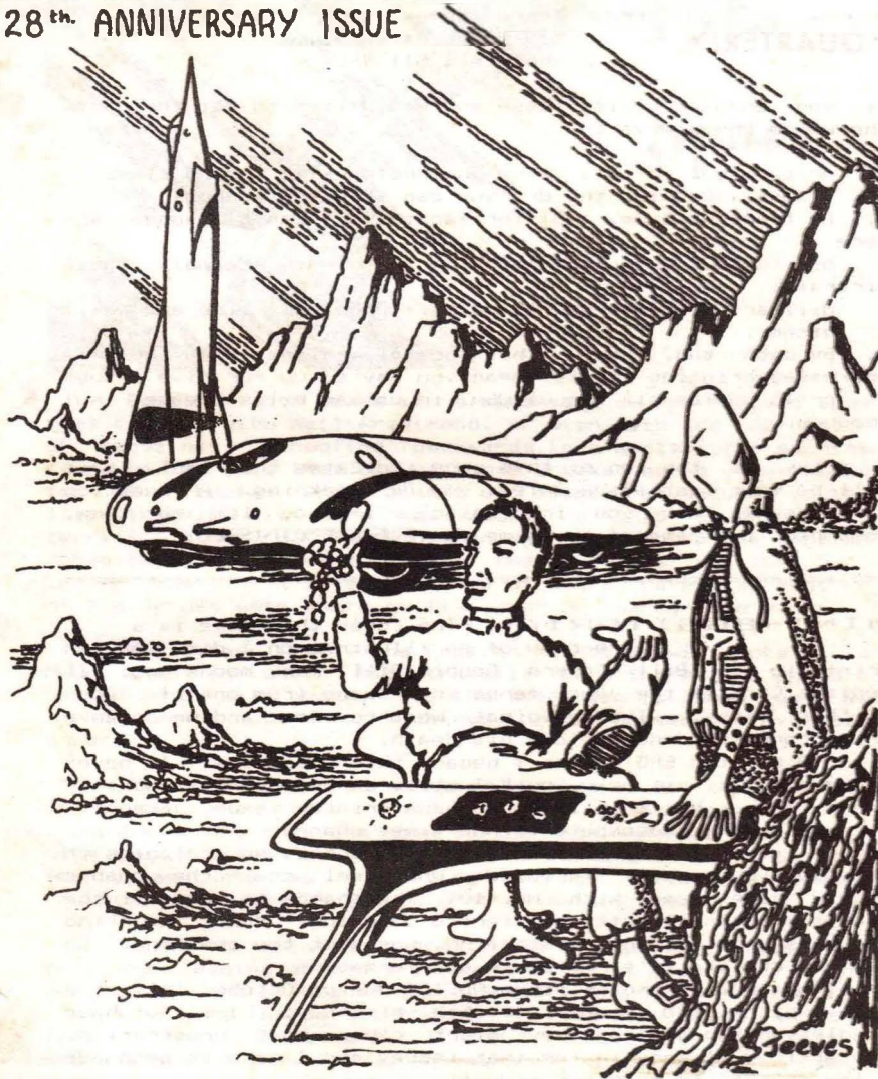


# ERG

98 QUARTERLY

APRIL 1987

28<sup>th</sup> ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



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This is ERG Quarterly No. 98 April 1987

**ERG**

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**28th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE**

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**QUARTERLY**

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

If you enjoyed this issue and would like to get the next, there are three ways :-

1. Write a LOC on this issue and enclose TWO second class stamps. (Outside the UK, you can skip the stamps)
2. By trade with me. NU1 for fanzines. I can't manage any more of those, but for magazine SF (not Analog), Model Aircraft, Military Aircraft or old pulps. Drop me a line and we'll dickier.
3. By cash sub. Sorry, but postal raises and the now increased printing costs mean you pay £3.00 for five issues UK, or \$5.00 for six issues USA, in dollar bills please. NU1 cheques.

A cross at the top of this page indicates that sadly, this will be your last issue unless you *DO* something. A question mark means "Are you interested?" if so, let me know. Remember, the name of the game is **RESPONSE**

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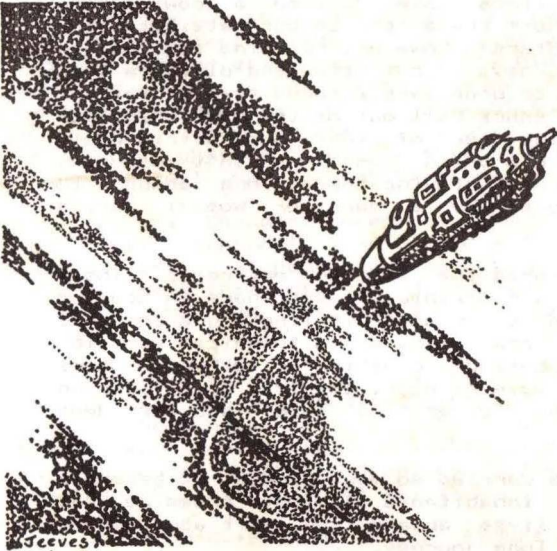
**MINI-ERGITORIAL** The cover this time is a re-draw of an illustration I did for an art-folio in Bill Bowers 'Double Bill' many moons ago. It depicts Cartiff the jewel fence in a scene from one of 'Doc' Smith's yarns. The original went to 'Doc' and we began a brief correspondence before his death.

A printed ERG! When I began this magazine, I never dreamed that not only would I still be producing it some 28 years later., but that it would be a printed issue, prepared on my own microcomputer. How times change. The event has come a little sooner than originally planned, so apologies to those of you (myself included) who feel that the change should have come with No. 101. The chance to shed all the chores of stencil cutting, electro patching, duper cranking and issue collating and stapling, was just too tempting. So how do you like this new style and format?

I'm now thinking of issue No.100 due on October 1st - a date which also marks my 65th birthday. I'll not have candles on the cake as they might cause heat prostration. One article already in for that issue, and I hope to persuade a few 'names' to help out as well.

**DO ME A FAVOUR?** If you don't save your copies of ERG, would you pass them along to a friend (or enemy) and thus help to spread the gospel? Ta.

# Journey Into Space



Getting into space isn't some sort of new-fangled idea that came in with Neil Armstrong, or even with the Gernsback SF magazines. Shooting backwards in a mental time machine turns up the fact that one of those Greeks had a few words for it. Lucian wrote a sort of 'missing adventure' to the Iliad in which his hero was aboard a ship caught in a terrific storm. It lands him on the Moon, where the warlike inhabitants are about to tackle the dwellers on the Sun! Lucian must have liked the idea of space travel, as another of his heroes gets there by flying up on Icarus-like wings.

Many years later, the English Bishop Godwin wrote of a Moon trip in which his traveller gets there in a gondola hauled up by wild geese. Had the idea been followed up, we might now be rating our machines, not by horses but by goose power.

Cyrano de Bergerac strapped bottles of dew to the waist of his man. When the sun rose, the dew evaporated and did likewise - and took the chap to the Moon. Cyrano also wrote of a device lifted by the power of a lodestone tied on the front, as well as a 'flying chariot' lifted by powder rockets, so he wasn't just a pretty (awful) nose.

That prevaricating character Baron Munchausen made his trip by leaping aboard a cannon ball as it emerged from the gun barrel, and of course Jules Verne's mighty cannon carried its passengers inside the shell. An idea also used in the film 'Things To Come'. I don't recall this being in the book, and surely Wells must have known that such treatment might damage one's health.

