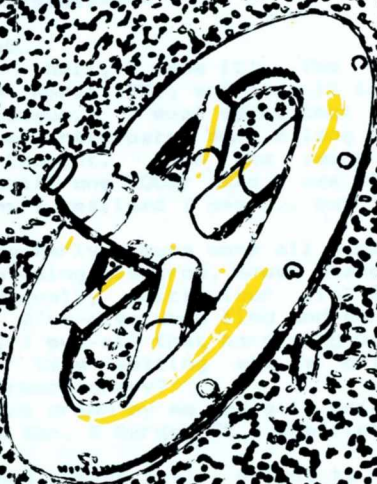
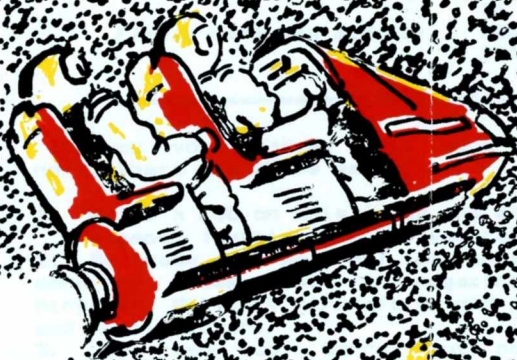


ERG
QUARTERLY

100

OCTOBER
1987



teeves



OCTOBER 1987

FROM...

Please note new address

TERRY JEEVES
56 RED SCAR DRIVE
NEWBY
SCARBOROUGH YO12 5RQ

IF you 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. NOT 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 dicker.
3. By cash sub. Sorry, but postal raises and the now increased printing costs mean you pay £2.00 for four issues UK, or \$1.00 an issue USA (and pro rata), in dollar bills please, NOT 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**

MINI-ERBITORIAL

Well, I made it! The first issue of ERG appeared in April 1959, and here it is 28+ years later with its 100th. issue. I must admit that when I began the magazine, I never anticipated such a long run - heck, I never gave it any thought. Then the years and issues began to pile up until one LOCer said I was always having anniversary issues and I realised I was ... but only once a year.

Illustrations in the early issues were all hand cut on to stencil, then I began using electros, brush stencils, a second colour and occasionally multicolour via Banda (ditto to you Statesiders). I've also used lino and scraper blocks, then with issue 98, I put all that hard slog behind me and went over to computer type setting and a printed magazine. Who said ERG was reactionary?

Cover this issue was drawn by me and silk screened by my eldest, Keith Jeeves & Son, 5 Garden St., Sheffield.1

Future plans? I don't have any .. except to keep ERG going as long as I enjoy doing so. I hope you'll stay with me. Meanwhile, if you don't save ERG, would you pass this copy to a friend? Ya.

Happy reading, Terry Jeeves

ERGITORIAL

YOUR FUTURE IN THE CARDS

by
Terry Teeves

several uncredited views are clearly magazines.

'Weather Control' came I suspect, from a Paul illustration for Otfried von Hanstein's 'Electropolis' in an early Wonder or Amazing. The card depicts huge ball-surmounted towers shooting off lightning flashes into the air above a mechanically tilled terrain. The blurb on the back says, "...streams of water would be evaporated on electrically heated plates to form water vapour. Discharges of powerful electric sparks would cool the air, condense the clouds and bring the contents to earth as rain." Just why lightning would cool the clouds is rather mystifying, but for that matter, why not just spray the water directly on the ground instead of going to all that trouble?



The anti-gas ray (Leo Morey??) would convert poison gas into a harmless liquid by means of that mysterious alchemical power known only to writers of science fiction. I'm not sure where 'The Cathode Ray' spaceship originated, but the drawing has hints of Frank R. Paul. The text explains that a spaceship would be acted on 'by rays of a tremendous intensity', so naturally, one only had to, 'receive these rays on a series of great metal vanes for collecting their energy and transforming it into a means of propulsion. So equipped, the space-ship need only carry enough fuel to raise it a few hundred miles; thereafter it would be driven by the sun's rays.'

The card for 'Space Suits' came I fancy, from a Wesso drawing in Astounding. Despite the boiler-metal outfits

Among the many items of nostalgic junk cluttering my den is a set of 50 'Mitchell's Cigarette' cards titled THE WORLD OF TOMORROW. Issued around 1936, they give an interesting glimpse of what I.O.Evans, the compiler, thought the future might hold in store for us. Many of the cards feature 'stills' from SF films such as 'Things To Come' or 'Just Imagine' - and all these sources are duly credited. However, 'borrowed' from old SF

looking more like deep sea diving gear, the description is pretty accurate .. apart from a certain quaintness in the words .. "...they would probably be provided with wireless telephones."

Very accurate in idea, if not so practical in its engineering form, was the scheme for 'Wind Power'. This featured a gigantic pylon bearing five sets of horizontal blades. Modern designs currently favour vertical blades rotating in the horizontal plane with only one to a tower, so Evans wasn't so far out there. However, despite all the alternate energy lobbies, an 80 foot tall current design can only power six houses, so I shudder to think of the cost involved, plus the environmental eyesore, if millions of these were erected around the countryside.

Evans has a look at other energy forms, and one idea is of course, 'Atomic Disintegrator', in this case, taking the form of a giant Van der Graaf generator. "Attempts have recently been made to 'split the atom'. Though these have not so far been very spectacular, nor have had any practical application, their theoretical results have been very important."



Another power source is the 'Rotor Power Plant' which takes an idea tried out then, and re-discovered recently on 'Tomorrow's World' whereby tall engine-rotated cylinders are used to move a boat. This time, the writer fancies that if they were put on a circular track, they would generate power .. presumably by generating their own input. There is also a 'Tidal Power Generator' involving a huge wall supporting an array of bobbing floats. Again, the concept and technical description is pretty accurate. All we need to make this forecast come true seems to be the necessary funding. Just how much power could be obtained this way seems a bit doubtful, but on the surface (no pun intended), it looks a far more viable proposition than wind power.

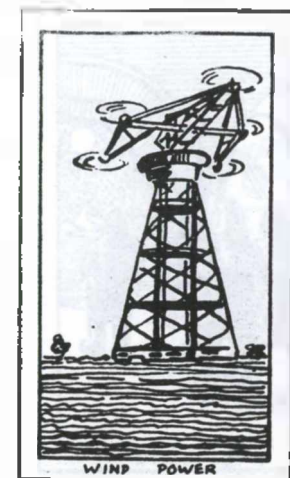
Underground mining (depicted by the 'Things To Come' disintegrator) is to be carried out by machines squirting chemical into the rocks .. which would then obligingly crumble away. Shovel up the debris and you have a nice tunnel .. even maybe, from Britain to America ('still' from 'The Tunnel'). Cities would also benefit from building machines (another 'TTC' 'still') and would include organ-like churches, cross-shaped skyscrapers akin to our ghastly monoliths, and tower: storey-high TVscreens for the aircraft to fly into when using



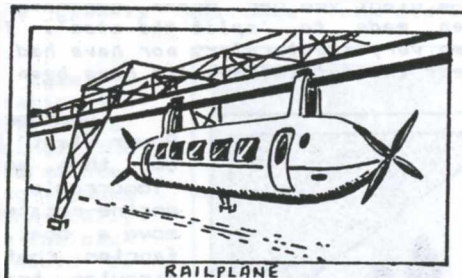
the new, building-top aerodromes.

