

ERG QUARTERLY **110**

APRIL 1990



31st. ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE

ERG 110

APRIL 1990

 Terry Jeeves
 56 RED SCAR DRIVE
 SCARBOROUGH YO12 5RQ

THIS IS ERG'S 31ST ANNISH

There are two ways to get the next issue :-
 1. Write a LOC on this issue and enclose TWO second class stamps
 (If you live outside the UK, you can skip the stamps)
 2. By cash sub. £3.00 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!"

Greetings E R G bods,

I've been probing the hidden depths of the Epson handbook for details of creating my own characters - among them, those E R G letters. I can also have 17n of resistance, or 2m for a circle's circumference. A hexagon is 0 and an integral sign is /. I can also have rockets in the LCCCCL to show my bits - handy eh? I did think about putting the complete alphabet style I designed for ERG onto disc, but it would be a tedious job.

In answer to those who told me to carry on with ERG, as I said last issue, I hope to do so for a few years yet - provided Poll Tax, and pensions which don't rise in keeping with cost of living will permit. Likewise, one or two readers expressed disappointment that 'Carry On Jeeves' had finished - I thought the final sentence of part 12 indicated there was more to come -- well, as you will find in this issue, the saga continues. I hope you all enjoy it.

Meanwhile, I'm working away at the complete CDJ, which will incorporate sections of 'Down Memory Bank Lane' as well as extra material not used in CDJ. I'm now up to 1939 and some 22,000 words. This is chiefly for family consumption, as I don't imagine it will sell commercially - even so, I may try a publisher or two just for the hell of it once the thing is finished. After that, I have plans for a booklet on architecture and a few other possibilities and of course, I'm still beavering away at my various indexes. The biggest snag is finding the time.

Speaking of indexes reminds me .. I now have files on Astounding/Analog from No.1 to date, also COSMOS, GAMMA, INTERNATIONAL SF, ORBIT, SPACE, SPACEWAY, SATURN, VENTURE, W.G.T, V.O.T and others. I also have a large collection of aircraft books and articles - so, if any of you have queries along those lines, I just may be able to help - try me anyway.

Those of you who bought a copy of the March 'VIDE MAKER' will already know that they printed my piece on experiences of a film extra on 'Chorus Of Disapproval'. I'm now waiting to find out how much they'll be paying for it.

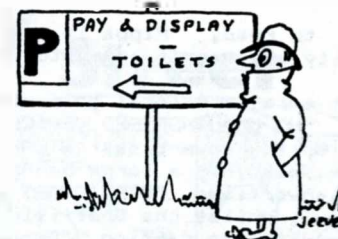
Bestest,

Terry

ERGITORIAL

WRITING

'WRONGS'



Whenever one complains about the use, abuse and mis-use of English, the response is often; "Ah, but English is a living, changing language." I agree with that, but I'm not thinking so much of its evolution - an evolution which has brought such sad changes that if you say, "He is a gay person", your hearers don't think of a happy one, but one with strange sexual preferences.

What does irritate me is the continual mangling of written and spoken English by people who ought to know better. No, I'm not referring to fanzine typos such as the lovely 'pocstards', or the everyday boobs we all make in off the cuff speech. In the latter connection, I recall hearing one woman speaking to her friend as they boarded a bus, "Ar ton Elsie cos tha warnt if tha duzzent" -- I think that translated very roughly as, "Are you on, Elsie, because you won't be if you don't (get on)". That was Sheffield dialect at its worst -- and only surpassed by an encounter I had with a man from County Durham. He rattled on for half an hour about what I think was football; at least I kept hearing what sounded like 'fute-ba' every third or fourth word. Nothing else he said was comprehensible to me. I suspect the same applied to whatever I tried to say in return. Our communication level was zero. Even so, neither of us was to blame, we were not being paid to communicate.

My objection is to errors in professional writing and speaking. If a person is PAID to write something correct and understandable, then (a) they should make every effort to get it right, and (b) the one paying the lolly should do likewise.

My favourite anecdote in this line is, I believe, perfectly true. An American motorist paused to admire the view beside a sign saying NO STOPPING. Hauled up in court, his defence was that 'stoping' was a mining operation, and as he wasn't stoping, he wasn't guilty. He got acquitted. Someone had been paid to make an official sign, and nobody else had vetted it. In a similar vein, I'd like to see the A.A. contest a case wherein as motorist is prosecuted for driving down a road past a sign saying 'Access only'. When a friend of mine was nabbed for doing just that, he got off by pleading the sign was new that day (Police had waited for offenders) and had always used that road on his way to the butcher's. In my book, 'Access' means to get to somewhere, and saying 'Access only' means you're allowed to pass provided you are going somewhere .. not necessarily on that road.

A recent TV documentary showed a large, ornately painted boarding house sign for SEAVEIW. Whoever commissioned that sign, BBC producer or hotelier, someone should have spotted the error. On another programme I saw a place named EDINBURG, and recently, when the august (note, small 'a') Radio Times was taken to task over an item, it didn't help when a few issues later they printed, "We must apologise....". Last month, I had the delight of opening a theatre

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programmes to read, "Pippa is currently studying English.." If true, it is a pity she wasn't asked to vet the leaflet before printing.

Want more? A local golf club has this informative, if untrue sign .. "NO UNAUTHORISED VEHICLES PASS THIS POINT". I bet they do. A cafe in Whitby advertises 'STEAK AND KIDNE PIE', whilst a Sheffield branch of Tesco had a large banner, 'VEGETABLES'. Nearby, a card and newagent advertised, 'STATIONARY'. A Scarborough paper printed 'An ariel view', whilst the Sheffield Star once published a photograph of two people with the caption, "From left to right" and listed some six names. Prudish visitors would probably object to a nearby car-park sign saying, 'PAY AND DISPLAY - TOILETS', and in a recent Sunday Times slush advertising supplement, the lordly Harrods had an advertisement including the following phrase for a backgammon game .. "The Doubling dice is turned again".

That last clanger reminds me of a headmaster who once took me to task for writing on the blackboard, "The Die is cast". "Dice, laddie, not die. Dice is for both singular and plural." To his eternal credit, he later returned to apologise after he had consulted a dictionary and Fowler's 'ENGLISH USAGE'. After that, one can almost forgive Comet for offering 'Separate Units'.

All of these clangers were dropped by printers and painters -- they should never have been made professionally, and if they were, why didn't the one ordering or paying for them spot the mistake? Answer, a neat blend of three parts ignorance, two of carelessness, one of laziness and a dash of who-the-hell cares?

Well, I for one care. It gets right up my nose to see such horrors - but spoken ones can be nearly as bad. Admittedly, you can't blame third parties for such slips but even so, if you PAY someone to communicate over the airwaves, why hire someone whose accent or dialect gets in the way of that purpose?

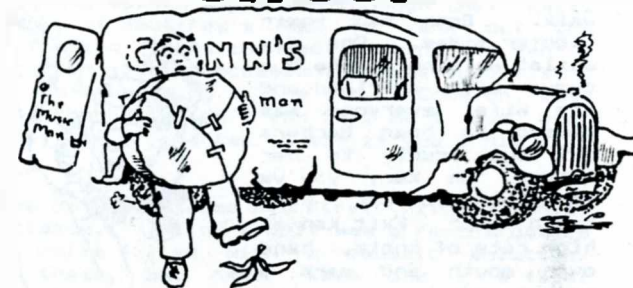
I have in mind the regular use of "Thi seavening", "Good evening Chew", "Look Norf" from announcers, or the weathermen forecasting "Coolerare", "Rain in the yeast", "Fog over E. Stanglia", and its neighbour, "Mist over North East stingland". Newscasters (where do they cast it, and how far?) who say, "After thi snooze", also grip me, but the worst by far are the Scots announcers who tell me of "The news in ure-area", which sound vaguely vulgar. The same lot often have 'toks and 'woks' which have nothing to do with clocks or cooking, but translate as 'talks and walks'. Then of course, we have all heard of (but never seen) that delightful female, "Laura Norder".

Returning briefly to Geordieland, have you had the misfortune to see that advert for Walker's crisps in which a newsboy kids his mate into delivering a paper to the top floor of a listless block of flats? I've heard it umpteen times, and I STILL can't make out a word any of the characters are saying. American films also have their clichés. How many times have you seen the heroine clutch her brow and cry, "Oh my Bawd!" or, "I can hannel it".

Oh dialects and accents are quite OK in private life, but where someone's cash-money job is to pass on information, then the rules change. If COMMUNICATION is the name of the game, I wish a lot more people would learn how to play it.

Civvy Street

CARRY ON JEEVES.13



5
After some five and a half years' service, a grateful R.A.F. gave me a large slice of leave. (A month's for dead, plus an extra day for each month spent overseas). Nearly three months in total. Although released in June, I was officially still in the RAF until September. I suspect this technicality was a crafty way of cooling down those characters who had promised that as soon as they were plain Mister., they would return to give some senior NCO a good doing-over for the sake of Auld Lang Syne.