Wells' mythical 'Favorite' also carried men to the Moon, and since then, writers have devised a bewildering number of ways to get their characters to our satellite, the planets, or even .. The Stars! However, reaching the latter involved such long journeys in both time and distance that no hero could be expected to undertake a round trip of thirty or forty years and still knock hell out of the baddy in the final chapter. Even at the speed of light, such a trip would require a minimum of 8.6 years - and that isn't including acceleration, deceleration or staying there long enough to have the heroine captured by a man (or woman) eating coiliwotsit.

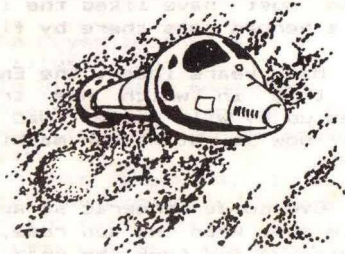
Some SF writers ignored the problem entirely. Their characters climbed into a spaceship, stayed there an hour or so, then got out again on some planet circling Alpha Centauri - or a more exotic 'Auroriana'. There's a technical word for that sort of thing, it's called 'cheating'. Other writers sought for more feasible ways of doing the trick, and came up with ideas such as the 'generation ship' and the 'deep freeze'.

The generation ship carried so many people, it became a microcosmic world, the inhabitants living, breeding and spending their entire lives aboard the craft as it moved ponderously on its long, long journey.

Since this meant that individual heroes couldn't stay the course, the focus of the yarn was either on events at one stage of the journey, or what happened on arrival at the destination. In one tale, this involved finding the new planet to be inhabited by Earthmen as a new FTL method had been developed after the generation ship set off. Events happening during the journey were often built around mutinies which led to a total loss of the knowledge that they were all aboard a starship. Heinlein's 'Orphan's Of The Stars' being the definitive yarn of this type.

Another concept allowing our intrepid voyagers to reach the stars, was 'deep freezing'. Before take-off, crews were frozen into 'corpsicles' and defrosted at journey's end. Effective, but cumbersome. What writers and fans really wanted was a system allowing heroes and heroines to commute hither and yon as easily (or more easily?) than by catching a Number 10 bus.

The answer was the 'space warp' which operated on the theory that space was folded like a blanket. Switch on your veeblesnurdler, nip across the ends, and you could cut out all that light-year stuff. Closely akin to this was the theory held by some physicists, that if you zoomed into a spinning black hole at the right angle, you would vanish through a 'worm hole' and emerge in a different part of the



universe.

One of the snags of space wars and the like was the way they affected you. Visions of past and present, mind bending, nausea giving and generally playing hob with one's joie de vivre. One writer even had to have his characters rendered unconscious for the whole of the time, otherwise the experience killed 'em off. Just how this system was evolved is a bit obscure - until a ship returned with a live crew, who could tell 'em what was killing them off?

Bertram Chandler noted how a gyroscope if pushed one way, will stubbornly move off in a different direction. By that mysterious alchemy known only to wielders of the pen, he metamorphosed this into his 'Mannschen Drive'. This involved weird wiring and multi-axis gyroscopes, but once set in motion it did the trick - though often erratically.

MY OWN favourite method is Doc Smith's incomparable Bergenholm. This neutralised inertia and thus at one stroke avoided the Einsteinian 'infinite mass' bugaboo and allowed speeds way beyond that of light. I'd nominate this idea - and the way in which Doc developed and elaborated it, as 'the greatest SF invention' of all time.

Anne McCaffrey's Dragon Riders needed no warps, worm holes or widgets. The dragons could fly 'between' on sheer mental power - and for good measure, could throw in a spot of time travelling.

Incidentally, that light speed barrier has other snags beyond the oft quoted ones of infinite mass and zero length. At 0.99999c, the 4.3 light year trip to Alpha Centauri would appear to the crew as an elapsed time of about one and a half days. Lovely, but there's a snag. At that speed, they would be covering some two million miles in 1/100 of a second. What sort of reaction time would be needed to cope with all those glowing meteorites? If you mumble about 'automatic controls', these too, will be operating on subjective time, so there's no gain there. Moreover, IF the craft actually travels AT the speed of light, then time will be dilated to the point of standing still! They'll never be able to press the STOP button, but just hurtle on for ever - until the craft runs smack into a star. When infinite mass does that, the result could be slightly cataclysmic! Who knows, maybe that's what caused the original big bang. Authors feel free to tell us all about it.

No doubt about it, this space travel is awfully complicated.





HERE ARE THE FIRST LINES OF SOME WELL KNOWN SF AND FANTASY STORIES. CAN YOU IDENTIFY THEM - AND THEIR AUTHORS?

1. "You will rejoice to hear that no disaster has accompanied the commencement of an enterprise which you have regarded with such evil forebodings"
2. His mother's hand felt cold, clutching his. His fear as they walked hurriedly along the street was a quiet, swift pulsation.
3. Dominating twice a hundred square miles of campus, parade ground, airport and spaceport, a ninety-storey edifice of chromium and glass sparkled dazzlingly in the bright sunlight of a June Morning.
4. It was with a weary frown that Jan Palmer beheld Thomson standing there on the dock. Thomson like some evil raven, never made his appearance unless to inform Jan in a somehow accusatory way that business, after all, should take precedence over such trivialities as sailing.
5. Fifteen men in shining, bulky airtight suits stood beside the great hull that had brought them across a quarter of a million miles of space and landed them at last on this airless satellite world.
6. The next time you see a full moon high in the South, look carefully at its right hand edge and let your eye travel upwards along the curve of the disk. Round about two-o'clock you will notice a small, dark oval: anyone with normal eyesight can find it quite easily.
7. He came from nothing. He became aware from unawareness. He smelled the air of the night and heard the trees whispering on the embankment above him and the breeze that had set the trees to whispering came down to him and felt him over with soft, tender fingers.
8. "Put down that wrench!" The man addressed turned slowly around and faced the speaker. His expression was hidden by a grotesque helmet.
9. The place stank!
- 10 After the man from the express company had given the door and untipped slam, Sam Weber decided to move the huge crate under the one light bulb in his room.
11. The Lieutenant stood in front of the steel sphere and gnawed a piece of pine splinter, "What do you think of it Steevens?" he asked. "It's an idea", said Steevens in the tone of one who keeps an open mind.
12. The Kanamit were not very pretty it's true. They looked something like pigs and something like people, and that is not an attractive combination.

ANSWERS 1. Frankenstein - Mary Shelley 2. Stan - A.E. Van Vogt 3. Galactic Patrol - E.E. Smith 4. Slaves Of Sleep - L.R. Hubbard 5. The Moon Is Hell - J.W. Campbell Jr. 6. The Sentinel - A.C. Clarke 7. Goodnight Mr. James - C. Stak 8. Blimps Happen - R.A. Heinlein 9. Who Goes There? - J.W. Campbell Jr. 10. Child's Play - Wm. Tenn 11. In The Abyss - H.G. Wells 12. To Serve Man - Damon Knight

# Carry On Jeeves



Part 1.