There are pneumatic-tube connected offices, fog eliminators, a dam at Gibraltar and the North sea drained and reclaimed. Bird men (illustrated by a picture of Clem Sohn) would sky-dive using fabric wings. Coal would be turned into oil, engineers would work in armoured suits (Things To Come) and thought-detecting machines would guard against dishonesty.

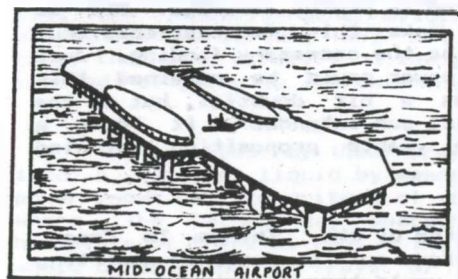
In the case of transport, the overhead 'Railplane' merits a card depicting the one then operating at Wuppertal in Germany (Is it still running?) You may recall seeing it in Truffaut's, 'Fahrenheit 451'. This time, by slinging it overhead, Evans postulates using the ground space so acquired to make high speed motorways.



High speed coaches would have beds, kitchens, lounges and cinemas. Solar motors would produce heat and power -- no mention being made of where we would get enough sunshine from in this mist shrouded isle. However, in California, they would be happily smelting metals using the sun's heat. Ocean greyhounds would still ply their luxury passenger trade, but would be super streamlined, and super aircraft three hundred feet long and weighing as much as a thousand tons with 'several tractor screws, each fitted with a reserve engine'.



Despite such wonderful machines, Evans still subscribed to the idea that they would not be able to fly the Atlantic in one economical trip. This gave rise to the 'mid ocean airport' which involved an artificial island tethered halfway across to enable aircraft to land and refuel on the way. An idea which formed the subject of the film 'FP1 Does Not Answer'.



If you have a burning desire to acquire a set of these cards, the London Cigarette Card Company, Sutton Rd., Somerton, Somerset (Ph. 0458 73452) will be able to oblige you -- at a cost of around £6.50 a set.

ERGO SUM 100

BY MIKE ASHLEY



It's rare enough for professional SF magazines to reach 100 issues but, on a proportional basis, it's considerably more rare for a fanzine to reach the century mark. It's even rarer when that magazine has appeared on a regular quarterly schedule and been produced by one editor with a consistency that, until its recent microisation, has made it more of an institution.

It has made me wonder in what kind of company this places ERG. How many other fanzines have reached the magic 100 and equally, how many have been produced by the same editor for 28 years?

I have to say here that I'm not sure I have all of the answers. It's enough of a task keeping up with all the goings on in the SF world at large without keeping track of all the fannish activities, but I'm sure Terry will fill in the gaps in his "Ergitorial", or someone else will pick up the threads.

The first problem I encountered was determining which fanzines to consider. At the outset I eliminated clubzines or society publications because not only are they produced by a succession and at times even a panel of editors, they are also financed by members and it is unfair to compare these with efforts produced by a solitary editor and almost wholly from his own finances. I was also in a quandary about newszines. Somehow it didn't seem that they ought to qualify either, although since some of these went beyond basic news and included a variety of features, it seemed harsh to exclude them. I did however, exclude the semi-professional ones like LOCUS, even though they started life as fanzines.

Anyway, enough about exclusions: what's left? Actually, very little, and not much that's straightforward. As you'll see, ERG is almost in a class of its own.

The earliest fanzine that I could trace to reach the magical 100th issue was ELECTRON. Now I bet your brows are furrowed, but when I tell you that with issue 108 it changed its name to LIGHT, a little light may dawn. LIGHT was produced by the Canadian fan, Leslie Crouch (1915-1969) but although before its demise in 1961 it could claim, in all, 176 issues, not all of them could genuinely claim to be fanzines, even by a very liberal use of the term. Starting in 1937 Crouch had produced a six-copy carbonzine called the CROUCH MAGAZINE MART NEWS. It was really a want-list, and remained a trader for a number of years. Crouch kept no price of these himself, so whether anyone has a full set, I

many issues it's subsequently reached, but it is certainly the longest surviving of all fanzines.

It probably hasn't skipped your notice that all of these titles are American. What about the British? Well, what about them? Britain has had fanzines aplenty, but their mortality is only too evident. Ron Bennett's newszine *SKYRACK* made it through 95 issues until in April 1968 he converted it into his tradezine and issues became catalogues. Ethel Lindsay kept *SCOTTISHE* going for 26 years before the last issue, number 82 so far as I know appeared in 1981. I lost track of her *HAVERING*s and am not sure how many issues that saw.

I don't know of another English zine that isn't a clubzine (like *VECTOR*) that's been kept going by the same editor for 100 issues and into its 29th year. *ERG* so far as I know, is a British first, and in the world league it really only has *HORIZONS*, *SPACEWARP* and possibly *LIGHT* as its superiors. Unless anyone can come up with any other contenders I think *ERG* deserves to go down in history as the first British solozine to reach 100. History is made.

□♦♦♦□

RECENT READING continued from page 15
THE SONGS OF DISTANT EARTH Prior to the sun going Nova, Arthur C Clarke Earth sent out robot seedships. One settled Grafton £2.50 the idyllic Thalassa, then after several hundred years, Earth's last human-bearing ship arrives to make a brief stop. Love steps in, an intelligent life form is discovered and one crew faction wants to stay on Thalassa. Clarke is as good and interesting as ever, need I say more?



THE GLASS HAMMER Schuyler is a sprinter racing across the K.W.Jeter desert with bootleg computer chips. An A.I. box Grafton £2.95 helps avoid killer beams from the satellites - until someone else takes a hand in the game. (When will writers learn synchronous satellites MUST hang over the Equator?) His life, past and present is seen spasmodically in to and fro flashes, via the script style of a TV snoop. It left me slightly bewildered.

IN YANA, THE TOUCH OF UNDYING When Brant Hex pays impulsive Michael Shea court to widow Poon, his unexpected, but swift Grafton £3.50 and conditional acceptance leads to strange results .. including selling a brothel to a demon. Things go awry and Hex is off on further adventures. A delightfully different and almost naive fantasy with a touch of Jack Vance. Recommended.



FANORAMA

This must be the era of mammoth fanz. First in was 56pp, offset NIEKAS 35 from Ed. Meskys, RFD1 Box 63, Center Harbor, NH 03226 - 9729

It boasts card covers, a neat three-column layout, excellent art (including a portfolio), numerous columns, articles, a symposium on Dr. Who, reviews, LOCs and more. It's a near professional zine without being too serious. 1 for \$3.00 UK agent, R. Waddington, 4 Commercial St., Norton, Malton, Yorks YO17 9ES.

Then came DUPRASS 3 from Lindsay Bushyager, Leopard Rd., Paoli, PA 19301 46pp, mimeo, a Steve Fox portfolio, fiction, humour, Delaney on publishing, LOCs, two pieces on (most) unusual saints, and the whole bundle costs £5.00 for 3 issues.

DREAMBERRY WINE is a nicely produced, 12pp SF catalogue from Mike Don, 233 Maine Rd. Manchester M14 7WG. It also includes details of new and forthcoming titles, some brief fanz reviews and a lettercol. If you want to buy SF, Mike offers a wide range of stuff at very reasonable prices. A long (9") SAE will get you a copy.

HELP WANTED Mary Ann Beam, 2209 S Webster, Kokomo, IN 46902 seeks a book by British author, Redmond O'Hanlon .. titled 'AMAZON ADVENTURE' (Salamander Press, Edinburgh 1984) Can anyone help, or steer Mary Ann or I in the right direction. Contact me or Mary, whichever you prefer.

