fare, but written in enthralling manner so that the excellent characters, even if 'over the top' do bring the story alive. I enjoyed it, and fancy that most S&S fans will get a kick out of the yarn.

THE DAMNATION GAMEClive Barker
Sphere \$3.50

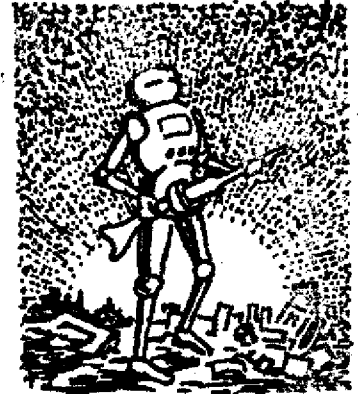
Convict Marty Strauss is paroled from prison as a body-guard in the employ of the aging, but seemingly infallible business tycoon, Whitehead - one who has made a pact with the inhuman Mamoulia, a mind-leeching voyeur. Whitehead's daughter Carys (drug addict and mind reader) is attracted to Straus who seeks to save her when Mamoulia causes Whitehead's empire to begin crumbling. Aided by the raised-from-the-dead 'Razor-head' Breer he moves against Whitehead. Starting in the 'real world', the horror creeps in gradually at first, then escalates into sex, violence, sadism, perversion and the like. Normally, such yarns bore me, but this is done so well, that I just had to stick with it to the end to find out how it all evolves. I'd rate it as considerably better than a Stephen King offering.

ROBOTS AND EMPIRE

Isaac Asimov
Panther \$2.95

Set many decades after 'The Robots Of Dawn', Lije Baley is dead, but Gladia of Solaria has inherited the two robots, Daneel and the mind-adjusting Giskard..both of whom seek to aid humanity's expansion into the Galaxy. All ready, Earthmen have conquered more worlds than the Spacers and there is a movement afoot among the latter, to stop this expansion. Drs. Amadiro and Maudanus set in motion a scheme to destroy Earth and aided by Falstoffs's estranged daughter, they uncover Giskard's abilities and seek to control or destroy him. However, by skilful manipulation of Gladia..and the Earthman descendant of Lije, the robots manage to come out on top..at a considerable sacrifice.

Though really the story of the two robots, I found this yarn far more gripping than 'Dawn' as Daneel and Giskard seek to save humanity, and thus achieve humanity themselves...by creating a new 'Zeroth Law'. To my mind, this is the best story in the whole series.

DIMENSION OF MIRACLES

Robert Sheckley
Grafton \$2.50

A Cosmic Messenger informs Carmody that he has won a Prize in the Intergalactic Sweepstake, he allows himself to be taken to Galactic Centre, but no sooner has he collected his Prize, than the true Winner comes to claim it...and Carmody must find his own way back to Earth through time and space. This sets the scene for a chaotic, 'Hitch-Hiker-style' romp hither and yon. Lightweight and marginally funny, this is one of those yarns you'll love or hate.

BEHOLD THE MAN

Michael Moorcock
Grafton \$2.50

Neurotic Karl Glogauer travels back in time to the Palestine of 29AD where he encounters John The Baptist (who has never heard of Jesus). Karl settles into village life, eventually goes to Nazareth and meets Jesus - a drooling moron, beds Mary and finally takes up the path to the Cross for himself. Told in a hectic, 50% flashback style to indicate how Karl got into his mental mess, this yarn will doubtless offend those with religious beliefs..which may be legitimate in a worthwhile story, but for my money, this isn't such an animal.

SWORDS AGAINST WIZARDRY

Fritz Leiber
Grafton \$2.50

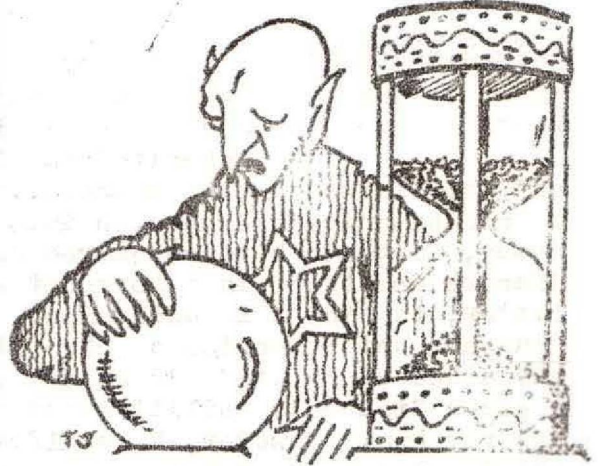
Book 4 in the 'Swords' series recounting the adventures of Fafhrd The Barbarian and The Grey Mouser. This time, they start off by scaling a mountain in search of riches, only to encounter invisible creatures - before winning free with invisible jewels. A brief encounter with swindling traders before each is hired as bodyguard by two warring and antagonistic brothers...whose father wishes to see them both dead.