For my part, I used the leave for the purpose of doing as little as possible apart from making a few radio sets. I also bought an old Government surplus radar unit, stripped it down and rebuilt it into a six-inch oscilloscope. To isolate the heater circuit of the VCR-97 from the 2,500v supply, I wound my own transformer - but, as I insulated the windings with ordinary paper, the thing tended to pass a leakage current on damp days. This little snag would fry itself dry again in a few minutes, whereupon as was well again. A sort of built-in, self-repair facility.

It wasn't until the last week of my leave approached that I toddled round to the Unemployment Office. "We'll let you know if anything turns up." I solved that problem by walking into Cann's musical and radio shop, one of the largest in Sheffield and asking for a job. It worked, I got a job working in the radio servicing department and delivering and installing radio sets, musical instruments and the like. This latter involved brushing up my driving, neglected for the last twelve months. To do this, I enrolled for half a dozen lessons with BSM and duly joined the ranks of the employed.

My first driving lesson caused a certain amount of panic. The lesson was due to run immediately after work, so I said I wouldn't be home until around 6-30pm. During the afternoon, I chatted up a girl in the record department and casually said, "Oh, if you're around when I get back from my lesson, we'll go, out." The driving went smoothly, but to my surprise, as I got back to the BSM offices, the young lady was there waiting for me. I had no option but to take her to the local cinema. The result was it was around ten pm when I reached my own base. Sheer panic! Fearing me dead in the mangled remains of a BSM car, mother had been ringing hither and yon to find what had happened. Half the local police had been alerted to watch out for my dead body draped over a lamp-post. Only one grizzled old sergeant had told her, "He'll be out with some bird, somewhere."

Getting to work was easy, a ten minute bus ride, or a twenty minute walk. Both had their lighter sides. One day whilst waiting in the bus queue with a friend and his wife, everyone was amused to hear Barbara cry out loudly to her hubby, "Oh Ken, you've forgotten to put your teeth in." Exit Ken at high rate of knots, hand over mouth and ears a bright red.

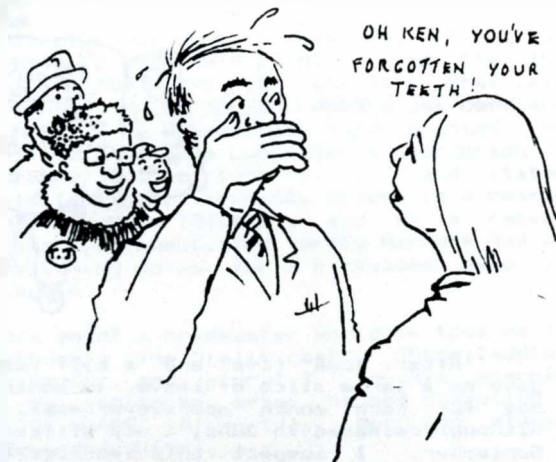
I sometimes walked with a friend who was able to get cigarettes at a local newspaper shop - this was when they were as scarce as hen's teeth.

Over a period of days, I would wait further and further into the shop as his fags were slid from beneath the counter, until eventually, my face was familiar enough as a regular, to allow me to buy my own supply.

Driving for Cann's was not without incident. The vehicle was a clapped out Austin van - it would never have passed a caterpillar, let alone an M.D.T. First off, it had no lights .. other than one headlamp which lolled drunkenly on the right wing. That was retained only by its cable. One advantage of this was that night driving was out. The gear stick was in two parts, held together by insulation tape, whilst the passenger seat was a small wooden box. This meant that if the driver set off too quickly, the passenger vanished in a back somersault. On top of all this, the machine lacked both speedometer or petrol gauge. Speed was usually gauged by the amount of rattle, petrol by faith, hope and charity - the charity coming from Mr. Cecil Cann, who miserly doled out petrol coupons when a dipstick shoved in the tank indicated a severe drought.

On one occasion, this led to Geoffrey (my sixteen year old van lad) and I, running out of petrol while on a job. Knowing the erratic operation of the van, we thought it just might need a push start -- so we pushed it about two miles. Our efforts included perching Geoffrey on the opened bonnet so he could pour petrol from a medicine bottle, into the carburettor. It seemed a good idea at the time, but it didn't work. We ended up at the bottom of a dip between two steep hills - no further hope of pushing. I walked to the nearest garage, cadged a can of petrol, sans coupons - double price, and hiked back. Still no joy, so as the last resort, we called the breakdown van. That arrived, and believe it or not, it lived up to its name and broke down alongside us - completely blocking the road. We eventually got it going again, then a hundred yard tow started our van, but that was the end of deliveries for that day.

I mentioned Geoffrey back there, now there was a lad with some highly original ideas. Finding the wallpaper peeling away in the junk



room where we ate our sandwiches, he fastened it back up -- with six-inch nails! Nobody would have bothered, except the neighbours came round to complain about the spikes appearing through their wall.

Another endearing little trick of Geoffrey's was to yank out the choke on the van just as traffic lights changed, causing the van to leap forward without warning. On another occasion, he was supervising my backing up a narrow alley to a building at the end. "Come on, come on, come on" .. Crunch! "Why the hell didn't you tell me I was near the wall?" Geoffrey's reply was, "I wanted to see if you'd hit it." I hit him as well.

Then there was the time he encountered his first Milne's unit. A word here to the uninitiated. A Milne's unit was a re-chargeable battery which employed small cells filled with a caustic solution. Geoffrey had heard about these, but never seen one - a fatal combination. He entered a customer's house, was told the radio used a Milne's Unit, and immediately he rushed forward saying, "Oh I've never seen one of these", and snatched it up. Out poured the caustic gunge and Cann's got a bill for a new carpet.

Then there was the Christmas time when we delivered a neatly wrapped junior drum kit to one house -- I carted up the ironmongery, Geoff followed, moments later, with the big drum. We handed over our packages and left. On the way down the path, Geoffrey remarked, "I fell into that big drum on the way up." "Pull the other one, it's got bells on," I replied with my customary scintillating wit. Unhappily, for once he was telling the truth. An irate customer arrived at the shop as soon as it re-opened after Christmas. Why the long-suffering Cann brothers put up with Geoff, I'll never know.

All this time, I had been waiting for a place at training college, and a letter finally arrived. In February 1947, I was to present myself at Brincliffe Emergency Training College to start learning how to become a teacher. I had been prepared to travel to some outlandish place up or down the country, but this was a doddle. Brincliffe was the other end of our local bus route. It simply meant boarding a vehicle, staying on it through the city and disembarking outside the College door. The return was equally easy, and journey time was only about half an hour or so.

The first day dawned, about 200 of us met in the main hall and were welcomed by a podgy Principal who pontificated about Education and 'The Criteria Of The Curriculum'. I never did find out what that meant, and duly put my name down to specialise in Mathematics and Science. But when my turn with the Principal arrived, he talked me out of specialising in Maths (I gather his classes had unbalanced numbers). At this time, I was also attending nightschool and working my way through Higher National Mathematics, so I didn't really mind taking Geography instead. However, he then started to try and wheedle me out of the Science course. I dug my heels in at this point, and so began my initiation into the mysteries of teaching.

The course included various esoteric subjects - P.T., English (Lit. and Lang.), Basic Maths, Education and a few other odds and ends. Games was a voluntary affair on Thursday afternoon, so I left that to the keen types.

One of the methods employed by the Science Tutor was to appoint one guinea pig as teacher, whilst the rest of us had to imagine we were a class of schoolchildren. Great fun for all except the 'teacher'. On one occasion, the student on the spot had 'taught' us something or other and finished with the words, "Can you all see that?" Unable to

resist the temptation, I put up my hand and said, "Please sir, I can't."

"Yes, Jeeves. What can't you see?"

"I can't see the board sir, Johnny Smith has his head in the way." Gentle chaos ensued. Luckily for me, my turn never came round, so he couldn't get his own back.

We had one lady tutor whose task it was to lecture us on teaching method. Like 80% of college tutors (usually failed teachers), she knew buttons about the job. One of her favourite themes was to warn us to avoid forming habits -- twiddling chalk, hands in pockets, pet phrases or kicking children in the teeth. This was particularly annoying, since she punctuated her every other word and phrase with 'Um', 'Er', and 'Ah'. In one forty minute period, I logged her as using no less than 240 of them.



POLICEMAN STRUGGLING
TO HOLD UP
TROUSERS

It was at training college that I got my first big stage part - a tall policeman was needed, so somehow I got the job. They were staging a trial scene; my immensely complicated (and totally silent) part involved walking on stage behind everyone else, standing throughout the proceedings, then walking off again. I could do it on my head - naturally, one little snag arose. A couple of days earlier, we visited the police station to borrow uniforms - and as luck usually has it, they gave me a rather short pair of trousers. This wasn't discovered until just before stage time. The only thing to do, was to remove the braces and use a piece of string as a belt so they could ride low on my hips. This worked well - until I began my stroll onto the stage. At this point, the string broke. Photographs of the scene show me standing rigidly at ease with an agonised expression on my face as I force my wrists into the small of my back to keep the trousers from falling. I suppose it would have stolen the scene.