WEBERWOMAN'S WREVENGE from Jean Weber, 6 Hillicrest Ave, Faulconbridge, NSW, Australia, has 20 A4 pages .. mainly devoted to sundry aspects of feminism, medical case histories, personal details, letters (on like topics) where breasts are bared (metaphorically) and book reviews (of women's books). Nicely produced, Jean has the right to publish what she likes, but it does seem a bit one-sided.

THE MATALAN RAVE has 30 A4 pp, small clear print and comes from Michael Hailstone, PO Box 258, Manuka, A.C.T., 2603, Australia. Brief personal travel notes, then LOCs by the bushel, but virtually no illos.

Aussie fanzines other than the above seem to be getting more and more insular. Many only review (or mention) Australian fanzines and other items seem to be going the same way. One expects any country to concentrate on the home arena .. but not exclusively. To review only Australian authors, or as mentioned above, practising reverse discriminations by eschewing male SF writers seems a shame. Why creep into corners this way, or am I too finicky?

The doorbell rang at 9pm the other Monday .. 'twas Robbie Cantor on her way home to LA from the Worldcon. She visited with us until Thursday, and we took in Scarborough, Whitby, Goathland and a few other places before she headed down to Dover on her way to Thurso!! Hope you finally made it back to LA Robbie (via Palestine, Sri Lanka and Moscow ??) T.J.

Carry On Jeeves part 2



Around Easter weekend of April 1941, the train deposited me at Blackpool station and after wandering around like a lost sheep, I eventually located the RAF Induction depot. After a couple of false starts, I found myself in the tiny attic bedroom of a b&b place at 238 Hornby Road, run by Mrs. Rye. A nice, friendly little place, only a stone's throw for Olympic champions from Stanley Park where we were to do our square bashing.

Two days later, I was kitted out with my RAF blue, a proud moment, even if marred slightly by the fitting method. A sergeant perched on a table, haphazardly cast sundry items of kit to a mob of new recruits .. my oversize pullover reached below my knees, but this proved a twofold blessing in disguise.

Folded back up inside and tack-stitched, it made a double thickness garment, ideal for keeping me warm in winter and for helping to fill out my uniform jacket which was for someone twice my size. I had to put two side folds into it each time I put the thing on .. until some months later, I got a Belfast tailor to adjust it to my size while I waited.

Once attired like a real airman, Service training began in earnest. Each day saw us drilling up and down as we mastered the deadly, German-beating intricacies of Service Drill (a chore simplified for me by virtue of the Home Guard training). We also cavorted on the sands doing PT. In one of these activities, the 'duck hop' I managed to strain a cartilage in my knee, and on reporting sick, a sadistic sergeant insisted I kneel down and re-thread my boot laces in the service fashion before I could see the MD. Nice man, I'd love to give him a stick of dynamite.

Another slice of each day was spent in Morse Code training in the Winter Gardens. Thirty or so of us sat round a long table, each with headphones and Morse key whilst the instructor alternately sent messages to us, or had us send messages to him. Having had the foresight to practice Morse before arriving, this was no chore, and I was soon approaching the desired w.p.m. level. A diversion was to surreptitiously slip a coin across the headphone terminals, thus causing a weird banshee howl to drive everyone batty.

Our pay during training was 2/6d (12p) a day. By hoarding this magnificent sum, I was able to indulge myself once a week in the local cafe. Egg, chips, bread, butter and a



pot of tea. Ah, of such simple pleasures is life made.

However such delights were not to last, it was not in my destiny to be a Wireless Operator Group 2. One day as I was happily copying down a string of Morse, a message came down the line to tell me to report to the Orderly Room. Full of trepidation over undiscovered crimes, I turned up and was taken into a tiny room by a senior NCO who shoved a Maths equation before me .. $2HfL = 1/2\pi(LC)$ "Solve that to give f in terms of the other quantities" said the nice man. Later, I was to discover it was the formula for a resonant tuned circuit, but right then, it was Double Dutch. After a couple of false starts, I settled down and did what the man said. Whereupon I was sent back to my Squad and left to wonder what it was all about. It turned out that there was a shortage of Group 1 Wireless Mechanics, and somebody had hit on the bright idea of winking out all the airmen with Distinctions in Maths. A week later, I was posted to Belfast for more training.

I, along with 29 others, was billeted on the third floor of the Central Presbyterian Hostel on Howard Street, only a few hundred yards from Queens University where we were to do our Radio and Electrical training under the civilian college tutors. In between classes on Mathematics, Radio Theory, and Electrical Engineering, we were given dollops of square bashing to ensure we didn't forget we were still in the RAF.

Forgetfulness was easy. We each had a private room in the hostel. 'Lights out' came at 10pm, but my nail file proved an adequate substitute for a control key to turn the power back on again, so that was no problem. More fun was being on the third floor, as we were served by an antiquated lift. Much to the annoyance of the Squads on the floors above, we found it possible to lean on the gate handle as the lift rose, and this slipped into gear as the lift reached our floor and stopped it for us.

Meals were taken in the cafeteria downstairs, half of which was open to civilians. An admirable arrangement, as not only did this ensure good food, but when I started taking out one of the waitresses (yes, we even had waitress service), she saw that extra sweets and puddings arrived on my plate, whilst the price arrived on somebody else's bill.

Other delights included picnics along the banks of the Lagan, dancing in the hill-top high Hazelwood ballroom, browsing for SF in Smithfield market or wandering round the Botanical Gardens. In those days, Belfast was a lovely place .. before those maniacs ruined it under the excuse of their perverted views on politics and religion. However, this sybaritic life ended after five months, and I was posted to No.1 Signals School at Cranwell for an intensive course on all the RAF's advanced and highly technical radio gear. The range was astounding, at one end was the two valve T1083 transmitter looking like a cross between a small seat safe and a device for chipping potatoes (or maybe as a new form of one-armed bandit). It had a huge lever on one side for changing over the aerial from Transmit to Receive. Then there was the incredible 13 valve R1084 which had two little switches to convert it from 'straight' to 'superhet', plus little switches on the IF cans to flatten the response curve. The darned thing was so complicated it had to be tuned by using a calibrated chart.

The Hurricanes and Spitfires boasted a tatty little TR9 Transceiver, which, once you had tuned it, had to be lifted and

dropped a few inches to ensure it wouldn't go off tune due to aircraft vibration. This widget was later replaced by VHF gear operating on 130 Mc/s .. OK, nowadays, it's Megahertz.

We also studied Workshop Practice, Petrol Engines, Maths, Radio Theory, PT -- and of course, Square Bashing. The course also included something called AIR OPERATIONS. Oh goody goody, this could only mean FLYING! No such luck. The deal involved an old hangar stuffed with badly bent and time-expired fuselages (not even wings or engines). We were to practice on these to prevent us damaging the real things.

You might think even Jeeves could keep out of trouble



when working on a busted airframe. Little dost thou know. My first 'black' came when I was detailed to instal a Beam Approach aerial in an Anson fuselage -- as it maintained a steady four feet of altitude whilst perched on

two oil drums. Finding no suitable hole handy, I was busily trying to batter one through the roof, using the aerial as a ram, when the Instructor heard the sounds of my honest labours.