Additional linking material has been added to weld the stories into one pleasing whole. For my money, these two are the best fantasy characters ever created.

THE ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO THE SUPERNATURAL

Richard Cavendish Windward £9.95

Beautifully set out on slick paper are innumerable short essays on esoteric themes, all neatly arranged in alphabetical order. Look up 'Numerology' and you get details on how to find your own 'personal' number. 'Bermuda Triangle' is there, as are Dowsing, Poltergeists, Witchcraft, Pyramids, The Zodiac, UFOs, Uri Geller, Ghosts, and much much more. Enough idea sparks here for plenty of arguments or to give fantasy writers numerous plots and/or source material. If you want to pursue any material further, there's also a Bibliography. In his Foreword, the author admits the work cannot be comprehensive, but provides a broad overview before leaving any verdicts to the reader. Even so, 196pp, 22x29cm and fully illustrated in both black and white, it's handsome bargain at £9.95 for all those interested in astrology, the occult, the supernatural, or the 'off trail'.

GOLEM IN THE GEARS

Ninth in the ~~Florida~~ Xanth series wherein every character seems to have some sort of magic, and all plants can talk. Grundy Golem is only a few inches tall, but when Little Ivy loses her pet dragon, Stanley Steamer, he volunteers to get it back. Directed to the Ivory Tower, he sets off to fly there on the back of the Monster-Fron-Under-The-Bed, and accompanied by Bink, and Chester The Centaur. A fairy tale, 'Quest' story for adults and studded with atrocious puns (care to visit a Shopping Centaur?) as well as unbelievable creatures and situations. Not great SF, but sheer fun..with the added bonus of a brief author's note and Lexicon of Xanth.

SOVEREIGN

The Bay Royalists breed for a purpose, so 33rd generation Akelan has unusual powers. His acolyte, Teal Ray Stewart, is unwanted by his father also proves to be out of the ordinary. He is blinded, recovers, renounces a crown after winning it in combat, then joins the Vakellan Space Academy where he finds himself a key figure in the Earth-Uelso war...with Vakella in the middle. He is given command of a super ship, is captured, escapes and like Van Vogt's Gosseyn, he seems capable of re-birth and re-generation, before all is resolved. This would have been a great story, but for the giant leaps in the action..akin to 'after our hero had escaped the pit...' Even so, if you like wide-ranging space opera and superheroes, then this could be for you. ...it doesn't say so..but could it be Book 1 of a trilogy ???

SANDWRITER

15 year old Princess Antia is sent to far off Roshan by her aunt, the Queen who plans to see her married for reasons of State. Enamoured of her tutor, Eskoril, Antia agrees to spy for him. Once in Roshan, she gets lost in the desert, is saved by 'Sandwriter' and begins to unravel the truth about Eskoril, and the secret of the dunes. Despite this being a juvenile (for girls), it is far more readable and less tedious than many a so-called 'adult' fantasy, as it lacks their verbosity, banner-waving and rampant feminism. Instead, it has a straightforward narrative and interesting plot line. I fancy it should be ideal for any eight to fifteen year old girl.

Monica Hughes
Magnet £1,75

OPTIONS

Robert Sheckley
Grafton £2.50

Tom Mishkin force lands on the planet Harmonia, aided by a SPER robot, he sets out to collect spare parts...but the robot has been programmed for a different world, so most anything can (and does) happen. Mishkin struggles his way through parallel worlds, hallucinations etc. before all is resolved in a logical..but unexpected way. Meant to be funny (well, there are some giggles), this is a frenetic romp in the style of Dick or Adams. You'll love it or loath it. P.S. The cover illo looks very like Ron Hubbard.

SWORDS AND ICE MAGIC

Fritz Leiber
Grafton £2.50

Sixth in the Fafhrd/Mouser series has eight 'tales' (some are but minimal linking vignettes). A couple of times, Death picks on our heroes to balance his books, only to be foiled. Gods torment them with a succession of women, they have a philosophical encounter with sea nymphs, are attacked by an ice boat and finally land with a load of mercenaries on Rime Isle to defend it against the Sea Mingols in a yarn which takes up a third of the book. More lightweight than usual, but I still cherish the adventures of this unlikely - but lovingly chronicled pair.