With this instalment, I'm shifting the emphasis from purely Science Fictional to a more autobiographical

mother lode of memories - many of them concerning that other love of my life - aircraft. I hope all of you will find them entertaining - and who knows? they may stir up a few memories of your own. One point I must make clear, memory being a fickle jade, don't be upset if I occasionally get dates muddled, or events out of chronological order. I never could do more with diaries other than fill in the 'Information' page, and even then, I was never able to find my 'Watch Number' or other invaluable data. Bear that in mind, and read on.

One of my very earliest memories from around the age of four, concerns my fairy cycle - No, it didn't have wings, nor did it have queer habits. Actually, it was a tricycle with wheels about 5 inches in diameter. On this particular day, I was embarked on a (relatively) long trip to call for my friend - who lived next door but one. I had got half way and was at least 20 feet from our backdoor, when disaster struck!

The pedal crank broke! I was panic stricken, how was I to get home? I wasn't in the A.A., hadn't even heard of 'em. It was a real problem, but I managed to solve it - I walked home.

A few years later, someone presented me with an 'Electrical Set'. It consisted of battery, bulb and holder, half a yard of wire and a compass. Clever people could juggle these until the light came on, but all I ever achieved, was to run the battery flat and trample on the bulb. Even so, when the inevitable grown up asked me, "What

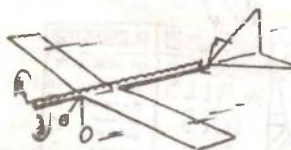
do you want to be when you grow up?" I answered, "A pilot or an electrician". Many years later, I skirted both targets when I volunteered for the RAF. A weak right eye barred me from aircrew, and I wound up as a Wireless Mechanic. Even so, I did wangle many a flight - including two or three anti-submarine patrols in an antiquated D.H. Rapide.

But back to short pants and my first 'flying' model aircraft.

This was a rather ghastly stick model, fabric-covered monoplane.

Before the envious eyes of my pals, I carried it out into the middle of the road, gave the rubber six full turns and placed the model on the

ground. The prop flipped over a couple of times and there was a pregnant silence. I tried again with no less than 18 turns on the motor and achieved a taxi run of almost a foot. There were murmurings from the motley collection of kids and some suggestions of a highly disquieting nature which touched my tender soul. Honour was at stake! Casting caution to the winds and offering up a silent prayer that the rubber wouldn't break, I wound the prop until a full row of knots lined up along the elastic. All eyes were on me, I daren't fail now. I risked my all on a hand launch. Hurling the contraption willy-nilly into the air, I opened my eyes at the astonished gasps. it was FLYING! The model swooped in a gentle curve, straight out into the front of one of those well-known menaces on pre-war British roads .. a Walls Ice Cream tricycle. This advanced technical equipment had an ice box full of lollies etc. mounted on the two front wheels, behind them, the rear half of a bicycle - saddle, pedals, wheels and so on. If you are ever invited to make a small wager on the results of a dogfight between an ice cream cart, and a rubber-powered model monoplane, I advise you to go for cold storage. The belligerent ice cream vendor removed the remains of my model from the hidden depths of his machine and handed them to me, along with a kindly word of friendly advice, "Don't fly that bloody thing on the street again or I'll break your flaming neck."



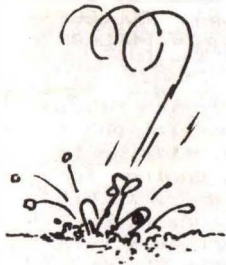
For a while, I consoled myself by collecting metal, 'Dinky Toy' aircraft and very quickly each acquired a broken undercarriage through being landed too heavily after 'hand flying'. A favourite game with these, was to run a thread from a bedroom window to the ground at an angle of about 40 degrees. Hooked on to this, my Dinky bombers could 'fly' down to ground level (and be retrieved by a second thread tied to the tail). However after several high speed bomb runs had been terminated by loud 'THUNKS' and cries of agony from people getting in the way of low flying Whitleys, my squadron was permanently grounded.

Then there was my pride and joy, a metal fuselage F.R.O.G monoplane. In those days, they cost about 7/6d (or 37p) and boasted wooden props with high ratio gear boxes, 'knock off' undercarriages and wings. Built into the box was a geared winder which could put umpteen twists into the rubber in next to no time. As mentioned in an earlier DMBL, when given full boost on the rubber and up elevator, my model



could do no less than three consecutive loops. Great fun!

Naturally, I overdid the trick until eventually the wings folded up and the model tried to dig its way to Australia. Since new wings cost 9d each, plus vast sums for replacement of propeller gear box and crumpled fuselage, I scrubbed that stunt from my repertoire.



About this time, 'Flying Circuses' were touring Britain, chief among them being Alan Cobham's. I seldom missed one when they came to Sheffield.

There were the 'wing walkers' who seldom did more than cling like grim death to the edge of the cockpit. There was 'crazy flying' fit to give hab dabs to anyone from the Air Ministry. Gliders performed aerobatics and on one occasion, a 'Flying Flea', intended to be the home-built aircraft of the future taxied angrily up and down in a vain effort to get airborne. Strangely enough, when later, I made a 'Flea' model, it performed beautifully. Maybe I used better rubber. Much more spectacular was the performance in which a plane with a wing-mounted hook was brought in low and banked so that the hook picked up a 'handkerchief' from the ground.

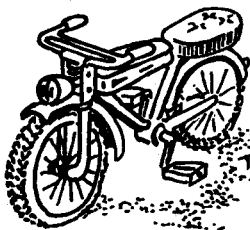
I also saw performances by the two 'bird men', The white clad American, Clem Sohn and the English Harry Ward (who performed in black). Both men had canvas wings and a sort of tailplane joining their legs. Leaping from a high flying aircraft, they would fly back and forth before landing by parachute. It was at one of these displays that my pal's father strolled up and offered him a five bob flight. I began to turn green with envy, then the miracle happened - he invited me as well. I moved so fast, I nearly went out through the other side of the Fokker trimotor used for passenger trips. I saw Sheffield from the air and I still recall the euphoria of that first flight and of looking down on that tiny, grass-covered field and wondering how the pilot was going to get us back down on it. However, he did, and life was never quite the same after that. I never even noticed the wiggling I got from mother on arriving home. How dare I go up in one of those dangerous things without first getting her permission? (which presumably would have made it perfectly safe). I HAD FLOWN! nothing else mattered.



It was around this time that I became hooked on SF, and on American magazines in general. My collection of Astounding, Wonder, and Amazing began to grow - as did my files of G-8 AND HIS BATTLE ACES, DOC SAVAGE, DAREDEVIL ACES,

10  
FLYING ACES (which boasted to be 'three magazines in one - fact, fiction and modelling'. Now and then I acquired the odd copy of Gernsback's 'SCIENCE AND MECHANICS', COLLEGE HUMOR and MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS as well as stacks of POPULAR MECHANICS, and MODERN MECHANIX.

FLYING ACES was particularly notable, its fiction (90% of which seemed to be by 'Arch Whitehouse) was puerile, but I drooled over the models, and the advertisements. Kits could be bought which included pre-formed balsa shells, engines for a few cents, and one item was out of this world - a kit consisting of a set of moulds for all the Buck Rogers' characters, some bars of lead, and a miniature electric furnace. Cast your own SF characters! As for DAREDEVIL ACES, all our gang got hooked on a yarn in one issue. The title escapes me, but it concerned a German squadron of Fokker D7s called 'The Orange Tango'. Naturally, we all acquired virulent orange model aircraft on the fronts of our cycles - and had numerous 'dog fights' until boredom and the rising cost of repairs moved us in other directions. Much as we admired almost everything American, we deplored one thing - the American kids' bikes as shown in many an ad. Apart from



being 'easily attainable' by the simple expedient of selling boxes of salve (The ad never mentioned how many), we loathed the sheer weight of the thing. A huge dummy petrol tank, large headlamp, hefty mudguards, big thick tyres, siren, and double strutted sit-up-and-beg handlebars, plus big ugly rubber pedals. No way

could the poor kids have cycled more than a mile or two from home, and against our three-speed, drop handlebar lightweight racers, they'd never have seen our dust.