He politely informed me (and everyone else within a two-mile radius) of some hitherto unknown facets of my family history. I don't think he had taken to me at all. Despite such unkindly treatment, I survived. Next day, I devoted an hour to surreptitiously removing a chunk of 'Perspex' from one of the hulks. Such material was in great demand for the making of brooches, rings, emblems and other objets d'art. I carried off my prize in triumph .. only to discover it wasn't Perspex, but 'Triplex' which had a sheet of glass sandwiched between two layers of plastic, and couldn't be used for making anything.

In Workshop Practice, we learned how to use micrometers, verniers, and how to file things flat. We also had to learn how to splice wires and cover the joint with a smooth layer of solder. Almost impossible until I found my flat-filing skill did a much better job and one quick pass with a soldering iron removed the file marks. I was renowned for the smoothest splice soldering in the squad.

In Radio and Electricity we learned how to use assorted test gear .. including the Wee Meggar. The interesting part about this insulation tester was a little hand cranked generator which juiced out 250v DC. So what?, you may ask. Well, throw in the fact that we had assorted 8 Mike condensers hanging around. Clip the leads on to one, charge it up to 250 volts, disconnect it and look for a victim. "Hey Joe, catch this.." and sling the condenser as Joe looked up. Instinctively the poor sucker would catch it .. and invariably get his fingers across the 250v terminals. Oh, we had great fun.

On another occasion, the squad swot had bought a new loose leaf note book with shiny bright paper holding rings. Unwarily, he left it on the workbench when going to lunch. It

took but a moment to remove the rings, hook them up to a battery and dunk 'em in a beaker of copper sulphate. By the time the swot returned, the once shiny rings had been electroplated a nice dull copper.

Then there was the bed play. We slept on two piece beds, held together in the middle by two clips. An adjacent bed space, was occupied by one of those bods who would stagger in half blotto after 'Lights Out', put the lights on again, and make sure we were all awake by stropping his Rolls Razor for ten minutes. If you've never heard this activity, a close approximation can be obtained by banging a spoon up and down between the back rails of a chair. Decidedly antisocial, so I decided to get even....

Came the night, on went the lights, Fred staggered in, opened out his bed and made it, then sat down and gave us a ten minute rendering on his Rolls. Finally, he got into his pajamas and set off down the hut to put the lights out from the switch outside. This was my chance, I nipped out of bed, undid his bed clips and shot back into my own pit and began to snore gently. Fred fumbled his way back in the dark, sat on his bed .. and it collapsed. The air turned blue, but he assumed he hadn't fixed it properly, so down the billet, on with the light, back to refix his bed, then off again to douse the lights. Deadly Bed-Fixer Jeeves struck again. Back came Fred, climbed into bed .. and this time it held for two minutes until he pulled up the blanket -- then it collapsed again. Oh lovely revenge, I managed repeats on random nights, just when he didn't expect it.

Eventually, the course ended, I passed out a fully qualified Wireless Mechanic and was posted to a Spitfire Squadron in Debden. Wizard -- except the camp was cold, scattered, had no heating and damp blankets. As for working on Spitfires .. No Way! The resident WMs had that number sowed up. Two of my mates got lumbered with overseas postings and so I volunteered to join 'em

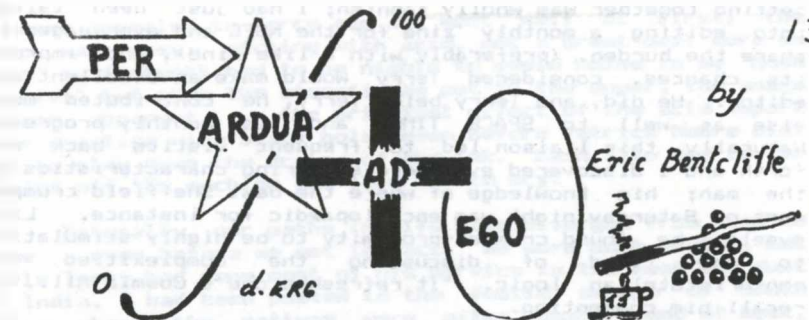
In part 3, read all about my life in the mysterious East and beyond.



BOOK AND MAGAZINE SALE

I have a large stock of hardcovers, paperbacks, magazines, Aeronautical and space books etc. up for grabs at low prices. Copies of the full DOWN MEMORY BANK LANE as well as ERGTAPES 1,2 & 3.

My aim is to gain space for my growing collection and finance further issues of ERG. If you're interested, drop me a line and I'll send you current lists.



It is I suppose, an odd sort of coincidence that the 100th issue of ERG should also be the 36th year and 5th month since I first met TERRY JEEVES. Nonetheless, one should not let such omens pass unnoticed less other less contrived ones creep upon you unforeseen .. and then I think I've recovered sufficiently from the events attending our first meeting that I can now talk about them and still sleep at night. Not that these memories had anything directly to do with Terry, you understand; oh, no, it was all due to geographical congruences and the strength of Pat's tea...

You see we met at the 1951 NECON held (briefly) at Pat's Cafe in Bradford and in those days, they did not have corridor-coaches on the trans-Pennine trains, which was no problem on the journey to Bradford, spent happily in chat about the latest issues of ASTOUNDING and UNKNOWN (yes, it was quite a while ago) with other members of the Nor'West Science Fantasy Club, but on the return journey awash with Pat's peculiarly strong tea (well, there was nothing stronger available at NECON) that singular lack of corridor-coach and toilet access did become quite a problem. It would have been allright if the only occupants of the compartment had been us - all male members of the NSFC - but there were ladies present - that stern type of be-hatted, well-bosomed, armed-with-a-brolly-type-female that was oft found in those latitudes (probably fleeing Bradford and the noisy tea-swilling fannish horde if truth were known) and such presence was not conducive to allowing the all-male members of the NSFC to hang their all-male mebers out of the carriage window. Time has blurred the fateful torment of that trip, but even now, I know that it was not easy to keep one's mind on Gilbert Gosseyn and his many manifestations.



However, the rest of my NECON memories are entirely pleasurable ones and in relation to what I originally started to talk about - TERRY JEEVES, that is (since this is his magazine, I'd better keep mentioning him) the pleasure has continued almost unalloyed in the intervening years. Our first meeting led to regular ones and now take in our wives, and at times, our offspring as well. Our initial excuse for

setting together was wholly fannish; I had just been talked into editing a monthly 'zine for the NSFC and ever eager to share the burden, (preferably with a like mind), and improve its chances, considered Terry would make an excellent art editor. He did, and Terry being Terry, he contributed much else as well to SPACE TIMES and its monthly progress. Naturally, this liaison led to frequent visits back and forth and I discovered even more endearing characteristics in the man: his knowledge of where the best Sheffield crumpet went on Saturday night was encyclopaedic for instance. Like myself, he found crumpet-proximity to be highly stimulating to one tired of discussing the complexities of non-Aristotelian logic. "It refreshes one's Cosmic All.." I recall him commenting.

Less endearing though, was his capacity for winning at games and the lengths to which he would go to do so.



Allright, knocking the board over at Draughts is a gambit we'd all employed .. but Jeeves did it by remote control. He'd built sundry cunning devices, which, just when I had him backed into a corner, would simulate earthquake tremors. This allowed him to win by using his double-headed coin which I'd unwittingly agreed to allow use of to decide where pieces were before the earthquake. He even convinced me that Sheffield was on the San Andreas Fault. His mode of snooker mastery would have defeated even Hurricane Higgins.