ANTHONOLOGY

Piers Anthony
Grafton Panther £2.95

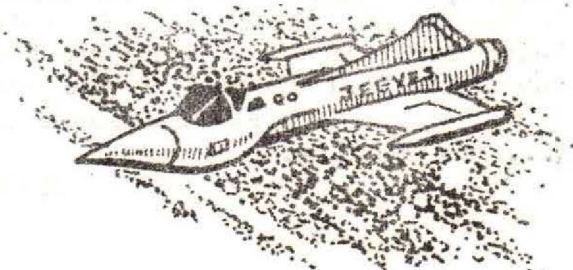
Into 432pp are crammed no less than 21 tales, and each is punctuated by autobiographical reminiscences. some of which are more entertaining than the tales they linked with. Anthony himself admits that the first two are clunkers, but then he settles down into more entertaining vein as we meet yarns of extinct pets, an intelligent toaster, a giant animal with intelligent feet! as well as a loner meeting a tiger in a devastated city, a 'phog' monster, the edge of the universe, a talking cloud, and even a vengeful ghost. There's much more, too numerous to detail, but the great advantage of this collection lies in the fact that each is just long enough to fill the odd idle moment. It's an ideal bedside reader, and at the price it's a steal.

*** OPTIONS Query. My copy bears a sticker claiming 'A PAPERBACK ORIGINAL' yet according to my records, Pan published this yarn way back in April 1977. Can anyone explain this practice of labelling 'Original' ???

STAR SURGEON

James White
Orbit £1.95

A full length novel about the giant space hospital Sector General, and the activities of Senior Medical Officer Conway. Faced with a huge alien cannibal for a patient, Conway effects a cure..with the result that the alien, a sort of demi-god, demands Conway's assistance to cure the inhabitants of an isolated world. Violently hostile to outside contact, the Etlans have their own schemes in hand. As a result, Sector General becomes the battleground for an inter-stellar war! A welcome change from the usual set of linked short stories, as it gives the author a chance to really develop a single plot line. For my money, it's a great improvement. However, whilst bowing to White's medical knowhow, personal experience has shown that nurses and doctors are not QUITE so dedicated as his yarns make out.



THE THIRD BOOK OF SWORDS

Fred Saberhagen
Futura Orbit £2.50

((Vulcan, aided by the human Jord, made 12 swords of differing powers - one of which is now held by the Dark Lord, Viktala)) Ben of Purkinje charges his servant Dennis with the task of delivering one of the swords to Sir Andrew, whilst elsewhere, the God Draffut gives Mark the sword 'Sightblinder' which allows him to creep undetected into Viktala's camp and free the girl Kristin. We follow the actions of Dennis, Mark and Kristin as the gods themselves work out their game, and Viktala seeks to control all the swords. A fascinating yarn which manages to avoid some of the more familiar cliches of sword and sorcery.

NIGHT WARRIORS

Graham Masterton
Sphere £2.95

On a California beach, Genry, Gil and Susan discover the body of a dead girl - with a nest of vicious eel-like creatures inside. Later, each of the three is approached by 'Springer' and invited to a rendezvous, where they discover their differing messengers are all aspects of 'angel' agent of the all-god Askapola. The trio are called upon to become 'Night Warriors' in an astral plane war against the Devil who is using his powers to impregnate women with his evil spawn. Endowed with super powers, they join the battle. As with all good thrillers, this one's menace starts low-key in the 'real world' before escalating gradually..and grippingly into its fantasy elements.

THE FINNBRANCH

+++++
Paul Hazel
Sphere £4.95

Before you wince at the price, this is an A5 sized, 590pp blockbuster holding all three parts of the Finn trilogy - 'Yearwood', 'Undersca' and 'Winterking'. Finn, a 15 year old Norseman and bastard sets out with the warrior Tabak, to find the father he has never known - who turns out to be a king. Before Finn can claim his birthright, he must cope with the usurper Thigg.. as well as magic, ordeal, battle and sundry other perils in a saga which moves from its mythological past up to more modern times - the latter section needing a shifting of mental gears. Finn's adventures, told in the first person draw you into their toils with fascinating events and unexpected twists which make it a real treat for fantasy buffs.