Speaking of dust, one of our many interests was the speedway - when we could afford it. Inevitably, the daredevil heroes of the cinder track had to be emulated. We constructed our own cycle speedway on the ash covered local recreation ground and had many thrills and spills there. Marking the corners of the course, we had four blocks of concrete. On one occasion, I came into the bend at top speed and clipped one with a pedal. My bike stopped and I kept going. On inspection, I found the crank bent back against the bottom fork - some deft banging with a half house brick cured that.

We also found excitement in dragging our bikes up some local slag heaps and then riding down them again - a procedure rendered more hazardous by the regular passage of the overhead skips. These would strike a tipping bar and dump their still smoking contents atop the ever-growing mound. Luckily for us, these skips were way above our heads as they sailed along on their cables. The temptation to try and grab one for a free ride was very great.



[[ERGitatorial comments are within these  
pretty little brackets]]

TED HUGHES  
10 Kenmore Rd.,  
Whitefield  
Manchester M25 6ER

"DMBL Part 19 - smashing! I like your comments, particularly when you deal - as you did this issue, - with specific old tales. Even though you rib them, I can sense your affection for them. I never read 'Mathematica', but I recall being bowled over by 'Mathematica Plus' [[One, or both (?) yarns came out in 1/6d paperbacks here in the UK around 1955 - if you can get 'em]] Truth to tell, I never cared much for Fearn. The only other story of his I ever cared for was *Liners Of Time* [[Funny, that and its sequel 'Zagribud' bored me to tears]] I can't imagine why Stanley G Weinbaum's aliens didn't grab you. You must have been an unusual lad! He certainly sparked off a torrent of imitators. I can still re-read 'A Martian Odyssey' or 'Valley Of Dreams' with considerable enjoyment. [[My own preferences were for the 'gadget' story. I always felt Weinbaum's aliens on some wild planet, to be SF versions of strange animals in some Amazonian jungle or its equivalent]] You ask if we want more puzzles in ERG: I respond (defensively) "As long as they're not mathematical". [[H'm. tall order, but I'll work on it.]] 'You Can Fool...' might as well have been titled 'TANSTAAFL' because that is what it said very plainly. The only, concealed charge you neglected to mention was the price added by big stores to compensate for pilferage. 'Psi No More' had a typical Jeeves surprise ending. Don't you ever write any serious shorts for ERG? [[Upon Reflection was a serious piece .. and it sold to Pan for £50. Normally though, I feel 'serious' fiction is out of place in ERG. Comment anyone ???]]

KEN LAKE  
115 Markhouse Ave.,  
LONDON E17 8AY

ERG arrived this morning; wondered when you'd get around to WORDS. My pet hate is that strange time of day, "the seevning" which BBC announcers have been saying since the forties to my knowledge, but you should listen to our local radio station LBC for a laugh or wince a minute. [[Not me! I can't BEAR current radio local or national with its brainless nattering between equally brainless 'music'. Occasionally Radio 3 is worth listening too, but that's all.]]

American is no more logical than English - it just has a few new conventions introduced at the time of the Revolution when newspaper editors agreed to standardise on 'or', 'er' and 'ize' against our 'our', 're' and 'ise'. Makes no DIFFERENCE, they still don't pronounce words as they are spelt (for which you can blame bloody Dr. Johnson's Dictionary - 'debt' was NEVER pronounced like that, it's just that Our Sam thought it ought to be spelt that way to show it came from the Latin 'debitus' - up till then, most people had written 'dette' which is somewhat more sensible - just one example of thousands).

You pick out 'revoalver' as a mispronunciation prevalent in the twenties/thirties [[No, I said it was modern but most annoying when used by actors playing parts set in those years.]] My own hate in this field was 'syoo' for 'Sue', which is equally silly. As for 'gofe' is that why at cons I discovered 'gofers' do NOT carry little bent sticks around with them and have caddies in tow? [[Funny, I always thought you kept tea in caddies.]]

ALAN BURNS  
19 The Crescent  
Kings Rd. South  
Wallsend  
N.Tyneside

Ee a'm reet surprised at ye sayin' ye canna undorstan' Geordie. Wi it's the easiest to get the hang of, and it's better than them dialects what ye hev in the Midlands way. Likely it's cos they doan't drink Newcassel Broon ale. Tis marvellous stuff like, take fower pints and ye divvent need ne Dean Drive nor nowt, ye'll gan home waakin three feet above the ground aal the way. Of course some of wor wimmen folk have gone back in the bettin' cos they sup lager and that stuff that should be hoyed in the Tyne. Al let ye into a secret but, te lorn Geordie divvent come to Newcassel, gan ower Norway, cos that's where it came from, and what browt them vikings ower? Wi noot else but to sup Newcassel Broon! [[ Funny Alan, I've tapesoded with you for how long? twenty years? .. and I never had trouble in understanding you (but then you don't talk like that. Mark you, I can't understand some Sheffielders for that matter. ]]



FAMELA BOAL  
4 Westfield Way  
Charlton Heights  
Wantage,  
OXON OX12 7EW

Thanks for saving me the bother of writing on 'free' offers. The whole malarkey has been irritating me for some time, I would have had to put pen to paper to get the excess adrenalin out of my system if you hadn't forestalled me in such excellent fashion. Despite my inability to spell, I also agree with you on that matter. Oddly enough, most s--called spelling reform makes life harder, not easier for dyslexics. [[ I often feel the same applies to laws designed to make things better for the law-abiding. Instead, they just mean more petty mucking about for them - whilst the scroungers continue to infringe such rules. A nearby road is 'closed' between 8.00am and 9-30am and again 4-30 to 6-30pm. We upright citizens make long detours, whilst the people for whom the 'law' was made continue to drive through. Parking on many roads is illegal - which seemingly only serves to ensure the law breakers can park there in comfort. How many other reforms can you think of which operate in the same way? ]]

CLANG CORNER [[ So far, two readers (Vinc Clarke and Ken Lake) have pointed out my error in the last Puzzle Corner - I stupidly transposed the fill/empty rates of the two tanks. Actually, I had 'em right to start with - and then I altered 'em with corflu. Look closely, and you can see where I did it. Mea Culpa and like that... T.J. ]]

Thomas Ferguson  
60 Melrose St.,  
Belfast 9  
N. Ireland

Your Cosmology argument for the nature of the Universe - a more touchy aspect of this is the religious view on the creation of the Universe. I think that most people disregard the strict interpretations of the Bible and Genesis, and go for the more symbolic nature of the Creation. I'm not too sure on this, but I think my own church - the Catholic one says that God was influential in the 'Big Bang' i.e., that it was at his instigation that it happened. Of course, this brings in all those philosophical arguments of the first mover. Anyway, it would be interesting to hear what other people think, in today's society, of the religious influence in the Universe - at its origin, and at the present time. [[ Personally, as an atheist, I don't see any outside influence at either time]] I'm really sorry to hear your agreement with Ted Hughes. To thank, for whatever reason, no matter how selfish, anyone for the atom bomb and all its horrors shows a marked lack of sensitivity in both of you. [[ Maybe so, but it was (and is) a lack shared by thousands who survived the Japanese hell camps and all their horrors, by the thousands saved from dying on the landing beaches of the Japanese islands and by many others. The bomb stopped the war. The stopping of the war saved thousands of lives. HOW we use it in the future is up to all of us, it could kill thousands - but it doesn't have to. I'm thankful, along with many others that it DID save thousands of lives. Meanwhile, many thanks for a long and stimulating letter - I only wish I could print more of it.]]