His billiard table was rather too big for the room in which it was sited. This entailed whoever had to make his shot from the Eastern wall must use Terry's specially-made short cue - some would even say 'Terry's specially-made, short and peculiarly-warped, visitor's cue'. Naturally, all Terry's opponents had to play most of their shots from this position; "...think how difficult it would have been if I hadn't made this special cue", he would beam. Ha!!

However, Terry's mechanical genius was to let him down occasionally in the game of life, as when he, the late Eric Jones, and myself decided to publish TRIODE. It was but the work of a moment to vote him (almost unanimously) the job of duplicator. "...since he knew all about cranks, sprockets etc." And he did it very well, bemusing Ye Ed and Gestetner with what he was able to achieve on a duplicator. Of course, he was much younger than!! Yes, very clever he was, some would say diabolically so if (like me) they'd experienced Brush Stencil Week. Terry learned of this new process for getting really solid blacks onto stencil - something which is quite impossible apart from where you inadvertently put your finger through the stencil. This new systems involved etching the area you wanted black, with acid. Naturally, the

process appealed to Terry and all went well at first; the illo was easy, etching with acid, not a great deal more so (tho' my footwork had to be nimble to avoid holes in my hush puppies) but when the stencil was put in the duper, the snags became apparent ... the principal effect of the acid (apart from creating nice black holes even before Patrick Moore did) was to slow down the drying of the ink. Each illo had to be peeled off the machine and laid out to dry.

Naturally, our paths in life have diverged from time to time - even before we met in fact. We were both ex-RAF, but while Terry had done most of his service in the heat and dust of India, I had been posted to the foetid swamps of South Wales where the natives were often hostile and at best, unintelligible. Our musical tastes haven't always been shared either; Terry considers Ravel's 'Bolero' should be top of the list, whilst I lean to the Duke's 'Don't Get Around Much Anymore'. However, anyone who has heard me on piano duetting with Jeeves on the zither must agree that occasionally, we do strike to same note. Between us we managed to flatten many previously unflattened fifths!

Since the subject still causes gnashing of what few teeth I have left, I shall refrain from his more recent propensity for scoring seven-letter words at Scrabble too damned often. ((Heph, I've just realised the reason we don't fit in with current fans is because of our fascination with seven-letter words!)) However it's little differences like this that point up a true friendship - we are friends despite our occasional differences and I (almost eagerly) look forward to our 72nd Year, 10th Month anniversary and the 200th Issue of ERG.

Eric Bentcliffe



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

SEX AND SEXUALITY One of an 'Applied Psychology' series Philip Feldman which, among other aspects, examines social Longman £5.50 and religious views, physiology, courtship, homosexuality, legality, deviations etc. Not a medical or 'how to' text, but a straightforward look at all aspects of sex.

THE BLIND WATCHMAKER The thesis is that 'Creationism' must Richard Dawkins give way to Darwin's 'natural selection'. Longman £12.95 After first establishing the complexity of life, and the 'impossibility' of it arising by chance, the author then illustrates the fallacy of applying random instead of cumulative selection. The trail leads via computer simulation, bats sonar, eyes, wings, information storage and on as the idea of 'one slow step at a time' is driven home. Over millennia, small changes have led to humanity. Verbose, but fascinating and it should be compulsory reading for all Creationists.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

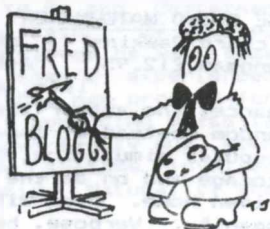


MIKE ASHLEY Chatham, Kent
I found John Bradford's article the most stimulating, though at times a little shaky on the research. The whole question of first editions has always been a minefield, and to it must be added the collectibility of the author, and perhaps the snobbishness of collectors, who have always held an eliteness over fans and readers.

The first edition has to be the first appearance of that book in that form in that binding. This may not necessarily be in English. The first world edition of Stephen King's 'IT' is the German special edition Eb published five months earlier. Collector's tend to favour hardcover editions, though it is quite common in SF for the paperback edition to precede it. The was the case with Arthur C. Clarke's TALES FROM THE WHITE HART mentioned in the article. The Sidgwick & Jackson edition was the first hardcover edition, even though it appeared many years after the first paperback edition. In addition, there can be sub-divisions so that you have the first US hardcover, first US paperback, first US trade paperback, and then first UK hardback, trade paperback, paperback and so on. @ I fancy this was John's point .. any new edition should carry this specific information, NOT just 'First Edition' - it would be even better to list earlier publishing history @ Since then, it's possible that the author will revise the text, or the publishers may editorially meddle with it and you can end up with the US and UK first editions having a different text. John Brunner and Ramsey Campbell have both done this. It makes a helluvva task for the collector, but is not always deliberate. Quite frequently, US publishers overlook the fact that UK publishers may have brought out an edition of a book weeks or months before their own. Thus, when Donaldson's second Covenant trilogy appeared over here, it was the first world edition, but US publishers had overlooked that and proclaimed theirs as the first edition. Don't forget there aren't just editions, but also printings, states and issues, variant bindings, variant dustjackets. The permutations go on and on, and it's that that makes collecting so much fun.

ROGER WADDINGTON 0 4 COMMERCIAL ST, NORTON, MALTON, N.YORKS YO17 9ES

One comment I'd like to make on John Bradford's article is that there may have been an interest in SF cover art, but the British Publishers seem to have done little enough to encourage it. Of that packet of paperbacks you sent, there wasn't one brave enough to give a credit to the artist, and with such a representative sample, I'm sure it's no different with any of the rest. @ I agree. Come on publishers, let's have those artists listed. @ In collecting for Fun and Profit I'd say the only way to find the 1st. editions is not to buy British (and there's an admission for this flag-waving patriot) but American where the first publication can be years before British publishers choose to notice.



ALAN BURNS 14 THE CRESCENT, KING'S RD. 8TH. WALLBEND NEAR ZEN

Of your remarks in 'Carry On Jeeves'. Like every right-thinking youth before the war I used to make balsa wood kits. I built, if I recall, Campbell's Bluebird, a Sopwith Camel, and a model of the Campro-Camprini jet, the latter I designed myself from some photos I saw. @ Wasn't that a ducted fan, rather than a true jet? @ I found it was sheer hell using balsa cement and ended with the usual coating on my fingers until the day I got the bright idea and despite protests, pinched a pair of my sister's eyebrow tweezers to hold the balsa whilst applying cement. Are such kits made today, or are modern kids too occupied with pop and TV to bother constructing the airframe for the Tornado? @ Kits are made, but where a Keil Kraft once cost about 3/9d (40p or so), they now cost in the pounds! As for the Tornado, you can't buy Jetex in the UK anymore thanks to Fireworks Acts, and a diesel powered ducted fan or pulse jet will cost a bomb. No pocket money stuff there .. and anyway, what kid these days can spare valuable time away from box or pop shop to actually DO something? @

VINCE CLARKE 22 WENDOVER WAY, WELLING, KENT DA1 2BN

John Bradford's article was near to my current interests. I haven't been in a position to buy many new PBs, or let's be honest, to buy as many as I wanted NEW - but since I discovered boot fairs 2/3 years ago, I've accumulated 100s of the things cheap. But the changes of title and cover art were so perplexing that I made up a loose-leaf notebook showing what I have, which I carry everywhere. I think that the general trend of thought among publishers is that a generation of SF readers is about 5 years - that is a reader can be expected to collect roughly between 14 and 19 years of age. Then the next lot comes along. So the publisher feels justified in issuing a different edition once every five years - more if he's miscalculated initial demand. Thus the reprint of van Vogt's DESTINATION UNIVERSE shows the Panther/Granada editions being printed in '60, '63, '68, '72, '78, '80 No doubt every one with a different cover. Altering titles is unforgivable tho'. @ van Vogt was no slouch at title changing .. and though the Artur Blord tales originally appeared as by his wife, E Mayne Hull, their recent re-issue was as by van Vogt. Curiouser and curiouser @