THE WIZARDS AND THE WARRIORS

Hugh Cook

Corgi £2.95

Renegade wizard Heenmor has stolen the Stone of Power which can destroy the world. On his trail to regain the Stone are millenia-old wizard Phyphor along with two other wizards.. Garash (who covets the Stone) and Miphon, a gentle healer. They are soon joined by two Rovac warriors, Hearst and Alish (who also has plans for the Stone) as well as the woodsman Blackwood and the sadistic Prince Comedo - who spends much of the time in a Tardis-like, multi-dimensioned bottle. To complicate matters, they are pursued by a hostile army and meet varying opposition from amphibians, dragons, Heenmor and the environment. Many of the characters are anti-heroes, which allow the occasional death of a seemingly-key figure. All works out well in the end in a definitely top quality fantasy. Despite it being first in a new trilogy, the yarn is totally complete in itself, so you don't feel cheated at the end. Recommended to all fantasy lovers.

... and finally,

A MERRY CHRISTMAS and A HAPPY NEW YEAR

to all ERG readers

BRIGHTNESS FALLS FROM THE AIR

James Tiptree Jr.
Sphere £3.50

A motley group of tourists descends on the small Federation outstation on the planet Damien. They come to see the spectacular effects attendant on the passing of a nova wavefront along with its attendant 'Time flurries'. They also hope to see the beautiful, winged Damei who were once hideously exploited for their glandular secretions - but some of the visitors are not what they seem and have other plans. The menace of these is deftly escalated as the nova effect nears its peak. The whole yarn is without doubt, one of the most un-put-downable that I've had the pleasure of reading for a long, long time. Very highly recommended

ECLIPSE

John Shirley
Methuen £2.50

The year is 2020AD and a limited scale, nuclear war has left Europe a mess. The SA (Second Alliance), a semi-private Army, is top of the heap, but the New Resistance movement works for freedom. The USA still suffers the information loss after a nuclear EMP and the Soviets have blockaded the space satellite FirStep. Fading pop star Rickenhemp is sucked into the action, as are several other characters, thus allowing us to see the action through their eyes...as confrontation nears. This is No.1 of the new trilogy, 'A Song Called Youth' but whilst I enjoyed the normal story line, I was put off by the numerous 'historical scene setting' and ferocious jump cuts between characters. Smoothed out a bit, this would be a terrific yarn.

=====
This fanzine supports BILL BOWERS FOR TAFF...const thou do likewise ?
=====

DOWN MEMORY BANK LANE Parts 1 to 12 complete in one 80+ page volume along with ERG covers and the two parodies 'G-8 and His Battle Aces meet the 'Cucumber of Death', and 'Last Stage Reflectoroman'. The whole shooting match for £2.50 including post and packing. Order now.

=====
ANSWERS TO PUZZLE CORNER
=====

=====
NOW, DO YOU WANT REGULAR PUZZLE CORNERS...OR NOT ?
=====

Original length of line is circumference of Trencor $c = \pi \times d$ when the line has been raised by two flurps, this increases the diameter to $C'' = \pi \times (d + 4)$ The increase in length is given by $c'' - c = \pi \times 4$ i.e. $\pi(d + 4) - \pi d$ The π terms cancel and we are left with an increase of 4 π , or 4×3.14 . this equals 12.46 so working to the nearest flurp, we must add 13 flurps of rail. QUICKIES 1. The coins are 2p and 20p (Yes, one coin was NOT a 20p...but the other one was) 2. There's no earth in a hole. BOX If the box is 2 metres along each side, this means the sphere has a radius of 1 metre...so its surface area is $4 \times \pi \times r^2$ or $4 \times \pi \times 1$ metres. LANKS With both taps open, the tank fills at only $1/3$ its usual rate...so takes three times as long to fill. 3 x 20 is 60 minutes to fill it. WEIGHTS of 1, 3 and 9 lbs can weigh all steps from 1 to 13 by using them on both pans. Thus 3 on left and 1 on right means 2lbs may be weighed by adding to right hand pan. ...and so on for all other steps. NUMBERS from 1 to 1000 will add up to 500500 FENCING You'll need 21 poles for 20 yards, as one must go at the start as well as the finish. 21 x £1.25 makes a cost of £26.25 THE FLY The two men are closing at a total speed of 15mph, so will take three hours to meet. The fly therefore flies for 3 hours at a speed of 15 mph...so it travels 45 miles.

=====
PUZZLE CORNER...ANSWERS
=====

ERG
QUARTERLY

B. T. JEEVER
230 BANNERDALE ROAD
SHEFFIELD S11 9RE

PRINTED PAPERS
REDUCED RATE

TO.



1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

1885

1886

1887

1888

1889

1890

1891

1892

1893

1894

1895

1896

1897

1898

1899

1900