Training college also involved a form of torture known as 'school practice' whereby you spent periods in schools taking over from the class teachers and actually doing the job. That was bad enough, but not only did you have the teacher sitting watching, but often the Head would sit in, sometimes the college tutors, and occasionally, an Inspector from the office.

Naturally, with so many chiefs around, opinions on good teaching differed. On one occasion, I had a P.E. lesson, and following the College tutor's recommendations, I had outlined the table of events on the palm of my hand to make sure I remembered it all. The lesson went well, but a local Inspector vetted it and at the end, he said, "A very good lesson, but you shouldn't have had to write the programme out on your hand." Somedays you can't win.

.....To be continued ... you have been warned!



DELINEATOR Alan White, 455 e. 7th. St #4, CA 92383

SUPERLATIVE is the only word for this massive (c.100pp) fanzine with a lovely colour cover, excellent interior art and crammed with photos (Cons, Ackerman memorabilia, naughty nudes, LOCers etc) along with a hefty LOCcol, very good lead story and lots of other goodies, including art and photo folios. Sadly, this is to be the last issue, but copies can be had for £10.00 in stamps, cheques or cash. GET IT!

NIEKAS 40 is another top level zine of pro quality. 54 slick pages, card covers, artwork and photos. This issue devoted to Andre Norton and her work, has articles by her, Marion Z Bradley, Ruth Kyle and others. Subs £15 for 4 from Niekas Pub, RFD.2, Box.63, Center Harbor, NH 03226-9729. (\$19 in UK) from UK agent Richard Hunt, 51 Danes Rd., Exeter, Devon EX4 4LS A prestige publication.

Q No.23 from Chuck Harris, 32 Lake Crescent, Daventry, Northants, NN11 5EB boasts 42pp A4, neatly mimeod and illustrated by Atom. This is Chuck's Stateside and Convention trip report, and he does a grand job of getting inside people and places rather than the tired old, "we went here, ate this and drank that" of some such offerings. If he has any left, you may be able to twist his arm.

SHIPYARD BLUES.3 Another beautifully produced issue with articles on werewolves, writing for comics, TV reportage, rotten SF and an excellent LOCcol where Ian Covell again demonstrates how his big mouth is neatly balanced by his small brain. An excellent zine from John D Owen, 4 Highfield Close, Newport Pagnell, Bucks, MK16 9AZ

S.O.S. From Graham Stone, PO Box 4440, Sydney 2001, AUSTRALIA. He wants someone in London with time and inclination to go to the British Library a few times and organise some photocopying of this and that to give me details of available books. Contact Graham if you can help.

ERIC BENTCLIFFE wants to sell off his collection of early, vintage and rare SF paperbacks. If interested, contact him at 17 Riverside Cresc. Holmes Chapel, Ches. CW4 7NR.

WANTED! I have a copy of THE JOHN W. CAMPBELL LETTERS, Vol.1 in paperback. Is there a Vol.2 ?? If so, I'd like to get a copy. If you have one, would you care to sell or trade. ALSO WANTED - someone Stateside to whom I can send dollars so they can buy items for me - can you help?? - Terry Jeeves

RUNE.80 Minneapolis SF Soc. PO Box 8297 Lake St. Station, Minneapolis, MN55408. Wrap around card cover, colour illos back & front, 38 Superbly produced A4 pages. Crammed with excellent art, articles, locs, humour, and even a competition. A top-notch zine, faunching or trade might get you a copy.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF OLAF Ken Cheslin, (see LOCcol), 33pp A4. Hand-coloured cover, loads of Olaf cartoons, A 'Hemock Soames' story, and a LOCcol. Not for the s&c reader, only the young in heart. Ask nicely for a copy.

VOLGACON 1991 Want to attend a Russian Convention?

Seven days of convention fun & games, 8-14 September 1991. put on by SF Club, WIND OF TIME, and youth association ATOM
Contact:- USSR 400066, CPO, POSTE RESTANTE, BORIS A ZAVGORDNY

THE MENTOR.64 R & S Clarke, 6 Bellevue Rd., Faulconbridge, NSW 2776 AUSTRALIA. 48pp/A4, excellent repro. Fiction (one slow, one good), general natter, 'poetry', LOCs, a piece on Chinese and Book Reviews. A lively mix with something for everybody. Get it for the usual or A\$2.00 a copy.

THE FANTASY COLLECTOR.213 Camille Cazadessus Jr., 7080 Highland Rd. Bayou Fountains, Baton Rouge, LA70808, USA. 20 printed pages (10 of 'em sales catalogue), the remainder, a set of very good cover repros from Argosy magazine, an article on their artist, a serial reprint extract, and a Moskowitz article. Try sending a dollar.

IGOTS.6 C.W.Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News, VA23605 The full title, 'It Goes On The Shelf'. 17 pages of natter, Fmz notes and locs (two of 'em actually come from Scarborough!). All in friendly, lighthearted vein. Get it for the usual.

DREAMBERRY WINE Mike Don, 233 Maine Rd, Manchester M14 7WG. Basically a 16 page book, mag sale list (very reasonable prices), but also contains some LOCs, news and book reviews. No doubt an SAE would get you a copy.

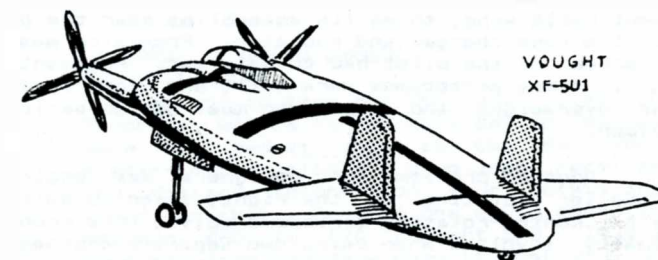
DDN-Q-SAUR 56 Don C Thompson, 3735 W.81st Place, Westminster, CO. 80030-3919, USA. 44pp/A4 mimeo. Autobiography, reviews, fmz, book sales and a whole raft of LOCs. Nice friendly zine, for the usual.

And to finish off with, a reproduction of a strip cartoon from a series I did some twelve years ago, for a short-lived the children's section of 'The Star', a Sheffield newspaper.



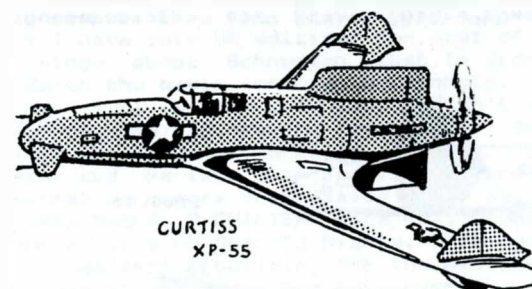
WEIRD & WONDERFUL.10

MISFITS



Fighter aircraft have tended to follow the formula of low-wing monoplane, single engine, and a single (tractor) airscrew. But there have been exceptions which for one reason or another, didn't make the grade. Sometimes they failed to reach their predicted performance, sometimes politics or other factors saw a contract go elsewhere and in quite a few cases, the advent of jet propulsion gave them the kiss of death.

High among these unorthodox machines one must list the Vought XF5U-1 in the heading illustration. A machine looking more like a pancake than a fighter. A full scale model was first flown in 1942 (when the Spitfire was only approaching the 400mph mark), this two-engine aircraft, flying wing machine, had a fixed undercarriage, but an estimated top speed of 472mph!! The idea behind its large airscrews was to allow it to hover on its tail like a helicopter! Armament was six 0.5" guns. A prototype was built, but never flown as the U.S.Navy, for whom it was built, refused to pay transportation costs to their test centre at Muroc.



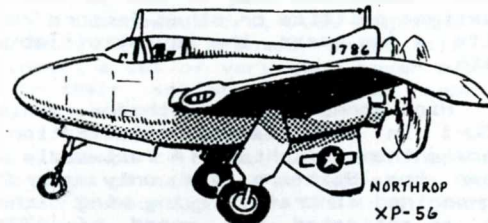
Since the normal tractor airscrew system means the airframe is in the propstream and thus impeding it, many designers tried 'pusher' airscrews. These allowed the airscrew a clear flow, but brought other problems. For openers, if a pilot baled out, he might hit the propeller. There was also the snag that to avoid an overlong drive shaft and attendant vibration, the engine had to be nearer the

tail - thus shifting the c of g aft, and also likely to shift forward and crush the pilot in a crash.