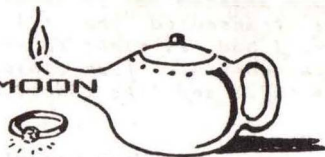
ERIC MAYER  
1771 Ride Rd. East  
Rochester NY  
14622 USA

"My favourite SF aliens have been Campbell's 'IT' ((Surely, it was Sturgeon's ?)) and good old Coeur1, but don't I recall a story by some other author in which the alien was a giant insect which similarly laid eggs inside its victim? That one gave me the creeps also. Nowadays, SF writers are too depressed to worry much about monsters. (( More likely, they'd make the monsters the oppressed pawns of the capitalistic Earthmen)) Interesting bit on paradoxes. I think that what the verbal paradoxes you mention, really reveal is the gaps in the language. I suppose that's what some linguistically minded philosophers would say - the language is simply misleading. Taken further, the same might be said about many 'problems' of metaphysics which really involve nothing more than a misapplication of language.



14 This was another writing course assignment. Read a Mills and Boon novel. then write one of our own. this is my submission

## BILLSAND MOON



George Hendry's podgy hand descended on Angela's knee, flicked up the hem of her skirt and began to ascend. With one quick movement, she knocked the hand away, slapped George firmly on his left cheek, and swung open the door of the car.

It had been a mistake to accept his offer of a lift home from the social evening in the little village of Billsand. As soon as he had turned into a secluded 'short cut' her suspicions had been aroused, and no sooner had he parked the car to 'admire the moon', than Angela had known his intentions. Now, struggling from the car, her heel caught in the carpet, and she fell full length in the long grass. Angela rolled over quickly, but not quickly enough. George lunged from the car and landed on top of her, forcing her back cruelly against the hummocks. One hand grasped both her wrists, causing the old ring she had picked up from the oddments stall to bite painfully into her fingers. George's other hand began to pluck at the neck of Angela's blouse.

"Right little miss goody-goody," he grunted. "It's time you learned the virtues of co-operation... or should I say, 'loss of virtues'?"

Angela struggled as hard as she could, but George's body was too heavy upon her and with both hands wrenched above her head, she was unable to resist. She opened her mouth to scream, but before she could make a sound, she felt the crushing weight vanish and her hands fall free. Angela struggled half upright, brushed down her skirt and looked up in amazement.

George was struggling vainly like a landed fish, as a very tall, broad-shouldered figure held him firmly by the collar. The intervention was surprising enough, people seldom came down this lane, but what really made Angela stare, was the clothing of the handsome stranger who had come to her rescue.

A white burnoose topped long black hair and a lacy white shirt was tucked into equally white jodhpurs circled by a scarlet waistband. Long, black riding boots completed the ensemble. Hard blue eyes glinted from a lean-jawed face as her rescuer gave George another shake and smiled at Angela.

"What would you like me to do with this piece of nastiness? Cut off his head, or throw him in the ditch?" A rich, deep voice enquired. George gave a shriek of fright. Angela almost burst out laughing at the alternatives, but she was still too close to the assault.

"The ditch sounds a good idea, especially if you can find a wet part," she managed a weak smile.

Before she could say another word. George had been heaved through the air, there was a brief wail of fright, a very satisfying splash and muffled grunts, groans and curses.

"Shall we leave him too it?" asked her rescuer. "Get in the car and I'll run you home, I'll leave it in the village for him to collect, the walk will do him good." Angela settled herself back in the seat she had so recently vacated, fastened the seat belt and watched the competent movements of 'The Sheik' as she was beginning to think of him.

"I'd like to thank you for saving me from that horrible George," she said as soon as the car was under way. "But I don't know who I have to thank."

"The name is Lance, Lance Barton, and the pleasure was all mine," said her saviour. "I can't really blame George though, anyone would want to grab you and kiss you." A warm thrill of delight ran up Angela's spine at the words. "I don't think he had kissing in mind," she said with a blush. "But tell me, why are you wearing that costume?"

"What, this old outfit?" queried Lance. "Oh, I've had it a long time, and it seemed suitable wear. Oh, here's your house, I'll drop you at the door and take the car down into Billsand." Angela was about to ask how he had known where she lived, but before she had the chance, Lance had placed his arm around her shoulder, pulled her firmly to him, and was giving her the kind of long, lingering and goose-pimple raising kiss she had always dreamed about, but never experienced. Angela felt herself responding to his ardour, but one hectic incident was enough for today. Reluctantly, she pulled away, climbed from the car and ran up the path to her small cottage. Turning at the door, she was just in time to see the car pull away, and hear that rich baritone call, "I'll be seeing you again, very soon. Goodbye!"

Angela let herself into the cottage and leaned back dreamily against the door. "What a man!" she thought. "But no, I have a career to carve out." To still her pounding heart, Angela bustled around the flat, prepared a quick meal, slipped into a light negligé and then settled down to finishing off the last of a set of story illustrations for a beauty magazine. By the time she had finished, it was still fairly early and a glorious yellow moon was shining over the hills toward Billsand. Angela decided to walk down to the postbox at the end of the lane and start the illustrations on their way. It was a warm night and the lane was secluded, so Angela decided against changing out of the negligé. It would be thrilling and a trifle naughty to feel the warm air against her slender body.

The short walk brought colour to her cheeks, and popping the large envelope into the Post Box, she turned to enjoy the stroll home. There was a sudden rustle behind her, a hand came across her mouth whilst another circled her arms and drew them behind her. A short piece of rope secured her wrists and the hand across her mouth was withdrawn, but only briefly. Before Angela could call out, it was replaced by a tightly knotted scarf.

"Now my pretty, we can carry on where we left off earlier," came George's whining voice. "Very nice of you to come along so suitably undressed." His podgy hands began to

roam across her helpless body. Angela struggled against the cord binding her wrists, but only succeeded in causing her new ring to grind into her hand once again. The groping hands became more demanding, and Angela felt herself responding despite her loathing for their wielder. Then, suddenly, there was a loud thump! George dropped away from her, and Angela slumped to the ground. By the brief moonlight, she looked up to see that once again, Lance Barton had come to her rescue. This time, in the more suitable garb of light grey flannels and a white shirt, open at the throat to show a muscular chest. Lance blew gently on his slightly skinned knuckles and looked at the gently snoring George.

"Seems I was just in time once again, doesn't it?" he smiled. Then, stooping, his powerful arms swung Angela to her feet, stripped the scarf from around her lips and clasped her to him. The arousal brought by George's pudgy hands was nothing to the stirring feeling she felt now as Lance kissed her hungrily. Unable to struggle because of her bound hands, Angela could only submit to the embrace. Hot fire ran through her lightly clad body as Lance pulled her more tightly to him. She could feel his essential maleness against her and was wildly glad that she had worn only a negligé for her outing.