PAM BOAL 2 WESTFIELD WAY, CHARLTON HEIGHTS, WANTAGE, OXON, OX12 7EN

I survived close proximity to HE bombs, Incendiary bombs and Doodlebugs (or V1 rockets to the uninitiated -- I'm still apt to hold my breath when an engine cuts out). They did not promote love of country but gave me a great feeling of pity for the women and children of Hamburg and Dresden when Derek described those cities which he saw shortly after the war. @ Not for those of London or Cologne who didn't start it?? @ Yes, I was in the worst hit parts of London and yes I saw Coventry soon after it was demolished. Two wrongs never made a right. @ Hopefully, they say stop a such greater one or series of 'em though. @ An American officer whose veracity I would not doubt related to me the first hand evidence he had of Japanese High Command attempting to sue for peace even to the point of unconditional surrender before the A bombs were dropped. The war in Europe had ended before Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Thus to cite Hitler as justification for nuclear armament is jingoistic nonsense. @ It has nothing to do with jingoism, it was us or them. @



Thanks to ERG's move, R.R. has got a bit behind, so in an attempt to catch up with outstanding titles, comments will be kept shorter than usual this time round. I hope you'll all bear with me

THE HOUNDS OF GOD Final Book of the Hound & Falcon trilogy
Judith Tarr sees half-elf and near immortal, Alf as
Bantam £9.95 King Gwydion's Chancellor and shape-changing
Thea, pregnant. All seems bliss, but a Crusade
is raised against the magic wielding Kinfolk. When Thea's
twins are born, she and they are spirited away to Rome by a
Satanic power. Alf, Jehan and Nikki pursue, but it is a long
time before evil is overthrown, the Crusade abated and the
Kinfolk at peace. If you haven't read the earlier books, it
may take a while to sort out characters and attributes, but
otherwise, equally well written and entertaining as its
predecessors.

RADIO FREE ALBEMUTH Easy liver, Nicholas Brady begins to
Philip K. Dick have psychic experiences of mental contact
Grafton £2.95 with the alien Valis. When the Commie sleeper
Fremont becomes President and a reign of terror
follows, Valis begins to aid Brady in the fight. Dick uses
himself as a character in the novel, thus allowing it to
blend with reality in a taut and fraught novel as he and
Brady tilt against Fremont's agents.

DINNER AT DEVIANT'S PALACE Greg Rivas, pop musician in post-
Tim Powers nuclear Ellay sets out to rescue his old love
Grafton £2.95 Urania from the brain-washing 'Jaybirds'.
His mission is beset by parasitic 'hemogoblins',
giant bees and other perils as the well-depicted antihero
nears his goal. Powers takes the standard rescue saga and
escalates it into a suspenseful tale of alien invasion.

THE SEVEN ALTARS OF DUSARRA 2nd in the 'Lords Of Dus' series
Lawrence Watt-Evans has alien overman Garth seeking to
Grafton £2.95 establish a new trade route and again being
invigiled into a mission for the 'Forgotten
King' - this time, to despoil seven altars. I must admit a
liking for this seemingly invulnerable (and Dumaesque-like)
character even if the stories are sheer escapism.

WORM A woman staggers into hospital and a giant worm
Simon I Childer erupts from her stomach. Her sister Olivia
Grafton £2.50 hires P.I. Causey to investigate and the
trail leads to hoodlum Rashad and the evil Dr.
Shayaz. Olivia and Causey's girl friend are kidnapped and
you sit on the edge of your chair as a ghastly plot unfolds
to seed London's reservoirs with the worm's larvae.

WAR OF THE TWINS Second in the 'Dragon Lance Legends' sees M. Weiss & T. Hickman Raistlin, now a great wizard, trapped in a time loop from which he must escape before he can foil the Dark Queen. All the old characters are here, Kender, Caramon etc., and there are some excellent illustrations, but somehow, I think of the old pitcher again at the well.

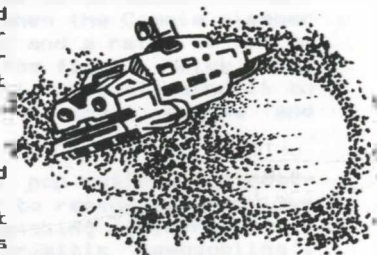
TWO more titles in the Penguin 'Classic SF' Series at £3.95
MEN LIKE GODS Mr. Barnstaple's car takes him round a corner and into a parallel world - along with other travellers. They meet godlike people who converse by telepathy. In this seeming Utopia Wells is able to express his views on socialism, religion, free love, eugenics, education etc. The involuntary visitors begin to cavil, with only Mr. Barnstaple (a Wellsian self-image?) showing tolerance and appreciation for the regime.

THE WANDERER A new planet suddenly appears near the moon, breaking it and bringing devastation, quakes and tidal waves to Earth. We follow the adventures of various groups - such as Paul and Margo who are attending a UFO Symposium, and Don, an astronaut on the moon. UFOs collect Paul and Don whilst strange beams collect matter from Luna. The aliens are fleeing something .. but what? Thanks to the rapid scene switches, the yarn never flags, but otherwise, Leiber has got in everything bar the kitchen sink.

ALL JUDGEMENT FLED When an alien craft is detected near Jupiter, two three-man ships are sent to make contact. Their radio messages are relayed to all Earth, thus causing friction and dissension when they meet and clash with aliens. Not a Sector General yarn, but having a similar built-in problem and an excellent dip into hardcore SF

TOM O'BEDLAM Dust-war hit, 22nd Robert Silverberg Century U.S.A. Orbit £2.95 Mentally deficient Tom O'Bedlam has visions - then others - Jaspin, con-man Ferguson, a bandit leader etc., begin to have the same dreams of an alien world. Then there's the Cult of Tumbonde which worships gods from outer space. Throw in a message from a long-forgotten star probe which shows these scenes actually exist, and you have all the ingredients of a good yarn. One snag, Silverberg juggles them so long that the yarn loses pace.

FOOL'S RUN Mad mass-killer Terra Viridian is held in the Patricia McKillip Earth satellite prison 'Underworld'. Orbit £2.50 On Earth, 'Magician' is given a chance to take his band to entertain the prisoners - and this includes the enigmatic 'Queen Of Hearts' who turns out to be Terra's sister. Then the alien 'vision' which caused the crime takes over and frightening chaos ensues. A poor cover hides a taut, fast-moving yarn with excellent characters - it will hold you all the way.



GREEN EYES Shadows is a research home for Dr. Ezawa's bacteria-created zombies - and with enhanced abilities. Therapist Jocundra aids Harrison's escape. his powers develop. He joins forces with the evil voodoo woman Otille and events escalate to a climax. A gripping yarn and I liked the matter-of-fact way in which the zombies were 'legal' rather than 'Dr Moreau' types.