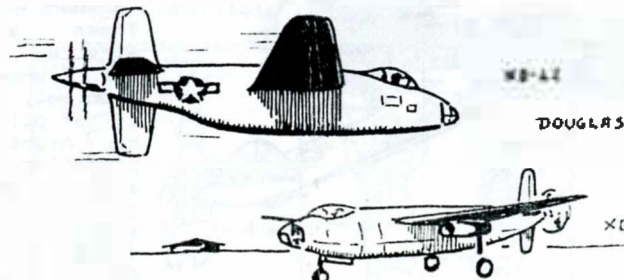
The Curtiss XP-55 was obviously designed with these points in mind, as it featured a pusher airscrew in a design which had small canard foreplanes for stability. Rudders were out at the ends of the swept back wing, those fin assemblies near the props are air intakes for the supercharger and radiator. Provision was made to jettison the airscrew if the pilot had to bale out. Armament was four 0.5 machine guns. Three prototypes were built and flown in 1943, but the machine was overweight and failed to meet design performance which was only 277mph.

Another problem for designers was engine torque whereby a propeller rotating to the right, tried to swing the aircraft to the left. Contra-rotating airscrews solved this problem without the drag penalty involved when using two separate engines. How effective this set-up could be, had been demonstrated by the Italian Macchi-Castoldi which set a speed record of 440mph way back in 1935 - a record not bettered for many years.

One of Northrop's designs to overcome both drag and torque problems was the XP-56. A tail-less design with a stubby fuselage on a swept back wing with anhedral tips. It had contraprops and was meant to reach 465mph. Armament was two 20mm guns and four 0.5 machine guns. The first model flew in 1943, but crashed soon after. A second was flown in 1944, but the design was never followed up.



Two larger machines which used these principles were the Douglas XB-42 and XB-42A, sometimes called 'Mikeasters'. Both involved pusher contraprops. The XB-42 with a speed of 410mph could equal the range of the B-29 more economically in terms of fuel and manpower. Underwing jets were added in 1947 to create the XB-42A (speed 488mph) and the design eventually became the XB-43, without airscrews. It reached 570mph, but proved unstable, so was only used as an engine test bed.



REFERENCES: AMERICAN COMBAT PLANES, Ray Wagner Doubleday
R,A,F, REVIEW Sept. 1955



ETHEL LINDSAY, 69 BARRY RD. CARNOUSTIE,
ANGUS, DD7 7QG, SCOTLAND

I can add another one to your list in *Fanorama*, why is it the only day you do not make the bed at once is the day your sister-in-law calls? I have just received the Holland information from hotels and found out that a Grade A one would cost me between £60 to £70 a night B&B. It's a long way from the days when it cost you 3d to post ERG. @> Yes, and I paid 16/6 (about 82p) a night B&B at the Avondale in the early fifties!! <@

ALAN BURNS, 19 THE CRESCENT, KING'S RD SWH, WALLSEND, N TYNSIDE NE28 7RE

John W Campbell was a great starter of rabbits and I can't think of one that ever came to anything. Of course there are always people around the world who produce pictures of monsters, flying saucers et al. I recall seeing Adamski face to face, the whites of his eyes were lemon yellow, kidney disease leading to illusions. Shrinks have said that in the climate of the world when saucers and their benevolent inmates appeared, people were a bit worried about being blown to kingdom come with atom bombs. Now all they seem to be worried about in the East is getting freedom and in the West in pulling down Maggie - who everyone detests, since she has all sorts of academic qualifications, but without whom we cannot do. @> Don't forget the banning of- cars, unleaded petrol, dogs in parks, aerosols, plastics and all things bright and nuclear -- yet when a tidal power station was proposed at Liverpool, and a giant windmill up North .. BOTH were opposed by 'Ecological groups' who seem to oppose everything Just WHERE do those bods expect future generations to find their energy, harnessing all their hot air? <@

TED HUGHES, 10 KENMORE RD, WHITEFIELD, MANCHESTER M25 6ER

Enjoyed the piece on Schneeman. Those drawings you chose reproduced beautifully. You could have filled the zine with them for me! I liked especially the Gray Lensman ones which I hadn't seen before, since I have only UK editions for most of that serial. The text told me things about Schneeman that I didn't know - like suggesting to E.E.Smith the basis for his *Bergenhelm*. Still on the subject of artists - I wonder if JWC couldn't afford to pay John Schoenherr enough to keep him drawing for *Analogue*? @> No, in a letter to Gordie Dickson (in *THE J.W.CAMPBELL LETTERS*), JWC explains that *Reader's Digest* and various book publishers were offering Schoenherr £3000 an illustration - more than *Analogue* could pay. <@

PHIL WILTSHIRE, 2 CHILTERN VIEW RD., UXBRIDGE, MIDDX UB8 2PA

Your article on Dead To Rights, I do agree with you, but I do wish this huge empire building for the media would stop. I am fed up with the radio blasting out the news every half hour, then they don't give you the good news. I remember the TV news used to be read by one person, now there seems to be two or three. @> Well, I can't abide radio - apart from Radio 3, and I sadly miss the days when ITN would finish their TV news with a few 'lighthearted' items - I'm fed up with the 'Lockerbie latest', disaster score charts and riots everywhere. Surely something pleasant must happen somewhere? <@

4
ALAN HUNTER, 118a CHRISTCHURCH RD., BOSCOMBE EAST, BOURNEMOUTH BN7 6DY

Loved the Christmas cover - the oval panel really glowed in the surrounding splatter. I am most enthusiastic over your ART IN SF series. Despite the reduction and reproduction, the examples still manage to convey the essence of the artist's style. Although I have a reasonably representative collection of old pulps and SF art books, I can still find one or two illustrations by each artist that are new to me. If ever you decide to publish them together in a separate book, you can certainly put my name down as a customer. @ Covers were masked and sprayed individually, glad you liked the result. Sorry, but a complete book would have too limited a sale and never recover its costs - I've only just sold the last copy of DMBL - after six years @

KEN CHESLIN, 10 CONEY GREEN, STOURBRIDGE, WEST MIDLANDS

"It's the Government's uncaring attitude to ordinary people in terms of health, safety, education, having so little pension that old folk freeze to death 'cause they can't afford to pay their electricity bills" ... "Rocket Planes was interesting -- were rockets used in the Crimea?" @ I fully agree that a Government should look after its old folk (I'm one of 'em). Moreover, I'm all in favour of higher pensions - BUT, whilst going along with all you say, I can't help thinking of several seldom mentioned facts. 1. The higher-pension countries such as Germany, have much higher living costs and wages. Their pensioners get more than us, just as we get a helluva lot more than a full-time worker in India (where they have NO pension plan). Pensions must be compared with average wages in this country, not pensions paid in another. Thus if our pension is, say, 1/3 of the average wage here, is the German pension more or less than 1/3 of their average wage?

Secondly, the money must come from somewhere. The birth rate is falling, people are living 10 or 20 years longer on average. Employment has been down for many years. In short, far fewer people are putting money into the system at the bottom and many more are wanting it out at the top. This is why the Government is pushing PEPs, because an impossible situation is just around the corner when sustaining even current rates will be impossible -- without the socially unacceptable alternatives of higher taxation, or the milking of payments in other areas. As Heinlein said, 'TANSTAAFL'. Personally, I'd like to see 'em abolish Art and Sport subsidies, sports halls and the like, then give all that money to the pension fund -- but of course many would disagree violently with that! == Here rockets first used in the Crimea? Well the Chinese used them in 924AD, Emperor Tseng Kung Liang had an army contingent to make and fire rockets, including salvos of twelve to a box. In 1248, Mongols used them against Arabs in the Middle East. 1792, the Indians used them against the British - who, never slow to grab anything military, formed and used their own rocket branch against the French in 1805, then the Dutch and the Americans in the War Of Independence. This latter employment gave the American anthem its line, 'the rockets red glare' .. Americans took 'em up in 1861. Finally, during the Crimean war, the Russians developed a rocket torpedo -- so all in all it seems highly likely that rockets were used in the Crimean. As for Trafalgar - well obviously rockets were around then. Whether or not they were used is another matter. @



15
E.C. TUBB, 67 HOUSTON RD., FOREST HILL, LONDON SE23 2RL

Thanks for ERG 109, I liked the contents even if I had to use a magnifying glass to read them but the effort was worth it, especially for the Schneeman illustrations and your own editorial. I can only agree with you on the matter of strikes. Once, if you didn't like your job, you left it for another. As regards the present situation with the ambulance men, I feel that those who are trained to paramedic level should be treated on the same scale as firemen. Those who merely move patients from here to there aren't in the same category and can't fairly demand the same rate. So, if some Solomon simply raised the pay of those with paramedic training, wouldn't the result be a rush of ambulance staff to gain the coveted higher pay by demanding to be trained and, in turn, wouldn't that mean a better emergency service? @ I couldn't agree with you more. Now why doesn't somebody implement that idea? @ ... The residents of 'cardboard' city aren't asking for luxury, when you're down to sleeping in a box on a windy, rain-swept night in mid-winter, a place on the floor of some dry room, maybe some food and access to a washbowl and toilet would seem like Heaven. In case you're thinking I'm too harsh those conditions are exactly what I experienced when first joining the army. @ He too, at RAF Debden @ .. and what's stopping the politicians doing something about shops and cafes dumping rubbish on the pavements? and cars parking on the pavements? and illegal immigrants? Why not fine the shops and cafes involved. Remove wrongly parked cars to a pound, or simply confiscate them. A national identity card scheme would take care of illegal immigrants. Before the 'civil righters' shriek their heads off, they should remember we had such a scheme during the war. And why protest anyway? Why defend the lawbreakers? @ I couldn't agree more, so much could be done to improve this country if only we didn't have so many people ready to howl at any suspected infringement of their 'rights' .. seems only the offenders are allowed to do that. @

HARRY BOND, 6 ELIZABETH AVE., BAGSHOT, SURREY GU11 5NI

The cover was a delight. I presume you drew and printed the picture, then laid a template over the central oval and went berserk with an airbrush or something. Did it really cost less to mail ERG overseas than internally? I can just about believe it, though I'm ready to believe you slipped up and mixed the two prices. Have you considered using the centre spread of ERG to print a sideways A4 copy of a piece of art, thus enabling you to get a full size picture in? @ You were dead right about the cover -- I sprayed the colour from a can.