Then the kiss was over. Lance's eyes gleamed as he swung her up into his arms. "Better take you home," he whispered into her ear. "Just relax and enjoy the ride." Angela snuggled against his chest, enjoying the feeling of those strong arms, one encircling her back, the other her slim, lightly clad legs.

"How did you know I needed help?" she asked as he nudged open the door to the cottage.

"You rubbed the ring," was the surprising reply,

"What ring?" asked Angela in surprise.

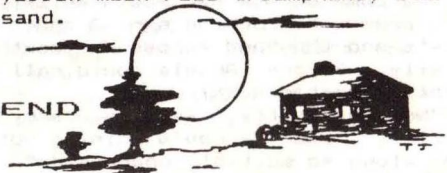
"The one you bought in the village," answered Lance. "It's a magic one, made from a piece of Aladdin's lamp. I'm its genie. When you rubbed the ring, I came. As simple as that." He kissed her again, and Angela wished he would untie her hands so that she could put her arms around his neck and show him how she felt. Lance carried her into her bedroom, lowered her to the bed and sank down beside her. He gave her another of his searing kisses, and as he reached behind her, Angela felt the cords loosen and fall away.

"Do you know any other sort of magic?" her muffled voice muttered into his shoulder as Lance's long, delicate hands began to wander.

"Of course I do," was his reply. "I'll show you some."  
..... and he did.

Meanwhile, a golden yellow moon rose triumphantly over the sleeping village of Billsand.

THE END







Well for openers. I'd like to thank all those kind readers who sent me Christmas cards. I tried to send my own to as many people as practical, but fandom being as large as it is, this wasn't possible. Not to worry, but to press on with some reports about the latest fanzines to thump through the mailbox and wear neat holes in the doormat. Starting with....

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY has 76. A5, neatly printed pages and comes from Leland Sapiro, Box 833-044, Richardson, TX 75083 USA. It will cost you \$6.00 for 4 issues, but it's well worth it. Excellent art, innumerable articles, interesting locs, verse, fiction and news. If you can only afford one fanzine, then don't miss out on this.

DUPRASS #2. has 58 Qto./pp/mimeo, and comes from Linda Bushyager and Leslie Smith - trade, LOCs, etc, or \$5.00 for 3 issues to Leslie at 6092 Drexel Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19131. This issue has an editorial by Linda, and also an account of her trip to Europe and Heicon. There's a lovely account of an unusual car trip and a fine Harry Warner reprint. An off-beat quiz and hefty LOCcol wind up an excellent, lighthearted and friendly issue which also boasts some excellent art.

GROGGY 29 comes from Eric Maver, 1771 Ridge Rd.E, Rochester, NY14622,USA and has 14 (photocopied??) pages and a multicolour hekto cover. This issue sees Eric musing about sundry items, columns by Bergeron & Deindorfer, a slew of LOCs and some good illos and photos. Faunch like hell, as G has a limited print run <@

TRAPDOOR 6 has 36pp and comes from Bob Lichtman,PO Box30,Glen Ellen,CA 95422. It's crammed with goodies - some early fannish musings by Bob, columns by Greg Benford-(on 'science'), Langford (an unusual pub game), a piece about God, a 'story', Redd Boggs natters, and an excellent LOC-col. Get it for the usual - and enjoy.

FANZINE FANATIQUE.65 is no longer a dubiously duplicated item, but a computer printout, photocopied A4 5pp listing of current fanzines together with capsule reviews and a 1937 reprint item. Ideal for keeping up with the field, an S.A.E. (or I.R.C.) will get you a sample copy, but Keith (Walker) really wants trades. 6 Vine St., Greaves, Lancaster LA1 4UF

A friend informs me that a nameless Edinburgh faned has published (in the words of a third fan) 'vicious and cruel parodies of xxx and Terry Jeeves'. Being a coward as well as a nit, this character - with whom I have never met, or corresponded - seems to feel he knows me well enough for such behaviour, but NOT to send me a copy. What a Grimm fairy tale. Fandom, where is thy tolerance and brotherhood?

Which must be all for now, peace and friendship to all the rest of you.



#### THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HAPPINESS

Michael Argyle  
Methuen £22.50

To most of us, 'happiness' is one end of that see-saw which carries us from delight to depression - and back again. In this scholarly treatise, the author starts from the premise 'discovered in 1969', that happiness is NOT the opposite of unhappiness, but results from a variety of other factors in one's environment. Social and ethnic groups, leisure activities, education, sex, marital status, money etc., all come into the equation. Succeeding chapters are given over to examining some of these in greater detail - accompanied by numerous charts, lists and diagrams. Some of which could have had their parameters more clearly explained. A graph linking social class with happiness used - A, B, C1, C2 DE etc without explaining to what these referred. Tests and conclusions give a surprising insight into our lives, and not surprisingly, bear out what 'common sense' would indicate; namely, that good marriages, jobs, friends, housing, all increase 'happiness'. Obviously, happiness is a relative term. Few of us might aspire to the height of having no goals, desires or ambitions (a frighteningly boring concept) and so few of us could rate higher than - say - 60% on the various scales. The final 40 pages comprise source references and a 'Name' index - sadly, no subject index. Any psychology student or sociology worker would find this a mine of information towards a thesis or to showing what makes people tick.

#### THE PAPERCLIP CONSPIRACY.

Tom Bower

Michael Joseph £14.95

Starting from the premise that German science and technology was far ahead of Britain's and that the WW1 mentality of Government or Forces refused to accept this fact, the author proceeds to demonstrate how this led to our lagging badly by the start of WW2. Even when information was available, it was almost totally ignored until the war ended - and the race was on among the Allies to acquire plans, equipment and German scientists. An operation confused, uncoordinated and riddled by mutual mistrust, chicanery and inter-Ally rivalry. The fact that many of these scientists fell into the category of war criminals was not a deterrent. Bower advances (and substantiates) his theory that war records were juggled and new documentation created to 'whitewash' such characters - among them Werner Von Braun, Hubertus Strughold and Walter Dornberger. Two minor quibbles -- Spitfires flew with the Merlin engine right from 1936, not 1943, and the V-1 had a pulse-jet engine, not a rocket. Nevertheless, this is a fascinating account not only of how we nearly lost the war but of how Germany 'won the peace'. Enhancing the text and copious references are pages of photographs and a Bibliography.

VICTIM PRIME  
Robert Sheckley  
Methuen £9.95

By 2092, plague and a disrupted ecology sees America a lawless land of anarchy, violence and banditry. Harold Erdman sets out on a perilous journey to enter and (hopefully) win prize money in 'The Hunt'. Surviving numerous dangers, he eventually reaches the island of Esmeralda where Huntworld is located. He also meets an old girl friend Nora (Quibble. How does she 'send money home regularly' across such inhospitable land?). Harold also discovers other delights of Huntworld - their bomb-using version of 'Pass The Parcel', the legalised slavery, and the death games in the arena. He registers for the Hunt, hoping to erase his obnoxious victim - but the latter cheats before and during 'The Big Payoff'. Light weight but highly entertaining, the yarn drifts gently (?) into Black Comedy and considerable padding before reaching a rather flat ending. Otherwise, I particularly liked the idea of having to fulfill a 'reckless driving quota' and penalty points for not exceeding the speed limit.