BEYOND ARMAGEDDON 21 tales based on the 'Final War'. Meet a Ed. W.M. Miller & battle-shocked GI, an escape from reality, M.H. Greenberg an apocalyptic pop group, survival, Robinson £3.95 mutations anti-technology and barbarism etc, from a 'Who's Who' of writers - Shackle, Spinrad, Clarke, Bradbury and others. It could become a CND Bible as Miller supplies an anti-bomb/Reagan/everything foreword plus leads to each story. Individually, the yarns are all good, but overpowering en masse, so take 'em slowly, think and savour.

classic FANTASY A 472pp, 11 fantasy tales collection which Ed. Cary Wilkins opens with a Norse myth of Sigurd's mighty battles, an Arthurian legend, an excerpt in Robinson £4.95 which Palmerin rescues his lady and a child falls among elves. Ruskin gives us a childhood favourite, 'King Of The Golden River' then come three novels - 'Phantastes', 'Wood Beyond The World' and the amusing 'The Master Key' where a child conjures up an electricity demon. Lovecraft has 'Doom That Came To Sarnath', there's a Kull epic and a light le Guin fantasy. The older stories make rather heavy going but the rest are sheer delight -- and each has one or more reproductions of the original art.

THE WORDSMITH AND THE WARGUILD 2nd in the trilogy sees Togura Hugh Cook Corgi £2.95 expected to wed the revolting Slerma though his true love is Day Suet - who gets thrown into the enigmatic 'odex', a sort of storage device. It takes numerous hectic adventures with monsters, sea serpents, ghouls and mobile stones before Togura finally finds the key to release his love. A delightfully frenetic romp, humorous and hard to put down.

THE UNICORN CREED When made a princess, hearthwitch Maggie Elizabeth Scarborough Brown takes flight to avoid suitors, Bantam £2.95 along with musician Colin and unicorn Moonshine. Their flight entangles them with the plans of magician Fearchar who seeks power over the kingdom. His aides are werewolf Wulfric and nymph, Sally Forth (other characters are Finbar the Fireproof, and Frostingdung). Lighthearted, fun and never too serious. I enjoyed it.

SARABAND OF LOST TIME A post-holocaust setting, an inept king, Richard King scheming underlings and guerilla bands. The Corgi £2.95 prize, a fabled weapon, 'The Overmind'. Involved in the plot are Sgt. Brass, Scholar Inbote, the crippled Wicca and others. Deftly developed, never dull, excellent characters and no nasty villains make this a refreshing change and highly readable. Another 'gudun'.

THE CENTRE OF THE CIRCLE 2nd in the Ark trilogy. King's son Jonathan Wylie Luke, wielder of magic must fight the renewed Corgi £2.95 menace of the Ancient Evil when it once again threatens the Isle of Ark. Aided by the young Julia, he destroys the manifestations of Alzedo in the standard formula of good versus the forces of evil.

overman

Lawrence Watt-Evans Garth seeks to start trade with humans
Grafton £2.95 only to get inveigled into performing tasks
for the 'Forgotten King'. Now he has acquired a
magic sword which incites him to mayhem under control of the
god Bheleu. Complicating matters are evil cult leader Haggat,
and the peace-seeking Council of Wizards. An unusual, yet
enjoyable series .. I like it.

TRULLION: ALASTOR 2262

Trullion is a lotus-like world of
Jack Vance idling and wagering. After a hitch with the
Grafton £2.95 forces, Glinnes returns to find his brother has
been selling off the estate. Seeking to establish
title and regain an island, Glinnes becomes involved in the
'hussade' game, a band of gypsies and an attack by space
pirates. Cramped with 'Vance-words' (and footnotes) as well
as highly credible characters, this is another in the author's
delightful series of 'other worlds'

WIELDING A RED SWORD

Set in a seemingly alternate
Piers Anthony (magic-using) 20th Century India, Prince Mym
Grafton £2.95 flees a forced marriage, falls in love with a
circus singer, is recaptured, seduced and becomes
war God Mars. He fights an unwelcome destiny in a series of
'good news, bad news' episodes as he vies with Satan. There's
also a 40 pp essay by Anthony on his life and computers. Not
an epic saga, but it's entertaining if you like valiant
struggles against evil.

THE RIVER OF TIME

11 tales covering the SF spectrum from
David Brin humanity escaping its stellar cocoon, a meeting
Bantam £2.50 with the Fates and the sufferings of a junkie,
to avoiding nuclear war, saving a space station,
conflicting Von Neuman star seeders, variable life speed and
more. Each yarn also has a brief author note on the idea. A
nice light mix.

IN SEARCH OF THE BIG BANG

I'm a sucker for cosmology works,
John Gribbin especially Gribbin's, and here's a superb account
Corgi £5.95 of current 'beginning' theories. It includes
Einsteinian theory, Particles, origins and much more,
all in lucid, easy to understand language. There's also a
Bibliography and Index. Put your fiction on one side for a
while and wallow in the sheer pleasure of a real space
spectacular. Highly recommended

TEST OF THE TWINS

Third in the Krynn trilogy as knight Caramon
M. Weis & T. Hickman half elf Tanis, kender Tasslehoff and mage
Penguin £2.95 Raistlin have further adventures against evil,
this time in the shape of a Queen Of Darkness. All
the usual mix of sorcery, heroes, swords, dragons etc. A good
helping of your favourite tipples if you go for this style.

VICTIM PRIME

USA 2092 is a land of banditry anarchy, death
Robert Shackley games in the arena and legalised slavery.
Methuen £2.50 Erdman sets out to win riches in 'The Hunt'.
Entertaining 'Black Comedy' where you must fulfill your
reckless driving quota, and may be fined for NOT exceeding
speed limits.

ROBINSON have just issued two hefty, trade-size 350pp
anthologies at the astoundingly low price of £2.95 each :-

COSMIC KNIGHTS has ten yarns covering knighthood,
murdering mobile hands, a poetic dragon, computer chess, a
super-agent, and more, including de Camp's classic 'Divide And
Rule' in a well rounded mix of SF and fantasy.

GIANTS has 12 tales each having some link with size.
There's Hasse's 'He Who Shrank', the chilling 'Small Lords',
Leinster's 'Mad Planet' with its monstrous insects, Knight's
'Lovely Cabin Boy' and other delights. These two volumes must
be among the best buys on the market today, so rush out and buy
whilst stocks last.

WRACK AND ROLL

In an alternate world of mindless mayhem, the
Bradley Denton pop loving Wrackers menace the space program
headline £3.50 and intimidate the normal 'Straights'. Lieza
runs the group 'Blunt Instrument, her sidekick
Tycho mashes anything handy with his axe.
The whole frenetic mix revolves around
world-shaking changes caused by Lieza's
music. The chaotic style, akin to
William Burroughs, left me dazed, but
pop addicts and vandals will love it.

VOYAGERS II

Astronaut Stoner, revived after 18 years deep
Ben Bova freeze, needs no sleep and has acquired new powers
Methuen £2.95 after a sojourn in an alien starship. Hunted by
sundry power groups for the knowledge he possesses and
finds the world a hotbed of organised war and violence - which,
driven by alien compulsion, he sets out to correct. Taut, fast
moving and very well detailed, I'd rate this a must for any
hard core devotee.

THE STONE AND THE FLUTE

17 year old Listener sets off on his
Hans Bemann travels bearing a stone amulet. He is seduced
Penguin £4.95 by the cruel Gisa, meets 'The Gentle Fluter',
serves a penance and works his way through many
adventures and incidents (many of them 'nested' in the Kai Lung
manner) before a final confrontation. No less than 854pp
written in a Grimm-like fairy tale style where even atrocious
deeds some unreal, this is one to read slowly and savour.