Honest, it DID cost less to mail ERG anywhere in the world than it did to anyplace in the UK. (Now it's double) I forget the actual price, but it was something around 2/3 of the inland rate! The GPO finally squelched that one, but the Printed Paper Rates still have a nasty anomaly. A packet weighing 999gms costs £1.99 (cos it's under 1KG). If it weighs 1001gms the next price step is £3.65 !!! In other words, if you split that parcel into, say, a 990gm and an 11gm .. the latter costs only an extra 30p, NOT a whacking great £1.70 jump. I fell for this last week with a 1.01 Kg parcel to Australia. Had I worked it out earlier, I'd have split it into two bundles. Be warned.

Re a centrefold, I hadn't thought of it, but firstly, I can't spare two pages for one illo, and secondly, since the pages are separated for printing layout, there'd be gutter down the centre. I might get around that by drawing right to the edge. Good idea though @

WESSO

Another great black and white artist of the period was the German born - (in 1892 or 1894, records differ), Hans Waldemar Wessolowski who migrated to the USA in 1914. His first SF illustration appeared on the cover of the September 1929 AMAZING STORIES, with a scene from 'The Red Peril'. Being a good colour man, he also did all the covers for the first thirty-four Clayton ASTOUNDINGS.

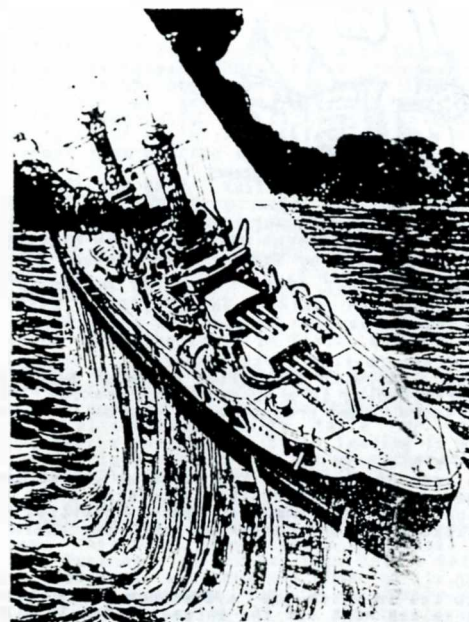
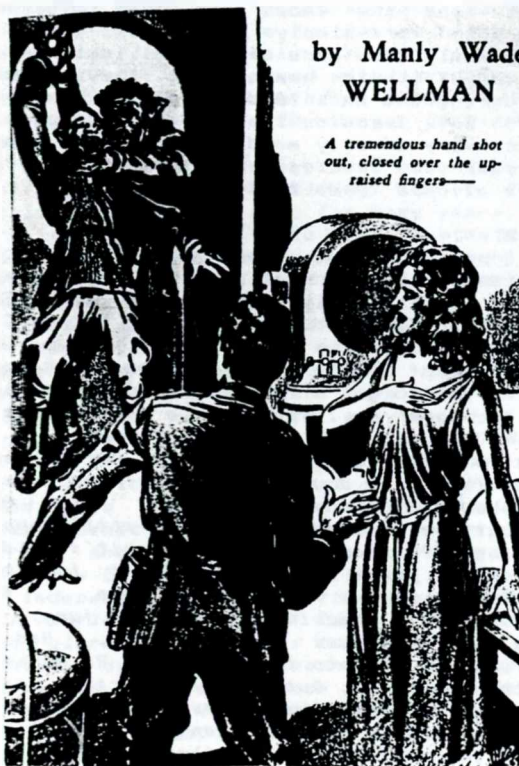


He was better known, simply as 'WESSO'. He too was a member of the heavy black school, but despite this, he had the ability to really get inside a story and bring its setting to life. This 'soot and whitewash' technique is well brought out in the drawing for 'Raiders Of The Universes', by Donald Wandrei (ASF, Sep. 1932). The hero is being tackled by a horde of tiny robots. They were originally huge creations, but the switch being so delicately handled has operated the mechanism which increased our hero's size. Note the minimal background detail and excellent balance of the work.

The same technique and subdued background is used in the struggle scene from Manly Wade Wellman's, 'Outlaws On Callisto' (ASF, April 1936). The woman wearing the Grecian-style garment that was almost mandatory in that era may seem a bit stagey, but otherwise Wesso did a good job of capturing the mood of the story.

by Manly Wade
WELLMAN

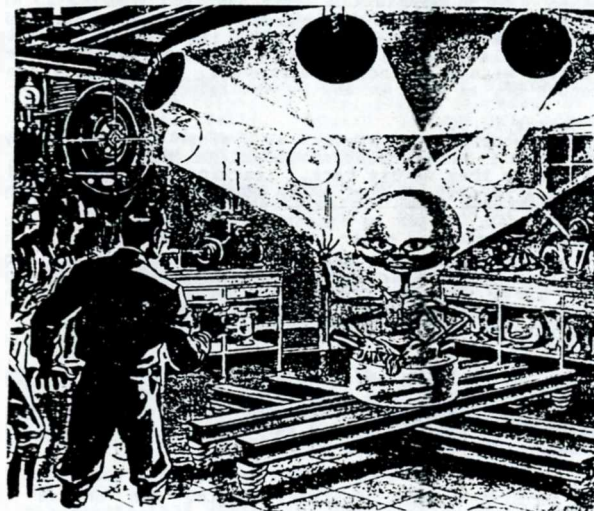
A tremendous hand shot out, closed over the up-raised fingers—



In case you were getting the impression that Wesso couldn't handle hardware, just look at the superb illo from 'Lords Of The Stratosphere', (Arthur J Burks, ASTOUNDING March 1933), showing a battleship being raised out of the ocean by a tractor beam. It is reminiscent of an incident from 'Dream's End' in the December 1935 WONDER STORIES, where the Frank R Paul cover showed a battleship floating inverted above New York. Wesso's ship is far more real, whilst the water falling away, always very hard to draw, is done perfectly.

Likewise the illustration for Oliver Saari's 'Two Sane Men' (June 1937). Again, heavy on the blacks, but this allows the central lighting to bring out strong highlights on the watching figures. This time, though in no way obtrusive, the equipment and clutter of the workshop is well depicted.

the equipment and clutter of the workshop is well depicted.



The Gunn 'Encyclopedia says his work was often scientifically inaccurate', without saying why. A glib claim without much, if any, foundation. Wesso ably visualised what the writer's had written, and in doing so, greatly enhanced a story's impact. If a death ray is 'scientifically inaccurate', the fault lies with the author, not Wesso.

Wesso also illustrated for AMAZING, THRILLING WONDER, CAPTAIN FUTURE AND STARTLING, but sadly, he did his last ASTOUNDING

illo towards the end of 1939. His work really brought the yarns to life - unlike Analog's current crop of artists whose drawings (so often merely faces) could easily fit any one of a dozen tales.

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CORRECTION Last issue I neglected to mention that 'JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE' by Brian Stableford (page 20) is published by N.E.L. A DISAGREEMENT WITH DEATH' by Craig Shaw Gardner (page 12) comes from Headline. 'CHILDE ROLANDE' by Samantha Lee (page 23) is from Orbit and BLOODLINE' by David St Clair (page 24) is a Corgi title.. most humble apologies all round.

PORTAL Rob Swigart Grafton £3.99

An astronaut returns from an aborted starflight to find Earth deserted. Gradually, he extracts information from what has been a mentally controlled computer system and finds that youn Peter Devore did research work leading to a spreading Migration. This started out well and had me hooked, but I found the fragmentary 'Reprot extracts' frustrating to read.

THE DOG AND THE WOLF Poul & Karen Anderson Grafton £4.50

Fourth and final volume in the King Of Ys saga of Centurion Gratillonius who became a king. "Yas has fallen, murdered by her god .. Now Gratillonius, once King of Ys must try to save his people from utter destruction - then use them to rescue civilisation itself, as the light that once was Rome flickers out and barbarian night descends." A fantasy of bravery, magic and romance.