THE POSTMAN  
David Brin  
Bantam \$3.95

Now you can have the paperback edition of this blockbuster. Brin has merged his two IASFM yarns, 'Postman' and 'Cyclops' into one hefty novel about the post-war nomad, Gordon Kranz. Escaping a gang of thugs, he finds a mailman's outfit. He dons the gear and sets off on his travels where he finds his appearance is reviving memories, faith in the USA and hopes for the future. The accidental role assumes reality as people begin passing letters..but then he encounters Cyclops, a giant computer seemingly working to similar ends .. but is it? Much better than the average back to barbarism tale, even if Kranz does seem to bear a charmed life and people/events get a trifle oversimplified.

NATFACT 7  
John Tully  
Magnet £1.75

In elitist Britain, 'nats' work whilst 'Qualified Citizens' idle. The undercover group ACE seek to alter this by revolution so 18-year-old Brian is planted by Corrective Centre, Natfact 7, as an agent to infiltrate ACE. However, exposure to the movement changes Brian's allegiance - and the eventual revolution shows that elitism only changes its parameters. A re-issue of an excellent juvenile which does NOT 'talk down' to its readers and has good, well-drawn characters using credible 'future slang'. An excellent present for any SF minded youngster

THE DOORS OF HIS FACE, THE LAMPS OF HIS MOUTH 15 stories and  
Roger Zelazny .. Methuen £2.50 vignettes opening with the title yarn about a hunt for a gigantic Venusian sea creature followed by a millenia long project to make a world for 'Catforms'. Then a maverick Devil Car; unrequited love on Mars; intelligent stones and the climbing of a 40 mile high mountain. Throw in two immortal rulers, living statues, reverse time and a few others. Result, a well-stirred mixture with enough variety for everyone.

THE PEACE MACHINE  
Bob Snaw  
Panther £2.50

Hutchman evolves the mathematics. then sets out to build a device capable of detonating all nuclear weapons. He sees this as a bringer of peace: but it brings war to his home as his insanely jealous wife accuses him of infidelity. Getting deep in debt, he presses on, only to become embroiled in murder, abductions and a '39 Steps' type manhunt when he mails out warnings. Taut, exciting, 'real world' SF requiring no science degree to understand and enjoy. A real SF thriller which would make an excellent main-line film

ORPHANS OF THE SKY  
Robert A. Heinlein  
Panther £2.50

Incorrectly listed as a serial, 'Universe' and 'Common Sense' appeared in Astounding (May and Nov. 1941) as a novelet and its sequel - becoming 'Orphans' on book publication. The yarns concern a generation starship on which discipline and organisation have failed. Mutation and cannibalism widen the rift between normals and the rest, both sides having lost any knowledge of being aboard a starship. 'Universe' introduces the two-headed mutant Joe-Jim who discover the truth and seeks to bring peace. He resumes the task in 'Common Sense' - and the ship reaches its goal. 45 years old, but from Heinlein's 'Golden Age'. Don't miss this chance to read two tales which became the models for many a subsequent yarn.

THE TICKET THAT EXPLODED  
William Burroughs  
Paladin £3.50

A Foreword tells me that this is third in a trilogy (along with 'Naked Lunch' and 'Soft Machine'). It adds that 'the experimentation with the cutting up and folding in of words and phrases ... is fully developed ... into a new imaginative form of prose poetry'. More, 'Burroughs always tells a good story'. Well you could fool me! I couldn't find a story anywhere in this bewildering mishmash of semi pornography and disgusting wordage. Which will no doubt, brand me a reactionary Philistine. So be it, if your taste is totally opposed to mine, you'll possibly rate this an epic. It's up to you.

LETTERS FROM THE DEAD  
Campbell Black  
Grafton £2.95

Two women bring their teenage children Lindy, and Tommy to a lonely house for a holiday. Strange things happen, a Ouija board communicates with them, doors refuse to stay closed, a young girl is seen plus other manifestations. Gradually the shades of the sexual pervert Roscoe and the girl Anna become more demanding and corrupt the children as events reach a frightening clima. A better than average horror tale which achieves much of its impact by leaving the reader's imagination to create its own terror.



NERILKA'S STORY and THE COELURA  
Anne Mc.Caffrey Bantam £8.95

Two novellas in one volume.

The first, a 'Dragon' tale, opens with a brief history of Pern, but fails to explain why the 'Threads' hadn't taken over Pern before settlers arrived. This time, plague breaks out, striking Fort Hold and killing Lady Nerilka's mother.

Her overbearing father loses no time in installing his mistress and refusing to aid the sufferers. As a result, Nerilka flees the Hold, first aids the sick in their camps, then moves on to a predictable - but unromantic (at first) spouse. Basically a women's lib romance in a semi-feudal setting reboiling the Pern pot.



The second, shorter tale has a futuristic, but still feudal background. 20 year old Caissa is expected to become betrothed to the uncouth Gustin for unexplained reasons which seem to involve the near-mythical creatures, the Coelura. Rejecting Gustin, she flies off in a paddy, accidentally mets and rescues the marooned Murell and after an involved court scene, the Coelura are saved from exploitation. This one is a juvenile girl's romance with a minimal SF background.

PRIVATEERS  
Ben Bova  
Methuen £2.50

The near future sees Russia ruling Europe and space, having forced America to give up space operations. Ex-astronaut, great lover and entrepreneur, Dan Randolph moves his space company to Venezuela. Then Russia hikes her raw materials costs and Randolph mounts an asteroid mining project - which also falls foul of Russian activities. In desperation, he turns to hijacking ore freighters. Throw in the personal conflict between Randolph and the Russian Commander Malik over the same girl, and you have the recipe for a top-notch space opera in which Bova does a masterly job of balancing an all-powerful Russia against less powerful but more numerous smaller countries. For my money, it's his best yet!

A NEW SCIENCE OF LIFE  
Rupert Sheldrake  
Paladin £3.95

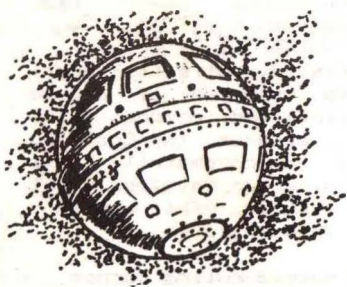
From the postulate that life is not just a physio-chemical process, but also uses another, hitherto unknown factor, the author proposes a 'morphogenetic field'. Once an organism (or process) has made a change, others - seemingly unconnected, can repeat it more easily. He goes on to support this surprising theory by expanding and explaining, looking at unsolved problems in biology and psychology. You'll need a good background to appreciate all his arguments, but not to appreciate the surprising results of large scale tests - which give results akin the recent epochal quantum experiments in Paris. There are also sections on criticisms received, on discussions, on the experiments and results achieved plus a reference section. If you're up on biology, this work could surprise you.

## CLASSIC SCIENCE FICTION

is the title of a new Penguin Books series.

FLATLAND E.A. Abbot £2.50 is a delightful fantasy in which H. Square introduces us to his strange land of plane people. Their society, stratified according to one's number of sides is a neat parody of the Victorian era. Square also encounters the Monarch of Lineland and is in turn visited by a Sphere from Spaceland - all of which allows plenty of scope for argument and difficulty of understanding one another. Written in 1884, it should be in every collector's library.

THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON H.G. Wells £3.50 needs little



introduction save to remind you that when Cavor invents his gravity nullifying metal, he and the narrator set off for the Moon, where they find air, emerge from their craft and are captured by Selenites. One of Wells' best, his characters and situations having total credibility.

LAND UNDER ENGLAND Joseph O'Neill £3.95 Anthony Julian's father is obsessed by the idea of a world

beneath Hadrian's wall. When he vanishes, Anthony eventually finds his own way to the strange land of zombie like men under the mental control of the 'Masters Of Knowledge'. Communication is by telepathy and Anthony must fight off attempts to brainwash him as he seeks his father. A fascinating, old-style adventure which takes Socialism and Left Wing doctrines to the extreme limit.

THE WIZARD AND THE WARLORD is the final story in the 'Realms Elizabeth Boyer of Alfarr' series. When Sigurd's Corgi £2.50 grandmother dies, she leaves him an unopenable box. Taken by the gruff Warlord Halfdane, but treated as a seeming friend by the wizard Jotull, Sigurd realises his box holds a power many would like to grasp in the endless battle between Halfdane's Alfarr, and the Dokkalfarr. Accompanied by Rolfr and Jotull, he sets out to solve the secret. Beset by trolls, taken by Dokkalfarr, Sigurd experiences adventure and treachery before the riddles of the box and his own origins are solved. Excellent fantasy holding drive and interest throughout.

THE MEMORY OF WHITENESS In the 33rd Century, Johannes Wright Kim Stanley Robinson becomes master of 'The Orchestra', Orbit £2.95 ultimate music machine. He begins a Grand Tour with unexpected results. He is also threatened by the 'Greys', but Director Ekern also has his own plans for a colossal 'metadrama' at the final concert. Evocative (poetic?) in style, this is one of those yarns which manages to bridge the SF - 'real literature' gulf and if you like complication - it's here in abundance.

**GREAT BUSINESS QUOTATIONS** This little book contains quotations from a variety of sources. J.Fisk & R.Barron Futura £1.95 old, new, anonymous, and unusual. My own favourites include - 'Nothing recedes like success', 'Gentlemen prefer bonds' and 'All work and no play makes jack.' This only skims the surface, read it for fun, or use its 34 sections to supply you with re-quotable lines for that after-dinner speech.

**GROA'S OTHER EYE** Hotly pursued by a band of Svartalfans, Dennis Schmidt Voden takes refuge in a sacrificial mound Orbit £2.50 where he finds a bag holding many discs.

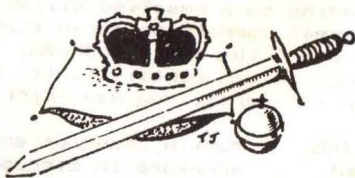
He also has strange dreams which produce an old man, Kao Shir, and an attack by a demon. Taken captive by the pursuers, Voden is told he is the 'Opener Of The Way' -- and finds himself ranged against the 'Black One' who has been gaining great powers of evil. Second in the 'Twilight Of The Gods' series with a vaguely Norse background. This one has enough complicated names, places and action to satisfy any lover of Sword & Sorcery.

**CUCKOO'S EGG** The hatani Duun, warrior of the alien C.J.Cherryh Shonun goes into solitude to rear a strange Methuen £2.50 non-Shonun baby in martial arts.

The child, Thorn, grows to near manhood before being thrust into Shonun society - as a hated alien creature who becomes the centre of a power struggle, moved to fulfill a long-planned destiny. What that destiny might be will hold you hooked from the moment you begin to read. Normally, Ms.Cherryh's tales weary me, but with this one she is at is her blockbusting best. Recommended!

**THE FORGE IN THE FOREST** Second in the 'Winter Of The World' Michael Scott Rohan series. Aided by Elof The Smith, Macdonald £10.95 and prince Kermorvan, the people of Kerbryhaine have driven off the

Ekwesh invaders - at a price. Now Elof reforges his broken sword and with Kermorvan, sets out to seek aid from the prince's long lost kingdom (and to find his love Kara). However, spies have warned the Ekwesh, and their ambushes add to the journey's perils. Prince Ilys brings duergar warriors to their aid and they struggle on to confront the Evil Of The Ice. Depth of scope and characterisation plus the semi mythological style give this yarn strong 'atmosphere'. For added background, an appendix (and end paper maps) give extra detail - and I can imagine games buffs using this to construct their own scenarios.



**S.O.S. ROG PILE** 34 Harrison Gdns, Broad Lane, Illogan, Redruth, Cornwall seeks details of writer 'Maurice Zimm' stories, background, anything. Contact him, or mention anything in a LOC to me

**MAJOR OPERATION** A linked batch of yarns set in the giant  
James White space hospital 'Sector General', where  
Orbit £1.95 Dr. Conway is again faced with a  
collection of sick aliens from (or on) the  
planet 'Meatball'. First, a series of inexplicable errors  
affecting doctors and nurses is traced to an alien 'tool' -  
then along comes an alien astronaut who must keep spinning to  
live. From here, Conway actually descends on Meatball to  
treat a continent-wide creature which uses its own  
mind-controlled 'tools' as weapons. Being virtually one  
novel rather than a series of isolated tales, makes this a  
much better read. An excellent collection for S-G buffs.

**THE ANVIL OF ICE** Now in paperback, book 1 of the 'Winter Of  
M. Scott Rohan The World' trilogy. Forcibly apprenticed to  
Orbit £2.95 Sorcerer Mvlio, young Anv makes three  
'apprentice pieces' - a bracelet, a mantle of  
invisibility and a sword of power. Fleeing the sorcerer, he  
joins Kormorvan the Corsair in battle against the evil  
alliance of Ice Gods, Ekwesh and Mvlio. Anv is also aided by  
the troll, and intervention by gods in an excellent series.  
(See Part.2 also reviewed here)

**SUN'S END** Working in orbit, Dan Kitajima is badly  
Richard Lupoff injured. He recovers - 80 years later - to  
Panther £2.95 find himself a cybernetic, prosthetic  
construct. Adjusting to the shock, he finds  
himself rich, and sorely out of touch with society and its  
space 'Island habitats. Then he stumbles across a suppressed  
secret. The Solar System is about to be destroyed. Moreover,  
a new planet has been located, also an alien artifact on  
Mercury and signals are being received from Titan. Dan uses  
his enhanced powers to investigate and the result is a taut,  
gripping and well-plotted saga.

**THE LIVES AND TIMES OF JERRY CORNELIUS** A collection of  
Michael Moorcock Cornelius 'stories' about the eponymous  
Grafton £2.50 anti-hero. New-Wavish, disjointed and  
seemingly constructed from random  
sentences and paragraphs. Certainly, if you want a narrative  
plot leading to a resolved climax, you will not find it here.  
The nearest comparison I can think of is in the disconnected  
wanderings of the average dream. These wanderings must be  
appealing to a certain cult following, but not to me ..  
Although of course, you may think differently.

**THE RAGING** Martin Chandler encounters a self-maiming  
Tim Stout drunkard in circumstances which would lead  
Grafton £2.50 anyone else to run to the police. Instead,  
he does his own investigating, acquires a  
hideous statuette and finds himself being possessed by its  
powers and driven to extraordinary feats. Then attractive  
probation officer Lee Valance starts to help - with  
frightening results. Despite some rather unlikely  
characters, escalating horror is successfully blended into  
the 'real world' background as events move to a crashing  
climax.