Stephen Spielberg's AMAZING STORIES 11 yarns adapted from the
Ed S. Bauer TV series - a bombing mission, a bereaved painter,
Futura £2.50 Love and Guilt, a truly magnetic personality and
others. Lightweight, reminiscent of Serling's
'Twilight Zone'. Ideal bedside reading.

WHAT MAD UNIVERSE

John Bradford will be tickled to know this
Fredric Brown 1949 re-issue (and a Bantam print in 1978) bears
Grafton £2.95 a sticker, 'A Paperback Original'. A rocket
misfire blasts Keith Winton to an alternate Earth of
space travel, alien monsters and where his girl is engaged to
fan/hero Dopelle, whilst he is hunted as an Arcturan spy. A
send-up of SF, but fun.

SETTLING IN TO ERG'S NEW HOME HAS CUT INTO 'DECENT READING' TIME. THEN A LAST MINUTE FLOOD OF BOOKS HAS MEANT THAT RATHER THAN HOLD THEM OVER FOR THE NEXT ISSUE, I MUST JUST GIVE BRIEF OUTLINES TO ENABLE YOU TO CRANE UP TITLES WHILST THEY ARE STILL ON THE SHELVES .. SO:

THE STAINLESS STEEL RAT GETS DRAFTED 18 year old Jim DiGriz Harry Harrison, escapes prison, then sets off for revenge Bantam £9.95 on Captain Barth/General Zenner, killer of his friend. Problems include conscription into the Army, plus an intelligent machine which has sparked a MYDB society akin to that in Russell's, 'Then There Were None'. Lightweight, Bond-like adventure, fast moving and fun.

THE IVANHOE GAMBIT Lucas Priest of the Temporal Corps (whose Simon Hawke members fight in past wars) goes to Mediaeval Headline £22.50 times where, as Ivanhoe, he must thwart the time-changing plans of a rebel 'referee'. Much knightly jousting, carousing etc., and there's a hidden joker complicating things.

TALKING MAN In a strange, unreal USA, Crystal lives with Terry Bisson her fix-anything wizard father, Talking Man Headline £22.50 When he sets off to stop 'the unseen' causing chaos in time. Crystal and drop-out Williams follow in a hectic chase across strange country to help him foil the villains. A folky fable packed with hill billy trivia and much brand name dropping.

THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF BEST NEW SCIENCE FICTION Robinson £4.95 Ed. Gardner Dozois has crammed no less than 28 yarns into 600 or so large pages. In addition, there's a 13 page commentary on 1986s SF and a listing of 'Honorable Mentions'. Robinson have done it again! At the price, how can you lose?

Robinson have also started a 'DARK FANTASY' series of 'Classic' reprints....

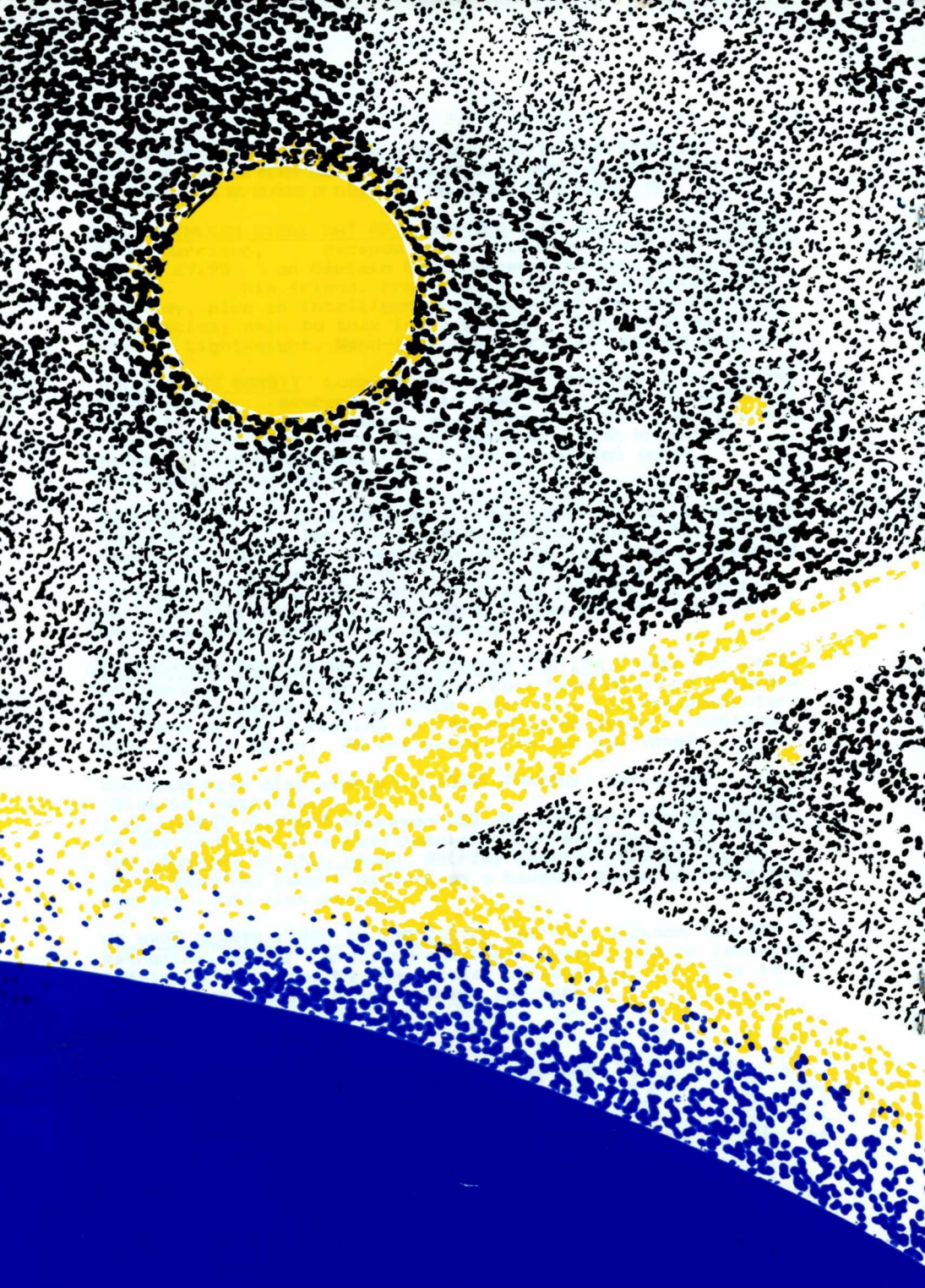
I AM LEGEND Richard Matheson (£2.95) concerns the struggles of the last man in a land populated by vampires.

THE HAUNTING OF HILL HOUSE Shirley Jackson (£2.95) Four oddly assorted people descend on a haunted house to learn its secrets, and find terror.

WE HAVE ALWAYS LIVED IN THE CASTLE Shirley Jackson (£2.95) Katherine, sister Constance and Uncle Josiah live an isolated life, and are hated by the locals. Gradually, they sink into their introverted life of madness and horror.

DARK FEASTS Ramsey Campbell (£3.95) 31 tales of horror and fantasy from a master of the genre. He exposes some of those innermost fears terrors and perils which lie so close to the surface of everyday life. For lovers of the esoteric and macabre, this is another of Robinson's goodies.





ERG
QUARTERLY

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OCTOBER
1987