THE GUNSLINGER Stephen King Sphere £3.50

Now in paperback, a collection of five stories in which the mysterious last gunsman poses an endless blazing desert in a remorseless hunt for the enigmatic Man In Black. Plenty of unusual characters, violence and sadism, this is the first in the Dark Tower series based loosely on the poem, 'Childe Roland'.

TO THE STARS Michael Scott Rohan £3.50 Orbit

Re-issue of the 1983 pb. One starship has reached a new world and calls for aid. On a second ship is prepared, bureaucrats seek not only to abort its flight, but take drastic measures. Security Chief Bellamy stumbles on the plot when investigating murder cover-up. The sphere of action widens to include espionage, treachery, aliens and a space battle. Gripping, hardcore SF, as good as any by Heinlein or Asimov.

EARTH LORDS Gordon R Dickson Sphere £3.50

Earth Digby is betrayed by his girl's brother into slavery as a miner in the Canadian backwoods. He escapes, only to fall into an underground civilisation ruled by dwarf lords, where, as a 'Steed' he must carry them on his back. Learning of their plan to destroy all surface dwellers, he joins a revolt. A plot which could have come straight from the pulps, but Dickson brings it to life.

WIZARD AT LARGE Terry Brooks Orbit £3.50

Third in the 'Magic Kingdom' series sees its buyer, Ben Holiday losing his medallion of power when Questor Thews tries to turn Scribe Abernathy back into human form from his dog's body. Something goes awry, Abernathy vanishes with the medallion, transported to the Castle of arch enemy Michel Arn Rhi. Ben and Willow set off on a rescue and recovery mission, leaving Questor in charge -- another mistake.

BROUGHT IN CRYSTAL Patricia C Wrede Futura £3.50

Jacket quotes: "After the Wars of Binding ended, the four races of Lyra - the catlike Myrds, the shimmering, sea-dwelling Neira, the proud, pale shee and the humans - went their separate ways." "In the Windhome mountains and ancient evil is stirring." "The Sorceresses of the Sisterhood Of Stars have to find a warrior from their kind who can fight the evil in the Twisted Tower" The rest is up to you.

STALLION Gordon McGill £2.99

Susan and Iow open a riding school on Exmoor, then nightmares begin, won Graham is kicked by the stallion, daughter Janey becomes sexually precocious and employs magic. Iow drinks, Susan goes on tranks and a local sex sadist joins in the blood, violence, and four-letter words. Then things get worse. Good modern literature.

KENDERMORE Mary Kirchoff Penguin £3.99

Vol. 2 of Dragonance preludes, is a yarn using the common 'World of Krynn' background. "Kassellhoff Kender is snared by a lady bounty-hunter, whose assignment is to ensure the return of the light-fingered escape artist to his homeland. Beloved Uncle Trapspringer is being held prisoner by the venerable Council until Yas honours Kender marriage tradition." I enjoyed the first Dragonance tale, but for me, the pitcher has gone too often to this well. Maybe you'll feel differently.

THE PALADIN C.J.Cherryh Mandarin £3.99

Master swordsman Shoka takes refuge in the hills when the cruel lord Ghita seizes power behind the boy-emperor Beijin. Then the girl Iaira harrasses him into training her in martial arts so she can have revenge on Ghita for his destruction of her village. Eventually, the pair set off on a seemingly suicidal mission. No Dark Lords wrearing their magic just a fascinating, highly readable, Oriental fantasy, quite different from Cherryh's usual style.

THE FIRST LONG SHIP Keith Taylor Mandarin £3.50

Second in the Bard saga. Felind mac Fal (along with his magic harp) flees Roman Britain, hotly pursued by King Disc. He survives a fierce sea battle only to be taken by pirates led by the beautiful Gudrun Blackhair. This leads to a journey to the Norse Lands, beset by magic, demons, swordplay and adventure.

THE MAKING OF ORTHLUND Roger Taylor, Mandarin £3.99

Third Chronicle of Hawkian, Eyvion has fallen, the evil Lord Dan-Tor has murdered king Rgoric and is about to release the Dark Lord Sumerai's power. Queen Sylvriss, seeks to rally the Lords in Exile, but their would-be leader, Hawkian, lies in a coma.

CRESTWOOD HEIGHTS Christopher Heights Mandarin £4.50

When Kelly Rhine inherits a theatre and moves into the seemingly perfect, company town of Crestwood Heights, Old Hugh Trask warns her of danger. He sets off to escape and is eliminated. Kelly falls for the handsome Dr. Hardy, but with gay friend Robin, begins following a trail leading to a horrible secret. Characters are slim, and the trail clues impossible, but nevertheless, this is excellent real-time SF which would (will?) make a terrific film.

SHIP OF DREAMS Brian Lueley Mandarin £2.99

Further adventures of Eldin The Wanderer and David Hero, trapped in the world of dreams. This time, they steal a boat, sail through the sky and wind up in the sky city of King Kuranee. He coerces them into a deadly mission to the forbidden Zura. Place of death, zombies, wizardry and other perils, and off they go - to be immediately captured by Princess Zura. Roistering adventure by a couple of Grey Mouser, Fahird clones.

THE AUTUMN LAND & OTHER STORIES C.D.Sisak, Mandarin £3.50

I much prefer Sisak's short stories, and here are six of 'em, four from ASF. There's an Earth/Mars football game, discovering a Galactic University, An alien gift. Courtesy pays, time travel, and a place outside time. They involve real people doing unusual things in almost credible ways. Sisak brings them all to life in his usual highly readable, warm, folksy manner.

THE ASCENSION FACTOR Frank Herbert & Bill Ransom Orbit £3.99

Trilogy sees the colonists unbelievably oppressed by Director Flattery. Ben Drette has rescued Crista Galli, reputed to have been created by the intelligent sea kelp and whose touch means death. They are now being hunted as revolt stir and the kelp joins in. Complicated and fragmentary hard core SF., Herbert's final work.

CONAN THE DEFIANT Steve Perry Orbit £3.50

This time, the mighty barbarian faces assassins, strange creatures, zombies and other perils when he crosses the path of Neg the Malefic as he seeks vengeance for the death of a friend. Guess who wins. Also included, a brief Conan chronology.

THE BEST OF MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY Orbit £3.99

15 tales covering such themes as a world where pregnancy means death, a starship's return, time travel, mind transference, matter transmission, werewolves, vampires, a sex machine and others. Good characters, places and situations in a rich variety of excellent SF and Fantasy with not a dull one in the bunch. Good reading.

REVOLT ON MAJIPOOR Matt Costello Orbit £3.50

For role-playing gamers, this is a multiple choice adventure where after setting your persona's attributes, you zig-zag through the dangers, aided by throws of a die. Not my sort of thing, but if it's yours, then here is an adventure set in Silverberg's magical world of Majipoor. Enter at your peril.

DRAGONSDAWN Anne McCaffrey Corgi £3.99

The story of how human colonists came to settle the dragon world of Pern. Idyllic at first, apart from undercover politicking and the puzzle as to why Master Pilot Kenjo is stockpiling fuel. Then the Threads begin to fall - (I still don't know why they hadn't overrun the planet before colonists land). There are two main protagonists, husband and hunting Salian who uncovers and foils the counterplot and the young (variable-aged) Sorka who along with young Sean (token male) discovers the dragons which save the colony. This is the one dragon saga lovers have been waiting for, so don't miss it.

MYSTERY Peter Straub Grafton £13.95

After a fatal (!) accident, young Tom Pasmore recovers in hospital and is befriended by amateur detective Lamont von Heilitz. As Tom grows older, he begins to have psychic feelings about a local murder and tips off the police, only to see an innocent man killed in their ambush. Sent on holiday, Tom investigates another murder which leads to a trail of crime and violence. A massive, 548 page novel of undercover corruption in a small community on a Caribbean island.

RIMRUNNERS C.J. CHERRYH N.E.L. £12.95

Stranded on Thule Station, ex-Marine, Elizabeth Yeager is forced to kill two men who molest her. On the run, she signs aboard the Loki only to find it is hunting her former allies. She becomes sexually involved with the neurotic Ramey, taking up cudgels for him against the sadistic First Officer and his aides. When Cherryh leaves her felines and complicated naming systems, she turns out top notch space opera. This one gets right inside the claustrophobic Loki, to experience the tensions and problems of its crew. Definitely one of Cherryh's best.

THE LABYRINTH OF DREAMS Jack Chalker N.E.L. 33.50

The unlikely detective combo of balding, Sam Morowitz and his fat, coloured wife Brady set out to trace a banker Whitlock who absconded with Syndicate money. The trail leads to the company B.O.D. Inc. and the discovery that Whitlock is two men and a woman! Then things get tough as they find themselves in a maze of parallel universes. A neat blend of P.I. and SF, first in a new series.

INVADERS FROM THE CENTRE Brian Stableford N.E.L. £2.99

Sequel to 'Journey To The Centre' wherein scavenger Mike Rousseau pursues a runaway android and finds a way into the upper levels of dead world-city Asgard. Now it seems the inhabitants were not dead and are now emerging to conquer everyone else. Rousseau is again coerced into aiding Star Fleet against the attackers in an improbable, but entertaining space opera.

ISLE OF DESTINY Kenneth C Flint Bantam £3.99

Magic and magic in ancient Ireland. Conaige Mor, bastard son of the High King and Maeve, daughter of the Sidhe face the dangers of cruel King Conchobar and the twisted magic of High Druid Calatin. For devotees of fantasy mythology, this uses a similar, but separate setting from the previous series 'Legends of the Sidhe.' If you enjoyed those, you'll like this one.

JINX ON A TERRAN INHERITANCE Brian Daley Grafton £3.99

After 'Requiem For A Ruler Of Worlds' here is the second in the series wherein Hobart Floyd has inherited a spaceship from a whimsical space tyrant. Aided by Alacrity Fitzhugh, he seeks to find it - with the slight snag that the Terran Government has conditioned him to hand it over to them. Further complications see them as paid mourners, kidnapped, and with someone seeking to kill them. All of which makes for a lightweight but fast-moving, and action-packed space adventure.

MYTHAGO WOOD Robert Holdstock Grafton £3.50

George Huxley spent his life investigating a strange wood. Now his son Edward rejoins his brother Christian in the Herefordshire house and discovers the body of Guinweneth, Christian's wife, who had been one of the Mythagos creatures from the wood - a gateway to other lands. Now the creatures are gaining power, and Guinweneth may be reincarnated. The brothers set off to find the centre of the wood and its secret.

LAVONDYSS R. Holdstock Grafton £3.99 is the sequel with new characters. Tallid Keston ventures into the wood seeking her long-lost brother. To find him, she must venture into the mystic world of Lavondyss. The two volumes make a near-Gothic fantasy of warped time which could have come straight from 'Weird Tales'.

IDITAROD Andre Jute Grafton £3.50

Rhodes Delaney is cornered into challenging sportsman James Whitbury to a contest. She chooses to vie with him in the 1200 mile Iditarod, a cruel, trans-Alaskan, dog-sled race. The course crosses frozen wastes, rivers, mountain ranges along with the added perils of bull mooses, bears and wolf packs. Not SF, but high rolling adventure of humans against the wilds.



Jeeves

THE MOORSTONE SICKNESS Bernard Taylor Grafton £3.50

Mal and Rowan Graham move to the isolated village of Moorstone. Mal witnesses a suicide which is rushed up by the villagers. Then some strange facts emerge - the village has an overlarge asylum, as well as too many young people, whilst the old ones leave them all their money and possessions. Everyone is solicitous of their health and gradually the true horror of the place is revealed in a gripping novel which has none of the standard, violence, gore and sadism.

HUNTER OF WORLDS C.J. Cherryh Grafton £3.50

In a part of the Galaxy where humans are virtual animals, the advanced, all-powerful and cruel Idvye hold sway. Chimele, in an inter-clan feud, abducts ship's captain, Riela and implants a mind-link in his brain joining him telepathically to a beautiful woman and a barbaric human. Pawn in a power play. He is charged with finding and killing the fugitive, Tejet, in this re-issue (first in a series?) Cherryh lays on the italicised words with a trowel, so first read the glossary at the rear.

MEMORIES Mike McQuay Headline £3.99

Psychiatrist David Wolf is called on by Silly, a research worker from the future who has created a drug which opens the mind to time travel. She seeks a psychiatric soldier who has returned to the time of Napoleon and is now manipulating history. David and Silly set off to foil his activities in a complicated novel of high adventure through the Ages.

NUL'S QUEST Brad Strickland Headline £3.50

A follow-up to 'MOON DREAMS (ERG 108)' wherein ad-man Jeremy Moon becomes a sorcerer in the Kingdom of Thaumia. This time, as well as re-writing Shakespeare's plays, he sets out to help his furry friend, Nul find his lost tribe. Along with Wizard Barach, they reach Twilight Valley where wizards are anathema and spells won't work. A light-hearted saga packed with strange creatures and evil powers.

THE DRACULA CAPER Simon Hawke Headline £2.99

Another in the Time Wars series in which Delaney and aides strive to foil the terrorist activities of the Timekeepers who seek to upset history. This time the evil Nikolai introduces a band of genetically engineered vampires into Victorian London. H.G. Wells, Conan Doyle and Bram Stoker all come to help fight the menace. Plenty of historical padding in a fast-moving adventure.

THE RAINBOW SWORD Adrienne Martine Barnes Headline £2.99

Third in the 'Sword' series set in an alternate, mediaeval Europe. Once again the sinister Forces of Darkness are rising, this time in Byzantium. Geoffrey d'Avebury must oppose their threat to civilisation, but doubtless they'll be back again along with further sword and sorcery.

NEVERNESS David Zindell Grafton £4.99

In drunken pride, Mallory Ringess makes a vow to probe and uncover the secrets of the Solid State Entity - a nebula-sized brain biocomputer. Melded to his ship, he travels the lines of force and time to face the Entity's tests and riddles. These lead him to a further search for immortality by surgical alteration allowing him to infiltrate an alien tribe to steal DNA samples. A colourful, intriguing and different work of Speculative Fiction.

WATERDEEP Richard Awlinton Penguin £3.99

Third in the 'Avatar' trilogy. Midnight and her companions have regained one of the Tablets of Fate and must now venture through dangerous lands to far Waterdeep and the Realm Of The Dead in search of other artifacts to save the Realm. They face not only the evil enchantments of Myrkul, God of Death, but also the perils brought by Midnight's own strange powers.

SWORD & SORCERESS Ed. Marion Zimmer Bradley Headline £3.99

A 22 story anthology of heroic fantasy written mainly by women - which may account for the 'Swordsmen, Sorcerers, Dragons, unicorns and all the horses. Strictly feminist SF with all the female lead characters much better at their jobs than men and no nubile maidens waiting to be rescued by Conan clones. A variety of lightweight, escapist entertainment full of taverns, wine-bibbing, spells, swords and the defeat of sundry forces of evil. Love 'em or loath 'em as you choose.

RITNYM'S DAUGHTER Sheila Gilluly Headline £6.95

Concluding the Greenbriar trilogy, Prince Gerrit has come of age, but Greenbriar Queen Ariadne's Crystal of Healing has been stolen, her kingdom attacked by Shinnaral and the of the Shadows of the Unhanged are rising. Prince Gerrit, aided by characters such as Peewit Brickleburr and The Skinwalker seek some way to oppose the dangers. A massive, large size, 314 pages mediaeval sword and sorcery fantasy of battle against the forces of evil.



Jeeves

MORNING OF CREATION Mike Shupp Headline £3.99

Book 2 of the *Destiny Makers* sees Vietnam veteran Tim Harper in the far future as agent *Yayee Minstral*. He has to train telepath *Kylene* as another agent to aid the *Algherans* in their freedom fight against the *Chelamies*. The battle is waged in time which can only be won by changing the past is complicated by the *Yayee* - *Kylene* relationship.

BODY MORTGAGE Richard Engling

Headline £3.50

In a sleazy, corrupt Chicago, P.J. Blake's latest client is a defector from a body organ mortgage repayment. Another's factory is being sabotaged and Blake is hunted by Murray's gang as they think he's their leader. All of which is the setting for a fast-moving and violent, Mike Hammer style futuristic detective novel where Blake must find the link behind the various factors if he is to survive.

FOUR TRAUMATIC TALES Clem Griffith Excalibur £6.95

My daughter picked this up in Forbidden Planet bookshop, and I suspect it may be a vanity publication. If so, it deserves a wider market. Four lovely fantasy yarns as imaginative as anything by Vance, but more colourful and flowing. Two wizards escape entrapment. A strange crime is solved. A cruel curse is removed and a giant infant's lustful designs subverted. Good stories, lovely characters, a fun read.

BARE BONES Ed. T. Underwood & C. Miller N.E.L. £3.50

No, not another blockbuster of thrills, but a massive collection of assorted interviews with, and articles on, that master of horror, Stephen King. Read how he started writing, his motives, ideas, ambitions and opinions. If you enjoy his thrillers and would like to know more of their author, then this is for you.

THE SHADOW DANCERS B.O.D. Inc.2 Jack Chalker N.E.L. £3.50

Black P.I., Brandy Horowitz and her husband Sam work for B.O.D. Inc., operators of the alternate Earth, crime network, 'Labyrinth'. A new drug threatens the combine, it takes control of the body and kills if not renewed. Brandy must infiltrate the fortress of Vogel, its distributor. Things go well at first but get complicated when Brandy and Sam find their alternates are also in the game. Second in the series following *The Labyrinth of Dreams*.

SAMRAJ Elaine Aron N.E.L. £4.50

The jacket says of this re-telling of the Indian legend, the *Mahabharata*: "A magnificent epic of passion and intrigue, mysticism and betrayal". The brain-washed Princess Draupadi and her brother are pitched into a saga of ancient India. Purists will complain that the cover shows Draupadi as an auburn-haired W.A.S.P., but that's artistic licence. There's also a useful character list and glossary to help you keep track of everything in this high on 600pp volume.

TOWN RIVER Stephen Gallagher N.E.L. £3.50

Now in paperback. Policeman Frazer is hesitating over reporting the hassling and sadistic tactics of his partner Johnny Mays when Mays goes missing whilst chasing eight year old car thieves. Then begins a sad saga of revenge as Johnny sets out to level real and imagined scores in his little black book - and Nick is included. Not SF, but modern-day horror, violence and escalating menace fit to rival *Psycho*.

MY FATHER IMMORTAL Mike D. Weaver N.E.L. £2.99

A group of children sealed in survival pods are jettisoned from a star-ship to begin the long journey home. On Earth, members of a post-holocaust survival group awaken from deep freeze to find a community of metal-bodied mutants. Conflict develops and only when the capsules land do we know the truth. Highly implausible, but such a totally different and enthralling yarn you never notice the cracks.

**THE BAD PLACE** Dean R Koontz Headline £12.95

Frank Pollard awakens in an alley to find his memory gone. He flees an unseen pursuer, holes up in a motel. Next morning, he finds himself scratched and bloodstained. He calls in detectives Bobby and Julie Dakota for aid and undergoes random teleportation, returning with money and diamonds. Other characters include Julie's Downs Syndrome brother Thomas, the maniac Candy, wielder of awesome powers, and his crazy sisters. Gradually all links come together as the menace escalates to a frightening climax. An engrossing blend of horror and SF.

MIDNIGHT Dean R Koontz Headline £4.50

Tessa Lockwood comes to Moonlight Cove to query her sister's 'suicide', she meets FBI man Booker and war veteran Talbot. They find themselves trapped in the town where the shape-changing New People have emerged from a warped experiment. Thin characters, but a gripping tale of horror in a small community. A 500pp blockbuster.

CROWN OF STARS James Tiptree Jr. Orbit £3.99

A ten story anthology covering such diverse subjects as aliens bringing Gods, the Devil visiting Heaven, cannibalism, a princely fable, drug therapy, telepathic plants and many others. One or two floating endings, but enough variety for anyone and each one an entertaining read.

HERE BE DEMONS Esther Friesner Orbit £3.50

Archdemon Atazar and his staff haven't been bad enough, so are banished to the mid-Sahara until they can lead a few humans to sin. Then a band of archaeologists arrives - but sin standards have changed and the demons face an uphill task. Meant to be funny, but the humour is rather heavy handed.

ENDANGERED SPECIES Gene Wolfe Orbit £4.99

Large sized, 500pp and holding no less than 34 stories. Love and leprechauns, greed for treasure, a haunting, legal after life, possession, fable and many, many others. Some are tenuously linked, and I'm afraid many are the kind that leave you wondering what it was all about, but if you like speculative or experimental writing then you'll love these.

STORMWARDEN Janny Wurts Grafton £3.99

Now in paperback. To save his village, Stormwarden and sorcerer, Anshiri accepts imprisonment for a crime committed by sorceress Tathagres. She wants him to release the frostwarg creatures from bondage to aid her bid for power. Clashes of magicians follow, the frostwargs are released and only Anshiri's sacrifice can save things. Book 1 of the Cycle Of Fire trilogy.

THE TOYNBEE CONVECTOR Ray Bradbury Grafton 3.50

Here are fourteen short stories written in the inimitable Bradbury style which to me, resembles a meal of marshmallows with puff pastry nostalgia on the side. No epic SF, but folksy, rambling incidents of the 'then what happens?' variety. Ideal bedside reading.

QUEEN OF THE DAMNED Anne Rice Futura £3.99

Akasha, mother of all vampires is free again, revived from her 6,000 year sleep by the rock-star vampire, Lestat. She is planning to bring peace to all the Earth - by killing off the men. Lestat must foil her schemes or all the vampires are threatened. Third volume of the vampire chronicles and a massive 570pp for your money.

A WIND IN CAIRO Judith Tarr Bantam £2.99

The hell-raising Emir's son, Hasan is disowned by his father, then offends a powerful sorcerer who turns him into a stallion whilst retaining his human intelligence. Hasan is sold to a horse dealer, threatened with gelding, bought by a woman, and ensnared in war as this romantic fable set in an ancient Egypt unfolds.

THE WILL OF THE WANDERER M. Weis & T. Hickman Bantam £3.99

In the distant past, twenty Gods ruled the Universe - Five of Light, Five of Evil, and Ten Neutral Gods. Now, one is rocking the boat and a conflict of Gods ensues. Much riding to and fro, clashing of scimitars and trappings of the mysterious and romantic East make a change from the usual fantasy worlds in this first of a new trilogy; *Rose Of The Prophet*.

STEEL GODS Scott Brannon Corgi £2.99

When a lad, David Cauley is saved from vicious bullies by the strange powers of classmate James Lord - who is hunted by assassins. Years later, David's daughter exhibits the same powers, thus attracting the attention of the evil Dragon Man, Spear, who is also a power-wielder and head of a secret organisation planning to rule the world. David finds himself in a whirl of sadism, horror and violence as he tries to oppose Spear and save his daughter. Excellent, edge-of-seat menace.

THE STORY OF THE STONE Barry Hughart Corgi £2.99

Now in paperback. Set in a China that never was, an evil prince has risen from the dead. Master Li and his brawny assistant, 'Number Ten Ox' seek to lay the ghost. They must find a stone of power - against opposition from zombies, demons, witches, etc. As involved and lightly humorous as the Kuo Lung tales, but without their Chinese puzzle-box intricacy. Sequel to *Bridge of Birds* and to be read slowly and savoured.

LYBERBOOBS Ben Bova Mandarin £3.50

Carl Lewis has invented an electronic book which will sell cheaply - put out of operation, printers, distributors, bookbinders, paper makers etc. Bunker Books want it, so do Tarantula Enterprises (whose Vice President wants to eliminate his boss. Lewis finds his invention the subject of a grand court case, whilst on the side, a murderer is killing off pensioners. What Terry Pratchett does for S&S, Bova has tried to do for big-business. It doesn't quite come off, but is still a fun read.

LATE ARRIVALS These came in just before press date, so to include them, I'll quote mainly from the jackets**THE FALL OF THE WHITE SHIP AVATAR** Brian Daley Grafton £3.99

Another fast-paced space adventure featuring Alacrity Fitzhugh and Hobart Floyd. Alacrity wants to captain the fabulous *White Ship* but finds it not so easy. Third in the series of what might almost be a revival of Campbell's *Penton & Blake*

THE ETERNAL CHAMPION Michael Moorcock Grafton £2.99

The first story in the history of John Daker, Erecose, the Eternal Champion pulled from the 20th Century to a timeless age where he must face the Hounds Of Evil and decide who he will Champion.

BLUE WORLD Robert R McCasmon Grafton £4.50

A hefty, fourteen story anthology of 464pp. For lovers of the horror story, this collection should be on your shelves alongside Dean R Koontz and Stephen King. Plenty of blood, violence and surprise.

J.G. Ballard is noted for his disaster novels, and here are two reprints very nicely presented in a striking format by PULASIN at £3.99 each

THE DROUGHT

Industrial waste has covered the sea and great drought threatens the world. As waters recede, humanity seeks to follow, famine stalks the land and society is falling apart. A grim tale of how we may be killing our planet.

THE ULTIMATE DREAM COMPANY

When Blake crashes his stolen aircraft on the Thames, the Dream Company takes over. Shepperton becomes a kingdom of desire and imagination, strange events and customs arise and people learn to fly!

WANTED by the editor - buy or trade.

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| COSMOS USA 1753/4 Nos.2,3 & 4 | DOC SAVAGE pb. No.43 |
| ORIGINAL SCIENCE FICTION UK No.12 | GALAXY NOVELS No.29 |
| SATELLITE SF USA Apr.57 Dec.58 | S-F YEARBOOK USA No.4 |
| VENTURE USA 1969, Vol.3 No.1 | SF DIGEST USA May.54 |

FOR SALE

ERG back issues Nos.100,102,104,105,106,107,108,109. 8 issues £4.00
 A CHECKLIST OF ASTOUNDING Pt.3 (1950-59) 52pp mimeo 75p
 ERGTAPES 1,2 & 3 on C-60 cassettes. All 3, £7.00 inc P&P
 GALAXY USA No.1 1950 to Dec.1970 some 220 mags. Offers?
 PAPERBACKS, HARDCOVERS, MAGAZINES, FANSTUFF, AEROSPACE Send SAE for lists, state which.

OBITUARY A sad news item from Vince Clarke a short while ago. Arthur Thomson (62), long time fan artist passed away early in February after a long spell of chest trouble. His cremation was attended by relations and friends, including Vince Clarke, Rob and Avedon, Ethel Lindsay, Ted Tubb, John Berry, and Chuck Harris. I've known Atom since the early fifties, at Katering Cons and Eric Rentcliffe and I stayed with he and Olive at Brockham House. He probably illustrated for more fanzine than any other artist, his style was striking and inimitable. He will be missed.